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The NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE

One of the
ower Magazines

What changes
will Happen
to the
MOVIES
in 1933?
e Year's Forecast!

★

When I
had a Crush
on
JOHN
ARRYMORE
by ELSIE JANIS

★

The Five Most
DANGEROUS
WOMEN
in
Hollywood



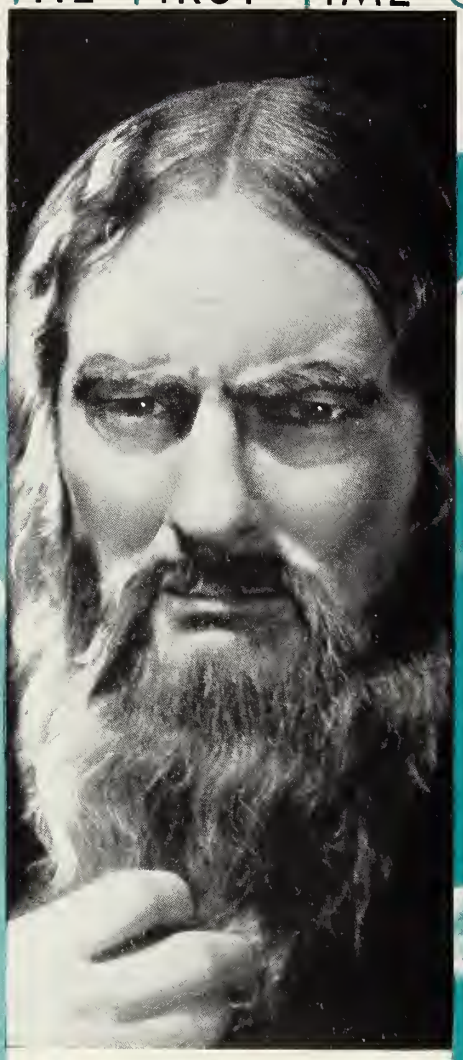
JIM TULLY Reveals the REAL COLLEEN MOORE

Who Fought Both Poverty and Riches

TOGETHER FOR THE FIRST TIME ON THE SCREEN!

ETHEL JOHN LIONEL BARRYMORE







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The Royal Family of the American Show World



Madman, saint or devil? Was he one or all of these?

You hear it everywhere...whispers from the West gather like a storm... underground reports travel across the breadth of America...ONE OF THE GREATEST PICTURES OF ALL TIME IS COMING! The vast resources of M-G-M, the money, the talent, the genius of the most celebrated producing company on earth are focused on the creation of a mighty entertainment.

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Directed by Richard Boleslavsky • Screen Play by Charles MacArthur



Heir to the throne of all Russia —yet only a boy in his mother's arms!

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER TRIUMPH!

GIFT OF PUBLISHER JUN 15 1933

WHAT A FOOL SHE IS!



Primps For Hours Before a Party —Ignores Her Teeth and Gums and she has "pink tooth brush"!

THOSE hours of "primping" haven't been wasted! But if the young lady would look as closely at her teeth as *other* people do—she'd take better care both of her teeth and her gums.

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Keep your gums firm and healthy—and your teeth clean and bright with Ipana and massage.

Restore to your gums the stimulation they need, and of which they are robbed by the soft, modern food that gives them so little natural work. Each time you clean your teeth with Ipana, rub a little more Ipana directly on your gums, massaging gently with your finger or the tooth brush.

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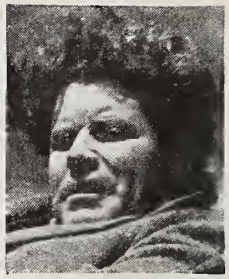
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A Good Tooth Paste, Like a Good Dentist, Is Never a Luxury

HAIL 1933

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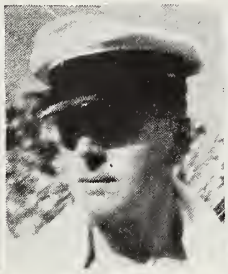
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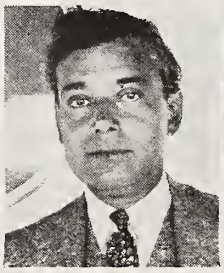
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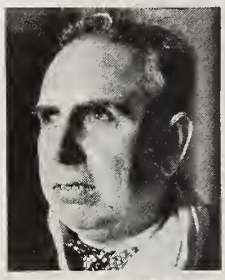
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The New Movie

THE NATIONAL DIGEST OF THE BEST TALKING PICTURES

One of the TOWER MAGAZINES

HUGH WEIR, *Editorial Director* VERNE PORTER, *Executive Editor*

VOL. VII. No. 1 *Cover Design by* McCLELLAND BARCLAY **JANUARY, 1933**

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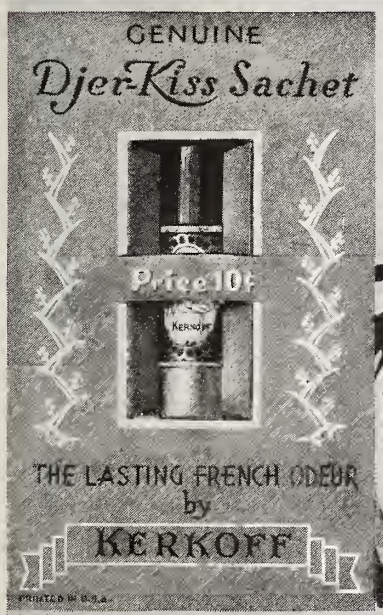
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Hollywood Bandwagon



The latest news and gossip of your film favorites on and off the set

Ethel Barrymore went to a dinner party at the Ambassador. The gentleman on her left had been a total stranger until he was introduced that evening. Nevertheless and nothing daunted, he felt friendly. Before the soup course, he was calling her Ethel. For ten minutes, he Etheled her all over the place. Finally she turned and let him have a full blast of those protruding paralyzing eyes.

"Why be so gosh darn formal?" she inquired. "Just call me kid."

A bushel of oats mailed to Hollywood by a Mid-West fan simply addressed "Tarzan" found its way to Johnnie Weissmuller. After satisfying himself that the package did not contain a hidden bomb, Johnnie finally figured out that the gift was really meant for "Tarzan—the Wonder Horse" who co-stars with Ken Maynard in Western epics.

CLARA BOW to become a mother! But don't get excited —it's only part of her rôle in "Call Her Savage" in which the erstwhile madcap has a baby—for the first time in her long screen career. And those in the know say that Clara really plans to have a real baby after she becomes firmly re-established with a picture or two to show that she is still very much in the running.

Ed Maxwell, the noted meanie of the screen, was returning home from the studio recently when a newsboy jumped on the running board of his car.

"I don't want a paper," said Maxwell.

"I don't want to sell you one," said the boy, whipping out an autograph book, "Please sign this book, Mr.

(*Please turn to page* 8)



You'll see Wally Beery in this outfit when you see the picture, "Flesh." That's the former champion wrestler, Wladek Zbyszko, with Wally.

June Vlasek, lovely new Fox player, is being trained for some fine feature rôles.

A DRAMA OF HUMAN LOVE

Phillip Barry's sensational stage play that was the outstanding hit on Broadway last season now comes to the screen.





The ANIMAL KINGDOM

with

ANN HARDING

It was in Mr. Barry's "Holiday" that Ann Harding scored her first great screen success. Now, the same dramatist gives her a play of unmatched power.

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One of the great actors of our day, with an unbroken record of resounding hits on stage and screen. His pictures: "Devotion"..."Outward Bound"..."Five and Ten"..."A Free Soul".

NEIL HAMILTON • MYRNA LOY • ILKA CHASE

AN RKO RADIO PICTURE

—of course! *Directed by Edward H. Griffith*

WATCH FOR THESE RKO RADIO HITS

Richard Dix and Ann Harding in "The Conquerors"; Constance Bennett in "Rockabye"; Irene Dunne, Gwili Andre, Charles Bickford in "Just a Woman" and the Great "KING KONG"

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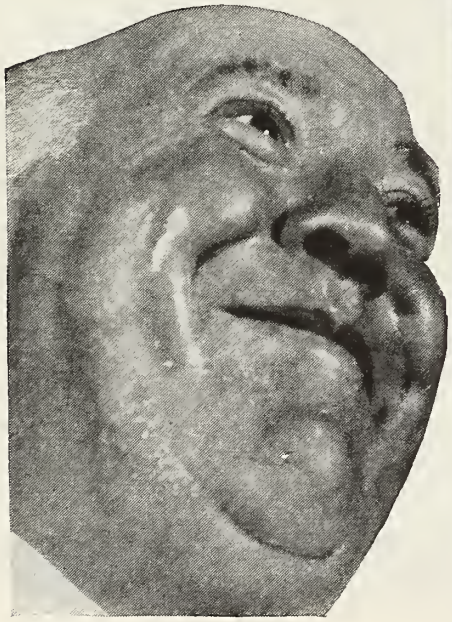
Photo by Wide World

Do you recognize the girl on the left? It's the new Clara Bow. And that's hubby, Rex Bell, and Marion de Auburn lunching with her.

Maxwell. I saw you in 'Scarface' and you were keen!"

HERE AND THERE: Irene Dunne will be co-starred with Richard Dix in "The Ace." The show is to go into production soon. Clara Bow and Estelle Taylor have several scenes in "Call Her Savage" that take rank among the most dramatic of the year. Do you realize that Boris Karloff is one of the three or four big stars in the film world today? Roscoe ("Fatty") Arbuckle seems to be back to stay. "Fatty" never really did deserve the bad break he got. He was what the wise-boys call "the fall guy."

THESE SERIALS: By the way, some of the serials being made this year are more fun than most features. "The Last Frontier" and "The Last of the Mohicans" are certainly crackerjack entertainment, if any one asks you, and you needn't be ashamed to admit it.

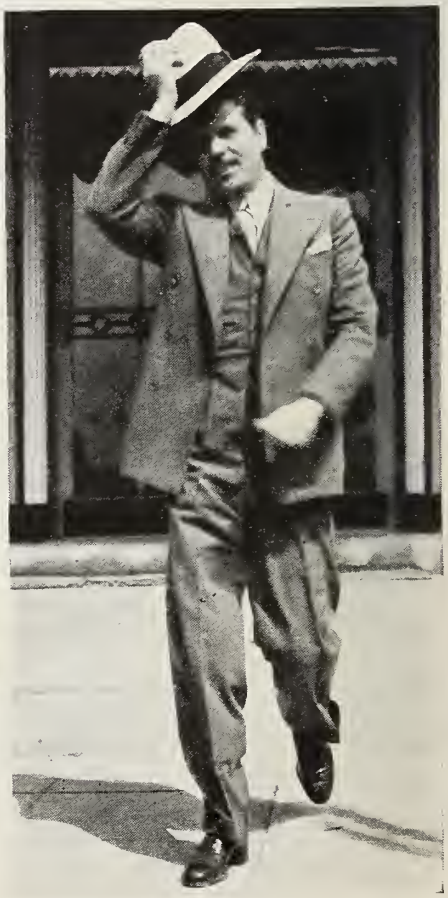


The happy, smiling Guy Kibbee. He's probably chuckling over another scene that he has just "stolen."



Photo by Irving Lippman

They've been working George Raft pretty hard lately, but he sneaks away now and then to watch a tennis tournament.



Warner Baxter lifts his hat in greeting, as the cameraman snapped this informal picture.


A picture which will proudly
lead all the entertainments
the world has ever seen
CECIL B.
DE MILLE'S
Superb Road-Show
Dramatic Spectacle
THE
SIGN
OF THE
CROSS
A Paramount Picture
with
FREDRIC MARCH
ELISSA LANDI
CLAUDETTE COLBERT
CHARLES LAUGHTON
and 7500 others
From the play by Wilson Barrett

The Bandwagon rolls on. Join the curious and learn how the stars work and play



Paul Lukas, with a fatherly arm around young Tom Brown, gives him a few pointers on facing the camera.

BERT WHEELER and Bob Woolsey have formed a corporation called the Bobert Corporation. This to protect them from murdering each other or leaving each other flat. One cannot murder a corporation—and the corporation laws are such that they are absolutely helpless without the other. Neither can work without the other again so long as they both shall live—says the corporation laws—and that's that. This is the first time in the history of entertainment that a team has protected itself from the prevalent form of teamitis temperamentum—and it should work!

SOME WAY OUT? There's going to be a lot of discussion about the end of "I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang." To start with, it is so terribly dramatic that it seems to lose its chances of being possible. . . . Anyway . . . for a man who had such general interest taken in his case, there should have been some way out of the country. Nor can they extradite from New Jersey, it seems to me. However, taking it as you see it, it is still one of the most dramatic bits of the year and Paul Muni deserves a big hand. He has come a long, long way since "Four Walls," his first show in English, which he did some years back for George Abbott.

ASK US: Why doesn't someone put Clark & McCullough in a feature picture? They have never made a bad comedy and Bobby Clark is almost as good as Jimmy Durante at making the most of a situation.

BUT WHEN? When are they going to star Clark Gable? If anyone deserves a chance to shine in his own show, Mr. Gable does and yet his career seems to be one co-star after another. At that, he shouldn't mind so much.

Jimmy Durante ought to be worth seeing in "Pig Boats." Without knowing anything about it, there ought to be lots of fun in seeing Jimmy loose in a submarine.

WATCH FOR HER: Don't miss Helen Hayes in "A Farewell to Arms." There are people in New York who saw it who still have lumps in their throats.



Mr. and Mrs. Zeppo Marx, after a luncheon at The Brown Derby. That's King Vidor, director, in the dark coat.

Clark Gable (below) takes a little rest between scenes for "Red Dust" while a technician removes a nail from the sole of his boot.





Theda Bara, early siren of the movies, and Jeanette MacDonald at the Assistance League. Notice Jeanette's monogrammed belt buckle.

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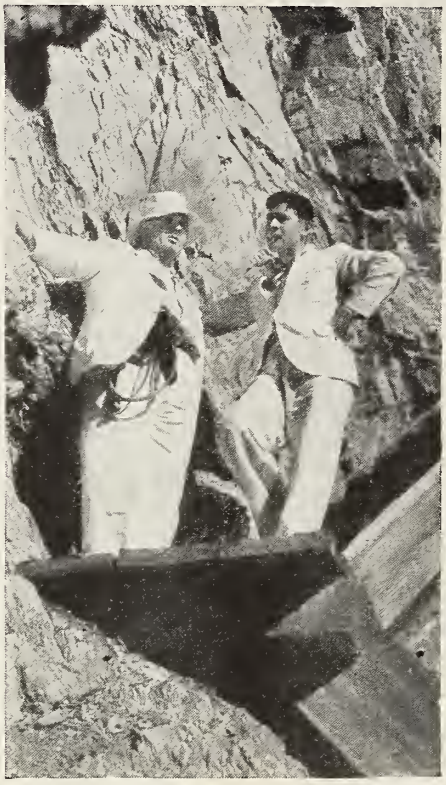
Get on The Hollywood Bandwagon and hear

the latest Gossip about the People Who Make the Movies.

DARK HORSE: "King Kong" still has the wiseacres guessing, though there seems to be no doubt that it will be one of the big ones of the year. Apart from the ape-monster, who has the name rôle and who is twenty-five feet tall, the picture stars Bruce Cabot and Fay Wray. If there really is a fight between this huge ape and a dinosaur we shouldn't worry much about the rest of the picture.

Take time out to see "Maedchen in Uniform" when it comes to town.





On location for Paramount's "The Island of Lost Souls," Charles Laughton, new screen sensation, and Dick Arlen, old favorite, pause to enjoy the beautiful scenery.

PASSING THOUGHTS: Connie Bennett is in New York so she must have finished "Rock-a-Bye." And who said that the motion picture business was without its sense of humor when they can change the title of the new Cagney picture to "Hard to Handle"? It is a real tiger shark that you see in "Tiger Shark," and there are no fake mummies in "The Mummy."

THE Fredric Marches are being very careful of their newly adopted daughter.

They call her Penelope—Penny, for short—but where she came from and whose she was before they obtained her are secrets they profess not to know.

They say they are trying to preclude the possibility of the child's real parents appearing in the future to claim her.

SUSAN FLEMING, Paramount's new hope, takes her place along side Elissa Landi as a descendant of nobility.

Susan's grandmother, the Baroness Casimir von Philp, member of a Swedish family, resides in Bethlehem.

Eddie Cantor was making love to Lyda Roberti on "The Kid from Spain," set. His two youngest daughters, Marylin and Janet, sat on the sidelines.

"Now, don't tell Mama about this," he cautioned them. "You know Daddy has to make a living somehow."

Rudy Vallee licked the dickens out of a stage hand in Baltimore . . . and they call Baltimore the "Friendly City."



Paulette Goddard, socially prominent debutante, and stage actress, was recently signed to a long-term contract by the Hal Roach studios.

The glamorous Lupe (left) whose rise in pictures was as rapid as her temper is fiery, is now planning to return to the New York stage.



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DOES IT SURPRISE YOU THAT: Up to date, no remake of an old film favorite has made any money in particular for the producers? That Ann Harding would wear nothing but black if her maid would let her? That Irene Dunne still wishes she had kept studying for an opera career? That Bruce Cabot is insulted when told he is like Clark Gable? That the resignation of Sam Katz is the most surprising thing that has ever happened in the picture business?

And did you ever think that Richard Arlen would be playing in westerns? . . . So is George O'Brien, who looked like a world beater in "Sunrise." Billy Dove was in a weeny little part in her last show . . . and how long is it since you've heard of Ina Claire, Corinne Griffith? No wonder stars want big salaries.

Universal recently donated several of its old silent pictures to a children's county hospital near Los Angeles. . . . Which further proves "Uncle Carl's" soft heart is still soft.

Al Jolson was all set to fly to Mexico City with Joseph M. Schenck when a Hollywood columnist printed:

"Al Jolson says Mexico has only two kinds of people. Those who wear shoes and those who shine them."

Jolson did a mental somersault, backward.

"You'd better take Cantor," he told Mr. Schenck.



Lovely Sari Maritza, who pronounces her first name, "Shari," in the costume she wears in the masquerade ball scenes in "Evenings for Sale."

CONNIE'S NEXT? Connie Bennett's next will probably have her playing the lady-love of the world's heavyweight champion. I'll go to see that one myself. What has happened to Radio's plans for making "The Sun Also Rises" with the same star?

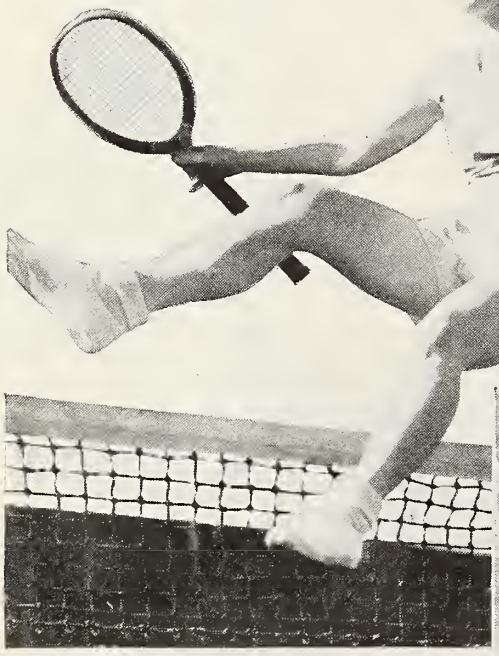
LOVE GIRLS: Pola Negri, the glamorous, doesn't get along so well with Dorothy Mackaill. The trouble started when Pola was making "A Woman Commands" and Dorothy was working on "Kept Husbands" on the same lot. The blond English star resented Miss Negri's condescension and said so. A few weeks ago they met in Baltimore and pretty much the same thing is said to have happened again.

BORNEO DRAMA: Katharine Hepburn is on her way back to the celluloid city to co-star in "Three Came Unarmed," with Joel McCrea. As the story starts in the jungles of Borneo we'll probably see just as much of Mr. McCrea as ever. I wonder whether he has any clothes.

We haven't heard much lately about "first ladies of the screen." If Marie Dressler doesn't get your vote, how about Norma Shearer after the grand performance in "Smilin' Through?"

OH, YEAH! The sign on the new Roxy in New York is ten stories in height and has landings and a spiral staircase inside. This is so that people who don't know New York can find the theater.

The Hollywood Bandwagon . . . all the latest film news and gossip gathered from here, there and everywhere



Wide World

Ready!—Action!—Camera! And the photographer succeeded in getting this unusual action picture of Constance Cummings, film star, during a tennis match in the movie colony.

Wide World



Papa Harold Lloyd and the family, Gloria, Harold Jr., and Peggy. That's Mrs. Lloyd in the rear. They are on a trip 'round the world now.



When Joe E. Brown isn't working on the studio lots, you can generally find him on the golf links improving his game.



Mary Carlysle and Muriel Evans keep that svelt appearance by this kind of exercise. Try it yourself, some time.



Randolph Scott and Sally Blane do a little "heavy" emoting. It's a scene from the forthcoming Zane Grey picture, "Wild Horse Mesa."

Here you find the intimate, behind-the-scenes gossip you can find nowhere else—contributed by staff writers who know their facts

WALTER HUSTON'S house in the California mountains is going to be a regular mountain estate. The fireplace in the living room is large enough for a good sized man to stand up in. The room is almost as big as a sound stage.

Walter is making a swimming pool, a tennis court, and his house is to have everything a house in Beverly Hills should have. He is like a child let out of school when he is working around this new house of his, and says as soon as he finishes a picture it is—to the mountains—for him— and he is going to stay there until the next picture. This won't give Walter much of a chance to see his ranch if Hollywood keeps him as busy as it has the last year.

AND Warners must know how to handle Eric Linden. RKO started him with "Are These Our Children?" and made several others that haven't set the world on fire. Then he goes over to Warners for "The Crowd Roars" and "Life Begins" and the story is very different.

MYRNA IS DIFFERENT: Myrna has a chance to go straight. She plays a wife, legal and accepted by the family, in RKO's "The Animal Kingdom." It doesn't help her much; she's the menace anyway.

(*Please turn to page* 103)

It's easy enough to guess what they're talking about



Reducing. Figures. Diets. Exercises! Every time two or more women get together for a chatty time, it's easy enough to guess what they're talking about. More talk (and less real work) goes on about that than anything else. The conversations probably run about like this:



"ALL you have to do is to eat lamb chops and pineapple three times a day and, my dear, the way you'll lose is too miraculous." Or this is a favorite conversation: "Don't have anything but liquids three times a day for three days and then eat fruit and by that time you'll be down"—and out, we might add. "Reducing the Right Way," published by Tower Books, is neither faddy nor foolish. It isn't very speedy, but it's very sure. You eat enough of this and enough of that, but never too much of anything. The exercises suggested are helpful and very healthful. If you're really in earnest, send today for "Reducing the Right Way." It's only ten cents postpaid. Canadian orders are fifteen cents postpaid.

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Photograph by George Hurrell



Delectable Boots Mallory, the new Fox find, made her début with James Dunn in "Walking Down Broadway." And Boots looks like this all of the time, whether it's Broadway or Main Street. You'll see her next in "Handle With Care."

What will happen to

The most complete and authoritative forecast you will read of the important changes to be expected in the most critical year of the movies

By RAMON ROMERO



Photo by Eugene Robert Richee

Cary Grant (abave) is a yaung camer wha shau'd certainly attain stardam this year.

I can safely predict for Julie Hoydon (belaw) ane of the mast brilliant futures of any girl in Hallywaod.

Photo by Robert W. Coburn





Photo by Hol Phyfe

With such magnificent opportunities os will be hers, Helen Hayes (above, left), will have established herself so firmly by the end af the year that she might very easily become queen af the industry by 1934.

Cloro Baw (above, right) will perhops stage the most sensatianal cameback af all with "Coll Her Savoge," and her leading man, Gilbert Raland, will regoin the secure stonding that was once his.

the Movies in 1933?



Photo by Ernest A. Bachrach

Katharine Hepburn, from the New York stage, was a sensation in her first film part with John Barrymore in "A Bill of Divorcement." She's almost certain to get star billing in 1933.



Photo by Ruth Harriet Louise

Anna Sten (above), the young Soviet actress imported by Samuel Goldwyn, is destined to be as great as Garbo, according to Mr. Romero's forecast.

Constance Cummings (below) is already a star. A girl with a head on her shoulders, willing and able, she should further establish herself this coming year. Watch her.

Photo by Otto Dyar





Wynne Gibson and George Raft (above) in "Night After Night." A cobra-like person, Raft will do better in supporting rôles than as a star.



Gloria Stuart (left) was one of the dark horses of last year to acquire stellar honors. Will she continue her ascent this year?

Photo by Roy Jones

WHEN Hollywood thinks back to 1932 there will be many to whom the thought will bring only bitter memories, and a sigh of relief that it has passed into eternity—a period of crisis and storm, of shaken foundations and shattered careers, in which Hollywood learned to see with eyes of truth.

The myth of million-dollar salaries is no more; the slogan of "Easy come, easy go" has been replaced by a more cautious one; and the sick heart of Hollywood is beginning to beat once more with normal pace.

The surest sign of returning prosperity is the announced intention of almost every major company to produce at least one or more spectacles. Spectacles cost millions. That means that the purse strings are loosening up; that Wall Street is going to play angel in a big way.

Right now Fox has in work the most stupendous production ever made on that lot. It's "Cavalcade," the picturization of Noel Coward's play of the history of England, that for two seasons has been the rage of the London stage. More than a million dollars will be spent on it, and thousands of persons are being employed in its making.

Fox plans another spectacular production in the picturization of the novel, "State Fair," which will be a sort of rural "Grand Hotel,"

Will the new year bring a new galaxy of stars? How many of the old will remain?



Photo by William E. Thomas

Charles Laughton (above) is hailed as another Emil Jannings. Paramount already has starring plans for him.

Jean Harlow is already a star. Clark Gable, too, has at last achieved star billing. They are shown together, below, in "Red Dust." Jean appears in the heavens as the only close rival to Joan Crawford.



Photo by Clarence Sinclair Bull



The return of musical pictures should bring back to us as stars such players as John Boles (left), Tibbett, Bebe Daniels and perhaps make Lily Pons a film favorite. Already several musicals have been completed, and others are scheduled for production during the next twelve months.

Dorothy Wilson (right) who was discovered tapping typewriter keys at the Radio studio and given a chance in "Age of Consent." She is certainly on the list of potential stars for the next year.

Photo by Ernest A. Bachrach



with such stellar lights in its cast as Will Rogers, Janet Gaynor, Sally Eilers, James Dunn, Phillips Holmes, Louise Dresser and others. And there will be a talkie version of "What Price Glory" and maybe "Seventh Heaven," too.

PARAMOUNT'S contribution to the list of million-dollar pictures will be Cecil B. DeMille's epic of Rome, "The Sign of the Cross." Radio pictures presents a pioneer epic, "The Conquerors," with Richard Dix and Ann Harding.

From that house of hits, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, will come such big pictures as the screen version of Pearl Buck's famous book, "The Good Earth," the celluloid edition of Katharine Cornell's play "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," the new dialogue picturizations of "The Merry Widow" and "The White Sister," not to forget "Rasputin" with the Barrymores.

First National and Warner Brothers will offer as their most ambitious production to date, "The Miracle," the Max Reinhardt spectacle that has been the sensation of two continents. Note the religious influence in three of next year's biggest pictures, "The Miracle," "The Sign of the Cross" and "The White Sister."

WATCH THESE GIRLS!

ANNA STEN
KATHARINE HEPBURN
JULIE HAYDON
CHARLOTTE SUSA
KATHLEEN BURKE
MAE WEST
CLAIRE DODD

UNIVERSAL, spurred on by the success of "All Quiet on the Western Front," will concentrate on making its sequel, "The Road Back," its biggest and most costly production. Unlike "All Quiet" it deals with the aftermath of war rather than with war itself, and will be the first big picture of its



Photo by Freulich

Tolo Birell, Universol's importotion from Vienno, groomed well during the past yeor, occustoming herself to the English-speoking screen, ranks high in the list of 1933 luminories.



Photo by Hurrell

At the moment Joon Crowford rules supreme. This girl, with the finest dromatic instinct of ony girl in pictures, is generally conceded to be Garbo's closest competitor.

kind. Universal expects to remake "The Hunchback of Notre Dame" with Boris Karloff in the title rôle this time, and when a suitable lead is found, "Laughing Boy," the Oliver La Farge novel of the Navajo Indians.

Millions of dollars will go into the making of these pictures. New personalities will get their first big opportunities and new stars will be made overnight.

Who will play the nun in "The Miracle"? The boy in "The Road Back"? The title rôle in "Laughing Boy"? *Elizabeth Barrett* in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street"? *Olan* in "The Good Earth"? "The Merry Widow"? Certainly fame awaits the lucky choices.

Musicals, too, will return to favor in 1933, and with them will come an invasion of radio stars. "The Big Broadcast," made by Paramount with such ether favorites as Bing Crosby, Kate Smith, the Boswell Sisters and other darlings of the dial, is the fore leader of this impending movement—or call it disaster if you like. The jolly, rotund Kate Smith has already been re-signed by Paramount to star in a picture, the story of which is now being written by no one less than Fannie Hurst. They must have figured Miss Hurst was one of the few writers who could give a fat girl "human interest."



Photo by Clarence Sinclair Bull

Chorlatte Suso, just recently imported from Germony for the American screen. Her English olmost perfect, with a fine film, stage ond musical comedy background, she is still one of the dork harses of the yeor. But there's no one in Hollywoad who'll miss her first picture.

FOX is planning several song and dance pictures with their new importation, Lilian Harvey, and Radio, during the coming year will present their version of Chevalier in the



(Right) Andy Devine is onother boy who ought to establish himself during 1933. One of his greotest ossets—ond one of ony actor's greotest, by the way—is his naturalness.

Photo by Ray Jones



Photo by Ernest A. Bachrach

Bruce Cobot (obove) is onother young ployer for you to wotch this yeor. He has the obility ond the chonce. Will he make good?

Will it be a year of spectacles, of musicals? And what will the cycles



Robert Young (right) is a comer. Keep your eyes on this young man during the next few months, becouse he's coming into his own.

Photo by Hurrell



Photo by Elmer Fryer

Who con deny the greot artistry of Ruth Chotterton (above)? Con we offord to lose so fine on actress, spoiled of lote by mediocre stories?

Kothleen Burke (below), the "Panther Womon," although she hos hod no chance to test herself before the fans, is so enthusiosticolly odmired by Poromount officials thot she probobly will burst forth os a featured player, if not o stor, during the coming yeor.

Photo by Eugene Robert Richee



person of Charles Lederer, a London musical-comedy favorite. Eddie Cantor and Al Jolson will supply the musical atmosphere from the United Artists lot. Jolson's first picture in two years, "Happy-go-Lucky," is ready for release; and Eddie Cantor's idea of a toreador, "The Kid From Spain," reaches the screens of America just in time to start the New Year right. He will make one other during 1933, and you can depend on it to chase the blues away.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's remake of "The Merry Widow" will be its big musical picture for the year. It is believed that Jeanette MacDonald will play the Mae Murray rôle, although at this moment Joan Crawford is studying up on her dancing with a view to capturing this prize part for her own laurel wreath. How about Nils Asther as Prince Danilo?

Warner Brothers will have on their list of musicals, "Forty-Second Street," which will mark the screen début of Ruby Keeler, (Mrs. Al Jolson). She will be supported by a flock of First National and Warner Brothers stars. Bebe Daniels will make "Radio Girl," and once again the voice that surprised the world in "Rio Rita" will save Bebe from that long, lingering screen death.

These musicals should do much, too, to revive the popularity of John Boles and bring Lawrence Tibbett back to the screen. It will not be surprising if Lily Pons, the new Metropolitan sensation, should make a picture. And surely RKO will not miss the bet of making a musical with Irene Dunne, whose magnificent voice made *Magnolia* in "Show Boat" a never-to-be-forgotten memory.

Buddy Rogers is headed back for Hollywood. Kate Smith is coming. Bing Crosby, too. Russ Columbo has signed for a picture and so has Harry Richman. It looks like Radioland is moving to Hollywood. The crooners are coming! And heaven help us, with them the songwriters!



Bebe Doniels (obove) will make "Rodio Girl," and once ogain the voice thot surprised the world in "Rio Rita" will save Bebe from o long, lingering screen death.

WATCH THESE BOYS!

ROBERT YOUNG

BRUCE CABOT

CHARLES LAUGHTON

CARY GRANT

ANDY DEVINE

WILLIAM GARGAN

GRETA GARBO is conspiciously absent from the 1933 star list, but I'll bet the Beverly Hills swimming pool that I haven't got, that languorous Greta is back in the swim before the end of the year. And what's more, she'll come back Queen, and there are ten million movie fans to back me up on that statement.

At the moment Joan Crawford rules

be? Who will be the outstanding producer?



Film critics ore predicting thot you will see onother new ond sensotionol stor— none other thon Moe West (obove), the "Diomond Lil" of Broodwoy.

Dorothy Jordon (below), rising steodily ond permonently in popolority, building conservotively into storring moterial





Irene Dunne, if only for her work in "Bock Street," deserves to be omong the greot. She should be one of the biggest stors in the business this coming yeor. Eric Linden, shown here with her in "No Other Womon," should be one of the prime fovorites.



Cloire Dodd (left) is o surprise pockoge. I cought o glimpse of her in "The Crooner," ond wos greotly impressed by this unknown. Now I understond she is being groomed for stordom.

Photo by Irving Lippman



Photo by Irving Lippman

Worren Williom (obove ot right) hos olreody been elevoted to stordom. A vitol personolity, he is sure to build o lorge following. Ann Dvorok (obove ot left) wos one of the finds of the lost yeor, ochieving featured rôles olmost immediotely. This next yeor will in oll probobility decide her fote.

supreme, but the failure of "Rain" to come up to expectations will retard her a little; yet leave it to Crawford to reach her goal as the outstanding star of motion pictures. This girl, with the finest dramatic instinct of any actress in pictures, is Garbo's closest competitor.

Jean Harlow is the girl that Joan Crawford has perhaps the most to fear. But Jean is more a sensational personality rather than a great actress. Threatened a few months ago with screen extinction because of the Paul Bern tragedy, public sympathy has turned her way, and her future is more assured than ever. The original "platinum blonde" is headed for the greatest year of her career. After that—?

The new year finds Ann Harding, Helen Twelvetrees, Gloria Swanson, Ruth Chatterton, Tallulah Bankhead, Billie Dove, John Gilbert, Ramon Novarro, Dolores Del Rio and a few other illustrious names of the past, dangerously on the brink of Hollywood oblivion. Poor stories, more than anything else, are to blame for the failure of these stars to retain their popularity. And only a good story can save them now. Nineteen hundred and thirty-three will write their doom unless some miracle happens to resurrect them from the insipid rôles they have been made to play during the past year.

Who can deny the great artistry of Ruth Chatterton? I thrill even now at the very thought of her "Madame X." It was hoped that when she moved from Paramount to Warner Brothers she would receive better material. An executive on that lot tells me that she alone is to blame for she picks her own vehicles, and insists on directing herself. The same fault that wrecked Nazimova. The studio is not anxious to retain her at the expiration of her contract this year. Does that mean that we are to lose her? Can we afford to lose so fine an actress? Miss Chatterton, as one of your most avid fans I plead with you to stop being a screen beauty. The fields are full of them. Give us less (*Please turn to page* 69)



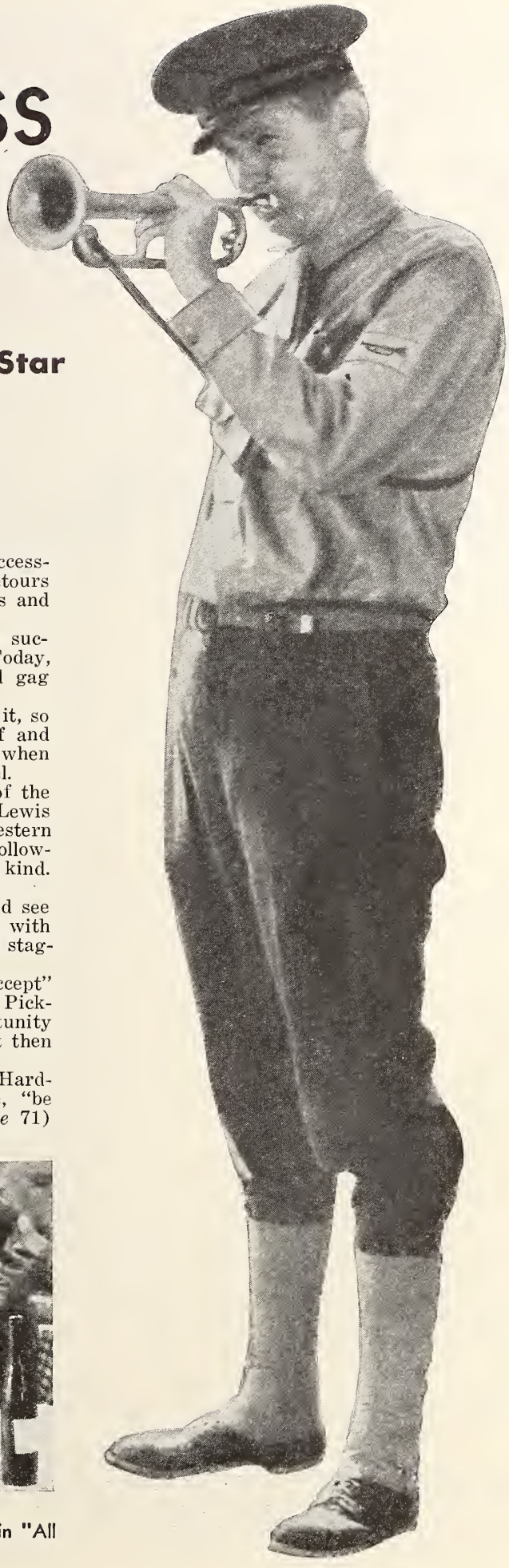
Alison Skipworth, thirty-three years a trouper, veteran of more than one hundred stage plays. Now she is one of the leading personalities of the screen, recently finishing Paramount's "If I Had a Million." At present she is working on "Strictly Personal," with Richard Bennett.

The Success Blues

Old Man Hardluck Sticks to His Star

By SLIM SUMMERVILLE

As Told to Jack Hill



FRIENDS tell me that I have "arrived"—that I am successful. I hope it is true. The road has been long—the detours many and plentifully sprinkled with badly aimed pies and tons of decorative whitewash.

A favorite copybook slogan in youthful days read, "The successful man is the happy man." As a boy, I believed it. Today, I know the maxim was written by some early Hollywood gag man, trying to be funny.

We all hope to achieve success. But, hand in hand with it, so far as I am concerned, has come more worry, more grief and more hard luck than ever confronted me in the old days when my pictures ended with a funny fade-out and the second reel.

After fifteen years of the comedy lot—starting as one of the original Keystone cops—I got my first real break when Lewis Milestone gave me a chance in "All Quiet on the Western Front." It was my first important, feature-length rôle. Following the Los Angeles premier, the critics were more than kind. And was I happy? I hope to tell you.

Three days later a casting director called. "Drop in and see me," said he. "I can give you the comedy rôle in 'Kismet' with Otis Skinner." And he named a three-figure salary that staggered—and was my face *red?*

A second summons came that same evening. "Would I accept" —imagine would I accept!—"a comedy part with Mary Pickford?" The copybook man was right and to prove it opportunity had knocked twice—twice in the same day. Success, as it then looked, was a wonderful thing.

But in the midst of my new-found happiness, Old Man Hardluck walked in and spoiled the scene. "Slim," said he, "be careful—remember! You are the (*Please turn to page* 71)



Louis Wolheim, as *Kat*, toasted *Tjaden* (Slim Summerville) in "All Quiet on the Western Front."

JIM TULLY Reveals the Real

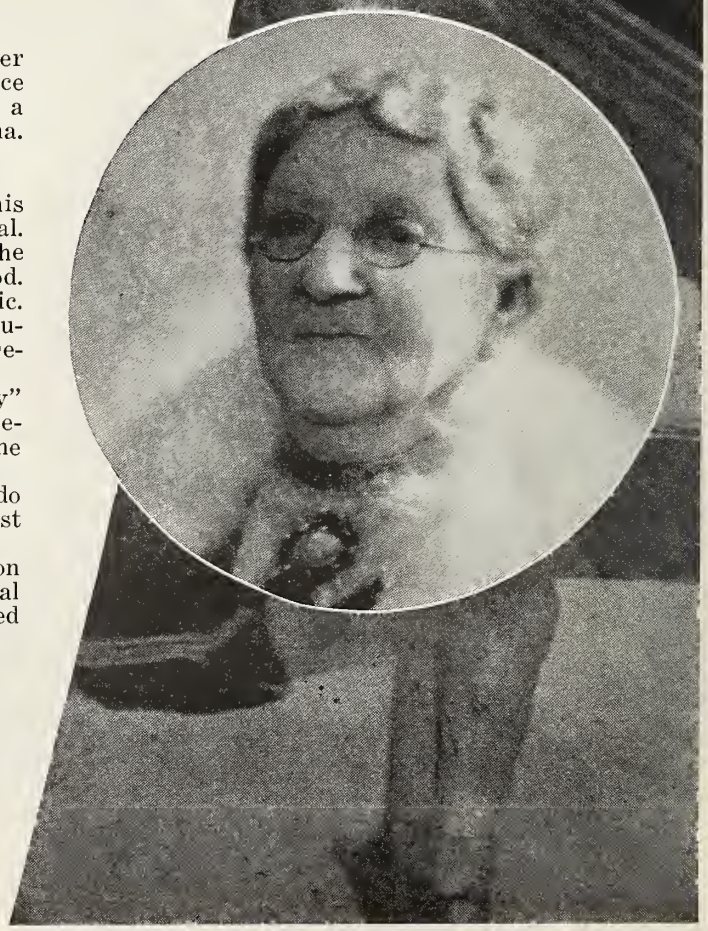
Colleen Moore



Clarence Sinclair Bull

She had trouble in plenty—before and after success—and much of the story is told here for the first time

Witzel Studios



HER girlhood name was Kathleen Morrison. Her birthday is on August 19th. Take your choice of any year. Colleen does not tell. She is a decided brunette, and prefers comedy to drama. Her favorite screen rôle is that of Selina in "So Big."

She hopes to end her life as an interior decorator.

Her father was an efficiency engineer. Owing to his profession the family moved about a great deal. Michigan, Florida, Georgia, and Illinois are some of the states in which Colleen Moore spent part of her girlhood.

At five years of age she began the study of music. With the hope of becoming a concert pianist, she graduated from a Florida convent and later studied at the Detroit Conservatory of Music.

As a child she organized her own "theatrical company" among the children of her neighborhood. She early became a "quick change artist," wearing the clothing of the villain under the garb of the hero.

Growing ambitious, the future film star decided to do a tragic society play. Accordingly her mother's best evening gown was "borrowed" for the occasion.

While the children were rehearsing Mrs. Morrison looked about for her gown in order to wear it to a social function. She finally made her way to the abandoned spot where the children played.

(Above) Colleen keeps in condition by a daily swim on her beautiful Bel-Air estate.

(Right) Mrs. Mary Kelly, Colleen's ninety-one-year-old grandmother, who was one of the few persons who really understood her.



(Left) Colleen as she looks today. Will she realize again her great ambition?

Hurrell

(Below) Colleen, with her mother, Agnes Kelly Morrison, and her father, Charles Morrison, photographed some years ago.



Mrs. Morrison's daughter walked up and down the dusty stage, trailing the beautiful blue evening gown in a very tragic scene. A more tragic scene soon followed. Colleen Moore played her first "crying part."

When Colleen was about fourteen years old she was given her first chance to enter films.

Her uncle, Walter Howey, then managing editor of a Chicago newspaper, introduced her to David Wark Griffith, a leading film director of the period.

Griffith was quick to see a potential actress in the young Irish girl, and offered her a six months' trial in California.

There immediately followed a serious family discussion. Much was to be considered. For some weeks the Morrison family was a house divided against itself.

Her father was averse to a film career for Colleen. Mrs. Morrison was, as usual with mothers, the diplomat in the home.

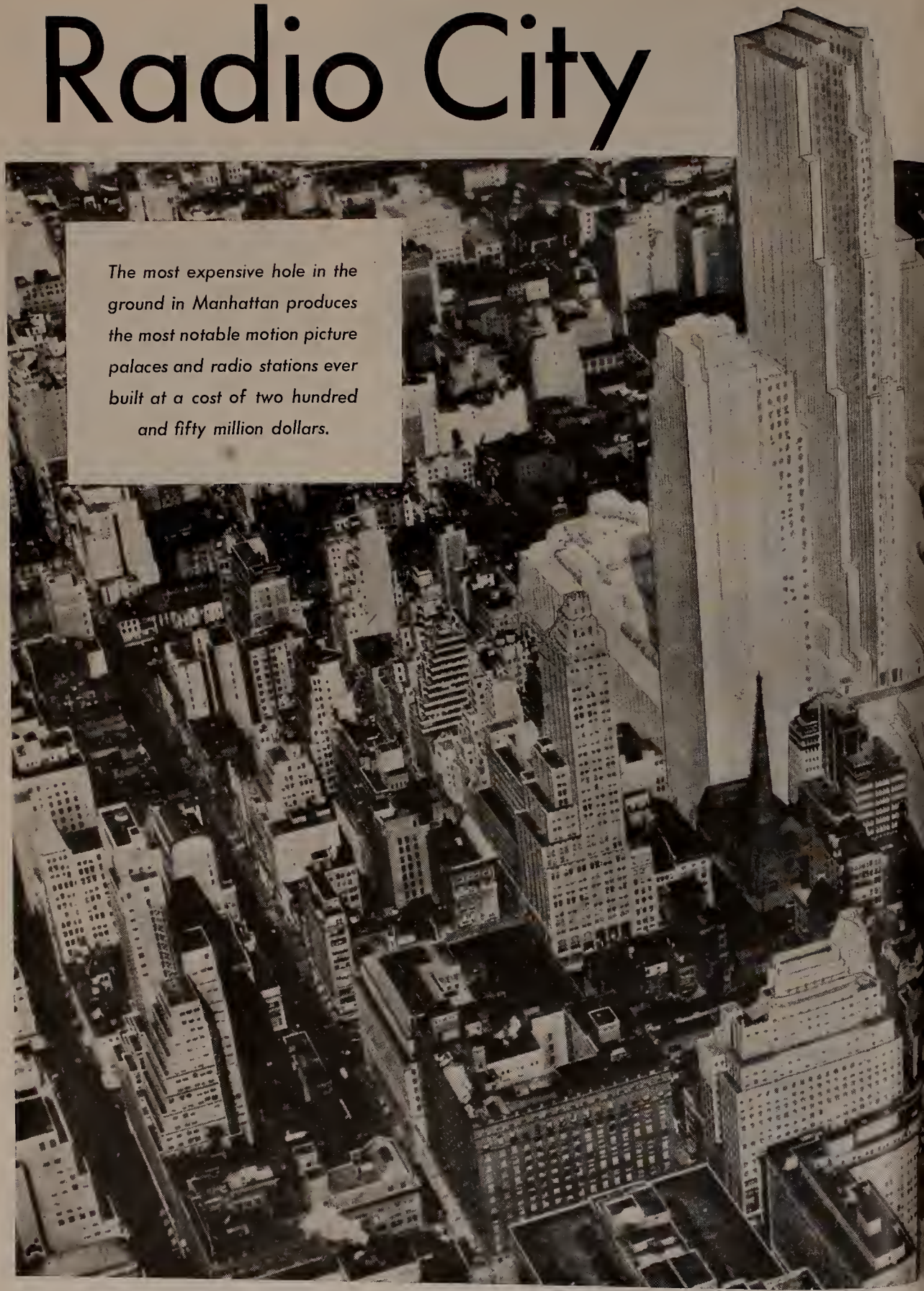
"As you know," she said quietly to her husband, remembering her blue evening gown, "Kathleen has always been anxious to become an actress. I do not think we should stand in her way." The father frowned. A happy idea came to the mother. "Kathleen is still a child—let us give her two years—she will know in that time about what she can do—and if she fails she will still have time to go into some other work."

The father wanted time to consider.

At the frantic request of Colleen, a mighty friend came upon the field.

She was one of those strong unyielding old Irish women who had early learned how to suffer and endure. Like all such women, her laughter was never far from tears. At the corners of her eyes were (*Please turn to page* 73)

Radio City



The most expensive hole in the ground in Manhattan produces the most notable motion picture palaces and radio stations ever built at a cost of two hundred and fifty million dollars.

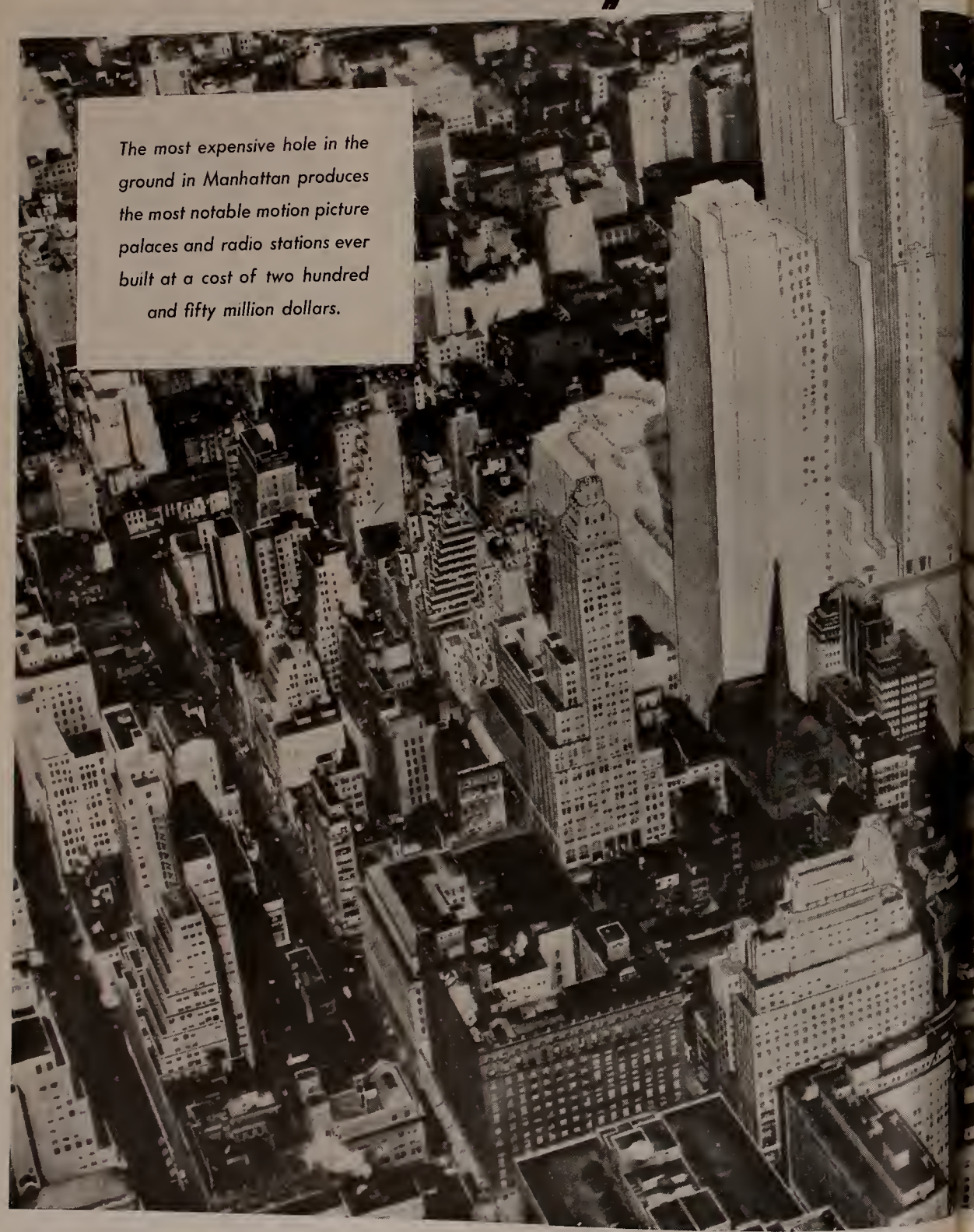
—THE NEWEST WONDER OF THE WORLD



Radio City

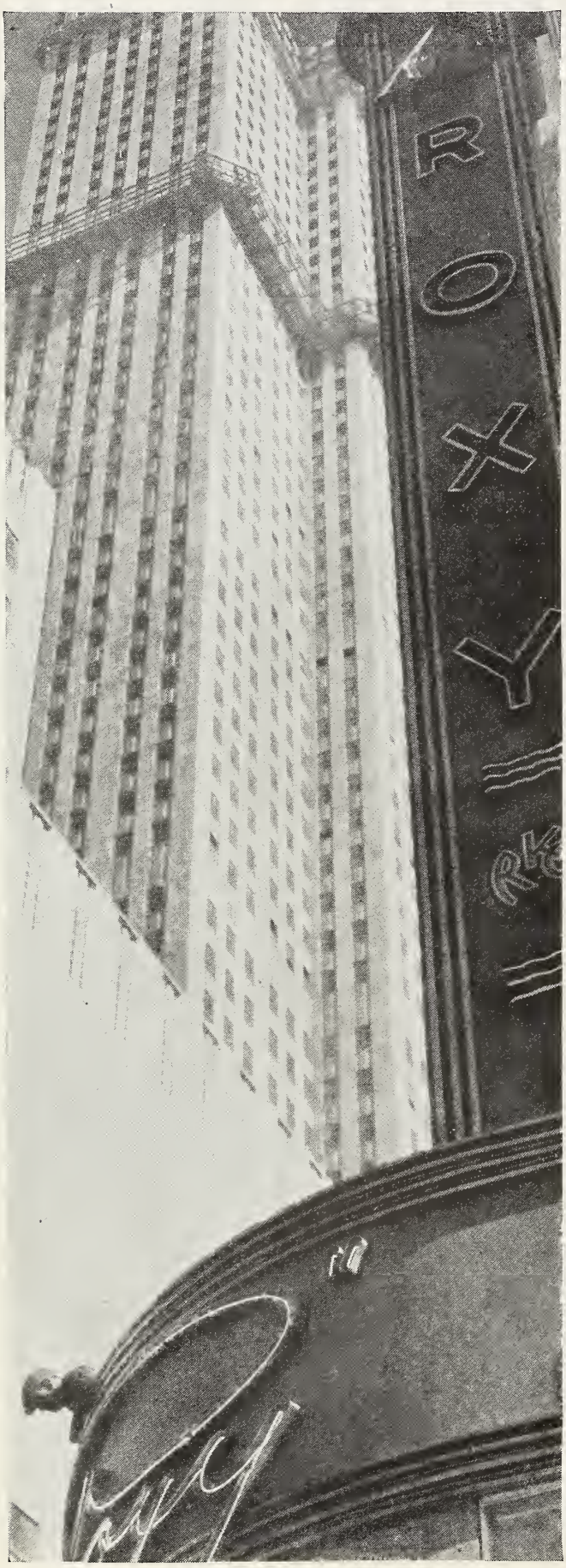
—THE NEWEST WONDER OF THE WORLD

The most expensive hole in the ground in Manhattan produces the most notable motion picture palaces and radio stations ever built at a cost of two hundred and fifty million dollars.





The Story of an



By Edwin C. Hill

John D. Rockefeller, Jr. and his associates gave Roxy, master showman, a signed check with the amount blank—and told him to go to it. Read what he did with it!

ROCKEFELLER CENTER with its Radio City is an utterly impossible fact. It's one of those things which just couldn't happen—but there it is!

The most expensive hole in the ground in the history of the world is sprouting stupendous towers and gorgeous palaces so rapidly that your head spins every time you stroll up Fifth Avenue to take a new look.

In less than two years three solid blocks of dingy old buildings in the pulsing heart of Manhattan have been ripped out to make way for the Taj Mahal, the Hanging Gardens of Babylon, a second edition of the Empire State Building, the Alhambra and a few streets of Paradise done in Indiana limestone and Carrara marble.

That Aladdin of the 20th century, John Davison Rockefeller, Jr., made a few passes with his checkbook, abolished the past and challenged the future with the most gallant gesture of business history.

Less than two years ago that twelve acres of Manhattan's heart which lie between Fifty-first Street and Forty-eighth Street and between Fifth Avenue and Sixth Avenue, was the 19th century. You could still hear the clopping feet of the fat carriage horse and see the flickering flames of the gas lamps.

Before the glad Christmas bells have ceased ringing this December you will be walking with pop-eyed amazement straight into the 21st century.

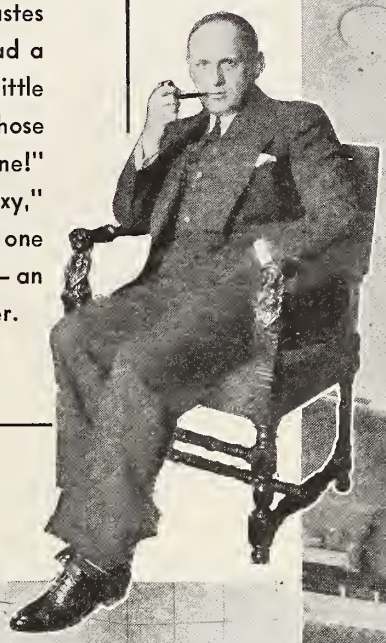
It is incredible. It is strangely wonderful and uncanny.



M. H. Aylesworth, president of the National Broadcasting Company, and the Radio-Keith-Orpheum Corporation, who was one of the guiding spirits in the creation of the world's greatest amusement center. Every square foot of it, every brick piled upon brick, is a ringing challenge to the future.

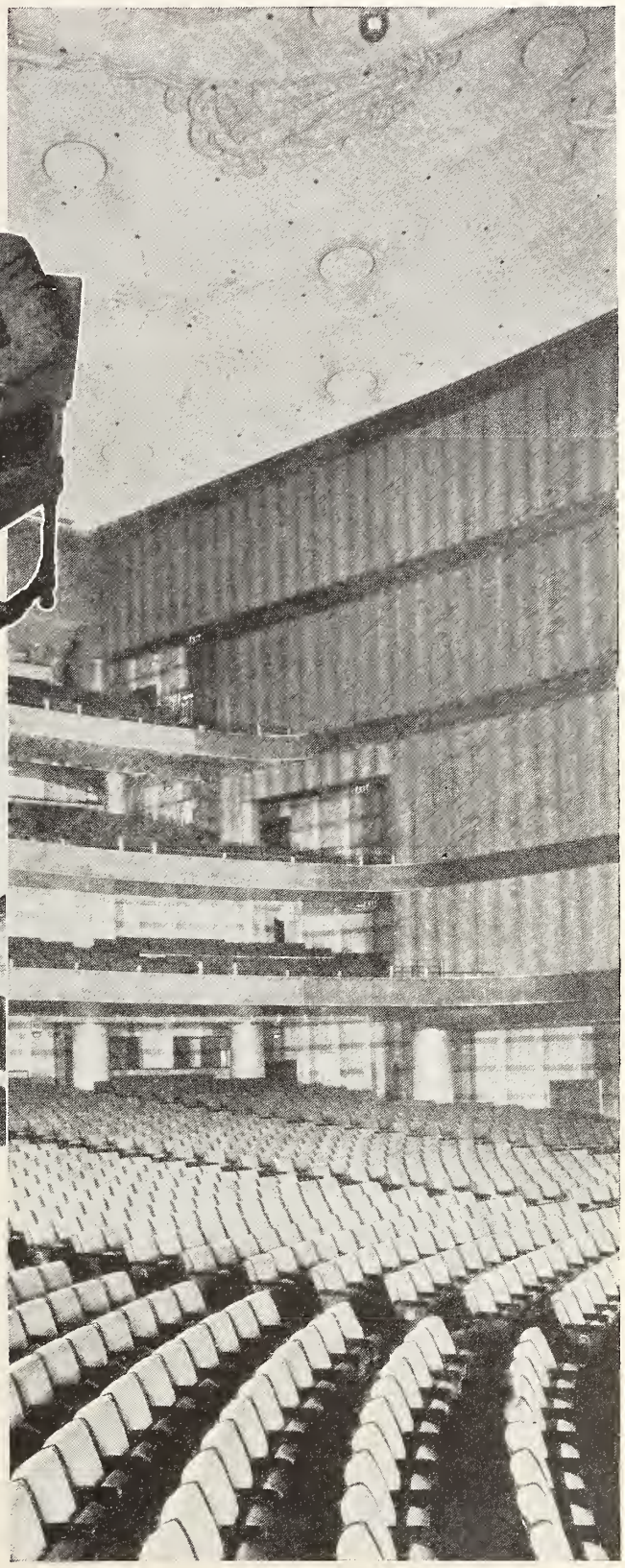
Aladdin's Dream

He changed the musical tastes of a nation. Yet he can't read a note of music. More than a little he resembles Mussolini, whose only motto is, "It can be done!" He got his nickname, "Roxy," when playing baseball. He is one of those rare creatures — an intensely practical dreamer.





An interior view of the grand lounge, one of the show places of New York.



The auditorium of the new Roxy, the first example of modern theater architecture in America.

It is wizardry out and out, and reading from left to right I shall name you the wizards: Rockefeller, Owen D. Young, General Harbord, David I. Sarnoff, Merlin H. Aylesworth and—Roxy.

ROCKEFELLER CENTER and Radio City—these enchanted twelve acres which so startlingly demonstrate what doers can do with a dream—is bounded on the north by General Cornelius Vanderbilt, on the east by Saint Patrick's Cathedral, on the west by the clanking elevated and on the south by seventy-four speakeasies that escaped Mr. Rockefeller's house-wreckers.

This is the second time in the span of a century that this tract of land has been kissed by Destiny.

Back in the days when Jimmy Madison was President of the more or less United States, and his Dolly was galloping down the steps of the White House hugging a portrait of General (*Please turn to page* 95)

When I had a crush

A Confession by ELSIE JANIS

The story of a Lovely Romance told for the first time

IF you have ever loved a Barrymore, you know that, like jungle fever, lumbago or other recurrent diseases, you are in for a touch of "Barrymoritis" from time to time.

I am just able to sit up and write about my latest attack. I felt it coming on when I saw him in "Grand Hotel." At a preview of "A Bill of Divorcement" the symptoms were unmistakable, and when the Editor asked me if I could write a story about John Barrymore, I knew there was no escape, so I took it big and asked him to come and see me (The Barrymore, not the Editor!).

"Jack," I said over the phone, "I've been asked to write an intimate article about you." His infectious chuckle pounded gaily on my ear-drum.

"How many thousand words?" he asked.

Suspicion stirred as I answered, "You sound like a writer yourself."

There was a slight pause, another chuckle, before the Barrymore spoke.

"I am," he said. "I'm writing the Saga of the Barrymores for the—blank magazine."

"Well, that's fine. You must tell me all about it. When may I see you?"

BARRYMORE—When do you want to?

JANIS—As soon as possible.

BARRYMORE—Where are you now? (This highly reminiscent of the old days.)

JANIS—At home in bed!

BARRYMORE—I'll be right over!

BEFORE the plot curdles and you might hope that the most devoted, contented and adored husband of my acquaintance was handing me "a line," even a telephone line, I must admit, though it depresses me to do so in my "convalescent" condition, that he is so thoroughly married to the delightful Dolores, so Costello-ed and mellowed that I, still browsing in the light of a honeymoon, found myself wondering if my young husband managed to drag my name into every subject from deep-sea fishing to jig-saw puzzles. Well, anyway, so far my young man hasn't been away long enough to say much about anything, and in the home you can imagine how rarely he gets a chance to talk. So that's that and let's get on with (*Please turn to page* 72)

Photographs from Culver Service



Barrymore in one of his first pictures, Paramount's "On the Quiet," produced in 1918. Would you recognize him as the Barrymore on the opposite page?



Elsie Janis, during the war. . . . What a desirable companion Jack was thought NOT to be for a young and closely guarded star such as the Janis 1909 model.



John Barrymore in 1908, considered by most people a bad boy—fascinating but bad—a natural combination.

on John Barrymore



John Barrymore as Prince Paul in M-G-M's "Rasputin," in which John, Lionel and Ethel Barrymore appear together on the screen for the first time.

THE 5 Most Dangerous

By VIRGINIA LANE

HERE they are—*the five most dangerous women in Hollywood.*

They have been selected by the foremost directors, psychologists and artists, a group that *knows.* Danger surrounds them, shadows them. Danger to the male of the species. It's in their every gesture, in their words, in their eyes. Each is dangerous in her own way . . . and that way is deadly effective.

Look at them—these gorgeous creatures of the screen who menace man's peace of mind: Greta Garbo, Joan Crawford, Janet Gaynor, Lili Damita and Clara Bow.

They're types, types representative of the five distinct kinds of dangerous women.

With Garbo there are three outstanding things that spell peril—mystery, that feeling of restrained fire, and her provocativeness. She provokes every man with whom she comes into contact . . . stimulates his interest without so much as lifting her little finger. It's partly her naïve manner of raising her eyes slowly and looking straight at him and partly her suppression. It isn't what she says that matters so greatly; it's what she leaves unsaid.

Man never quite grows up. All through his life he loves to tinker and experiment . . . and whether it's with an engine or with a woman's emotion, he always adores having his interest intrigued.

It takes a good bit of experimenting to fathom Garbo. She isn't obvious. Do you recall that incident on the couch in "As You Desire Me"? As fine a bit of feminine skill as ever I've seen. With scarcely a word she stirred Melvyn Douglas more than if she had poured into his ear all the honeyed endearments known to lovers.

Garbo always seems to be living an inner life that is all her own. And nothing arouses the male curiosity

Who they are and why they are—a fascinating analysis that every woman should read



Photo by Manatt



Joan Crawford and Nils Asther in a vivid love moment in "Letty Lynton." . . . Today Joan is dynamite. She spells Fascination in capital letters a mile wide. Daring, smart and awfully *knowing.*

Greta Garbo and Melvyn Douglas in "As You Desire Me." . . . With Garbo there are three outstanding things that spell peril—mystery, that feeling of restrained fire, and her provocativeness.

Women in Movies



Photo by Hal Phyfe

The danger that Clara Bow presents is perfectly obvious. She's primitive, elemental—no hedging about or artful by-play.

Lili Damita. . . . For sheer vitality, joy of living and subtle romance there is none to equal her. Here you see her with Roland Young in "This Is the Night."



more. Just by way of an example, there was a young woman living on our block who was on the verge of losing her husband. One day she came upon a photograph of Greta Garbo, and she studied it for a long while. That evening when friend hubby came home she greeted him with a slow, secretive smile and kept a far-away look in her eyes. Instead of the usual arguments, she spoke to him in low, thrilling tones—when she spoke at all. She let her gaze rest upon him dreamily. Finally he couldn't stand the suspense any longer and demanded to know what ailed her. She smiled a little wistfully, laid her hand on his arm for a moment and answered, "Nothing . . ." Naturally, he was disturbed. He couldn't concentrate on his paper. He stole a glance at her; she was musing by the fire. The end of the evening found them linked in each other's arms. And she never again made the mistake of losing her mystery for him. She is the slender, exotic type, consequently such a demeanor is most becoming to her.

MARLENE DIETRICH is dangerous in much the same way as Greta, only you feel here the danger is more imminent and less subtle. She is ready to burst into flame any instant. Greta smolders longer. Marlene has a trick of looking from beneath her lids so that a man doesn't know what to expect next. She may kiss him—and then again she may strike him. And when she dances, she dances for *him* alone. Music that sets your heart throbbing, tantalizing rhythm—that's Marlene. Oh, there's tremendous (*Please turn to page* 83)



Photo by Hal Phyfe

Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell. . . . There's nothing so deadly to peaceful bachelorhood as fragile, appealing femininity.

These New Yorkers!

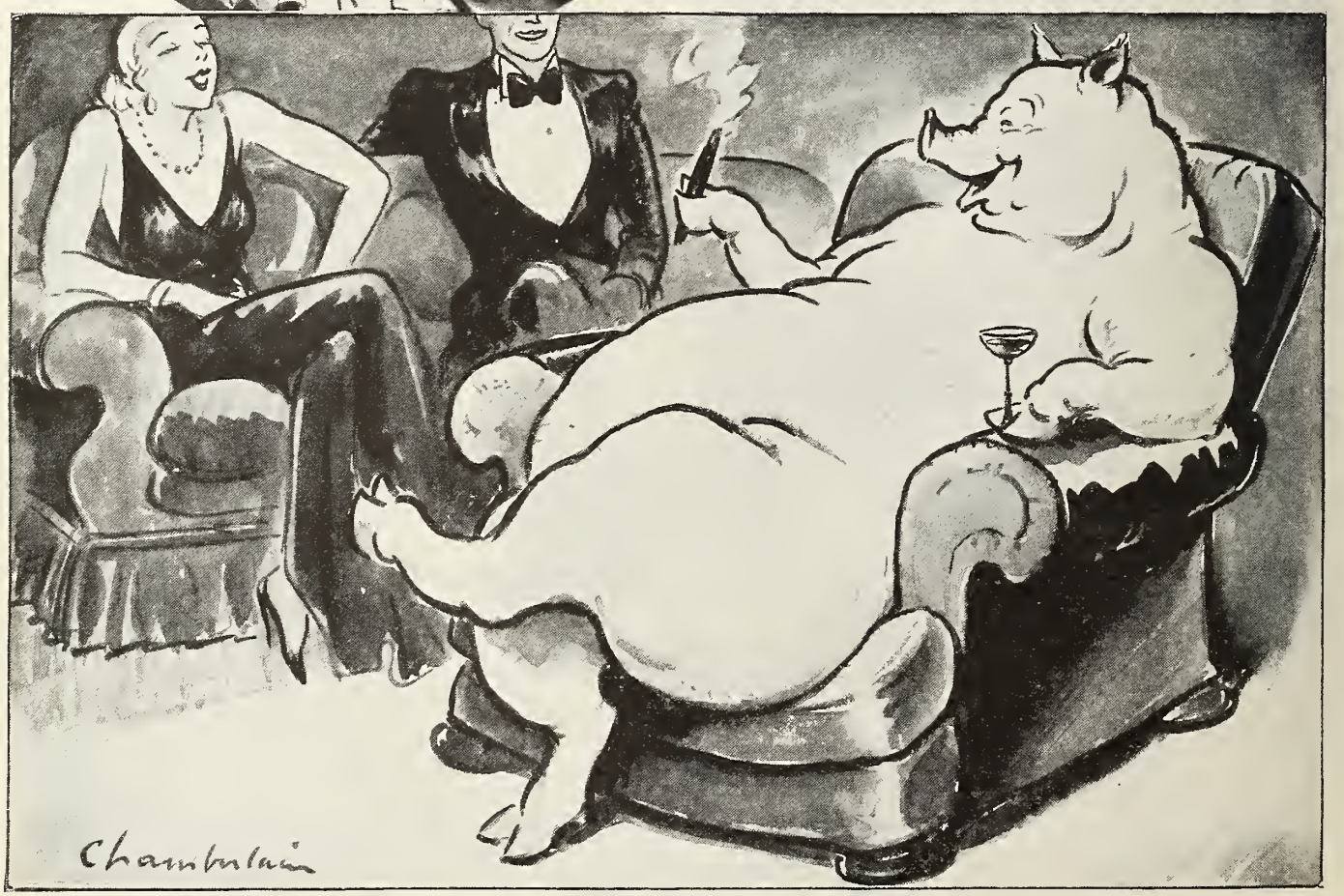
By HERB HOWE



NIGHT life has come at last to the Sodom and Gomorrah of the Orange Juice Belt, as Hollywood and Beverly are generally known, according to Will Rogers. We're having raids with our revues and all manner of cosmopolitan delights. Paris is brought home by La Boheme and Bal Tabarin, Berlin by female impersonators flowering everywhere and New York by cops appearing unannounced—the saucy things—amid the swooning blossoms.

What once was a bourgeois dance hall on Vine has become Bal Tabarin with a floor show and "food in the French style." La Boheme, originally done in the auberge manner with checkered tablecloths and sawdust on the floor, now has the elegant Mr. Karyl Norman, Creole Fashion Plate, doing female impersonations with the aid of Sadie Thompson's neckpiece from "Rain." It's a gift—the neckpiece I mean—of Miss Joan Crawford. In the Club New York, below stairs in the Christie Hotel, Mr. Jean Malin is satirizing our sirens. He does an imitation

There are certain actresses flaunting "sophistication" that would make a marine yell like everything for the smelling salts.



I predict that when "State Fair" is released the histrionic ability of Blue Boy, the Iowa prize hog, will be quickly recognized, and we'll have a pig in our parlors.

Our Hollywood Boulevardier rushes back from tequila to find Lupe and Jimmy, oh, so changed

of Miss Greta Garbo for which he deserves special indulgence since he accomplishes it without the aid of neckpiece, Miss Garbo being neglectful. B. B. B.'s basement has a covey of lads in gowns of their own delirious creation. The Backyard, a skip down the alley, has artful deceivers of the same genre.

Cops raided B. B. B.'s *boite* and found gin under a table of two patrons. The proprietor said the loathesome persons must have been New Yorkers. Hollywood boys never stoop to bottles under the table. We're above board in the Orange Juice Belt. The next night the police visited The Backyard and found bottles there too. Must have been these same two New Yorkers. A few days later a cop went booze-batty in a park and popped his pistol impartially at women and children, swans and poinsettias. He was charged with being a New Yorker and given fifty days.

THE interest in ruffled and rose-budded impersonators is purely archæological, thinks an actress of my acquaintance, who wears up-to-the-minute slacks and tweed double-breasters. "They offer the last stand of women's clothes," she says.

RESTAURANTS have their day the same as stars. The Come-On-Inn was the first lunching place of the quartier. Musso-Frank and (*Please turn to page* 88)



Pal Cagney says his first picture will be "Bad Boy." But he's been East, and I wouldn't be surprised if it turned out to be a version of Little Lord Fauntleroy.



In viewing herself in the rushes, Pola would break into spontaneous applause, exclaiming, "Gott! how marvelous!" Pola is one person who never bored Pola.

Sketches by
KEN CHAMBERLAIN

Meet the VAMPIRE

Wherein the monster, Dracula, is unmasked by a litter of puppies

By BARBARA BARRY



"Unseen hands seemed to clutch at my throat," says Miss Barry, describing her meeting with Bela Lugosi. She might have pictured the scene in Dracula (above).

I TALKED to him. This man who dares not sleep at night. This strange being who dreads the darkness that is peopled with supernatural beings . . . evil talons, poised to strike . . . grinning mouths . . . dripping with the blood of their victims. . . .

Quaking inwardly, I stood before the entrance of Bela Lugosi's imposing castle in the mountains, waiting, timorously, to be admitted. No sound came from within. The eerie stillness was stifling. Unseen hands seemed to clutch at my throat. Distantly, a hound bayed. I wanted to run away.

But the wide oaken door was opening . . . slowly . . . soundlessly. Desperately, I tried to turn and flee from the evil spot. But my feet were rooted to the ground. . . .

AND now, kiddies, if you're sufficiently cooled off, permit the ducky bumps to go into retirement, comb down your top hair, and meet the most misunderstood, misrepresented man in all Hollywood!

Ever since "Dracula," Bela Lugosi has been pictured as a veritable fiend in human form, a being—half man, half vampire—who cavorts with evil spirits and nips sleeping females directly south of the Adam's apple, by night; and scampers (or flits) to his underground tomb, by day.

But, don't you believe a word of it! Auntie's going to drive a stake through the heart of that story without further delay. And here's how:

In the first place, any neck-nipping vampire would have a tough time finding a Hollywood female who sleeps nights.

And it would be even a tougher job for him to locate a tomb in which to lay his weary head. Because all the underground "tombs" these days are naïvely termed "speakeasies" and happen to be closed during those hours when self-respecting vampires are supposed to be sleeping it off. So there!

BELA LUGOSI greeted me with an abstraction that was disturbing, to say the least. From the first moment, he regarded me silently, quizzically, until I began to feel as though I'd stepped from the bath tub, smack into the middle of Hollywood Boulevard. Sort of uncomfortably "de trop," if you follow me? (And I'll bet you would!)

Previous to the interview, a mutual friend had warned me that the Hungarian Menace was extremely temperamental and liable to leap up at the most unexpected moment, and shout: "For God's sake, let's get done with this!"

Consequently every (*Please turn to page* 68)



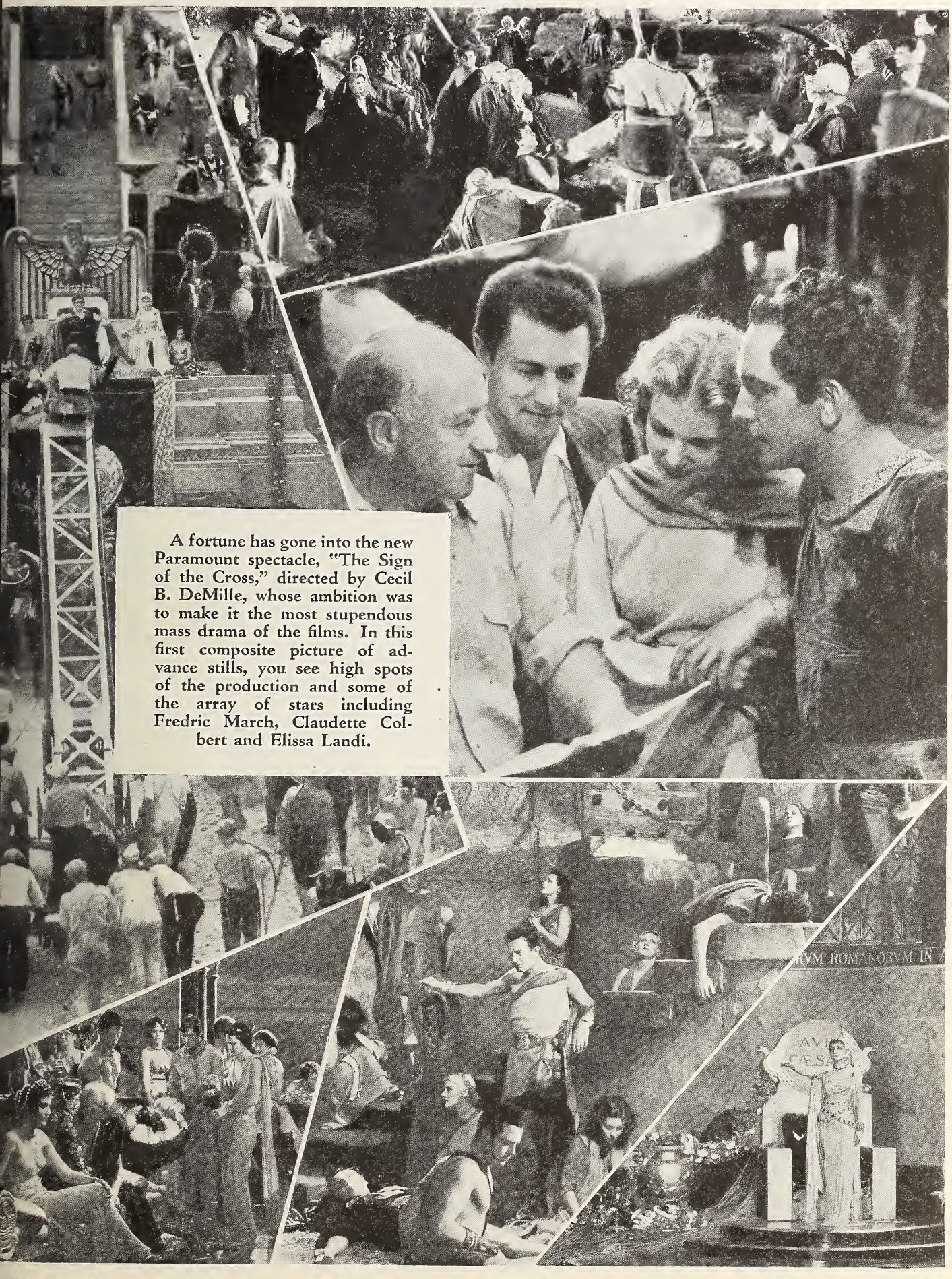
Photograph by Hurrell

This is the latest picture of the talented, brainy and beautiful Norma Shearer. She is now resting on her laurels after "Strange Interlude," one of the most artistic efforts in screen history, and the appealing "Smilin' Through." And she's all she seems—one of the finest women of the films.

Ancient Rome lives again in barbaric splendor in her fierc



ar on the Christian martyrs in The Sign of the Cross



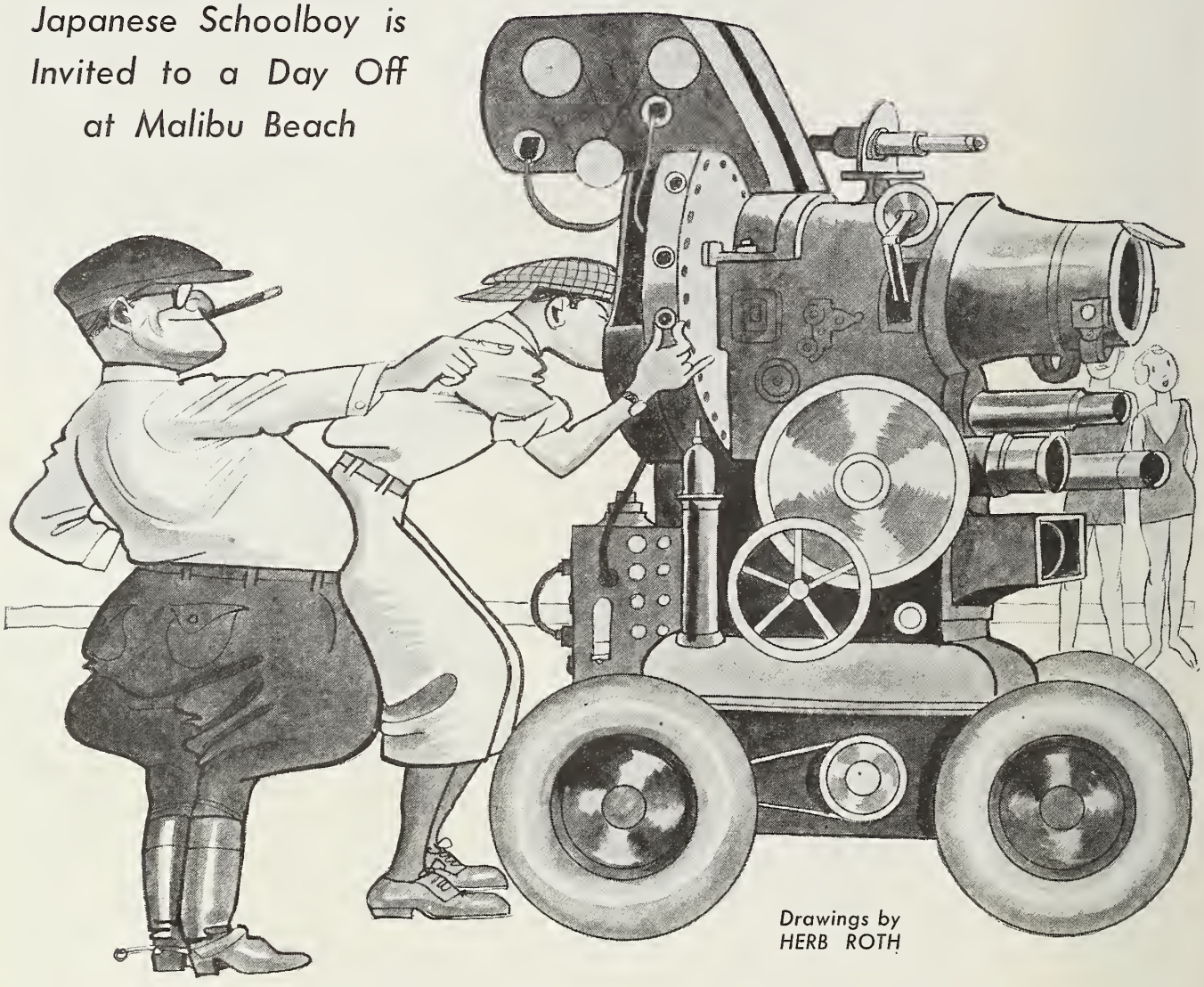
A fortune has gone into the new Paramount spectacle, "The Sign of the Cross," directed by Cecil B. DeMille, whose ambition was to make it the most stupendous mass drama of the films. In this first composite picture of advance stills, you see high spots of the production and some of the array of stars including Fredric March, Claudette Colbert and Elissa Landi.

Ancient Rome lives again in barbaric splendor in her fierce war on the Christian martyrs in The Sign of the Cross

A fortune has gone into the new Paramount spectacle, "The Sign of the Cross," directed by Cecil B. DeMille, whose ambition was to make it the most stupendous mass drama of the films. In this first composite picture of advance stills, you see high spots of the production and some of the array of stars including Fredric March, Claudette Colbert and Elissa Landi.

Togo in Hollywood

WALLACE IRWIN'S Japanese Schoolboy is Invited to a Day Off at Malibu Beach



Drawings by HERB ROTH

TO Editor Tower Magazin, who save time by not answering my letters,

Dearest Sir:—

Me & Nogi are now working as one (1) in palace of Hon. Geo. F. Ogre, the Brain of Hollywood. He say he cannot tell us a Part, so he call us Hay. When he say "Hay!" with voice we make a walk-up to him like a pair of sho-girls.

Other morning A. M. he holla "Hay!" so we march inside his Thinking Studio. There he were, watching us through the baloon-tire specktacles he put on to make his mind go faster.

He spoke following:

"All work and no play make Jack (Barrymore) (Okie) (Coogan) a dull boy. (Gilbert)

"After the strenual, nerve-stretching work of Hollywood it are necessary to relax and set down on Nature, or one (1) would go crazed.

"Human nature get all frazzed & jade from staring at electricity all day long and having his every word photografed. We must sprank and play kitten-games for a while, thusly escaping from our toil."

"To where would you escape to?" require me and Nogi together like sho-girls.

"To Maliboo Beach," he narrate. "There you can find a ocean and sand, all mixed with breezes, where all Hollywood will collapse together this p. m. (noon) for joyful picknick. We go there to forget Work and just be a lott of Kidds. So please tell my wife, Miss Caramel Sweet, to get together some few simpul things and prepair for this lightheart frolick."

O Mr. Editor, think how me and Nogi jumped! What what can be more sweethearted than getting on top of Nature with a picknick lunch and nothing to do than be unumployed?

Therefore, we enrush to door of Miss Caramel Sweet, where she were taking 3rd bath for that morning.

"Never mind soap, Mrs. Madam," I holla through door. "We are going to a Ocean where washing is free."



"Who are the greatest lover in Hollywood?" negotiate Hon. Nils.
"Frank Buck's baby elephant," snuggest Hon. Richd Dix.

"O horrus!" she otter. "Must I enjoy myself again? Pack my trunk and 9 sootcases & I shall be ready in 4 hours."

So me and Nogi, with help of a lady's made and 2 furniture movers got Miss Caramel Sweet pack-up for that jolly picknick. When at lastly she come out, arranged in a custume of mermaid yellow, to match the ocean, she ask with needles in her voice:

"Togo, how many shades of lipstick you fetch along?"

"3 shades," I deploy. "Sun-shade, noon-shade and lamp-shade."

"Then why has everybody kep me waiting so long?" she ask to know.

Therefore, me and Nogi pour all her luggage and trunkage into a moving vann & folla her Rolling-Roysstering car out to Maliboo Beach. And O, what we see when we get there!

It look just like a Carnival of Venus.

Any one of those ladys stroling on sand could of took prize as Miss Ypsilanti in Atlantic City Beauty Combat. Walking around there I see a flock of Jones. Jone Bennett & Jone Sawyer & Jone Marsh & Jone Crawlford.

"Keeping up with the Jones at Hollywood are some axercise," I corrode.

"That joke would sound delicious in Japanese," say Cousin Nogi.

I see Miss Arline Judge and Hon. New Rochelle Hudson, looking very Vassar Colledge. Also Hon. Sheela Terry, wearing her sunburn in the back. I see Hon. Bet Davis, wearing a medicine ball, but she do not need it. Virginia Bruce, standing around with Jack Gilbert expression.

There was the Ocean and there was they. When do you think they are going to swim? Others come up, including men. They stand, they smoke, they say words. Then upcome Hon. Anita Page and walk toward Pacifick Ocean like she intend to get wet.

"Stop it!" holla Hon. Geo. F. Ogre with maggaphone.

"Stop which?" decry Hon. Anita.

"Do not touch that ocean till I say so. We are going to have some fun." (*Please turn to page* 94)

BROADWAY vs.

Continuing—the real inside story of Will Hays and his ten years in the movies

By one of America's most distinguished authors—WILL IRWIN



WILL HAYS
Photo by International News

VOLUNTARY regulation of the motion picture—which means the same thing as the Hays organization—went over the top in 1927, when the producers agreed on the celebrated code of "Don'ts" and "Be Carefuls." Then the talking movie and the gunman picture, swinging into action just after this partial victory, inflicted a temporary repulse.

For a time it seemed almost as though Will Hays had wasted five years of quiet, undramatic struggle. But he had been building broadly; and in the end, the setback served only to speed up his operations.

In 1930, after eight years, he reached and took all his objectives; established that unique system of voluntary control which now governs the motion picture business and which, so far as any prophet can see, will probably govern it permanently.

First, he moved on Hollywood directly. Those who have read these articles will remember that in 1927, after the producers signed their original code, he startled a confidential assistant by prophesying that some day Colonel Jason S. Joy would sit in the studios, advising with the directors, scenario writers and actors from the very inception of their films.

Joy had been executive head of the Public Relations department from the first months of the Hays organization. In that important and trying position, he served as a channel for public opinion. At the beginning of his work, sixty nation-wide organizations concerned with education and public morals fed him criticism or approval; their number, by 1927, had grown to three hundred. All this time, he had seen, in whole or in synopsis, hundreds of letters every week from the unorganized public. No other man alive, not even Hays, had become such an expert on American tastes, aversions and modesties.

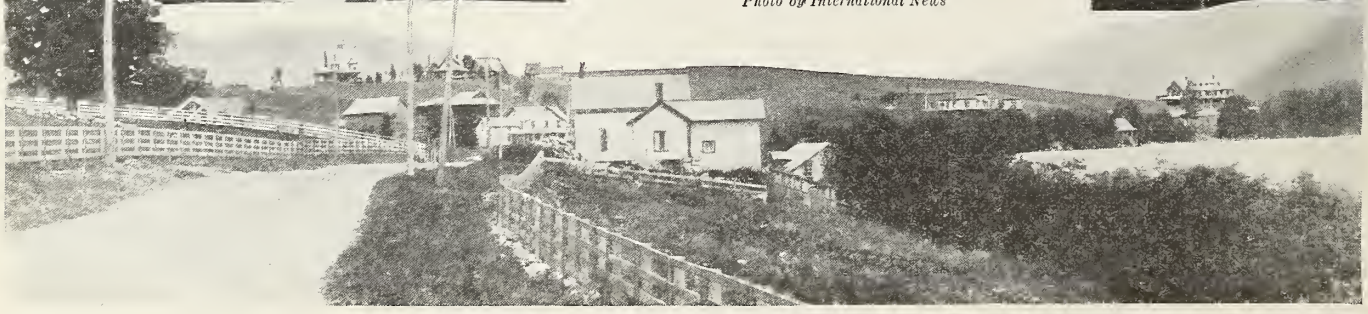
Events had moved fast since 1924, when Hays must needs visit Hollywood to pry from the producer the scenario of that perplexing book "West of the Water





(Left) Jason S. Joy, recent head of the Hays Department of Public Relations, acting as a studio mentor and guide whenever any picture seemed not in key with good taste.
Photo by Keystone View

(Below) This is a village in upper New York State, typical of what the film business regards as "Main Street," where the great majority of American people attend the movies. And they are the backbone of the country.
Photo by International News



MAIN STREET

What goes on behind the scenes when pictures are made



Photo by International News



Boris Karloff in "Frankenstein," one of the first "horror" pictures that threatened to deluge the business.

(Left) New York's Times Square at night, the center of Broadway's theatrical district. From this and other Broadways over the country, the motion picture producer derives the greater part of his revenue.

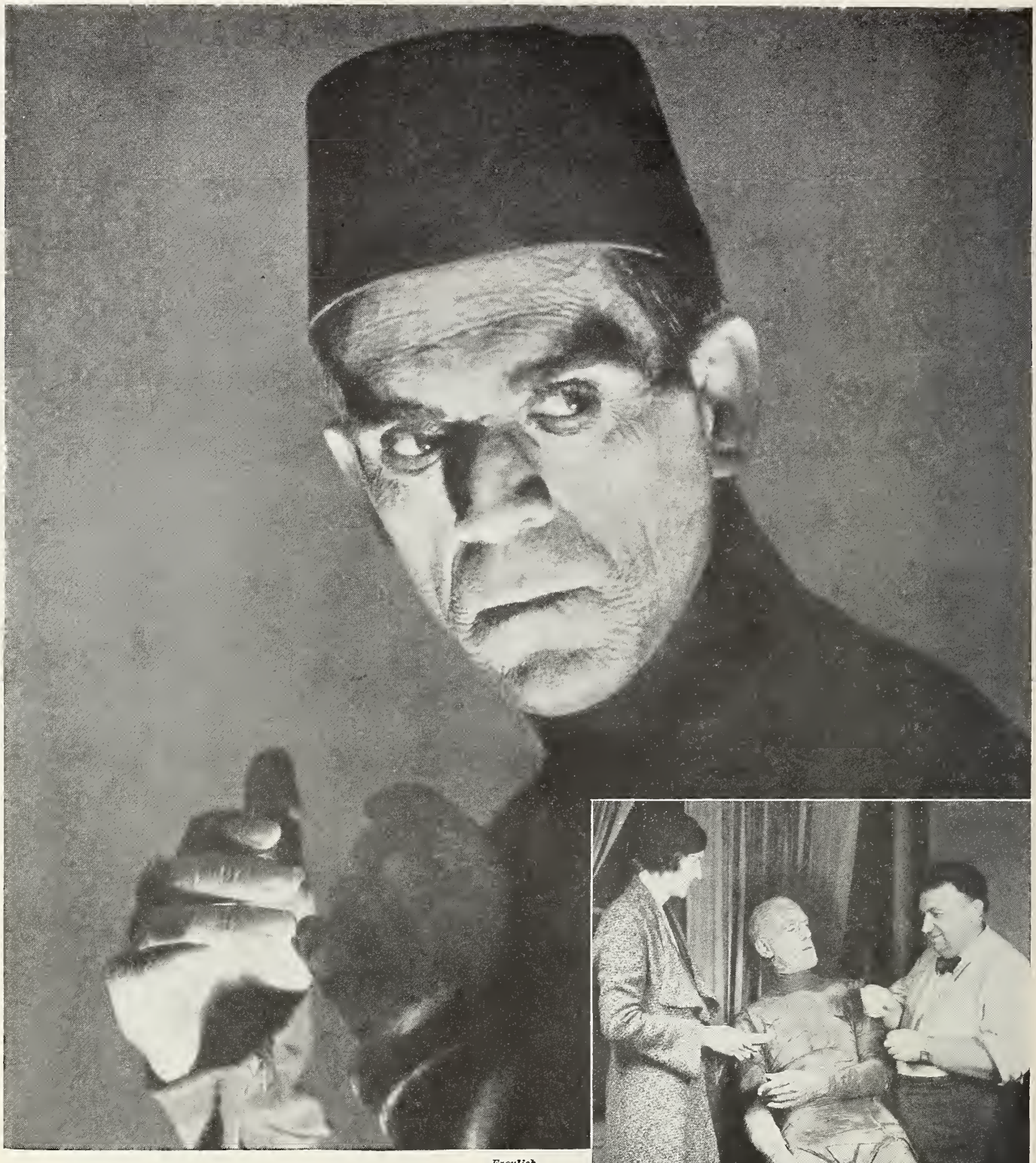
Tower." Now, hundreds of scripts traveled to New York by air mail yearly for the advice of Hays; which meant in practice the advice of Joy, his expert. But the coming of the talkie, as I have explained in a previous chapter, had played ducks and drakes with the old, set code, formed to regulate the silent picture.

It did no good to purify and endorse a script when an actor, by his performance—sometimes by so slight a trick as a turn of inflection—could produce an effect which might horrify the virtuous or offend great parts of the national audience. For a little example, let me cite this: a certain film had part of its action in Italy. The Hays office saw the script. By custom grown almost automatic in recent years, it consulted the Italian Embassy which, after a small revision or so, pronounced the film entirely inoffensive.

But the cast included a squad of Italian policemen. In course of production, the actors played these parts as comedy—with wild, explosive Latin gestures, with "sissy" attitudes. And all Italy, both at home and abroad, rose up and denounced this caricature of Italian government officials. Reading and editing the scenario would never avert this kind of trouble.

SO, the way being prepared, Hays revamped his organization again; created the Studio Relations Committee, with headquarters not in New York but in Hollywood. Colonel Joy became its executive; and Carl E. Milliken, ex-Governor of Maine, who had served as secretary of the organization for several years, expanded his job to include the Department of Public Relations.

For sweet simplicity's sake, I shall overlook at this time the series of agreements which gave this Studio Committee almost legal sanction, and go on with its own special history. (*Please turn to page* 89)



Freulich

WHAT'S IN A FACE?

Weird lights flicker on the face of Karloff, Universal star, as he becomes the mummy brought back to life by a magic spell in "The Mummy," fantastic story of reincarnation. The make-up man spent three and a half hours making him look like this. Could you do better?

(Right) Torn between love and duty. . . . Karloff doesn't know whether he should accept tea from his wife or from his director, Karl Freund.

Hollywood Cook-Coos

Wild and weird clicks from the typewriter of the famous humorist

—TED COOK



Another good way for a star to keep from attracting attention at previews is to attend with a sack over his head.

NEWS item says Richard Dix is so crowd-shy that when he attends previews he holds a handkerchief to his face to avoid recognition.

Another good way to keep from attracting attention is to attend previews with a sack over your head.

Or nimbly dash through the door yelling "Fire" in a loud voice.

And a lot of interviews are tossed
Off by stars with their fingers crossed.

FOR more years than we care to have rudely mentioned, we have observed the m. p. industry worrying about the facts of life.

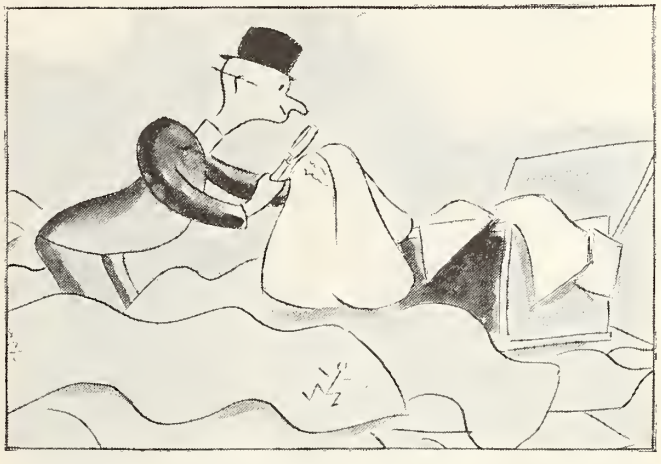
Should motion pictures stress sex, or more sex?

Some say "Yes," and some say "Oh, yes, indeed."

But until a few moments ago, no one had taken the trouble to make an exhaustive survey. It is our unselfish purpose to lend a guiding hand to the motion picture industry, as it gropes up a blind alley. We have taken the bull by the scissors, so to speak, and compiled a medley of helpful opinion on the subject of sex.

Now go on with the story—

"Sex is simply a part of life to an American girl."—Joan Crawford.



By arrangement with The Brown Derby we have obtained first rights to information scribbled on table-cloths.

"It is important that people do not become bored with their entertainment."—Lee Shubert.

"Thousands of letters ask me this question, 'How can I reduce the proportions of that part of my anatomy on which I sit?'"—Sylvia, Hollywood masseuse.

"Personally I adore old-fashioned bustles."—Norma Shearer.

"Today, legs are hardly a novelty, and the female form is subject of only minor interest."—Film trade journal.



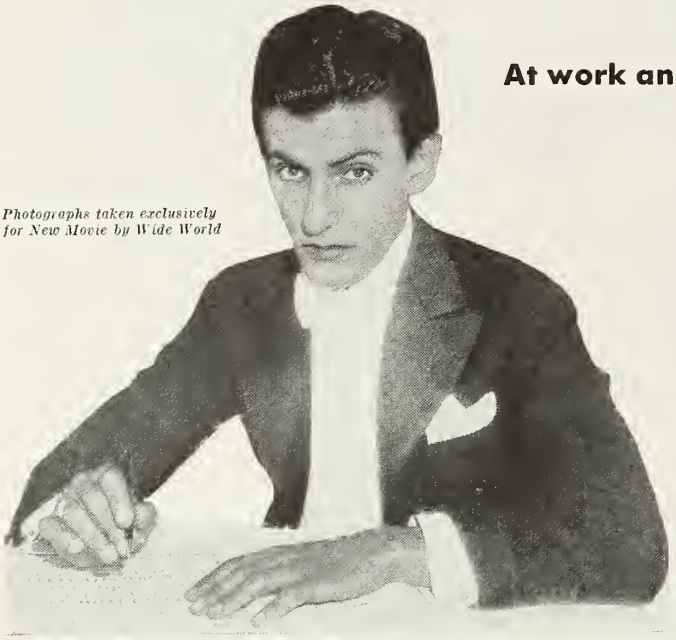
A new wrinkle in femme form flashes is synthetic hips made of lamb's wool by an undercover modiste.

(*Please turn to page* 99)

Radio Rambles

At work and at play with the stars you hear over the air

Photographs taken exclusively for New Movie by Wide World



Eddie Duchin, of the Central Park Casino, pianist of sophisticated melodies, who has come rapidly to the front in the world of radio.

SO far as we can determine the one and only game commissioner on the air is that genial yet impressive authority on dogs, the veteran writer, Albert Payson Terhune of New Jersey—a massive man of mellow dignity, friend of the late Richard Harding Davis and a noted newspaper reporter in the old days of *The World*. He stands about six feet four and is a rugged two hundred and twenty pounder.

The other day little Vivian Block, the *Maud* of Mr. Tarkington's "Maud and Cousin Bill," aged ten and some three or four feet shorter than Mr. Terhune, happened to come into the studio where he was rehearsing. Her reply upon being introduced was not the conventional "How are you?" Bending her head way back in order to get a full view, she candidly inquired:

"How old are you?"

"Just guess," laughed Terhune, "but don't be too rough on an old man."

Vivian paused for a second and then ventured a hesitating guess of what to her was a pretty big figure.

"Twenty-five or maybe thirty-five," she said.

N. B. Mr. Terhune will be fifty-nine this year.

Mr. Cobb's Remark: His city editor on *The New York World* was the famous hire-and-fire-'em Chapin, who recently died in Sing Sing where he was a lifer. And it was while Mr. Terhune and Irvin Cobb were reporters together that someone phoned from Mr. Chapin's home to the city room to say that Mr. Chapin could not be in that day owing to illness.



Myrt and Marge (Myrtle Vail and Donna Damerel), mother and daughter, who were known to vaudeville as a "sister act." Out of a job, they conceived a radio act, walked into William Wrigley's office past secretaries and office boys, and sold it to him. They were an instant radio hit.



Aileen Stanley, vaudeville and phonograph recording singer, not long known to radio, but already an established favorite.



Mr. and Mrs. Goodman Ace, better known as The Easy Aces, a comedy team that has hit the public right between the—er-r—ears. Mr. Ace, when not writing his own material, writes "gags" for other acts.



George Hicks, the boy from the Northwest who made good in the big radio city as an announcer, and his bride, doing the honeymoon housework together.

"Nothing trivial, I trust," was Mr. Cobb's immortal comment.

We'll Bring Suit: You've heard the wheeze one of the radio comedians pulled about the man who was wearing a suit which was much too big for him. To a chance acquaintance who commented on the oversized ensemble the man replied:

"I know it's too big. But it fits me back home."

"Fits you back home. What do you mean?"

"Well, I'm a bigger man back home than I am here."

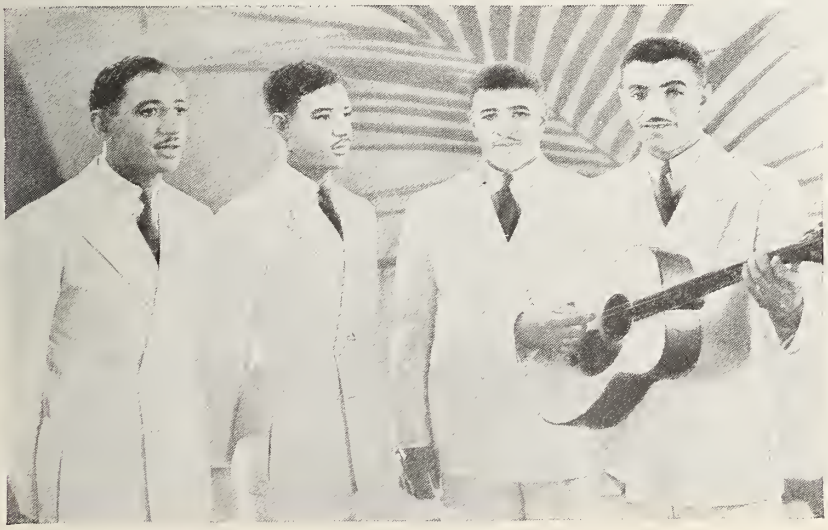
Radio Drama: To us Ben Bernie's dash East to the bedside of his dying mother was the basis of one of the most dramatic radio stories of all time. When the Old Maestro reached New York he saw that he would have to cancel his broadcast, for there was not time to call his boys from Chicago. Then it was that smiling George Olsen showed the sincerity of the friendliness behind his notorious grin. George gave Ben his own band for the broadcast that night.

The saddened Old Maestro was true to the tradition of stage and radio. In spite of his mother's death at noon that day Ben did his broadcast—gags and all.

Knowing how fond Maestro Ben was of his mother we realize what it must have meant. On more than one occasion he mentioned her courage in the face of almost insurmountable odds— (*Please turn to page* 86)



Arthur Tracy, who is better known as the Street Singer, really does sing in the streets. No foolin', and no publicity stunt, either. He just likes to sing when he wants to sing, and wherever he is he simply sings, for pay or merely for praise.



This shows the Four Mills Brothers in a scene from Paramount's "The Big Broadcast." They're from Piqua, Ohio, worked in a barber shop, will put on a band concert without instruments, and are one of the biggest hit acts in radio.

Music of the Sound Screen

Short features take the lead in providing music for the new films. Morton Downey, Bebe Daniels, Dick Powell, Russ Columbo and others will sing on the screen

By JOHN EDGAR WEIR

THAT music in the films is gaining can be seen from the large number of pictures that will have either star singers or famous orchestras in forthcoming productions.

While most of these will be among the short featurettes, there are two large productions with important musical numbers. One of these, Warner Brothers-First National's "Forty-Second Street," will feature the lovely-voiced Bebe Daniels and that new crooning sensation of the screen, Dick Powell. This picture also marks the movie début of Al Jolson's wife, Ruby Keeler. In a later picture, tentatively titled "Radio Girl," Bebe will play the singing lead.

IN the short feature field, there are many and diverse singing rôles and orchestration parts.

Morton Downey will appear in a series to be released through Universal under the general title of "Morton Downey and Famous Composers." The orchestras used in these will be the Vincent Lopez and the Jacques Renard organizations.

Other series in preparation will include songs by the Boswell Sisters, Arthur Tracy, the Street Singer, Art Jarrett, Buddy Rogers, Leo Reisman and Mildred Bailey.

RUSS COLUMBO, too, has been signed by Vitaphone to make a series of two-reelers. Radio Pictures have (*Please turn to page* 80)



Dick Powell, newest crooning find, will be heard in Warner Brothers-First National's "Forty-Second Street." Bebe Daniels, below, one of the first stars to sing in pictures, has singing rôles in "Forty-Second Street" and "Radio Girl."



The golden-voiced Morton Downey will soon be heard in a new series of singing two-reel pictures. Lopez orchestra and the Jacques Renard orchestra will play the background music.



"EVERYONE SAYS I LOVE YOU"
—played by Isham Jones and his Orchestra

"SAY IT ISN'T SO"
—played by George Olsen and his Orchestra

"PU—LEEZE, MISTER HEMINGWAY"
—played by Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians

"HOT AND ANXIOUS"
—played by Don Redman and his Orchestra



Afraid to talk? Looking at these two, you'd not believe they needed words to express their feelings. Nevertheless, they are Sidney Fox and Eric Linden in a scene from "Afraid to Talk," Universal's exposé of corrupt politics, sometimes known as "Merry-Go-Round."

Photo by Freulich

NEW PICTURES YOU



"Cavalcade," which Fox Pictures expect to have ready for New Year's Eve release, will be one of the biggest spectacles of the year. The large cast is headed by Clive Brook and Diana Wynyard.

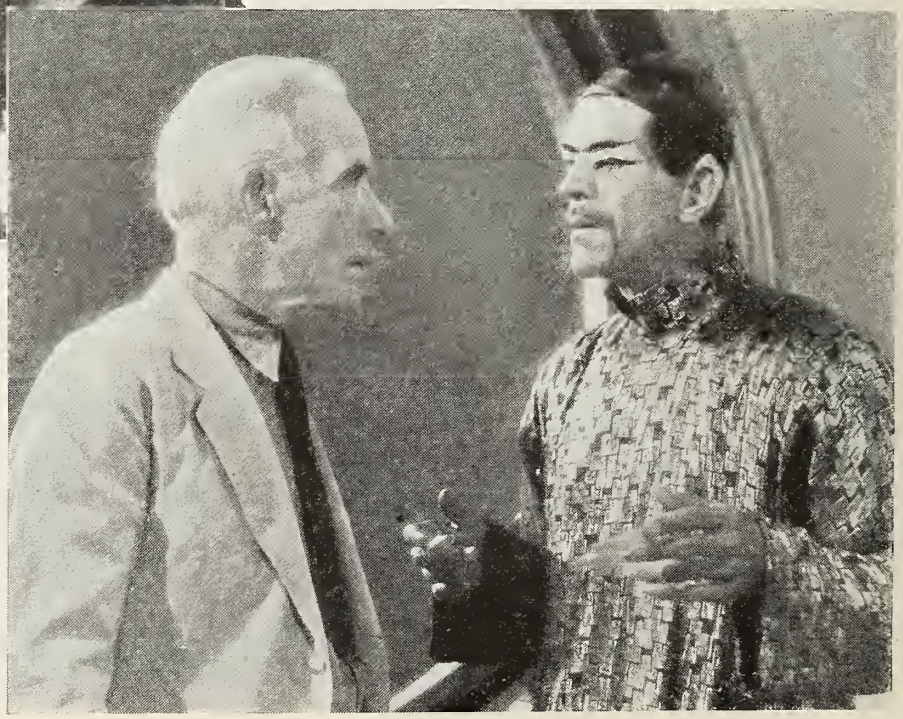
CAVALCADE—(Fox) — Few people imagined that it would be Noel Coward who would write the great play based upon British history. Coward was more of the playboy, the writer of pretty tunes and sparkling dialogue, yet it happened, and in "Cavalcade" he has unfolded the glamorous history of the Empire upon which the sun never sets.

Frank Lloyd, an American, directed it and put into it all the movement that made "Intolerance" great, but while "Intolerance" dealt with dead ages, this show deals with events that happened in the memory of man, of brave days the shadow of which has not passed and of moments that we fondly hope will not cloud our dreams and fears again.

Through the highspots of British endeavor we follow one family. They, in common with their Empire, advance. Their history is their nation's, their sorrow hers. Clive Brook, stirred possibly by patriotism, acts as he has never done before. Diana Wynyard and Beryl Mercer give memorable performances, yet it is not just one person nor one scene that holds your attention. It is the whole, a mighty throbbing drama of achievement leavened with sorrow and dismay. Mr. Coward has done well, and Fox Pictures have done exceedingly well by Mr. Coward.



(Above) Paramount's "Evenings for Sale," with Sari Maritza and Herbert Marshall, is an amusing gigolo farce, planned for January release. Charles Ruggles and Mr. Marshall form a combination that may develop into a team. Together, they are excellent.



(Right) Unusual and beautiful sets mark the M-G-M presentation of "The Mask of Fu Manchu." Karloff, borrowed from Universal, plays the leading rôle, and Lewis Stone is the Nayland Smith.

SHOULD SEE and WHY



(Left) "Call Her Savage," the Fox picture which marks the return of Clara Bow to the talkies, is from the popular book by Tiffany Thayer. Monroe Owsley, also shown here, is on the comeback route.

(Below) If you thrilled to Wally Beery as the fighter in "The Champ," you will like him even better as the wrestling champion in "Flesh." Karen Morley, one of M-G-M's best charmers, plays the heart interest.



NEW MOVIE RECOMMENDS

According to us, the best picture of the month is "Cavalcade," for the sheer sweeping power and brilliance of its story and production. And don't miss these: "Flesh," with Wally Beery; "Call Her Savage," with a better and more competent Clara Bow; "The Mask of Fu Manchu," with Boris Karloff achieving oral greatness; "The Mummy," with the same skillful artist; "Evenings for Sale"; "42nd Street," a musical show with thrills and story; "No Other Woman," with Irene Dunne; "Frisco Jenny," Ruth Chatterton at her best.



(Left) "42nd Street," a musical with Broadway background, will be one of Warner Brothers' biggest pictures of the year. Look closely at this picture and you will recognize some of the cast: George Brent, Warner Baxter, Ned Sparks, Bebe Daniels, Allan Jenkins, Elliot Nugent, Ruby Keeler, Una Merkel, George Stone, Ginger Rogers and Guy Kibbee.

FLESH (M-G-M) — Why didn't someone think of this before? Wally Beery, with grin and stomach more in evidence than ever, as a beer-garden waiter who becomes the wrestling champ—with the help of God, the newspapers and Ricardo Cortez who manages him, and how.





(Above) Lili Damita, who used to spell her first name with the "y," and Charles Morton play the leads in the RKO picture, "Goldie Gets Along."

(Left) "Nagana," has its locale in the tsetse-fly territory of Africa. Tala Birell, the Viennese beauty, and Melvyn Douglas play the leads.

(Right) When Edward G. Robinson walked out of "Employees Entrance," Warren William walked right in. Loretta Young is the girl.

(Below) Spencer Tracy is again a hardboiled "cop" in the Fox picture, "Pier 13," with Joan Bennett.





If there is a better story idea for Beery, please trot it out, and if you have more fun seeing it than you'll have seeing "Flesh," you'll have the best time of your lives.

Beery is swell. As an amorous wrestler he makes you forget the lovable roughneck of "Min and Bill" and the bombastic petty officer of "Hell Divers." Put this one, definitely, on the list of shows to see.

Ricardo Cortez and Karen Morley are in support of Beery with the smooth and silky Miss Morley supplying the heart-throbs for the champ. This alone, is well worth seeing.

CALL HER SAVAGE—(Fox)—We have a job on our hands. If Clara Bow used to be the "It" girl, we've got to find something bigger and better now. "Call Her Savage" brings to the screen a new Clara Bow who is far more competent and much more beautiful than our old favorite.

The tomboy has grown up into a woman and you had better watch the boy-friend for a tip-off on how the men are going to go about taking back their old sweetheart. As far as I'm concerned the new Clara is worth a dozen of the old.

Tiffany Thayer's story made a swell vehicle for her comeback; also for Estelle Taylor, in the mother rôle, who for a few scenes, succeeds in stealing the picture from the star.

By the way, be prepared to see a new record for villainy set by Monroe Owsley. It's a pity that we don't see this sterling player more often.

See the picture, by all means, and you had better

(Right) The fiery Lupe Velez and the versatile Lee Tracy combine their talents in "Phantom Fame," an RKO-Radio picture, to make realistic the story of an imaginative press agent and a bogus princess.



(Below) The ancient lore of Egypt, and the occult powers of the forgotten race, are ably presented in "The Mummy," a Universal picture starring Boris Karloff. Zita Johann, shown here has the leading feminine rôle.



(Below) When suave William Powell essays the rôle of a brilliant trial lawyer, you may be sure of an excellent performance. He is aided by that blond charmer, Joan Blondell, and the picture is Warner's "Lawyer Man."



get set to like its star . . . 'cause Clara has come back to stay . . . and you can take our word for it.

THE MASK OF FU MANCHU—(M-G-M)—Prepare yourselves to see the real "Fu Manchu." Sax Rohmer should thank Boris Karloff from the bottom of his heart for bringing his famous "Asiatic Menace" really to life.

"The Mask of Fu Manchu" carries a lot more story value than the usual story but it is Karloff, and Karloff alone, who places this particular one on a pinnacle that will be all its own until the same player decides to do better.

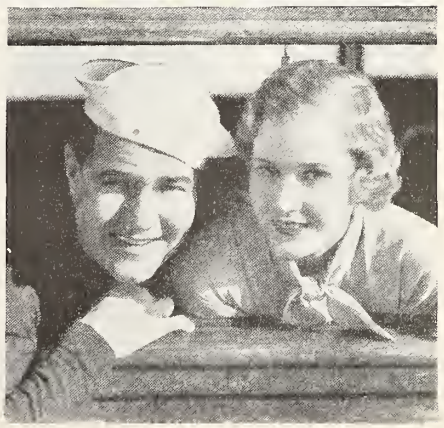
Frankly, your reviewer likes this sort of story, and never have I enjoyed a picture more. Not only is Boris Karloff a treat for jaded picture tastes, but the cast is well worthy of a super-special, whatever that actually is. Count 'em, each one of them has been starred recently in a major production and there we have them in a picture that is the answer to a mystery lover's prayer.

Charles Starrett, Myrna Loy, Karen Morley, Lewis Stone, Jean Hersholt, David Torrence and Lawrence Grant. Usually you don't get that many in a double feature.

THE MUMMY—(Universal)—Your reviewer is going to duck right out from under this one and tell you frankly that he "doesn't know how." Maybe you've guessed that already.

Anyhow, for sheer gruesome terror, "The Mummy" leads the field by a mile. Like "Frankenstein" its story is hardly possible,

(Right) William ("Bill") Haines, shown here with Madge Evans, is back in the talkies again in a speed-boat picture, titled "Let's Go." Conrad Nagel and Cliff Edwards are also in the cast.







(Above) Bette Davis, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Frank McHugh, in a scene from Doug's latest picture, "Parachute Jumper," a Warner production.

(Left) "Frisco Jenny," Chatterton's latest picture, was previously titled "Common Ground."

but that does not save the onlooker from the most chilling series of shivers up the spine and other odds and ends that this reviewer has ever run across.

If you enjoyed "Frankenstein," see it by all means, for this show begins where that one finished. Maybe you should see it anyway for it is the most compelling story of the year and is extremely well produced.

Boris Karloff, who, apart from this or any other show, has earned a position very near the top of competent actors, is superb as the man who cannot let the mummied bodies of the ancient Egyptians rest in their tombs.





(Above) Charles Bickford and Irene Dunne, shown here, play the leads in the RKO-Radio picture, "Just a Woman," a story of the life of a rising young American family.

(Left) Donald Cook and Mae Clarke, play the romantic leads in RKO-Radio's "The Penguin Pool Murder." Edna May Oliver, James Gleason and Robert Armstrong head the cast.

(Right) You are always assured of a swashbuckling western when George O'Brien heads the cast and "Robbers Roost" is no exception. Maureen O'Sullivan, M-G-M lass, assists George in this Fox picture from the Zane Grey novel.





(Left) Stuart Erwin and Alison Skipworth in a scene from Paramount's "He Learned About Women."

(Right) "Second-Hand Wife," a Fox picture, is another story of the misunderstood big business man. Ralph Bellamy, and Sally Eilers, play the leads.



Curses, sudden death and weird and wonderful chemical transfigurations leap at you from right and left and if you haven't had enough thrills by the end of the last reel, you need something more than a movie.

Better hang on to the boy friend's arm.

EVENINGS FOR SALE—(Paramount)—Don't let the title fool you. You may not like this one, but your reviewer wishes to break right down and admit that he did. If you like to laugh, it's in the bag. Not big hearty laughs maybe, but swell little chuckles that start in the first reel and run right through till the end.

It's rather in the Lubitsch manner, though a trifle more down to the ground. Charlie Ruggles and Herbert Marshall are cast as two gigolos. Mary Boland and Sari Maritza are the women in the case and if you recognize the cast, I ought to have sold you the show by now. Anyhow, I recommend this one as a very swell evening's fun.

Charlie Ruggles and Mary Boland form a team we are going to see much oftener . . . and I hope we do.



(Above) Charles ("Chic") Sale, Bill Boyd and Dorothy Wilson, in a scene from "Men of America," an original screen story produced by RKO-Radio.

(Above, right) Onslow Stevens and Janet Chandler, Fox beauty, play the leads in the Fox picture, "Born to Fight," a romance of the Wyoming wilderness.

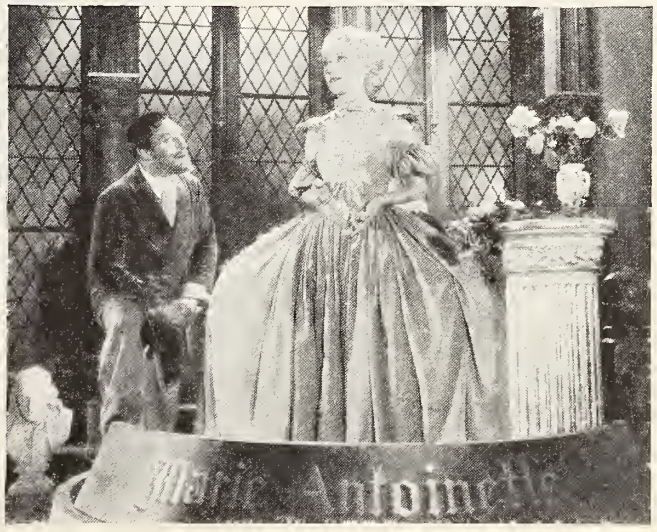
(Right) "The Wax Museum," an unusual and slightly gruesome picture made from the play, by Warner Brothers, has Lionel Atwill and Fay Wray in the cast.

FORTY-SECOND STREET—(First National)—This was to be Warner's "Grand Hotel" but, somehow, it got lost in the shuffle and has turned up as a pretty good dramatic musical that will entertain if you like this sort of thing.

What a story there is to tell down those four or five blocks that make up "42nd Street." Everything goes, everything happens in these few hundred yards; lives are altered and played out with no one the wiser; throngs scurry past all day and a man may lie upstairs without a friend—with maybe a bullet in his body. That's 42nd Street, and I think it's rather a shame they didn't make it as they planned. With great stars . . . it would be a story to remember . . . that is . . . if they took the trouble to find it out.

As it is, it's probably the best musical show of the year. The cast is well worth seeing, even though

(*Please turn to page* 97)



No prairie ever saw the exotic coral feather flowers circling this smart black velvet beret worn by Helen Vinson, charming Warner Brothers-First National player. The velvet is shirred up to a quaint peak at the back and a stiff circular veil adds a piquant note.



HAT TIPS

From the winter selections of Hollywood actresses



Velvet combines with malines to show off the blond locks of Bette Davis, Warner Brothers-First National player. Tiny puffings of the velvet are appliquéd onto the malines in a simple design. A brilliant clip is the only trimming.

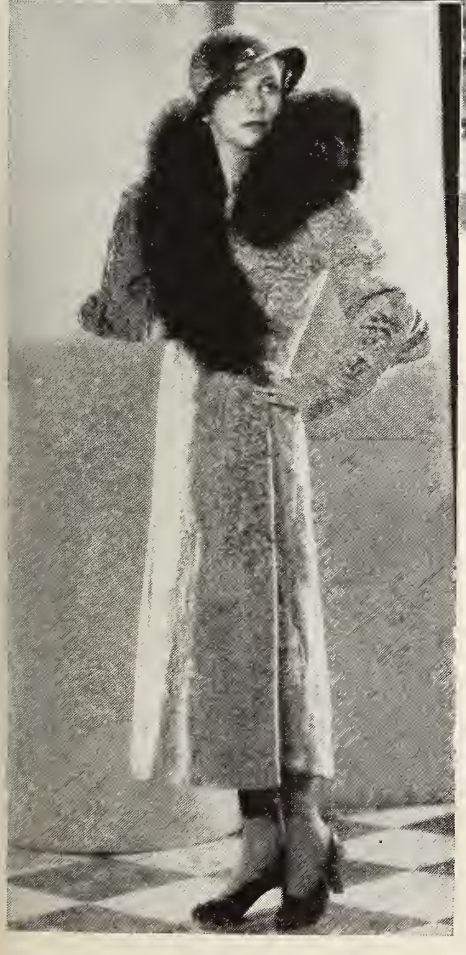


Ensembling for Bette Davis is an entrancing business. This time she's matched her collar to her cap. Woven of beige silk and wool thread both hat and collar are trimmed with brown, henna and green lacings. Miss Davis wears this ensemble with a brown dress.



Black galyak changes place with felt, and appears as the foundation of a smart little afternoon turban for Bette Davis with the felt in the rôle of trimming material. Part of the side crown is fagotted to show the hair, while the bow is posed high on the left side.







FURS
IN THE
SPOTLIGHT

(ABOVE) This luxurious Russion ermine caat is worn by Harriet Hagman, RKO ployer. The collar and high cuff effects ore of silver fox.

(LEFT) Betty Furness, who groduoted fram the Bennett School far Girls to the RKO lat, is shown wearing American broadtail trimmed with fax.

(RIGHT) The new unfitted type af caot in mink, warn by Mary Mason, RKO starlet, has a large showl collar ond bell sleeves af the same fur.

Ernest A. Bachrach photos

Joan Crawford, who has developed herself into the most striking type on the screen today, tells how she did it and how you can do it

Hurrell



You Can Change Your Personality



Here's Joan in the days when she was Lucille Le Sueur, pretty but undistinguished—and unsuccessful. Above you see her as she is today, smart, fascinating, and the most daringly different figure on the screen today.

By ANN BOYD

JOAN CRAWFORD has caused a nation-wide discussion of make-up. She has accomplished more startling transitions with sheer make-up than any other one screen or stage star.

Once, she was a pretty, winsome girl, with a face and body much like any other girl's face and body. Now, she is the most exotic, daringly different figure on the screen.

Joan was criticized severely for her make-up in "Letty Lynton," and again in "Rain," but she says, "I still think girls like Letty Lynton and Sadie Thompson would have looked as I looked. So in my next picture I think I shall make up like Pollyanna, or I shall leave all make-up off. Then they will say, "doesn't she look perfectly terrible?"

"After all, how can we please everyone? I have experimented and have been experimenting with make-up for a long time—and I am not satisfied yet. Perhaps, when I feel happy about it myself, my critics will too; I hope so.

"I believe any girl can build a personality for herself with make-up. But, she should be, oh so careful not to select a make-up that conflicts with her features. And once she has determined on the make-up she wishes to assume she must live up to it diligently!

"If she wishes to assume a new personality, to be strikingly different, all very well, but she must not forget to live up to this make-up if she is to ring true and 'get by' with it. No girl, for instance, should make up with a definite flair for the daring and different and then remain a little church mouse in personality. Nothing could be worse than that!

"She must make a deep study of what personality she wishes to assume, and then a deeper study of the make-up to fit this personality. The make-up and the personality must harmonize and feel 'right' to the individual.

"The best way to make a study of make-up on yourself would be to take pictures of yourself from every angle. Do this until you think it looks right, and then cultivate the personality that goes with such a make-up. Everyone has a kodak and (*Please turn to page* 85)



We fully expected to see Garbo in disguise—but instead, we saw a snub-nosed young girl with a sprinkling of pale freckles.

Ernest A. Bachrach photo

Frightened LADY

By HESTER ROBISON

Silent Katharine Hepburn, newest screen sensation, isn't really silent—she's just afraid to talk

OH, Boy! Wouldn't we like to get Katharine Hepburn alone in a haunted house. She would be more fun than a barrel of ghosts—because she has reached the stage where she is scared of her own voice. And all (may your children be cotton-pickers if you don't believe us) because Katharine has been frightened out of her wits by the very people who wanted to protect her. It's a long story and a sweet one. We found out about it when we went to see Katharine on her return from Europe.

A man met us outside the room where Katharine was waiting.

"She may not talk," he said in a hushed voice.

"Eh?" We perked up our ears. "Show us any woman who won't talk!" we challenged.

"Well," he sighed, "she hasn't talked to any one so far. See what you can do."

We went in expecting Garbo in disguise after that warning—but instead we saw a snub-nosed young girl with a sprinkling of pale freckles stretching defiantly across her smooth skin. Her mouth was long and thin and set in a scarlet line. She looked as if she was undecided whether to tremble or to bite and decided to tremble as we must not have looked good enough to bite.

"I won't say anything," she popped out. "I'm just warning you."

We didn't answer. We just grinned, because when a girl as nice as Katharine Hepburn says she hasn't anything to say, it means she is boiling over and dying simply to talk.

(*Please turn to page* 92)

PLAYTIME

Come on, let's go to some of the liveliest Hollywood parties—with

GRACE KINGSLEY



Jeanette MacDonald, Wallace Beery and Lily Pons, the grand opera singer, for whom Miss MacDonald gave a party the other day.

"WHEN an irresistible light opera singer meets an immovable grand opera singer, what usually happens is a crash," remarked Ramon Novarro, "but Lily Pons and Jeanette MacDonald aren't like that at all, as you can see for yourself. It's not a social crash, but a social crush!"

Jeanette was busy just then being a radiant hostess, as she introduced her guests, in her beautiful Spanish home, to the fascinating and famous Lily Pons, guest of honor, in a white evening frock—white satin bodice draped softly yet tightly above her waist, and white flat crêpe skirt. She wore a single orchid.

Our hostess was clad in a black satin princess gown with a cream Venetian point lace yoke, the yoke extending down in insert points. She wore black satin slippers.

Wallace Beery was all aglow because Miss Pons was devoting herself to him. She was disappointed that he didn't speak French. She said she had always enjoyed him on the screen, and she insisted that he teach her some slang.

"I say 'O-kay' and 'Is zat so?' very nicely now, don't you think?" she inquired vivaciously.

Robert Ritchie, Jeanette's fiancé, was there, devotedly aiding our hostess.

Colleen Moore was a glamorous figure in an evening gown of black milliner's velvet, made princess, with puffs at the shoulders, and Ginger Rogers was piquantly childish-looking in her flat crêpe black gown, with wide, starched chiffon flounces falling from the low, round neck.

Ginger, of course, was with Mervyn LeRoy, who insisted on my describing his costume. He said that his pants were cut on the bias and shirred down the back!

Colleen's husband, Albert Scott, joked Mervyn, saying he wouldn't permit Mervyn to have his picture taken until after he had had his blood transfusion, which got a laugh, since, though the young director has been in the hospital lately, he is looking husky enough now for anything.

Nancy Carroll wore sports clothes, a black ensemble of dull broadcloth and a little black hat perched jauntily on top of her saucy red curls.

WHEN HOLLYWOOD ENTERTAINS



(Right) Eddie Sutherland, the director, Audrey Henderson, Estelle Taylor and John Warburton, the English actor, at the house-warming which Mr. Warburton gave.



All photographs taken exclusively for New Movie by Wide World

Ann Harding looked fetching, her blond beauty accentuated by her turquoise-blue silk gown, made princess, with deep pointed yoke in front, tight skirt and blue satin slippers with buckles.

We asked her about her airplaning, and she said, "No more airplaning for me!"

"Afraid?" we inquired in surprise.

"No—economy," she retorted. "I'd rather the airplane companies bore the expense of my flying."

Claire Windsor—oh, wonder of wonders!—came all alone in her new little car, which she drove herself. But she didn't remain alone long, being surrounded by men, as usual. She wore a black velvet dress, the bodice long, jacket effect, with black-and-white buttons down its front, while a Queen Anne collar of rose point, made high and brought to a point down the front, framed her gold-and-white beauty. The skirt was plain and tight. She wore a tiny toque of black velvet.

Claire confided to us that she may marry again within a year—says there are three men she likes—but she will wait to be sure and not make a mistake this time.

"I'm sure Bert and I (*Please turn to page* 101)



(At top) Another group at Jeanette MacDonald's party for Lily Pons. Left to right (bottom row): Mervyn LeRoy, Ann Harding, Ernst Lubitsch, Wallace Beery. Second row: Miss MacDonald, Claire Windsor, Helen Hayes. Top row: Colleen Moore, Lily Pons and Ginger Rogers.

(Above) Ginger Rogers and Nancy Carroll, off in the corner together, exchanging Hollywood secrets.



Jackie Cooper's Holiday Party

Jackie's parties are famous among Hollywood's youngest set who never miss a chance to go to one

HOLLYWOOD is a party town and this is a party season, but there aren't any parties that are half so much fun as Jackie Cooper's parties, according to the film town's youngest set. So they'll all be on hand for Jackie's holiday party. Young Sidney Franklin, son of the director; Marilyn Walsh, daughter of Raoul; Helen Parish, Ruth Nagel, Andy Shufford, who all attended his recent ninth birthday party, will be there along with the kids from the neighborhood gang.

Jackie's parties are like any other little boy's parties. Ice cream is a necessity, and chocolate layer cake a special request. In addition, fruit punch and salted almonds are on the party menu.

Here's a recipe for Jackie's favorite chocolate cake:

- 4 squares (4 ounces) bitter chocolate
- 1 cup boiling water
- ½ cup shortening
- 2 cups sugar
- ½ teaspoon salt
- 2 cups flour
- 1 teaspoon soda
- ½ cup sour milk
- 2 eggs

Put chocolate, water and shortening in mixing bowl, set in pan of hot water over fire until chocolate melts, beating until glossy. Remove from fire, add sugar, salt and flour, soda dissolved in sour milk, and mix well. Add eggs, unbeaten, and beat mixture vigorously for 2 minutes. Bake in two large or three medium layer cake pans in a moderate oven for about 20 minutes.

Two-Tone Icing

- 1 cup sugar
- 3 tablespoons water
- 1 egg white
- ¾ teaspoons vanilla
- Confectioner's chocolate

Cook first three ingredients in double boiler ten minutes, beating constantly with a wheel eggbeater. Remove from fire, add flavoring, let cool slightly and spread. When cold, pour melted chocolate over it.

And here's Jackie's Fruit Punch:

- 1 quart water
- 2 cups chopped pineapple and juice
- ½ cup lemon juice
- 1 cup orange juice
- 2 cups ice water
- ¼ cup lime juice
- ½ cup mixed cherries and grapes

Boil water and sugar together 2 minutes, add pineapple. Then add fruit juice, let cool and strain. Chill before serving, add ice water. Add pineapple pulp, if desired, and cherries and grapes.

Card Party Prizes

Gifts and favors that your friends will be sure to like may be made at moderate cost with the aid of our new method circulars

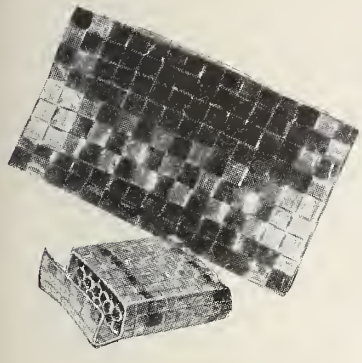
WE'RE never too grown up to enjoy receiving a first prize when we win the game—or a consolation prize when we don't. And the experienced hostess knows that guests are delighted with even the most inexpensive prize if it combines novelty and usefulness. If you have more money than time you can be sure to find charming little prizes at a nearby gift shop—but if you have time to spare you can make a variety of favors and prizes that are every bit as attractive.

In selecting your prizes it is a good plan to provide one for every four guests. Following this rule if you are giving a non-progressive bridge party there should be as many prizes as there are tables—to be given to those having highest scores at each table. If your party is progressive you should give first and second prizes or first and consolation prizes for a party of eight; first, second and third, or first, second and consolation prizes for a party of twelve, while for a party of sixteen there should be first, second, third and consolation prizes.



McManus

Ja187—(Above) A first prize worth working for—a crocheted jacket which can be worn for breakfast in bed or for a dressing jacket in cooler weather. You will find directions in this circular.



Ja184—(Left) Here's a cellophane handbag for the winning lady, and a cellophane cigarette case for the man with the highest score. You can make them both with the aid of this circular.



Ja188—(Above) Crêpe paper favors and boxes for bonbons and nuts give a festive note to your refreshment table at small cost. The circular gives directions for making three cases and favors.

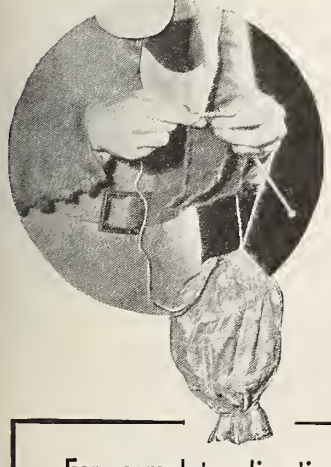


Ja185—(Right) Eight balls of darning thread in assorted colors, scraps and cardboard are the materials needed for this darning gadget. The circular gives directions for making.





Ja189—(Above) Coasters for glasses and pitcher made from heavy crochet cotton are sure to please.



Ja186—Everybody is knitting and crocheting again—so everybody at the party will be pleased with this clever little yarn bag. Send for diagram pattern and directions.



Ja190—(Right) It's easy to take stitches in the kitchen when you hang one of these sewing kits on the wall.

For complete directions for obtaining patterns described here, please turn to page 80.

Meet the Vampire

(*Continued from page* 40)

time he opened his mouth I automatically reached for my hat—until the whole thing took on the aspect of a first-class shambles!

We sat in one corner of the spacious living room and eyed each other suspiciously. An innocent bystander would have concluded that we were playing a game, wherein the first one who said a word had to wash the dishes!

A temptingly beautiful grand piano graced the center of the room before the high French windows; and directly opposite was the enormous love couch, about which the mutual friend had told me so much (which isn't any of your business—so there!)

I was just beginning to be sorry I'd come when my unresponsive host was called to another part of the house by a respectfully insistent voice, and, excusing himself briefly, he strode out, leaving me to my own devices.

He was gone quite a while. But, as he hadn't taken any luggage, I knew he'd probably be back sometime. So I waited.

After about ten minutes of plain and fancy thumb-twiddling I began to look around for some other method of amusing myself.

It was a toss-up between the love couch and the piano. I could take a nap, or keep anybody else from taking one. The unerring penchant for making a nuisance of myself won out, and I sat down at the piano. Nobody laughed. I haven't clipped coupons all my life for nothing. (If you think you can clip coupons for nothing, you don't know your brokers.)

Now, I don't play good. Not good, but plenty loud. And my choice of selections included two Hungarian melodies, "Kis Angyalom" and "Lesz maga justzt is az enyem. . . ."

As the last note died away, I turned to face my host, who had silently returned. The change in him was almost unbelievable. His face had softened and the pale eyes were bright and suspiciously wet. The music of his homeland had turned the trick. From that moment, we were friends.

BELA LUGOSI is extremely sentimental about the land of his birth. In his own element, at the Hungarian Club, I have seen tears on his cheeks, heard him sob like a child, at the haunting, bittersweet melodies of his native land, played with all the primitive fierceness of the Magyars, by the gypsy orchestra.

Temperamental—and with the keen sensitiveness of the true artist—he seems pathetically out of place in the mad whirligig of light and color that is Hollywood.

His natural reticence mistaken for unsociability, Lugosi is a lone wolf. And his very loneliness lends him an air of sinister mystery, upon which the ladies and gentlemen of the press have pounced with diabolic glee.

If you could know the real Lugosi—if you could see him as he romps with his beloved dogs; listen to him as he speaks, reverently, of the land that fostered him—you would be amazed at the gentle philosophy of the genius who created fiendish *Dracula*.

More than anything else, he deplores the fates that have destined him to eternal fiendishness.



Sally herself! Eilers is the last name, please, and one of Hollywood's social favorites. This is Sally, snapped by our own itinerant cameraman as he wandered about the Fox studios.

"In Budapest, he said, "and in New York, I played nothing but romantic rôles, until *Dracula* typed me, apparently, forever."

BELA LUGOSI is one of the real actors in the profession. Innocently enough I made the horrible mistake of questioning his original intentions.

"What were you," I asked, "before becoming an actor?"

He drew himself up. "I am an actor!" he said stiffly.

"I heard you the third time," I assured him soothingly. "But, I repeat . . ."

"In Hungary," he relaxed a trifle in the face of my colossal ignorance, "we are trained for the profession from childhood. We have academies that specialize in the art, and we study for it, as your American men study to be doctors, lawyers, etc."

Which isn't a bad idea at all. Although a few of our American contemporaries who served their apprenticeship behind the wheel of a truck, or on the business end of a shovel, are doing nicely, thank you.

Lugosi's love affairs have been many and varied—characterizing the emotional intensity so typical of the true Continental. But he prefers not to speak of them.

"That part of my life is my own," he explained, not unkindly. "My romances have been the subject of much publicity. Oftener than not, the press reports have been more fictional than otherwise. I prefer not to discuss it."

So—you nosey little mugs—if you would know the "lowdown" on his hectic romance with the Brooklyn Bonfire, or the truth about his two unfortunate marriages—you'll have to content yourselves with reading up the back numbers of the good old tabloids.

WHILE refusing to discuss his romantic adventures, Lugosi makes no secret of his love for his dogs. And it is a beautiful thing to behold. For they return his affection with a worshipful adoration, a faithful devotion, that the lonely man has not found in human relationship.

When he is talking they lie quietly at his feet, following his every gesture with approving eyes. But let him rise and move across the room, and they are on him like a flash, leaping at him, barking joyously, begging, dog fashion, for a romp.

Dracula, a beautiful Doberman—whose evil eyes and strikingly sinister appearance are strongly suggestive of the fantastic being for which it was named—is his favorite.

She had recently starred in a canine Blessed Event, and Lugosi led me down to the kennel to inspect the pedigreed progeny.

Perfectly marked, the eight puppies were identical, miniature carbon copies of their sleek, graceful mother.

Lugosi's approach was the signal for a mass attack. Yelping joyously, they surrounded him, tails wagging furiously . . . all eight of 'em!

Laughing happily, the Master Fiend went down on his knees, arms outstretched to encircle them all. And they mussed his hair, tugged at his tie, left multiple dusty smudges on his immaculate white flannels, while they yelped madly in concert.

I watched the scene in amazement. And, as I watched, Lugosi raised a strangely transfigured face to mine.

"My family!" he cried joyously.

An unexplainable emotion gripped me. Where was the fiend in human form? . . . the diabolical *Dracula?* . . . Surely, not here . . . not this happy man who murmured gentle endearments to a flock of mauling puppies?

I left him there. It was a beautiful picture to carry away with me.

Mysterious? Sinister? Don't you believe it!

The evil shadows had fallen away, and I had seen the real Lugosi. Genial, sincere, and—sadly enough—misunderstood . . . and lonely.

What Will Happen to the Movies in 1933?

(*Continued from page* 25)

make up, and more of that splendid acting of which you are so capable.

THE problem of finding suitable stories for Ann Harding has become so serious at RKO that she is now being offered to other producers—but at $9,000 a week. Whether she is worth that much to another studio is a matter of opinion. Certainly her box office value hasn't increased in the past year. The brilliancy of characterization that she displayed in "Holiday" has been smothered in such failures as "Prestige" and "Westward Passage."

Trying to give her a false glamor by dolling her up in the most ultra clothes hasn't helped either. She isn't the type. In desperation the studio has teamed her with Richard Dix in "The Conquerors," an outdoor epic, and have bought the Charles Morgan novel, "The Fountain," as a future starring vehicle. Her contract will be up this year, and then perhaps she will return to the stage.

Gloria Swanson is making a picture in England, and having her troubles as usual. Swanson's career is in a state of chaos, and ironically enough her picture, called "Perfect Understanding," will decide the fate of her future as a screen star. Tallulah Bankhead has had nothing but bad pictures. Her screen career so far has been a jinx. She has made her last picture for Paramount and has completed "Faithless" at M-G-M, in which she is co-starred with Robert Montgomery. If she doesn't sign a contract with M-G-M she will accept an offer to do a play in New York—but the bets are on that she remains under the banner of Leo, the Lion. Helen Twelvetrees doesn't stand up under star billing. Billie Dove lowered her colors when she accepted a subordinate rôle in "Blondie of the Follies." John Gilbert has done his last picture at M-G-M. Dolores Del Rio failed to make that big comeback in "The Bird of Paradise" and Ramon Novarro needs a strong rôle to redeem the weak ones that have been his lot.

ON the other hand good parts have helped to establish such players as Irene Dunne, Helen Hayes, Charles Laughton, Warren William, George Raft and Eric Linden as prime favorites for the new year. Irene Dunne, by her work alone in "Back Street," deserves to be among the great. A true artist. She should be one of the biggest stars in the business this coming year. Helen Hayes' march to screen fame with but two rôles to her credit proves the hold she has on the public already. This year you will see her in Ernest Hemingway's "A Farewell to Arms" with Gary Cooper and in "The White Sister." It is thought too that she will be awarded the Katharine Cornell rôle in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street." With such magnificent opportunities she will have established herself so firmly by the end of the year that she might become queen of the industry in 1934.

We have all, as a whole, tired of the sex and gangster cycle. Things are slowly swinging back to the normal,



Haven't heard much of Arline Judge lately, but you'll hear a lot of her during 1933. Because, being married to Director Wes Ruggles isn't going to stop a career that's virtually a natural. Keep your eye on charming Arline.

beautiful types of womanhood that Helen Hayes plays; Helen Hayes who is Mary Pickford become a woman. If only Miss Hayes will not permit the studio experts to make her too beautiful. Already stills of her are appearing in the magazines in which she is so beautiful that she is hardly recognizable. Her charm lies in her simplicity—in her great ability to project inner beauty. Fans, back me up, and tell Helen Hayes not to follow in the footsteps of Chatterton, who sacrificed ability to the god of vanity.

Charles Laughton, the English stage favorite, who plays *Nero* in Cecil De Mille's "The Sign of the Cross," is hailed as another Emil Jannings in Hollywood. Through his work in but one picture, "The Devil and the Deep," he has won the esteem of all the critics, and the deep admiration of a public that appreciates fine acting.

Warren William has already been elevated to stardom by Warner Brothers. When you see his pictures in 1933 you will find his name over the title. A vital personality, he is sure to build a large following for himself. George Raft, signed by Paramount after his outstanding performance in "Scarface," stands in danger of being rushed into a stardom for which he is not ready. Raft, by his own admission, is not a great actor, unless the rôle happens to fit. In his first important picture, "Night After Night," those two old troupers, Alison Skipworth and Mae West ran off with practically all of the honors. A cobra-like person, he would do much better in supporting rôles. Paramount announces however, that they will star him in "Under Cover" with Nancy Carroll and in "Bodyguard." Eric Linden seemed at the time of the release of "Are These Our Children?" to be the best character juvenile of the talking screen. But repetition of rôles have retarded his progress. In "Life Begins" he again shows that brilliant promise of his first film. If he can learn to wear his laurels gracefully he might become a great young character star. But already he is losing his sense of balance, and a splendid career seems in danger of collapse.

AND what, you ask, is to become of such old timers as Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, John Barrymore, Norma Shearer, Charlie Chaplin, Harold Lloyd, Ronald Colman and William Powell, during 1933, when the honor rolls of screenland are crowded with new names, taxed to capacity with flaming new personalities that dim the lustre of the old? After all, there is only so much room at the top.

Mary Pickford is planning to make the long awaited "Yes, John" this year. Mary Pickford, to me, and to millions of others, is an ideal that will never die. I hope she makes the grade. God knows she deserves to. After all, the screen is her life. She has contributed more great moments to motion pictures than any other actress. There is talk that she will definitely retire this year, and that would be a sad loss, a void that can never be filled by any other actress. One Pickford and one Garbo!

Douglas Fairbanks will go to China to film a travelogue fantasy of the sun kingdom. He, too, has become a fixture—a part of motion pictures—and his absence would be like the stars without a moon.

John Barrymore is gradually drifting into character rôles. He seems no longer to care for the title of star. He would steal the picture anyway, even if it were only a bit. During the year he will alternate between Metro-Goldwyn and Radio pictures. For M-G-M he has completed "Rasputin" in which he shares honors with Lionel and Ethel. Later he will play Alfred Lunt's rôle in the picture version of "Reunion In Vienna" at this studio. At Radio he is scheduled to star in "Topaze" from the Broadway play, and in Somerset Maugham's great novel, "The Moon and Sixpence." "A Bill of Divorcement," which he made with Billie Burke, won't do him any harm either.

Norma Shearer, always a wise actress, and a competent one, fore-

(*Please turn to page* 70)

What Will Happen to the Movies in 1933?

(*Continued from page* 69)

sees the trend of the return to a more wholesome type of picture. Discarding the sexy rôles she has been playing for the past two years she completed "Smilin' Through" and will make other pictures of the same type. She may do "The Education of a Princess" before the end of the year. Her popularity is assured for another year. She always gives the fans what they want.

Charlie Chaplin is back in Hollywood after a long absence, but he doesn't seem to be doing anything about making a picture. At present all his activity is wrapped up in attentions to the platinum-haired Paulette Goddard. Don't be surprised if they're married before the twelve months are up. If he does make a picture he probably wouldn't finish it before 1935 . . . so don't count on Chaplin for 1933.

Harold Lloyd's new picture, "Movie Crazy," will be playing your theater by the time this is in print. You will agree with me that it is one of his best. He will soon have another picture in production, and it is believed that he will become associated with United Artists, as he has already moved his offices to that lot.

Colman's new picture, "Cynara" is now being released, and his next picture, "The Masquerader," from the Guy Bates Post play, is ready for the cameras. William Powell's contract with Warner Brothers will be up this year. Warren William's success on that lot hasn't helped Powell. Maybe he'll accompany his pal, Colman, to England? Powell, like Adolphe Menjou, can always get a job in Hollywood —maybe not a starring job, but a two thousand dollar a week salary anyway.

SPEAKING of retirements, don't be surprised if Marlene Dietrich packs bag and baggage and retreats to Germany. She has only one more picture to make on her Paramount contract. When "Hurricane" is completed she will be free, and so will her director and discoverer, Josef von Sternberg, who has an offer from Ufa to go to Germany as the ace director for that company.

Whether Marlene will continue in pictures at all is a question. More so than Garbo she is really tired of it all.

Marie Dressler may be forced to give up her screen career because of the ill health she has been suffering. She hasn't worked in months. M-G-M has "Tug Boat Annie" scheduled for her and Wally Beery, hoping to repeat the success of "Min and Bill," and also a story by Frances Marion called "Old Girl." Millions of fans are praying for Miss Dressler's speedy recovery. Her pictures are awaited probably with more eagerness than any other star's. By an exhibitors' vote she has been acclaimed the most popular box-office star in the United States.

Constance Bennett, too, talks of retirement to a villa on the Riviera with the marquis. Her contract at RKO will run out by the end of the year. And it appears that her popularity may do likewise. The sameness of her pictures is boomeranging against her. Ernest Hemingway's popular novel, "The Sun Also Rises," will be one of her pictures.

If there are to be retirements there will also be comebacks. In fact 1933 will be a year of comebacks for old favorites. Clara Bow will perhaps stage the most sensational comeback with her first Fox picture, "Call Her Savage," and her leading man in this, Gilbert Roland, will regain the secure standing that was once his. Colleen Moore has an M-G-M contract. She may do "Peg O' My Heart." James Murray has been made Ruth Chatterton's leading man in her new picture, "Frisco Jenny." Al Jolson is back in a big way. Anna Q. Nilsson is making tests at Metro-Goldwyn. Buddy Rogers is reported signing there too. Renee Adoree, her health recovered, is shopping around for a great comeback part. Barry Norton is testing at RKO for a big rôle that may yet reestablish him to that high place he so richly deserves. Alice White has a new First National contract. Bow and White! It's like old times. Alice Joyce, lovelier than ever, is around. Pearl White is coming from Paris. Nita Naldi is in New York, and reported headed for Hollywood. The more the merrier!



Cecil B. DeMille directing "The Sign of the Cross," probably the hardest directorial assignment of the year because of the massive settings and great crowds of extras involved.

EVERY year has its dark horses. Last year there were Karen Morley, Ann Dvorak, Dorothy Wilson, Gloria Stuart, Eric Linden, Clark Gable and Boris Karloff. Shooting out of nowhere to fame, three of these fortunate players have already achieved stardom, and the others are on their way to the starry heights. Who will be the dark horses this year?

Looking into my crystal I can tell you to keep your eye on Katharine Hepburn and Julie Haydon, both under contract to RKO. Both of these gifted girls are potential stars. Miss Hepburn is from the New York stage. She plays John Barrymore's daughter in "A Bill of Divorcement," and is a sensation. Julie Haydon who played around the Little Theaters of Hollywood waiting for a chance at pictures is without a doubt the greatest undiscovered actress of this year. She has the same flair for dramatic acting as the late Jeanne Eagels. I can safely predict for her one of the most brilliant futures of any girl in Hollywood. She's going places—high places—and nothing can stop her.

Claire Dodd is a surprise package. I caught a few glimpses of her as the snobbish society girl in "The Crooner" and came away impressed with this unknown. Now I understand Warner Brothers have bought her contract from Paramount, and she will be groomed for stardom.

Diana Wynyard! There's a name to remember. This English beauty who scored so successfully in the New York play, "The Devil Passes," is John Barrymore's leading lady in "Rasputin," and is playing opposite Clive Brook in the Fox spectacle, "Cavalcade." She returns to M-G-M, where she is under contract, to play opposite Barrymore again in "Reunion in Vienna," playing Lynn Fontanne's rôle. Lyda Roberti, the Polish blonde, who appears opposite Eddie Cantor in "The Kid from Spain," is going to skyrocket to stardom.

Boots Mallory at Fox has astonished the executives with her ability in her first picture, "Walking Down Broadway," and seems destined for an important place on their roster of stars.

Kathleen Burke, Paramount's new "Panther Woman," looks as though she is going to cause quite a stir . . . And there will be others—many others, coming from everywhere and nowhere, to be transformed by that magician, Hollywood, into motion picture stars.

Because of the new foreign quota laws there will be many importations from Europe. Lilian Harvey has signed with Fox. Charlotte Susa will emote for M-G-M. Anna Sten is Samuel Goldwyn's trump card for 1933. This young Russian is going to duplicate the success of Garbo. She has everything. Kathy Von Nagy of the Ufa company is reported signing with RKO. Gwili Andre has failed to materialize into another Garbo. Lil Dagover may be back. Pola Negri and Vilma Banky are likely to sign with Universal. Miss Banky is now making a picture for them in Germany.

Then there will be the unusual cycles. Last year we had a Gangster cycle, a Doctor cycle and a Grand Hotel cycle, which is carrying over into the new year. This year expect a Fashion cycle, a Rural cycle and Novelty production cycle with modified horror pictures.

In the Grand Hotel cycle will be "Employees' Entrance" at Warner Brothers, with a flock of stars. At Paramount they will make "If I Had a Million," also with a large cast of stars, and Fox is doing "State Fair."

You may expect the return of the vogue of The Latin lover. New Valentinos will spring up by the crop; dark-eyed youths with shiny ebony hair and olive skins. George Raft, Cary Grant and Ricardo Cortez lead the parade—

but some unknown will capture the crown. There's going to be a new screen lover. Where he is coming from only heaven knows. But he'll be here.

NEW independent producers are going to add a vast total to the number of pictures made in 1933. It's going to be the greatest year the independents have had since the old Biograph went busted. Such men as Jesse Lasky, B. P. Schulberg, Edward Small, Sam Bischoff, Felix Young and Charles Rogers have thrown their hats into the ring. It's going to be the kind of competition that means great pictures.

Among the major producers the one who made the most progress during 1932 is Carl Laemmle, Jr., who, by clever daring and keen foresight, has brought his father's company to a position of prestige it has never before had. A year ago Hollywood thought he was just a kid who had inherited an envied position. Today he is respected and feared. He sets a vogue and others follow. No one knows what he has up his sleeve. Maybe a "Frankenstein" or a "Mummy" an "Airmail" or a "Once in a Lifetime." Universal is something to be reckoned with in the new year, thanks to the young Laemmle. Then there is David Selznick who has lifted Radio pictures to a new high standard, Daryl Zannuck, still making successes for First National—and Irving Thalberg of Metro-Goldwyn, who remains The Master.

Things you may be sure of: Janet Gaynor's continued success, the sensational debut of Ethel Barrymore in "Rasputin," a lovely performance from Sylvia Sidney as "Madame Butterfly," more musicals from Maurice Chevalier, Johnny Weissmuller doing more "Tarzans," the stardom of Clark Gable, and last but not least, a new, sensational star in the person of Mae West, the "Diamond Lil" of Broadway.

AND so, Fans, we bury the old year in a shroud of forget-me-nots, for it has taught us much that is worth remembering; given us a new sense of values and a new insight into the heart of Hollywood. We have seen the mighty fall and the courageous triumph. We have witnessed stars in Rolls Royces, without contracts, and not a slice of bread in the cupboard. We have seen much—and were it not so tragic it might have been comical. But that is all over now. That prosperity corner is winding itself right around our necks. Leap-years were always a little upheavalish anyway.

The Success Blues

(*Continued from page* 27)

Babe Ruth of the pie-throwers, the Lindbergh of the mud-hole, the Michelangelino of the whitewash. With a pie in one hand, a bucketful of whitewash in the other and a mud-hole in front of you—you are at home. But, remember, Slim, 'Kismet' is not a comedy; neither is 'Secrets.' There isn't a mud-hole or a pie in either picture! Skinner is a great actor—one of the greatest—and Pickford is 'America's Sweetheart.' You'd be in fast company. And if you didn't make good they'd tie the old comedy-lot ball and chain around your neck and there it would hang forever. Better wait for a rôle you are sure about."

And all that night I sat up and worried with my success.

The next day the first casting office called. "If the salary I named yesterday isn't right, perhaps I can stretch it," said a voice. "Drop in and see me."

That evening I walked away from the first dinner I had missed in fifteen years—when I had the price. I couldn't eat; I couldn't sleep. Surely, thought I, success was great. Here was Slim Summerville, pie-heaver extraordinary, given a chance to reform and be a real actor, trying to referee a hot argument between the door-knocking Opportunity man and the hard-fisted, truth-telling prophet of Hardluck, and——

"The successful man is the happy man," so the copybook read.

I was afraid to accept—too much of a coward to refuse.

I SOUGHT two good friends. "Play with Skinner," advised one. "Pass 'em both—be smart and don't get in fast company until you've had a few more outstanding rôles," counselled the other. "Opportunity will knock again." I interrupted to say that that would be two times more than my copybook credited him with calling.

Then I had an idea, nothing short of an inspiration! Important and successful actors had nervous breakdowns. I was an important and successful actor—two offers in one day proved it—and I was entitled to one breakdown if I never had another. Anyway, it would save me from the psychopathic ward, where I was about due. My wife phoned the studios that my health was the first consideration; that I was in no physical condition to be funny; that the "Western Front" had been very trying—sorry and thanks for calling. And then, under the cover of darkness, I ran away from the two best opportunities I had ever known, and I thought, "What Price Success?"

I sought the kindly ministrations of a convenient hot-springs, enjoying my first nervous collapse. Not that I hadn't collapsed before, but never north of the Mexican line.

Three weeks later the highly successful actor, Mr. Summerville, sneaked back into Hollywood, greatly improved in health—a most remarkable recovery, said the doctors. Eddie Carewe called. "Would I like to play *Slapjack* with Gary Cooper in 'The Spoilers?'" The part was open for me.

And again the three-figure salary. Old Man Opportunity was hot on my trail with Hardluck nowhere in sight. Truly, the successful man was the happy man. I had seen Bill Farnum and Tom Santschi make most of the original "Spoilers"—and *Slapjack* was a rôle I knew I could play. I accepted and the picture started.

The old Hardluck heard I was back in town and rushed to the studio. He shoved the script right into my hands, open at the very page that described *Slapjack's* pathetic death at the end of the picture. Everything turned black.

I have always had a horror of death. I had never died. No one dies in the comedies; they just suffer and live on. For fifteen years I had suffered in every way the script department believed a man could suffer, but this was a new experience—I was a condemned man—I might just as well have been in the San Quentin death-house, with the final thirteen steps in front of me. I was numb, the most miserably successful man in Hollywood.

The remainder of the picture was a haze. As the days progressed, with that death scene staring at me, it seemed likely I would pass on at any moment. I hoped there would be a camera handy . . . they could photograph my last moments, call it a scene and send for the funeral committee of the Motion Picture Relief Association. But I lived, successful me—how, I have never known.

At last came the great moment. The studio was a blur of twisted, lurking shadows. From a distance, I heard my name called; I tottered forward.

What I said, what I did, I never knew. Then someone handed me a glass of water. I heard another far-away voice say the scene was "O. K." I know now how the man feels who is just starting the death march up the gallows steps and someone rushes in with the governor's pardon. I tried to remember the copybook slogan and be happy.

In happy days before I was successful I could wander about Hollywood without fear of offending friends. A nod was all that anyone expected of me. If I didn't see them, it was O. K.—I just didn't see them. But today, if Slim Summerville, successful actor, doesn't see an old friend, an old pal of the comedy lots, it's just another high-hat gesture. Where I once wandered around in childish freedom, today I miss half the sights while I search the street corners lest I overlook an old friend. You see, I've been high-hatted in my time, and while I can't remember all I said at the moment, I still recall the fundamentals of the speech and I don't want the same things said about me, particularly when I'm not gaited that way.

In the old comedy, unsuccessful days, after the monthly payments had been met, I could, for thirty days at least, throw back my shoulders and walk boldly out of the front door. But can I do it today? I'm too successful. I have to wait until Mrs. Summerville goes out and flushes the front yard and shrubbery for bond salesmen, oil promoters, realtors, rug salesmen, auto purveyors and then make a run for the Detroit automobile. If I'm in a big hurry I sneak out through the garage. Another reward of success.

And so it runs. Successful? Perhaps. Happy? Occasionally. But always with the knowledge that "just around the corner" lurks Old Man Hardluck, awaiting his chance. Seemingly, I can't escape him.

When I Had a Crush on John Barrymore

(*Continued from page* 35)

this story of the younger Barrymore.

John (Jack to me) was my first real love. I was quite a kid then and you can't imagine the thrill I experience when I look at him today and realize what a good judge I was. I started where I should be delighted to finish. Need I say more? I don't need to, but try and stop me!

When I say he was my first real love, I can't blush, on account of low blood pressure or perhaps slow conscience, but I can hear a lot of nice boys whom I had known prior to 1909 saying, "Well, she always could give a pretty good imitation of most anything!"

Jack was playing in a musical concoction called "A Stubborn Cinderella," which fully justified its title by remaining in Chicago until even *Cinderella* got weak-minded and they moved to Broadway. It was Jack's first musical comedy and I presume his last, though I wouldn't gamble on it, for when you realize that since I first knew him Jack has made the average leaping tuna look like an anaesthetized snail—from cartoonist to dramatic bits, over into musical comedy, into farce, back to strong drama, into silent pictures, *Dr. Jekyll* and *Mr. Hyde,* into marriage, out of it, more drama, *Peter Ibbetson.* Regeneration—another marriage, out of it—more drama. This time Shakespeare, the best *Hamlet* of anybody's time—back to pictures, *Moby Dick—Don Juan,* another marriage, the real one—talking pictures—a daughter, the best yacht for miles around—more talking pictures—the place on the hill in Beverly—a son is born, only male scion of the House of Barrymore . . . How can you say what a guy like that is going to do next? I wouldn't be surprised to tune in on the radio some night and hear him doing a combination of Vallee, Crosby and Columbo—and he'd probably sing "Time on My Hands!"

I had met him before 1909, but just as Ethel Barrymore's little brother, and I may say, considered by most people a bad boy—fascinating but bad—a natural combination! He drank, he loitered, he loved lots, but not long. He had bizarre ideas and didn't care who knew it. This was most unusual in those days, when to call a spade a spade was considered daring but to call one a blankety-blank "derrick" was the privilege of a few; and the Barrymores were then, as now, of a distinct "fewness." Jack's wit was as keen as a razor and even more "ever ready." He was a natural co-respondent because he possessed practically everything the average husband checks at the door of the marriage license bureau.

From the above description you can imagine what a perfect and desirable companion he was thought *not* to be for a young, unbelievably inexperienced and closely guarded star such as the Janis 1909 model. Friends, enemies, managers, relatives and even my pseudo suitors warned Mother of the danger of losing my head (not to mention heart, etc.) over Jack Barrymore, but my mother had definite ideas about motherhood. One was to try and understand the feelings of an offspring before starting to crush them; and so she promptly fell for Jack with a thud that could be heard all over Chicago.

There was not the opposition of the machine gun in those days, but the elevated trains made quite a racket—Jack was adopted. Mother it was who gave him bromo-seltzer if he needed it, castor oil whether he needed it or not and invitations to all meals at all times.



A group of chorus girls being rehearsed for the Eddie Cantor picture, "The Kid from Spain." Looks simple, doesn't it? But just try to do a buck-and-wing or a tap dance to slow motion.

I DON'T know what made Jack trail around with us, to special matinees, supper at Rector's, for a ride in our Thomas Flyer, supper in our rooms after the show, sitting reading aloud with me the lovely books that he gave me. I certainly had nothing much to offer him except perhaps a change from the beautiful and sophisticated women he had known. I believe now, looking back through the beautiful shimmering mist called years, that his motive was entirely unselfish. He sensed that I needed education in the beauty of things. Books! "The Ancient Mariner," with its wonderful illustrations by Dore. I can hear him explaining their values from the artist-corner of his heart. Music! "Lolita," a favorite record of his, sung by Caruso. Through Jack's love of it I wanted to hear Caruso and so on to a love and knowledge of opera. Romance! His delicate approach to it with, I know now, only a desire to put me on the right road. The whimsical little stories of a master to a rather dumb but sensitive pupil. I was (he used to say) a little white house with green shutters and pink geraniums in the windows, surrounded by a high hedge. He was the gardener; the little house was locked, but he was also a sort of caretaker and though no one was allowed to open the door he was proud and happy outside, keeping the flowers blooming and the lawns green. Look out, writers! Here comes Barrymore, and he has done a lot of thinking as well as gardening in twenty odd years.

When Jack left Chicago I was still playing, and if love laughs at locksmiths, contracts laugh, even louder, at love. So there I remained and thought *Juliet, Heloise, Cleopatra,* and other "gals" who in other years had thought they knew a bit about "This Thing Called Love," were just overrated amateurs.

I came into New York two months later and we met as we've been meeting ever since—as great friends, laughing at things which seem silly to others or perhaps sharing a tear over some tiny thought others might crush under the heel of ridicule. We never have recaptured the "schoolroom" atmosphere, but I'm sure there is no book I might open which he couldn't help me to understand more fully.

When he said, over the phone, "I'll be right over," I sat quite still thinking of the consistency with which he has sauntered in and out of my life, always as a contributor.

THE night before his first marriage, he arrived unexpectedly and made me very proud by confiding his plan for the following day.

Shortly after the honeymoon he moved into the apartment beneath us in Gramercy Park, New York, and made me very happy by presenting me with a new and dear friend, his bride, Katherine Harris.

Time passes and with it some emotions. I go to see him in his current great success, "Peter Ibbetson." I sit in the second row waiting for his entrance. For sheer masculine beauty he cannot be surpassed as he walks downstage. Dreamily, ethereal, *Peter Ib-*

betson is speaking. His eyes meet mine, the Barrymore eyebrows shoot up, Jack says, "Elsie!" a well-nipped chuckle, and *Peter* is himself again!

The pendulum swings on, and I with it, back and forth across the sea, one season playing in London, the next in Paris. I return to America to find John Barrymore appearing as *Hamlet*. From witnessing this masterpiece I acquire the most sensational imitation I have ever given. He replaces Sister Ethel, Will Rogers, Beatrice Lillie, Fanny Brice and others as favorite "impressions" in the minds and plaudits of my audience.

He goes back to London to do *Hamlet*. I follow shortly (I was going anyway). In my new attack on London I am in need of more ammunition. John Barrymore supplies it. They cheer when I assume his expression. He saunters into the Carlton Hotel apartment. This time Mrs. Barrymore is "Michael Strange" nee Blanche Oelrichs whom I have known since her debutante days. Another charmer—but the Barrymore is still sauntering.

Los Angeles . . . . the Orpheum Theater . . . . He saunters into my dressing room. He is unmarried Ah! hope revives. He sees my imitation for the first time, and afterward remarks, "My God, Elsie, you actually look like me!" Then as an added compliment he twinkles, "Did your Mamma ever know my Papa?" We walk back to the Biltmore Hotel eating popcorn. Will he come upstairs for a drink?

He doesn't drink at the moment but he would love to come up for awhile. Hope revives further and then—Dolores, Dolores, Dolores, Costello, Costello, Costello!—"The Shrimp" as he pet-names her, probably because she is about as much like a shrimp as he is like a tadpole. But again I am the lucky and happy friend to hear, not about his great success in pictures, not about the hundreds of thousands of dollars that he is headed for, but that The Shrimp means life, and life means The Shrimp.

More time passes and my perfect Mother joins it in its unending journey. Jack is in Alaska on his boat. His wireless helps a lot, for it says, "Carry on, as she wants you to."

I carry on and find myself very soon at the christening of The Shrimp's first baby, a charming but somewhat bored-by-the-whole-procedure young lady. The Shrimp is looking beautiful and acts as if she hadn't really done anything at all, and Jack is, I find, just a bit coy, trying to look as if christenings of his babies were as commonplace as opening nights of his pictures. But he "gives" as he takes me to my car. He confides in me that it's all pretty wonderful and you will be astounded to read that he began raving about The Shrimp just as if I hadn't found out for myself what a lucky devil he is.

That was the last time I had seen him, until he said he would be right over. In the meanwhile I have married and he has become the father of a son—two great events in our respective minds. He stood in the doorway looking at least fifteen years too young.

Barrymore—Elsie!

Janis—Jack!

Barrymore—You look divine!

Janis—You haven't looked so well in years! Is this the effect of having a son?

Barrymore—It's The Shrimp more than anything. Elsie, she is the most wonderful——

Janis—Yes, I know. What's the boy like?

Barrymore—Like her, thank God! He's not the least bit like a Barrymore. You know, Elsie, he's got her——

Janis—(Somewhat wearily) Now about this article. I want to get some up-to-date stuff about you. What do you think of——

Barrymore—(Vaguely) Elsie, you look divine!

Janis—Thanks! What are you going to tell in your articles?

Barrymore—(Rising casually) Where is your husband?

Janis—(Brusquely) Working. Are you really writing them yourself?

Barrymore—(Sauntering around the room) Is this his picture? Um-m—good looking guy. I want to meet him!

Janis—Yes, you must. Are you going right back to your early experiences in your articles—?

Barrymore—(Looking very literary) Oh, yes, I'm shooting the works. It's quite a serious business this writing! And I—you know I would never believe you'd been ill. You look marvelous—"

WELL! Now I know I need say no more. You're way ahead of me. For the first time that sauntering so-and-so refused to contribute. He has become a writer, and "we authors," you know, have to protect our ideas.

We talked for some time, about the Olympics and The Shrimp, his last picture and The Shrimp; and his exit line was: "Did I tell you The Shrimp sent her love?"

"Give her mine," I said, and tell her that if I could marry a boy twenty-six at forty-two I might marry one twenty at sixty-two. Anyway, file my application and intentions anent John Barrymore the second."

Between us, I'm sure there will never be another like Jack. To quote his famous sister's most famous line:

"That's all there is. There isn't any more!"

Colleen Moore

(*Continued from page* 29)

deep marks which the crows of time had made.

It was Grandmother Kelly.

Colleen, which in Irish means girl, was the old lady's pet name for the granddaughter who had inherited her strength of character.

"What is it, my colleen?" she asked when they were alone.

Colleen hurriedly told her grandmother of her chance to go to Hollywood, and of the opposition of her father.

"And is that all the trouble you'd be havin'?" asked the grandmother. "Let me think it over till the night, and then we shall see." Colleen hugged her grandmother.

The old lady said quickly, "I brought yere mither up well—to fear God and the Saints. *What does she say?*"

"She's on our side, Grandmother," answered Colleen.

That night the unprotected father fell into a trap set by an old lady, her daughter, and a young girl who knew exactly what they wanted.

As the second course of the dinner was served, Grandmother said happily, "What lovely news I hear about our Colleen being a movie star. Indade, the Lord is good to thim that kape His commandments."

The efficiency engineer looked wonderingly at his wife and daughter.

They looked intently at the grandmother, who resumed, "Indade—I wish I was a girl—how lucky young folks are nowadays—the good St. Bridget is watching over thim."

Mr. Morrison frowned, while his wife entered the battle.

"Yes, indeed, Grandmother—Kathleen is overjoyed. She will never be happy until she goes to California." Then slowly, "However,—*I'm afraid—Father objects.*"

The three determined women looked with pity at the helpless man.

"What's that?" asked Grandmother, bewildered. "*Surely not her own father*—with all he knows of the big world."

"That's it—" returned the father, his foot ready for the trap. "I object because *I know the world.* Kathleen will be better off to remain at home and marry happily in due time."

"All time is due when you git married." Grandmother said the words out as if they began a funeral sermon.

The two women and girl still looked at Mr. Morrison.

Grandmother talked again. "It's a mortal sin you're committin'—you who're the only man in the world good enough to marry me own daughter—Colleen would be a big movie star under such a man as Mr. Griffith. Sure, he mist be Irish." Then Grandmother added, "I want to go to California—I can look out for Colleen."

Late that night another man surrendered, on two conditions. If Colleen was not successful within two years she was to return and take up another career. The second was that the grandmother should be Colleen's chaperone at all times.

The grandmother, agreeing to the terms, said to her daughter and Colleen, "Indade, ye can't whip an Irishman all at once."

In two weeks Colleen Moore, accompanied by her seventy-eight year old grandmother, reported for work at the Fine Arts Studio.

At the end of the six months trial stipulated by Mr. Griffith, there was a great deal of anxiety in the hearts of Colleen and her grandmother. During all that time the girl had played small comedy rôles, and did not know whether or not Mr. Griffith had even noticed her.

They opened a letter from him with trembling fingers.

She was retained, and given a raise from five dollars a day to fifty dollars a week.

Next morning Mr. and Mrs. Morrison received the glad news by wire.

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Colleen Moore

(*Continued from page* 73)

In sunshine or rain, on location or on the set, early morning or late at night, Colleen's grandmother was with her.

If buttons or braids were to be matched or costumes selected, they were attended to by Grandmother Kelly.

The future looked bright for Grandmother and the girl at the end of the first year and a half in Hollywood. Colleen had played one leading rôle, which resulted in her being chosen to play the lead opposite Robert Harron.

Her salary had been raised to one hundred dollars a week.

Suddenly all the employes of the Fine Arts Studios were given a blue note. The company was to close its doors for lack of money.

Colleen was told in the note that the company regretted parting with one who had such genuine artistic ability as herself.

She showed the note to her waiting grandmother.

"How smart they are," exclaimed the old lady. "Indade, ye can't fool thim. They said ye had genuine artistic ability. Bless their sweet shrewd souls."

"But, Grandmother," said Colleen, "all the other girls got notes. They all read alike."

Sadly her grandmother looked at Colleen.

"Surely it would not be ye to fool yere grandmother. They meant what they wrote ye. They were only taysin' the other poor girls—God forgive thim."

Five months of dreary weather passed. Colleen made the rounds of all the studios. The money which she had earned in Hollywood disappeared. The grandmother dug into her small inheritance. It too was rapidly vanishing. The pride of the Irish kept them from writing home that all was not well.

One heart-hungry day, Colleen returned from her futile quest and said to her grandmother with deep emotion, "Grandmother, I'm not beautiful—nearly all the girls who were laid off at Fine Arts with me are working. I must be the Ugly Duckling."

The grandmother rose in wrath.

"For shame, Colleen. There was niver an ugly ducklin' without a silver feather. Yours'll be shinin' whin all the rest are dull."

She modified her speech. "Of course, I'm not one to be praisin' one of me own, but I'm nayther blind nor dumb." She held up an ancient prophetic finger. "Wait and see."

When another month passed, Colleen, with slight confusion said, "Grandmother, our two years are up. What shall we do? We can't admit failure."

The grandmother took the girl in her arms. "Me dear child, we not only can't admit failure, we don't ayven know how to spell it." She smiled, "Doesn't the Bible say, 'Blessed are thim that don't lie, but kape quiet in the cause of truth.' That's what we shall do." She paused. "Besides, two years isn't long enough. It took six days to make the world."

Another month passed and then Colleen was engaged to play in "A Hoosier Romance" and "Little Orphan Annie."

Her work was of such excellence that she was engaged to play with Charles Ray in "The Egg-Crate Wallop."

To sustain the high mood of comedy which these pictures demanded was quite a strain on so young a girl.

She was still to learn that nothing was certain in the most uncertain business in the world.

In the midst of the new happiness of success came another alarming predicament. Her comedy work in such films as "A Hoosier Romance" had stamped her as a hoyden. The future emotional



My, won't this make William Powell's face red? Just out of High School, collar, curls and everything . . . An old picture of the star that a fan friend sent us just to show us what a difference a little stardom makes.

actress of "So Big" found it difficult to obtain consideration for more serious rôles.

By a superhuman effort she managed to get a leading rôle with John Barrymore in "The Lotus Eaters." Her fine performance was wasted as the picture was a dismal failure.

Rupert Hughes, remembering her earlier work, gave her leading rôles in "The Wall Flower," "Look Your Best," and "Come On Over."

Even after sterling performances in all three films, Colleen was unable to find further work for twenty-two weeks.

She then met John McCormick.

Though she had unquestioned ability, it was his faith that made her a world famous film actress.

After nearly a year he persuaded First National to give her the lead in "Flaming Youth." When released Colleen Moore became internationally famous and established the flapper vogue.

She then followed with "Painted People" and "The Perfect Flapper," and when John McCormick sensed that the vogue for flapper pictures was passing, he took the most daring chance with the future of the girl whom he had married.

The producers were again decided that she was a "type." He made the same hard fight over again to have her cast as a woman of sixty in "So Big."

Miss Moore studied the mannerisms of her grandmother in this picture. That lady, at eighty-three, went to see the film. Hurrying home, she exclaimed to her granddaughter, "For shame—to put yere old grandmither up there for the payple to stare." And she laughed through tears.

Once in a film the villain attacked her granddaughter. Forgetful of where she was, Grandmother stood up in the theatre and shouted, "Stop it, stop it, hands off, ye son of Satan!"

All in the audience looked at her. The film rolled on, remorselessly.

"I could have died for very shame," the gray lady said.

When Colleen appeared in "Irene," she wore many gorgeous gowns. Grandmother watched her work, seated next to the designer.

By way of conversation, the designer said to the grandmother, nodding toward Colleen, "Isn't she beautiful?"

Grandmother's mind was moral that day. "Indade—but what's beauty? She's a *good* girl—and may the Saints protect her."

When Colleen signed a contract with First National at $10,000 per week, Grandmother appeared indifferent.

"Indade, and ye're worth twenty." Then as if the amount staggered her—"Oh the ayvil heart o' me."

Time and styles often mean nothing to Grandmother.

Recently in a test Colleen wore a "Merry Widow" hat of twenty-five years ago. As large around as a barrel, it was red and blue, with yellow flowers.

"How bee-utiful," exclaimed Grandmother. "Niver let thim take it back. Buy it yerself."

When her marital break-up came with John McCormick, Miss Moore was adrift for many months.

Her million dollars could restore no stone to her house of dreams. It looked as though her cinema sun was in a lasting eclipse.

After two years she began to fight back by appearing in a stage play. It soon failed and left her in physical collapse.

It had been three years since she appeared on the screen for the last time. Then something happened.

A long time before she had promised a Hollywood stage producer that she would appear in "A Church Mouse" should he ever bring it West.

The play opened in Hollywood with the half forgotten girl as the lead.

She made one of the biggest hits in years. Within twenty-four hours she had offers from five film studios.

She accepted a "long-term contract" with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

On the way home she turned to the gray-haired lady with her and said,

"What a marvelous come-back, Grandmother."

"Come-back!—Where have ye been? Ye must be away before ye kin come back! You've niver been gone!"

The limousine rolled on, while the two conquerors of Hollywood and an efficiency engineer, gazed straight ahead with smiling eyes.

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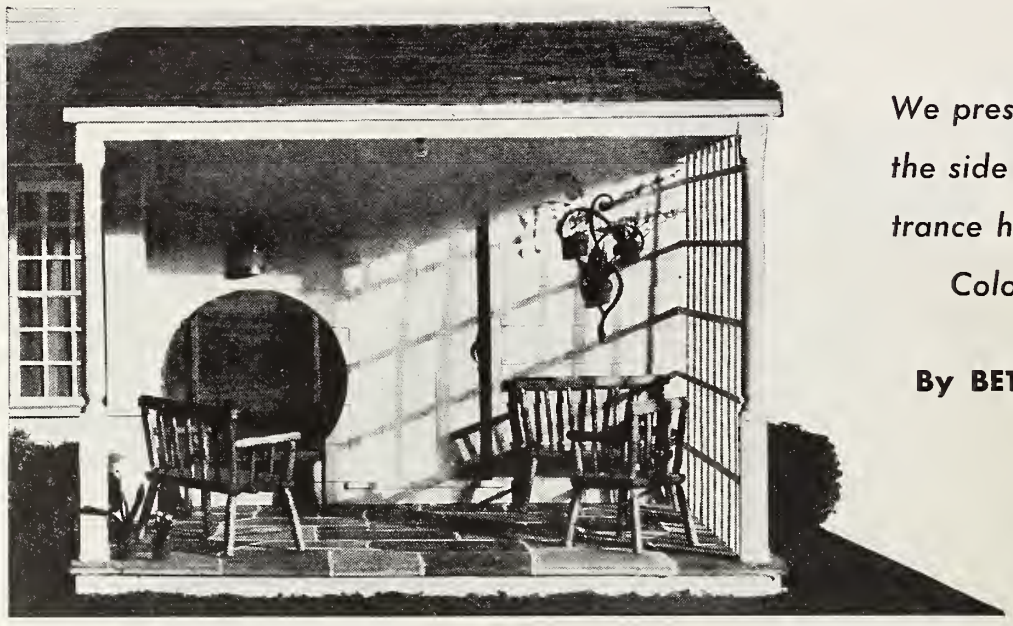
It discusses such subjects as Sleep, Fresh Air, Rest, Sunlight, Exercise, Posture, Cleanliness, Water, Food, Comfortable Clothing, Work, Play and Good Mental Habits. Your copy of Booklet 133-B, will be mailed free on request.

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FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT — ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

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The ENTRANCE is Important



We present in miniature the side porch and entrance hall of our little Colonial house

By BETTY LENAHAN

BECAUSE of the tremendous interest shown in the development of our little Colonial house, we are reproducing it in miniature for our readers room by room. Last month we presented the living room of the house, completely furnished and decorated in the authentic Colonial manner. This month we present the entrance hall and side porch of the house, which we have furnished and decorated as simply and as attractively as possible.

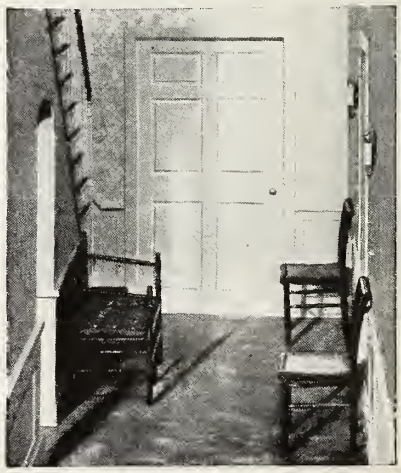
THE entrance to a house is ever an important feature. The charm and good taste of the entrance invariably suggest the charm and good taste of the entire house.

Though the entrance hall of our little Colonial house is small, we have given careful thought to its decoration and furnishing. The walls to the dado are of paneled wood, painted a mellow antique ivory. Above the dado the walls are papered. The background of the paper is ivory, with a scenic design in shaded green. The staircase is very simple, painted ivory with the treads and hand-rail stained mahogany. The paneled ivory doors are typically Colonial. The floor is completely covered with broadloom carpeting in a lovely shade of blue-green.

The furniture is in keeping with the background and each piece was carefully selected because of its simplicity and usefulness. The quaint little mahogany settee under the staircase is particularly interesting, the severity of its lines is offset by the padded cushion on it of a bright glazed chintz with a small floral design on a blue-green background. (*Please turn to page* 81)

(Below)—Reproductions of a Duncan Phyfe console and a small Colonial settee are interesting notes.





Hitchcock chairs with rush seats are placed on either side of the entrance to the living room.

Models by HERMAN C. KNEBEL

Cordelia Biddle *today*...Cordelia Biddle *nine years ago.* Her skin lovely now as then—How does she care for it?



CORDELIA BIDDLE IN 1923, *when she was pronounced one of the twelve most beautiful women in America. She cared for her skin with Pond's Two Creams.*

CORDELIA BIDDLE TODAY, *lovelier than ever! She says, "Pond's Two Creams completely care for my skin."*

Mrs. T. Markoe Robertson,

the former Miss Cordelia Biddle, is the mother of two boys in their teens. She tells frankly just how she keeps her youthful freshness.

"I HAVE never stopped being interested in doing things! I swim and ride horseback and dash around as much today as when I first came out.

"And I have never lost interest in caring for my skin! I keep it fresh and vital by the same rules I followed years ago."

As she tells you gaily about her way of life—her way of caring for her skin, Cordelia Biddle looks amazingly like the very same lovely young thing who talked about keeping the skin "exquisite" with Pond's just nine years ago.



As you look at that clear transparent skin, you simply refuse to believe that Cordelia Biddle spends most of her life in the open.

"My rules boil down to two things," she says. "Keeping my skin *clean* . . . And *protecting* it.

"Pond's Cold Cream takes care of the first rule. It is deliciously light. Goes right into the skin, and takes out every speck of dirt.

"You can't swim and golf and skate and ride horseback, season in and season out, and keep a nice skin unless you use some *protective.*

"That's where Pond's Vanishing Cream comes in. I don't know what's in it. But I do know my skin has never got rough and out-of-doorsy."

For a Simple Home Beauty Treatment . . . Here's the famous Pond's way that is used by hundreds of women: First, *cleansing*—Pond's Cold Cream followed by the soft, absorbent Pond's Tissues; then *stimulating*—Pond's Skin Freshener patted on briskly; then *protection and finishing*—Pond's Vanishing Cream—and to it your powder clings for hours!



Send 10¢ (to cover cost of postage and packing) for choice of FREE samples.

POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, Dept. A
127 Hudson Street . . . . . New York City
Please send me (check choice):
Pond's New Face Powder in attractive glass jar. Light Cream ☐, Rose Cream ☐, Brunette ☐, Naturelle ☐.
OR Pond's Two Creams, Tissues and Freshener ☐.

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

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Tune in on Pond's, Fridays, 9:30 P. M., E. S. T. Music rhythmed for actual dancing . . . Leo Reisman and his Orchestra—WEAF and NBC Network

a health warning

PRINTED IN THE INTEREST OF PUBLIC SAFETY

●

Winter ills attack more easily those systems which are weakened by intestinal poisons.

Keep your system clean! If Nature needs help—take a good laxative. But avoid the wrong kind! Violent laxatives do more harm than good.

Ex-Lax is the right kind of laxative. It is mild, gentle, effective; doesn't gripe; isn't habit-forming.

The only medicinal ingredient in Ex-Lax is phenolphthalein—a scientific laxative agent widely prescribed by physicians—combined with delicious chocolate in the special Ex-Lax way.

Not every laxative that ends in "Lax" is Ex-Lax. There is only one Genuine Ex-Lax—the world's largest-selling laxative. Beware of imitations!

At all drug stores in 10c, 25c and 50c sizes. Or send for free sample. Ex-Lax, Inc., Dept. B-13, P. O. Box 170, Times Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.

IMPORTANT!

For more thon a quorter of o century, Ex-Lax has grown—winning the confidence of millions—while imitators by the scare have come and gone. Imitations anly seek to deceive. Be sure that you get genuine Ex-Lox when you osk for Ex-Lox.

keep "regular" with

EX-LAX

THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

BOX OFFICE CRITICS

Marie Scores Again

San Francisco, California

We are *fed up* on giggling ingenues with simpering smiles, affected manners; flappers with ultra-modern ideas, daring escapades; tomboys, with boyish bobs, hoydenish ways; sophisticates with sleek hair, sinuous forms; tragediennes with mournful eyes, mournful dress, mournful voices; country maidens trying to remain good in big wicked cities; we've had our fill of gushing Gerties, hipless, flat-chested females!

We thank heaven, for a woman with a real waistline, plenty of curves, and a sense of humor—Marie Dressler, with her clever repartee, mirth-provoking antics, and genuine acting!

Bernice C. Bowne,
890 Geary Street, Apt. 31.



Dot—Dash

South Bend, Indiana

Being a commercial wireless operator, there is one thing that I have noticed in a number of pictures where a wireless operator is required for a scene, and that is, the radio operator will send some code signals that don't make sense, or rather, he will not use the proper procedure in calling other stations; and sometimes the code that is transmitted really isn't anything that one could understand.

To those who are not interested in this side of radio, and don't understand the code, the scene would appear to be all right and very real, but to the experienced radio operator—well he knows at once that the proper method is not being used where ship-to-shore traffic is concerned.

It seems to me that a wireless scene should be reproduced exactly as it is done on ships, and in this way the scenes would be alive with reality.

Francis Bock,
857 S. Marietta St.

Remember the Quota

London, E. H., England

Have you no plain girls in America? You have plenty of ugly men, but all the girls seem to be visions with faces like tooth-paste advertisements and forms like Venus.

We have plenty of girls in England who are not so good-looking. You might import a few and give them a break. You know it's so unconvincing to find the part of a lonesome little girl, without a boy friend in the world, played by one of your beautiful blondes.

Edward J. Jarvis,
360 Hale End Road, Chingford.



Her Star

Tacoma, Washington

All hail to Fredric March! He's clean-cut and intelligent-looking, and puts over his portrayals with a superb naturalness, grace and ease.

His voice has a fine quality, and his face is illuminated by an expression of charming, refined intellectuality. His greatest asset lies in the fact that he is never conscious of his attractiveness.

You can have all your glamorous, urbane-mannered heroes and mysterious backgrounds, but I'll choose an unaffected, typical American boy for my prime star any time!

Mary Schubert,
4515 North Orchard.

Shearer Fan



Waterbury, Conn.

We certainly owe congratulations to that one famous actress, Norma Shearer.

She was as sweet as a June morning and as thrilling as your first kiss, in "Smilin' Through."

She has beauty, charm and talent.

Miss Shearer certainly heads the actresses for me.

Miss R. Eggleton,
Buck's Hill.

THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE poys one dallar for every interesting and constructive letter published. Address your communications to A-Dallor-for-Yaur-Thoughts, THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

THEY'RE *Real* HOME FOLKS *and* HOW *They* LOVE *to* COOK



Mary Brian admits that California oranges were the inspiration for her "Orange Circles"



Warner Baxter has some pretty hot ideas on Chili con Carne

A peppy supper item is radish sandwich a la June Clyde

SOMETIMES when you see the screen stars in those exciting, glamorous movies that you love so well, you forget that they have home rôles too. Hollywood Cook Book shows that side of your favorite stars . . . as home folk who like to cook and know a lot about good food. In this one gay little book, "Favorite Recipes of the Movie Stars", you'll find intimate, homey pictures and grand dishes that you'll want to try.

Favorite Recipes of the Movie Stars is only ten cents postpaid and fifteen cents in Canada.



TOWER BOOKS
Incorporated
55 Fifth Avenue, New York City

"PERFECT SOAP FOR WOOLS"



INSTANT PURE SUDS WITHOUT USING DANGEROUS HOT WATER

One of the worst things you can do to lovely woolen fabrics is to get them by mistake into *too hot* suds. IVORY SNOW is perfect for washing wools. *It dissolves instantly in* LUKEWARM WATER!

Ivory Snow is not cut into flat flakes, but BLOWN fine as snow. As quick-dissolving as snow!—yet each tiny particle is chock full of rich suds that take up the dirt without the harsh rubbing that stiffens wools.

Melts completely . . . no soap spots!

Ivory Snow has no flat particles which can stick to fabrics and cause soap spots. Your sweater, baby's little woolen shirts, blankets—all come out of lukewarm Ivory Snow suds as evenly fluffy as when they were new.

Pure enough for a baby's skin

Ivory Snow is the same pure Ivory Soap doctors advise for bathing little babies. It is safe for the tenderest skin—extra safe for your finest silks, for woolens, rayons, delicate colors, nice cottons and linens. You'll like the beautiful suds it makes for dishwashing, too, and the fact that you can use this nice soap to protect your hands without being extravagant. *A big package of Ivory Snow costs only 15¢!*

99 44/100 % PURE

Copr. 1933, Procter & Gamble Co.

Music of the Sound Screen

(*Continued from page* 52)

started a series which will feature Phil Harris, orchestra leader and crooner of the famous Hollywood Cocoanut Grove, where most of the stars play. This is the place where Bing Crosby made a hit and Duke Ellington played.

AND now for some of the most popular new records of the month.

"I Found a Brand New Sweetheart" is played for us by Elliot Everett and his orchestra. I think we have heard this before under another name but the boys play it very nicely. There is some good vocal work by James Harkins and George Stone.

The other side is "Moon," James Harkins singing the vocal.

"WAS I?" is the next one. You know: "Was I Drunk, Was He Handsome?" This is played by Elliot Everett and his orchestra. This isn't so bad if you like it but I doubt if you do. The other side is by Elliot also, "Little Nell." Not so good either. (This is a Victor record.)

GEORGE OLSEN and his orchestra are with us again with "Say It Isn't So" Irving Berlin's new hit tune. This is a very beautiful number and the boys play it very smoothly. However I can't get excited over Olsen as most of his work is too dragging and lacking in flash. Paul Small sings the vocal. "Love Me Tonight" is on the other side, also by George Olsen. This is about on a par with the first tune. (This is a Victor Record.)

ALL the admirers of Isham Jones will welcome the news that you may now hear this popular leader and his orchestra on Victor records. I think that this is Jones' first record for Victor since he made his sensational comeback. "Everyone Says I Love You" is the tune he plays from the Marx Brothers picture "Horsefeathers." A nice easy-running number and the orchestra's work is all that could be asked for. The other side is also by Isham Jones and his orchestra, "Always in My Heart," as good as the first. (This is a Victor record.)

"HOT and Anxious" is the next played for us by Don Redman and his famous orchestra, a real dance tune played in just the right bounce tempo with plenty of swing. I think Redman has one of the best outfits today and I always enjoy his records. There is a little vocal in it by Don himself. The other side is called "If It's True," more on the order of a sweet tune offering an agreeable contrast. (This is a Brunswick record.)

To obtain circulars described on page 67, write to Miss Frances Cowles, in care of this magazine, enclosing four cents for any one circular, ten cents for three circulars, or fifteen cents for all seven. Be sure to indicate which circulars you want by the numbers given in the accompanying descriptions.

The Entrance is Important

(*Continued from page* 68)

At the far end of the hall is a Duncan Phyfe console table also in mahogany with a white pottery bowl filled with garden flowers on it. Above the table is a mahogany Chippendale mirror. On either side of the door leading to the living room are Hitchcock chairs in mahogany with rush seats.

The side porch of the little Colonial house can be entirely enclosed with glass or can be used as an open porch. Because it is built close to the ground and is almost level with the terrace we decided to have an open porch. At one end which faces the front we built a trellis to insure more privacy. The porch like the rest of the house is painted white with a dark green shingled roof supported by two simple Colonial pilasters. The door leading into the large living room is typical in design and is equipped with simple wrought-iron hardware. The floor is made of green and rust and grey flagstones irregularly laid.

We selected simple sturdy furniture, almost rustic in appearance, that the weather will not affect, a pair of small pine benches with arms and back rests, a pine armchair to match and a bench that can be easily converted into a table.

There are two lighting fixtures, the center light which is a simple globe and the wall light which is a copy of a lovely old ship's lantern in antiqued brass. The hanging fernery on one side of the door, with its bright pots containing trailing ivy, adds a delightful spot of color.

If you are interested in watching the development of our little Colonial house you will be glad to know that the decorating and furnishing of the dining room will appear in miniature in the next issue of this magazine.

DINNER BEGINS

Plans for dinner usually begin with the choice of the meat, and dinner with meat is usually easier to plan and more acceptable than dinner without.

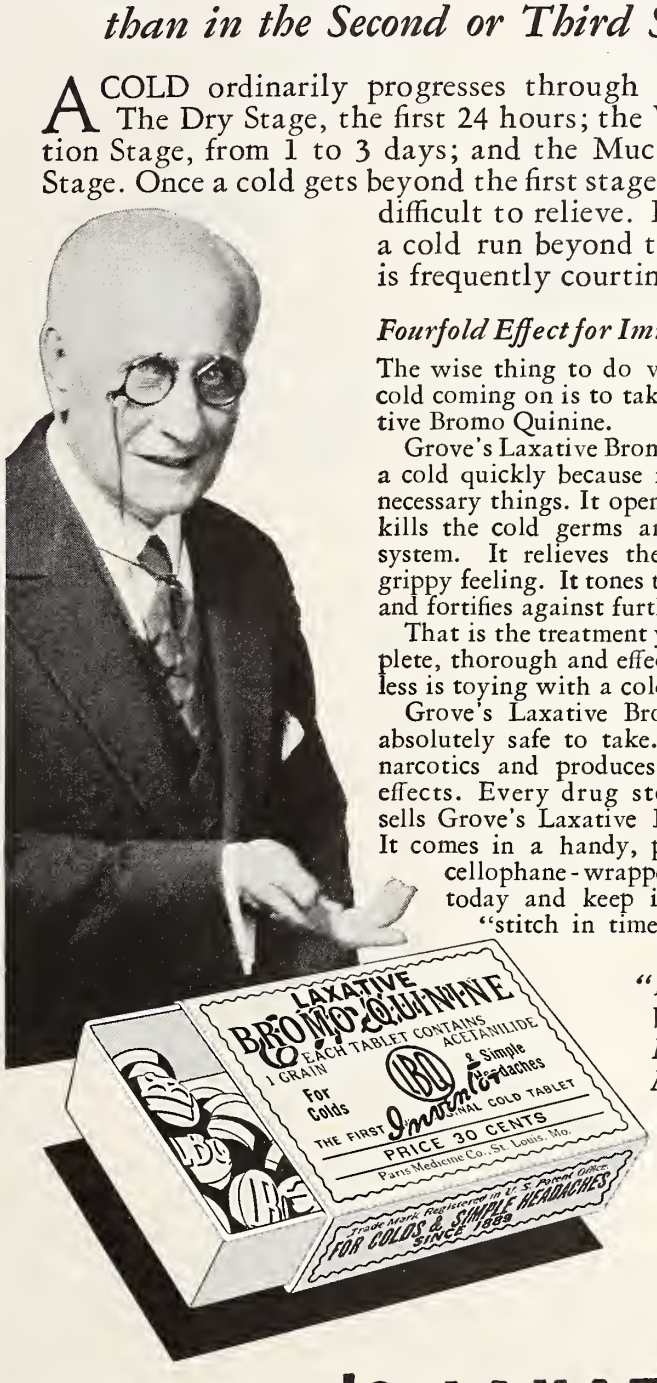
Our circular, MEAT AT ANY PRICE, will help you to choose your meats, and gives numerous recipes that will help you to make use of less expensive cuts and to cook the more expensive ones in the right way.

Just send your request to Rita Calhoun, New Movie Magazine, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

A COLD
Passes Thru 3 Stages

And It is Far Easier Relieved in the First than in the Second or Third Stages!

A COLD ordinarily progresses through three stages: The Dry Stage, the first 24 hours; the Watery Secretion Stage, from 1 to 3 days; and the Mucous Secretion Stage. Once a cold gets beyond the first stage it is far more difficult to relieve. In fact, to let a cold run beyond the first stage is frequently courting danger.



Fourfold Effect for Immediate Relief

The wise thing to do when you feel a cold coming on is to take Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine.

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine stops a cold quickly because it does the four necessary things. It opens the bowels. It kills the cold germs and fever in the system. It relieves the headache and grippy feeling. It tones the entire system and fortifies against further attack.

That is the treatment you want—complete, thorough and effective. Anything less is toying with a cold.

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine is absolutely safe to take. It contains no narcotics and produces no bad after-effects. Every drug store in America sells Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine. It comes in a handy, pocket-size box, cellophane-wrapped. Get a box today and keep it handy as the "stitch in time."

"I Couldn't Write a Better Prescription Myself!"

GROVE'S LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE

You Can Change DARK Colors to LIGHT Colors

—Easy as A-B-C with Tintex Color Remover



Supposing you have a dark dress (or any other dark-colored article) and are pining for a lighter-colored one . . . . .



Tintex Color Remover will safely and speedily take out all trace of color (including black) from any fabric . . . . . .



Then the article or fabric can be redyed or tinted with Tintex Tints and Dyes in any new shade to suit yourself — either light or dark.

On sale at drug stores and notion counters everywhere

Tintex
COLOR REMOVER

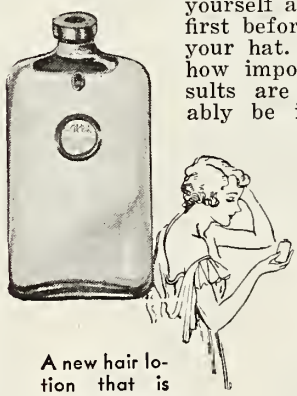
The MAKE-UP BOX

WITH so many new and exciting beauty angles to chase down we're kept busy going from cosmetic counter to cosmetic counter and don't we love it! For instance we were all of a-flutter over two new creams brought out by the maker of a hand cream we had always liked. One is a lemon cream, good particularly for those yellowed elbows, and hands that have a work-worn look, whether or not they are. Of course you'll want to try it on your face and neck as well. It's an attractive bright lemon yellow and it has the pungent aroma of the fruit. The other cream is a new liquefying cleanser identified by a silver sprinkled wrapper. Both come in varying sizes from little jars that will fit in your purse to large dressing table containers.



Two new creams brought out by the maker of a favorite hand cream.

WE'RE getting hair-minded, and we don't mind admitting that it's the new hats that have done it with their large exposure of hair area. If you're wise you'll get yourself a new coiffure first before you choose your hat. And finding how important its results are you'll probably be interested in the new lotion which acts as a perfumer and beautifier as well to your coiffure. This lotion is planned to be used after the shampoo, before beginning the wave. It adds suppleness and sheen—a finish to make the coiffure softer and keep longer in addition to the fragrance it imparts. It may be had in any one of twelve odors. Each flacon contains just enough lotion for one satisfactory application.



A new hair lotion that is both perfume and beautifier for the new coiffure.

NOW—a tiny lipstick, bullet-shaped in an appropriate gunmetal case comes to our desk. It's a smaller edition of the stick you've used and liked before and is small enough to fit into your coin purse. Another argument in its favor is that you can apply it without attracting attention. It's available now in a new shade—theatrical—for professional or night make-up. The full size stick can also be obtained in a handsome gold and black enamel case which is refillable.

EXPERIMENTING with eye-shadow is always fascinating and now there's a new tone to add to your collection. We've had green and blue, brown and black and lavender—now there's purple. A purple without a red look to it, planned for both blondes and brunettes who are seeking the unusual in eyeshadow. It's particularly good for heavy eyelids that do not take kindly to other shades of shadow and has a most subtle, glamorous effect.

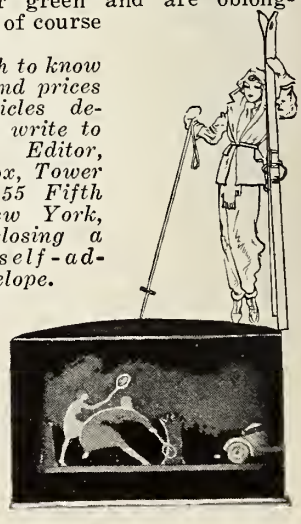
THE same house is bringing out a new tan-toned powder created for the woman whose skin still shows traces of summer tan—and for those who like to keep that healthy outdoor look all Winter. We recommend it for winter sports along with a glowing rouge for the girl who doesn't want to look like a hot-house plant when she takes to her skis or skates. The shade is also flattering to the very dark skin. It has the distinct advantage of not turning streaky, after it has been on a while.



Eye shadow now comes in an unusual purple tone.

If you're shopping for last minute gifts or looking for a good way to spend some of that money Uncle Frank gave you for Christmas, hurry down to take a look at the new quadruple compacts. A comb—boon to the present precise hairdresses if they are to be kept precise—is included right in the case along with powder, rouge and lipstick. The cases are done in enamel in the color of your choice—yellow, blue, red or green and are oblong-shaped—and of course up to date.

If you wish to know the names and prices of the articles described here write to the Beauty Editor, Make-Up Box, Tower Magazines, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y., enclosing a stamped self-addressed envelope.



A new winter tan-toned powder for sports or darkened skins.

The 5 Most Dangerous Women in Hollywood

(*Continued from page* 37)

danger in music. How many young bachelors who thought themselves impervious to love have discovered it to the sound of soft melodies! There's melody in Marlene's voice, dance magic in her every step. She is the enchantress who beckons while she repulses.

ELISSA LANDI has this same trait. She has a strange power over wild animals—and over men. I have seen her tame a horse that even the cowboys considered an outlaw unfit to be bridled. I have seen her captivate a man completely in less than five minutes. She does it with a queer ducking of her head as she peers at him with her startling green eyes. But this isn't all. There's something mesmeric about the way she does it. Something very pleasant and exciting and quite indefinable. She, too, is not easily understood. She, too, comes under the Garbo type.

AND now we arrive at the second classification—the one that Joan Crawford heads. Six years ago Joan was about as dangerous as a pretty, bouncing doll. Today she is dynamite. She spells Fascination in capital letters a mile wide. A superb woman-of-the-world. Dashing, smart and awfully *knowing*. And how did she get that way? By studying the fine art of love, my dears, until she has it at her finger-tips. When she throws back her head and laughs up at a man he might as well surrender right then and there. It saves time. You never really know whether it's her eyes or those startlingly red lips that flash the danger signal—that haunt a man.

She is just the opposite of those who come in the Garbo category. Instead of that feeling of suppression about her there's something spirited and vigorous. The contrast was decidedly marked in "Grand Hotel." One couldn't help but notice. She has become a vivid and colorful woman. Clark Gable says that she is the most intensely, magnificently alive person he has ever met. She inspires a man. And that, coming from him, puts a stamp of approval on Joan's type.

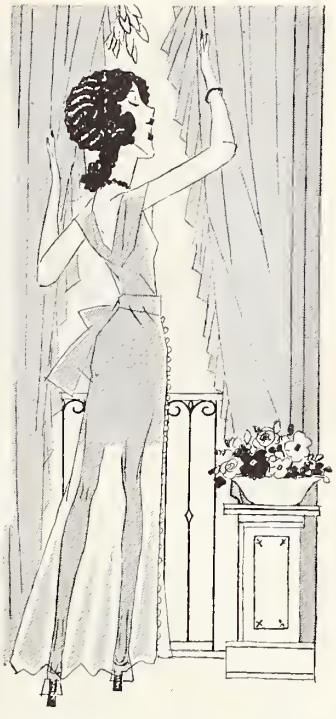
THE "Beware" sign for all masculine eyes to read was posted on Constance Bennett long before she was out of school. And naturally that's the reason they sought her so eagerly. A music teacher fell desperately in love with her before she was fourteen and at sixteen she had subdued a French cadet to the point where he strolled past her academy twice a day in hopes of getting a glimpse of her.

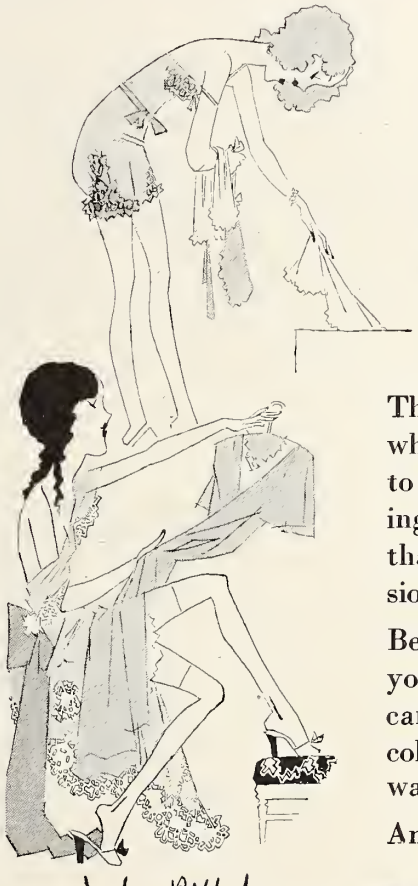
Constance is molded along the same lines as Joan. They have the same deep, throbbing note in their voices and the same tantalizing expression. Connie can be, oh, so dazzling, so ultra feminine. Cupid blows his whistle for the next round every time she raises her eyelids. Wide blue eyes she has that can storm in anger as easily as they can smile sweetly. She is the kind who takes the initiative in a love affair but she is wise enough to make the gentleman think that *he* is taking it.

(*Continued on page* 84)

Today—Color-Smartness and Economy Demand Tintex Tints and Dyes!

● **So easy to use—equals Professional Results on Curtains • Dresses • Sweaters Underwear • Table-Linen, etc.**





"WHY spend *dollars* on professional dyeing when a *few cents* for Tintex will give exactly the same results!"

That's what millions of women say who know how amazingly simple it is to do successful home-tinting and dyeing with Tintex. They have discovered that it enables them to equal professional work—in everything but the cost!

Begin to use Tintex today. Prove to yourself how quickly and perfectly you can restore original color—or give new color — to every faded article in your wardrobe or home decorations.

And save *dollars!*



35 Fashionable Colors

ON SALE AT DRUG STORES AND NOTION COUNTERS EVERYWHERE

Real QUALITY
requisites for complete
EYE MAKE-UP
now in 10¢ sizes



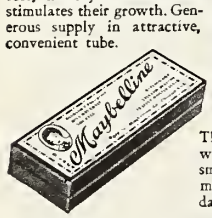
Maybelline
EYE SHADOW
An extra large quantity of rich, fragrant, smooth, creamy shadow contained in a modern gold finished vanity. Accentuates the color and sparkle of your eyes. Colors: Blue, Brown, Blue-Gray, Violet and Green.



Maybelline
EYEBROW PENCIL
Here's the pencil you've always hoped for. Very smooth, and clean marking. Extremely easy to use. Full standard length. Made of the purest, imported ingredients and capped with a snug-fitting, gold finished protector. Black and Brown.



Maybelline
EYELASH GROWER
A pure, colorless, effective preparation which when applied nightly keeps lashes in soft, healthy condition and stimulates their growth. Generous supply in attractive, convenient tube.



Maybelline
EYELASH DARKENER
The largest selling mascara in the world because it is tearproof, non-smarting, and easy to apply. Instantly makes lashes appear naturally long, dark, and luxuriant. Black and Brown.

These famous preparations now in 10c sizes mean simply that you can enjoy complete, satisfactory eye make-up without the obstacle of cost. Try them. See how they'll make you more attractive to others. But — insist upon genuine Maybelline preparations—for quality—purity and value.

MAYBELLINE CO., CHICAGO

Maybelline
EYE BEAUTY AIDS

The 5 Most Dangerous Women in Hollywood

(*Continued from page* 83)

(That, girls, is technique!) If my memory serves me right it was she who arranged the meeting between herself and Gloria Swanson's marquis at a tea in Paris one fine summer day. And what did Constance do? None of the usual coquettish tricks, you may be sure. She simply led him into a lively discussion of music—of which she knew he was very fond—and let that rather defiant, cool air of hers do the rest. It intrigues a man to be defied, no matter how slightly, by a girl with Constance's piquant charm.

WITH Norma Shearer the sparks fly out in all directions. She, also, is a member of the Crawford class—scintillating and, as an electrician on her set put it, "a darned good scout." Gentlemen worship "good scouts," especially when they're glamorous as well. Norma has taught herself the trick of being a fifty-fifty woman—*the kind men want to protect and to be protected from at the same time.* That's why her marriage is so successful. There's an element of daring, of speculation about her. She's exciting. And even though she's scheduled to play a sweetly romantic rôle or two you can depend upon it we'll never lose sight of Norma, the siren, again.

PERHAPS you're astonished at anyone calling Janet Gaynor a "dangerous" type. Ah, but she is! There's nothing so deadly to peaceful bachelorhood as fragile, appealing femininity. And Janet is all of that. The limpid look in her eyes tugs at a man's heartstrings. Her small clinging fingers, the wistful curve of her lips, make him want to shield her with his life. Her very smallness and girlishness stir his chivalry so that he doesn't heed the thin ice he's skating on. One adorable, pleading pout and he crashes through and sinks down.

Of course the minute Janet steps out of her own special sphere she ceases to be a peril. As a tiny sophisticate she awakens no sympathetic interest and the spell is broken. She would be lost in the Crawford group. In her own way she can sway a heart of stone. Janet could win over the most hardened misogynist. So could Dorothy Jordan and Marian Nixon to name just a few who come under this third type.

LILI DAMITA tops the fourth division. For sheer vitality, joy of living and subtle romance there is none to equal her. The wise man puts on his guard the moment he sees the gorgeous Lili. He raises all his defenses for he feels instinctively that here, indeed, is an antagonist of note. Whether she casts tender glances at him in the moonlight or swims beside him in sunswept waters it is all the same. She certainly captivates and sometimes quite involuntarily.

It was on the beach of the Lido that she encountered Prince Ferdinand. The prince, as you may remember, is the son of the ex-Crown Prince of Germany. He set every royal circle in Europe agog over his ardent courtship of her. Lili proved dangerous to a dynasty.

William K. Vanderbilt also fell prey to the Damita smile. To say nothing of Sidney Smith, another millionaire playboy, to whom she was reported married. Now it's Gilbert Roland who has succumbed. And what is her charm, her singular charm, which proves so destructive to male hearts? *Challenge*, my dears. It's in her eyes that dare to play the game of love. That's the secret of the Damita power and of her danger. Just as it's the answer to Lupe Velez's particular brand of witchery.

With Lupe you might as well ring bells of warning the instant she enters a room. Ah, that Lupe! A twirl on her toes, a snap of her fingers under his nose and the most sedate of men drops on his knees before her. She pinches his cheek . . . caresses him . . . taunts him a little . . . and he loves it—and her.

FIREWORKS — flaming poppies — a flamboyant sunset — that's Clara Bow.

The danger that Clara presents is perfectly obvious. She's primitive, elemental. Far removed from the repressed Garbo, the sophisticated Crawford, the dainty Gaynor and the alluring Lili. She gets her man by direct, forceful methods. No hedging about or artful by-play. She'll have a whole bag of new tricks up her sleeve in "Call Her Savage," for this new Clara is twice as "it-ish" as the last time you saw her.

She is essentially a child of nature. Her moods vary so that she is a thousand persons in one . . . and men do like variety! She can be the demure maiden who looks languishingly at her lover, the gay little gamin without a care, a sulky small girl whose very petulance is attractive, and a stormy-eyed miss with rage that sears like a flame. Oh, Clara is right up in the front ranks of dangerous ladies, certainly. And Jean Harlow is not far behind her.

Jean with her moonbeams-on-water hair. She too, is primitive in her emotions. She has none of the reserve that civilization fosters. A white goddess of Africa she might have been. One can almost hear the tom-toms of the jungle that quicken your blood and make you draw in your breath fast, when she is near. As perilous as a gorgeous lioness —and as lithe and sinuous.

HAZARDS of Hollywood—these women. It's because they *are* dangerous that they're sensational successes. And don't forget . . . the brave man courts danger!

OUR "ON SALE" DATE GOES AHEAD!

This month and hereafter, the new issue of this magazine appears at WOOLWORTH'S on the 10th of the month

You Can Change Your Personality

(*Continued from page* 62)

if a girl is determined enough to take on a new personaltiy she must go to a great deal of trouble and pains—or it will be a pathetic farce and she will be the laughing stock of her friends.

"A transition of character and make-up should be a rather gradual thing.

"There are two or three essentials. One of them is that the bone structure of the face should be framed by the hair line. In other words, the hair should be drawn back from the face, whether it is allowed to fluff about the ears or whether it is drawn in a smooth severe line back of the ears. The bone structure of any face is what makes it interesting and distinctive.

"If the hair is worn straight off the face and back of the ears, the features should be very regular and rather finely chiseled. The make-up for such a head-dress may be as heavy and individual as the person thinks becoming. Personally I favor a soft natural powder finish for the face, with deep red lips, and mascara on eyelashes and brows, with no eye-shadow or rouge.

"If one wishes to be the soft, appealing, feminine type, she should assume a shiny skin surface. This can be accomplished by cleansing the face with a light cream first, and then patting in cold water, until the face feels smooth and dry. Pat in a bit of paste rouge to give a natural glow to the cheeks and apply a natural lip line with a natural shade lip stick, a touch of mascara to the lashes, a slight penciling of the brows, and light application of eye shadow—and this girl will be fresh and appealing. Of course no one should try this sort of make-up without a naturally healthy and beautiful complexion.

"If the desire is to be a complete individualist—then it is a matter of practice, and more practice, and still more practice; this hair line, and that hair line, this make-up effect, and that make-up effect, this profile view and that full face view.

"The only advice I can give to the girl who desires individuality beyond all else is that she should be willing to sacrifice beauty for distinction and striking effects. To me, a girl who is different and striking, regardless of her natural beauty, is ten times more interesting and fascinating than the girl who is just a beautiful picture.

"Even an ugly picture has more strength and appeal and fascination than just a pretty one. There is something magnetic and forceful about things that are not beautiful, but have distinction.

"A girl may enter a room full of glowingly beautiful women, exquisitely gowned, immaculately groomed, and yet be outstanding because she is different, even if she be ugly in the accepted sense of beauty. Such a girl is to be envied over and above those artificially beautiful women, because she has found herself. She will attract more attention than the most strikingly beautiful woman in that room!

"So, girls who have not good features, who have angular figures and snub noses, cheer up, you can make yourself so much more attractive than the prettiest girl in town, that the boys will not even notice that beauty is in the room—if you get busy!

(*Please turn to page* 86)

What is your FAVORITE DESSERT?



TOWER MAGAZINES wants to give you just the sort of information in our food pages that will be most helpful to you. Right now we are planning our dessert articles for 1933 and we want to give you the kind of recipes you *really* want. Not the kind we *think* you'd like to have. Won't you indicate to us on this list the kind you and your family prefer and with the information on hand our Home Service Department can go surely to planning new and delicious ways of serving your favorites.

What kind of dessert does your husband prefer?.....

.....

What kind of dessert do your children prefer?.....

.....

What kind of desserts do you prefer?.....

.....

Which dessert do you serve most frequently?.....

.....

Further Comments.....

.....

.....

For your courtesy in answering these questions you may select any two of the following circulars:

One Course Refreshments	Holiday Parties	Fruits for All Occasions
All Purpose Menus	Meat at Any Price	Foods Men Like

Send to Food Editor

TOWER MAGAZINES, Inc.

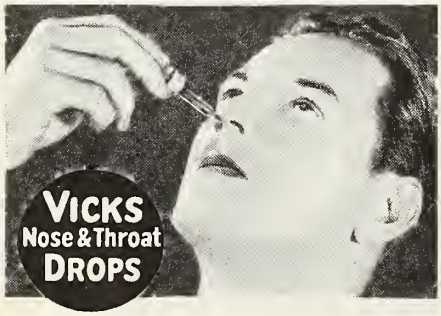
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Find Way to Cut Costs of Colds More Than Half

YEARS of research by Vick Chemists resulted last year in development of a new aid in *preventing* colds—Vicks Nose & Throat Drops. It is the ideal companion to Vicks VapoRub, the modern way of *treating* colds. Together with certain simple rules of health, these preparations form Vicks Plan for better *Control* of Colds.

Vicks Plan was thoroughly tested and proved last winter. In carefully supervised clinics, in schools, colleges and homes, results showed that the Plan reduced the number and duration of colds by half—and cut their costs even more. These results were confirmed by the practical experience of thousands of people all over the country.

To WARD OFF Colds



...just a few drops up each nostril at that first feeling of stuffiness or nasal irritation. Aids Nature's defense in *preventing* many colds.

To GET RID of a Cold



The family standby in *treating* colds. Its direct double action means *quicker relief.* And it's now available in Stainless form—if you prefer.

You Can Change Your Personality

(*Continued from page* 85)

"Don't try to perform sudden miracles! Don't suddenly start out with a glaringly new make-up and an obviously 'put on' new personality. Give yourself something to live up to—and then begin to grow into that personality which you should feel when you have that make-up on.

"For awhile I would advise only using that make-up in the privacy of your very own room. I wouldn't tell a soul what I was doing—until I'd done it—and then I'd let them find it out for themselves. I'd strut around in front of the mirror and study myself from every angle. I'd learn how to talk as I looked. I'd learn how to walk as I looked. I'd learn to be as I looked! All this by myself, first!

"Then, before I obviously changed my make-up I'd pretend to myself I had on that make-up in front of people. I'd practice this new personality constantly, and when I began to feel as I looked with that make-up on, more than my old self, I'd little by little change first this thing and then that! Soon you would find people talking about how you've changed, but they would not know just why or how, for the change in this way has been so gradual and natural.

"Friends will help you by criticising you as you go along. I will never forget the lesson I learned when a man once said to me, 'Why do you hide your face and cover the contours of the bone structure of your face! That's the only really interesting feature you possess! Pull your hair off your face.'

"I was horrified. I said, 'Oh, I couldn't! I'm just ugly with my hair off my face like that!' He walked me over to a mirror. He pulled my hair straight back off my face. He showed me what he meant, and I have never covered my forehead from that day to this.

"I realized that I did not look so 'pretty' with my hair that way—but I definitely knew I looked better! It gave me a certain air I liked, it made me feel breezy, self-confident, efficient. You wouldn't believe how different you can feel by just changing your looks.

"Try it, girls, experiment with yourself! Make yourself an individual. Take advantage of the unusual feature about yourself. Don't try to be just pretty—try to be interesting.

"Please do not misunderstand me. I do not mean put on an exotic, different looking make-up and go on being yourself. Give yourself a make-up to live up to—and then live up to it! . . . That's all."

Radio Rambles

(*Continued from page* 51)

the amputation of her legs. But we feel sure that Ben Bernie is happy in the knowledge that from his radio success—and Mrs. Anna Ancel never missed one of his programs—his mother got more genuine pleasure than he could have given her in any other way.

We think NBC ought to put up a plaque in Studio A to George and Ben with the simple comment: "TUESDAY, OCT. 15th.—THE SHOW WENT ON."

Who's Stage Struck? Not satisfied with broadcasting six afternoons a week on NBC, plus one evening appearance on WOR and two on his own station WEVD—according to our arithmetic, a grand total of nine broadcasts weekly—Mr. Heywood Broun is working on a musical show. Heywood, who once experimented with a co-operative Broadway revue, says he's through with the charity angle.

By the way, Finis Farr, who writes those radio mystery thrillers and crime dramatizations, has a new invention—sound-proof pockets for panhandlers.

According to the genealogists who have been investigating Phil Spitalny's family tree—the dance band leader's family have all been musicians for the past two centuries. This gives Phil 160 to 180 years head start on most of the boys on the networks.

The King's Wife and Men: Margaret (Mrs. Paul Whiteman) Livingston comes down to the Biltmore almost every night, now.

"I thought I was going to have it easy when I married Paul," she told us, "but he makes me work. When I stopped showing up here nights, Paul said people would come in and ask him, 'Where's Margaret?' and when he told them, 'She won't be here tonight,' they'd turn around and walk out."

Paul Whiteman fathers his band as well as leads it. The boys come to him with all their troubles no matter how small. One even woke him one morning to ask if he couldn't do something about the paint on his chair. It was rubbing off on his suit.

The proof of their liking and loyalty, though, came the day when he told them he would be forced to give them a cut. Some of the boys—and Mrs. Whiteman swears to this—drew him aside and said, "Listen, Paul, we have money. If you need any say so, and we'll let you have it."

His players think he's the grandest man they've ever worked for. If one of the girls receives flowers he buys flowers for all the others. One night when we were there, Irene Taylor had a headache. "But I wouldn't let Paul know," she told us. "He'd insist that I go right home."

Naturally the spirit of considerateness spreads through the band. So recently Jack Fulton turned down a choice 9:30 singing spot on N.B.C. because it would have cut into the band's

short enough 9 to 10:30 recess. (Paul's own band, you know, accompanies Fulton on his solo programs, though it does not share listing with Fulton, lest it detract from his billing.)

Random Tales: Jack Denny comes back from Washington the proud winner of $50 on a ten-to-one shot at the Laurel track. He collected on a lost ticket he found in the gravel near the paddock. Before that he had lost for four days straight on horses he picked by the use of his wits.

Train-Catchers: The Funnyboners have decided to become suburbanites. Bunny Coughlin has already followed Larchmontman Dave Grant's lead and given up a penthouse on New York's Park Avenue for a bungalow in Bronxville, and Gordon Graham is searching for a home in Westchester to change for his apartment in Greenwich Village.

Funny people: Al Boasberg, who writes funny things for comedians to say on the air, accompanied Burns and Allen on their last trip to Hollywood. While passing through Chicago, George and Gracie celebrated their ninth wedding anniversary. The Goodman (Easy Aces) Aces were in their party and Gracie told them about the time she bid ten spades and made it.

"But that's impossible!" cried Goodman.

"No it isn't," said Gracie. "It took me three hands, but I made it."

Later that night when they were in The Dells, a roadhouse just outside of Chicago, the master of ceremonies called on them. Gracie rose and said: "Please excuse us. We feel at home on the stage, and we aren't afraid of the mike, but we . . . we're only farmers in The Dells."

Eavesdropping: Between programs at Columbia. Bunny Coughlin of the Funnyboners squelching Nat Brusiloff who scoffed at trios: "Batons are waved by fools like you. Oh, but only God can make a trio."

A friend at the New Yorker Hotel listening to Mrs. Ethel Shutta Olsen chiding George (about his diet): "With all the insurance he'll leave, why should you worry about what he eats?"

Arthur Jarrett between songs at the Hotel Lexington: "I play golf with Gene Sarazen. He plays better than I do. But that's nothing. I sing better than he can."

Times Square: Pretty Peggy Healy, Paul Whiteman's youngest find, dropping a package and beating three men to the pick-up: "Don't bother, I need the exercise." Liar!

Barris Likes the Wild Life: Harry Barris, who re-created his Hollywood Cocoanut Grove at the Park Central Hotel in New York, was doing prop falls with Fatty Arbuckle the other day and almost broke his back while Fatty got away without a bruise. Since then Harry has been wondering what the old saying—"The bigger they are, the harder they fall"—means.

The pain recalled the night on the Coast when he and Bing Crosby went horseback riding after closing at the Grove. Bing, after riding for a block, asked Harry to wait and rushed back to the hotel. He came back with two pillows.

The two horsemen ended their ride at the police station house trying to convince the police that they were riding for fun.



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These New Yorkers

(*Continued from page* 39)

Armstrong-Carleton came next. That was in the pre-autograph era before fans missed lunch to see their idols going for it. The Come-On-Inn closed recently. Armstrong-Carleton faded long ago. Musso-Frank still thrives but not on star appeal.

Montmartre was the first restaurant to capitalize on stellar trade. It had a dance floor canopied with silk and hovering balloons, cushioned divans edging the walls and a head waiter who had studied salaaming abroad. Stars swarmed there for luncheon and the peasants goggled outside if they didn't have the price to gather within. The Embassy Club was opened next door. It was designed for film folk exclusively. The proletariat was permitted only to gape without. I predicted its collapse. Players want an audience at all times. The Embassy has passed away and the Montmartre has been replaced by the Café Boulevarde featuring kosher delicacies.

The Brown Derby on Vine is now the chief masticating spot for royalty although Al Levy's across the street, Henry's on the Boul', the Gotham Delicatessen, Stark's on Wilshire and The Brown Derby in Beverly Hills have their draw. The Vine Derby attracts the star-hunters every noon hour. Celebrities descending from their chariots are sure of spectators. Camera men are always there to photograph them before, after and during lunch. You're sure to get publicity with your bowl of soup if you're anyone at all.

But The Brown Derby may be dented shortly. Brandstatter who conceived Montmartre has opened a place on the Boul' around the corner. It is called Sardi's after the theatrical rendezvous in Nooyawk. I understand the stars will be photographed with sound effects here. You'll not only see them at soup, you'll hear them. What a wonderful age we live in!

WHEN the news at length percolated into Mexico that Sir James Cagney and the Infanta Lupe Velez—who, you may recall, were unanimously elected my favorites—were back in Hollywood to stay I dropped my *tequila* and *banderillas*, leaped a passing plane and returned from my self-imposed exile. I felt that Screen Pal Jimmy and Sweetheart Lupe would supply more excitement than the bullfights and cactus licker of Ensenada. Imagine my dismay on alighting to hear Lupe screaming that she was through with men and, what's more, proving it by resorting to adoption to obtain a baby. Lupe should never have gone to New York. Those loathesome New Yorkers!

Pal Cagney says his first picture will be "Bad Boy," but he's been East, too, and I wouldn't be surprised if it turned out to be a version of *Little Lord Fauntleroy*. Chameleons are true blue compared to players. Stars whose specialty is rescuing heroines in distress eventually want to slug them while experts in moll-booting yearn to go Galahad with guitars. I can't stand being disillusioned much more. At the very first rumblings of the rumor that Jimmy Cagney will do that famous old favorite, "When Knighthood Was in Flower" I'm going back on the *pulque*.

A FAN writes that I have lost all standing as a critic by electing Mr. Cagney my histrionic favorite. He says Cagney will never be a Mansfield. To which I retort, "Nor will Mansfield ever be a Cagney."

MR. CAGNEY is more than an actor. He is a pattern for the modern amorist. Already his technique is being adopted by our local knights. Approaching a cavalier the morning after a Neronian party, a blacked-eyed blonde cooed reproachfully, "Say, big boy, you gave me a sock last night I could marry you for."

SPEAKING of blondes—incurable habit—I'm subjugated by Madge Evans. Reversing an old saying, she's something more than an actress. I sat with her on an M-G-M stage not long ago. People kept coming up to compliment her on her gown—blue velvet flowing over her body as caressfully as water.

"It's divine," exclaimed a young actor. "Of course, there's no creator like Adrian."

"Seems to me the Lord deserves a little screen credit," I shot gallantly and was rewarded with a murmured, *merci*.

GEORGE COHAN socked Hollywood roundly after his experience here doing "The Phantom President." So he'll probably be offered a new contract. There's nothing Hollywood loves so much as a good socking. She's just a Cagney sweetheart.

GARBO'S regular salutation is: "Hello . . . Vell, vat's news?"

The answer is: "You are."

The man biting the dog wasn't news like a movie star going to Europe and *not* dancing with the Prince of Wales. Greta couldn't be tempted to a night place in Stockholm where the Prince and brother George were ready to dance. I'll bet Greta is one star the Prince admires.

My idea of a big news event: Greta and Lindbergh doing a public exhibition of the rhumba in the Los Angeles stadium.

MORE News: According to a society personage on board boat with Greta, our film favorite was gracious to everyone except a reporter who was taking the trip to observe Garbo.

Greta feels toward reporters as Ethel Barrymore does. Overhearing a studio employe ask a man if he was a reporter, Ethel murmured, "Don't you smile when you call him that?"

HAVING been both reporter and press agent I can see both sides. Some of our "interviewers" surpass the stars in egotism. An actress recently told me she made a great hit with an interviewer.

"What did you tell her?" I asked.

"I didn't tell her anything," said the star. "She talked all afternoon about herself."

BELLE BENNETT, during her recent fatal illness, should have found satisfaction in her prodigality as few stars can. When she was receiving twenty-five hundred a week she bought

a yacht and entertained lavishly, it's true, but she also went back into the hills of her native state and pored over records until she had found all her poor relatives. She took them, a hundred or more, out of destitution and placed them on plots of ground in San Fernando valley, gave them rare comforts and saw that their children were sent to school. Movie fame too often gives license to the qualities we don't admire but often, too, it is the opportunity for greatness of soul.

ZASU PITTS, kind mortal, seems to be coming into her own. I'm one of the chorus that always starts chortling the moment ZaSu droops into a scene as if shoved on, wringing her hands and gasping "Oh, my!" In the past we have never got enough of ZaSu. It seems to me she should inspire a writer to wrap a whole story around her. Critics long have raved about her. They say her hands are as eloquent as Duse's. I'm too young to know about that. They remind me of Oliver Hardy's, or vice versa; her woebegone plaintiveness, of Stan Laurel. ZaSu seems to be the Laurel-Hardy-Duse, or, in other words, the Bernhardt of the screen.

VIVIAN DUNCAN said she and Nils Asther hadn't separated; they just weren't living together. Ah, the nuances of the Hollywood language!

HOLLYWOOD seems to put the reverse on romance as a mirror on handwriting. Our folks marry and go their separate ways, divorce and are seen everywhere together.

THE best way to screen and social success in Hollywood is by becoming a champion in another line. Johnny Weissmuller, the swimming champion, is causing movie heroes to pale. Bobby Jones, the golf champion, has a contract and salon entree. Hollywood is not provincial. It is quick to recognize genius in all pursuits. Station in life, color or species do not matter. Only success. Thus I predict that when "State Fair" is released the histrionic ability of Blue Boy, the Iowa prize hog, will be quickly recognized and we'll have a pig in our parlors.

JOAN CRAWFORD talks to herself when viewing her rushes. Many people talk to themselves but only a screen actress can talk back to herself. That reminds me of Jim Cagney's one about the actor who consulted a doctor in the hope of being cured of self-oratory. The doctor said, as I do, that lotsa folks talk to themselves. "But what worries me," said the actor, "is that I bore myself."

CHARLES LAUGHTON, who is likened unto Jannings in "The Devil and the Deep," feels no relationship in his screen image and thus can be his own impartial critic. Pola Negri also seemed lacking in self-consciousness. In viewing herself in the rushes Pola would break into spontaneous applause, exclaiming, "Gott! how marvelous!"

Pola is one person who never bored Pola.

HELEN HAYES is back in Hollywood with more pictures offered her than she can do in a life-time. She says she quit Hollywood because her confidence was destroyed by overhearing remarks a sailor made of her acting at a theater. But, Miss Hayes, suppose you had criticized that sailor's nautical talent and he had gone A. W. O. L. for two years. Or suppose you had said something about the navy as a whole—and some people do—and our coasts had been left without defense. No, Miss Hayes, we must stick to our posts, be true to the flag and to our sweethearts in every port.

Talking to Myself:

I think Rochelle Hudson the prettiest girl and Matty Kemp to best-looking fellow I've seen on the screen recently.

I doubt that George Raft will prove the sensation predicted, though I like him.

I find that men favor the artlessness of Janet Gaynor, women the artificiality of Constance Bennett and Joan Crawford.

Dorothy Jordan seems to be the most popular sub-star right now.

Chevalier, who entertained me so much at first, is becoming monotonous.

I'm anticipating Clara Bow in "Call Her Savage" and Jean Harlow in "Red Dust."

I walked out on John Gilbert and the belching "sophistication" of "Downstairs" . . . Too Hollywood.

Why don't women care for Jeanette MacDonald as men do? . . . her voice at least.

Richard Arlen seems to me to be improving with each picture.

I think it a mistake to star Helen Hayes in "The White Sister" because Lillian Gish in that rôle was incomparable.

I believe Greta Garbo will grow steadily as an actress.

Ramon Novarro will fade because he hasn't a grasp on his unique qualities.

The most winning people of Hollywood are those who rebel against it: Pola Negri, Clara Bow, Jim Cagney, Lupe Velez, Ethel Barrymore, Leslie Fenton, Greta Garbo.

I'm tired of the do-re-me-so-fa acting of Marlene Dietrich and wonder why she does not get away from the Prussian dictation of Director Joe Stern.

Why do producers pay actors so much money, since any of them would work for nothing or pay for the privilege?

Broadway vs. Main Street

(*Continued from page* 47)

It operated at first with a definite plan which the producers had endorsed informally and which looked perfect in theory. In every studio, Colonel Joy was given an assistant, as much a part of its working machinery as the director and the electrician. This functionary consulted with the manuscript experts when they bought books and plays. He read the finished scenarios. He watched the film develop in rehearsals and takes; if it stood in danger of giving offence, he consulted and advised. Over all this decentralized system sat Colonel Joy, the Court

(*Please turn to page* 90)

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TOMATO KETCHUP
THE LARGEST SELLING KETCHUP IN THE WORLD



Broadway vs. Main Street

(*Continued from page* 89)

of Appeals, as Hays was the Supreme Court.

But like many another plan which reads well on paper, it worked imperfectly. This representative in the studios was after all an underling. Directors, scenario writers and actors have in common the artistic temperament. An idea always strikes an artist with the force of a cosmic explosion. It is perfect; alter it in the slightest degree and you ruin his life.

Also, the very point which an adviser chooses to criticize becomes at once, to his mind, the most important strut in the whole structure. Every editor knows that; and guides his life accordingly.

When Colonel Joy's assistants found anything to criticize in a film, they met this attitude. They could not speak with full authority. Indeed, the director was himself an underling; the all-powerful producer stood as the only person who could finally approve or reject a suggestion. And certain producers resented this arrangement; when they did business, they said, they wanted to talk with the head man.

SO in 1929, just as Hays was moving all his forces toward the final and thorough system of regulation from within, he changed the scheme of the Studio Committee. Joy became responsible head, in fact as well as name. Under its present workings, all scenarios are read, before they go to production, in the Hays office. The great majority, of course, cause no perplexity or anxiety; they are either harmless or rubber-stamp. He was called upon to consider only those which "endanger public relations"—whose dialogue or situations or general attitude stood at variance with what he knew of American tastes and causes of offence.

When an issue arose, he dealt directly with the head man. In the matter of production he could not, of course, watch the development of every film from script to celluloid any more than he could read every scenario. Assistants did the scouting work for him; and he himself made constant rounds of the studios.

Since 1930 he had enjoyed in all this work the invaluable assistance of Mrs. Alice Ames Winter, once president of the National Federation of Women's Clubs; she expresses that element in American life perhaps most intimately concerned with motion picture novels —the mothers.

However, Joy and his committee had sunk their influence even deeper than that into the structure of the industry. Joy made it his business to talk things over confidentially and in advance with the presidents and general managers; to know their plans. This is a highly competitive industry; few men carried about more business secrets than he.

Yet without breaking confidence, he found ways and means to curb one troublesome habit of the business—the tendency to overdo a successful form, to ride a wave until it breaks.

The gunman film affords the latest example. When "Underworld" went over so largely and unexpectedly, all the producers hurried to imitate this proved, certain success. But they overdid it badly. And so, not only did the ultra-righteous hold up their hands in horror at these awful examples to our children, but the public suddenly grew tired of this highly-seasoned fare. A few gunman films would never have stirred up the animals; after all, the wolf of the slums is part of that American scene which the cinema tries to mirror. In 1931, the interest suddenly flopped, to the loss of some producers. "Scarface," an underworld film in the grand manner, was coming to completion just when the bubble burst. The producers called in "Scarface," toned it down, emphasized the moral lesson, "it doesn't pay," even to showing the shrinking quiver of the gunman's feet as he stood, at the end of his career, on the drop of the scaffold. Not in vain so far as commercial success went, but all in vain when it came to the good reputation of the motion picture.

As I write, local censors are quarrelling with it, reform bodies are denouncing it, extremists are using it as an example to point the necessity for political censorship. Had Joy sat in his newer position when the gunman craze began, he might have curbed these excesses.

And he has during the past year put the soft pedal upon a tendency which might have led us heaven knows where. Taking a cue from certain German films like "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari," producers began to work the "horror-theme." The old classic, "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," filmed with sound, proved a success; the chase started.

It seemed a fair chance that before long we should be wallowing in the morbid; a dangerous phenomenon in these times. Joy's committee, working with a background of general knowledge which no other man or body of men possessed, nipped that tendency in the bud; held the "horror story" down to its proper ratio in the scheme of the American film.

JOY himself underwent a strange and interesting transformation. He was born with social instincts; did his bit in the Army and as Executive Secretary helped demobilize the Red Cross to peace-time status. He had, therefore, even before he went to Hays, the "social outlook" and skill in handling men.

Into the Hays scheme of management—slow, sound progress; no step until you are sure of your ground—he fitted like a hand into a glove. He proved, also, a patient, forbearing diplomat. One needs that quality above all when dealing with artists.

Dr. James Wingate, his successor, now that Colonel Joy has joined Fox Films, is much the same type.

Joy could sustain a sympathetic smile in face of a raving director or producer whose heated imagination saw his best idea completely wrecked; could continue the processes of sweet reasonableness until the dissenter cooled down and admitted that there *was* something in what Colonel Joy said, after all. But no one suspected, until he settled into the system at the studios, that he himself had the makings of an artist.

According to Hollywood testimony, he proved himself not only a critic, but a constructor. When he insisted that a passage, a situation or a fundamental idea conflicted with the spirit of the code, he had usually an alternative suggestion. "Why don't you try it this

way or that way?" he asks.

Sometimes these constructive ideas were peculiarly ingenius; and according to neutral observers at Hollywood, more often than not they improved the film.

Some of this preceded and some followed that definite act which set its third landmark for the Hays organization— adoption of a new and final code. This document, signed, witnessed and sealed on March 31, 1930, by all the great producers, confirmed the old list of "Don'ts" and "Be Carefuls"; even added a few prohibited items. "It was written," Hays said, "in the studios" —fruit of long experience with what the public will stand for and what it abhors. But the important addition was a statement of broad general principles which bears the same relation to the "Don'ts" and "Be Carefuls" as the American Constitution bears to the state police laws. Here they are, in all their significant brevity.

"1. No picture shall be produced which will lower the moral standards of those who see it. Hence the sympathy of the audience should never be thrown to the side of crime, wrongdoing, evil or sin.

"2. Correct standards of life, subject only to the requirements of drama and entertainment, shall be presented.

"3. Law, natural or human, shall not be ridiculed nor shall sympathy be created for its violation."

THERE you are. General and even vague; and so intended. What "lowers the moral standard"? What, in any given instance, violates "correct standards of life" and what does not? It all comes down to a matter of good taste, which cannot be formulated in any hard-and-fast laws.

The specific prohibitions of the new code dealt generally with themes, situations and stage business—like nudity, actual details of hangings, brutal killings, white slavery, pointed profanity—which common sense and trade experience had confirmed as causes of public offense.

Setting them into the code merely got them out of the way. The general principles with which the code began—these were the struts and framework for the new method of motion picture control and regulation. They gave the studio committeee as much scope as it needed to use its taste in criticizing or altering films.

Scarcely less important was the "agreement for uniform interpretations," signed at the same time by all the high contracting parties.

This put teeth into the Studio Committee. It provided that any producer might submit to it any script or scenario upon which he had any doubt; might ask criticism and advice for any film in the process of production; and that he must submit every completed film before its final printing.

If the Studio Committee objected to any passage, the producer must make appropriate cuts before releasing the prints—subject always to the right of appeal. In case of appeal three disinterested members of the Association, sitting as a board of arbitration, would render judgment.

If the decision went against the producer and he remained dissatisfied, he might take his case to the court of highest resort—the Directors of the Association, which means in practice Will Hays. And that judgment was final.

Then in 1931, the high contracting parties granted to the Studio Committee the same right of appeal. It was provided at about the same time that all scenarios, without exception must go to Joy for his criticism or approval.

Nominally, Joy's constant, watchful inspection of films in the making had no place in this Great Charter of the Motion Picture. But given the fundamental situation, Hollywood accepted it as plain common sense and ordinary foresight. Better thresh out the difficulty in the beginning when ideas are forming, than risk the delay, the expense, often the abortive product, consequent upon cuts and retakes after the film is done.

And the system worked. Joy and the production managers settled their differences as they went along. Seldom has either side used the right of appeal.

AS Hays says, the Studio Committee resembles, more than any other human institution, the editorial board of a newspaper. Only it serves a circulation of such size and scope as no newspaper ever dreamed of; and it works not for one company, but all companies.

Dr. Wingate—as did Colonel Joy—edits the American film with the devil before and the deep sea behind, with Scylla to the left, the Charybdis to the right. The devil is constant pressure from a few individuals toward following the recent course of the novel and the spoken stage; toward making films broad and nasty.

Aside from the purely moral question involved, this course would be one certain way of killing the film business. For censorship would follow—municipal, state, national—and clumsy political hands would wreck the machinery.

The deep sea, much admired by a few extreme reformers, is mere pappictures—repetition of innocent, uplifting themes until audiences go stale on the motion picture.

Scylla is Main Street; Charybdis is Broadway. And here, we come to a deep perplexity; to the root of most troubles involved in voluntary control of the film. By Broadway, I mean not only the literal avenue of bright lights in New York, but all those big city districts where first-run motion pictures have supplanted the spoken drama—Washington Street Boston, State Street, Chicago, Canal Street, New Orleans, Market Street, San Francisco.

By the same token, Main Street means not only Canandaigua and Galesburg, but Seventh Avenue, New York, and Cottage Grove Avenue, Chicago—the second-run and third-run houses.

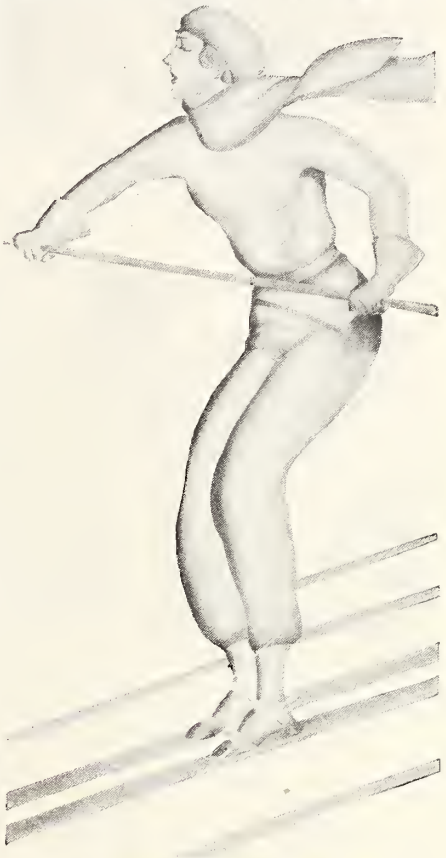
Broadway pays high prices to see the latest features. Its audiences include few children. They are sophisticated, and by that sophistication vaccinated against moral harm or shock in case the film wanders a little way into fields forbidden by the code. Indeed, they like it.

Main Street audiences consist largely of family parties and of children. They are unspoiled and comparatively innocent in their tastes. They take offense far more easily than Broadway at raw sex or overdone crime.

And here comes the anomaly and perplexity; Broadway yields to the motion picture business, seventy per cent of its domestic revenue, while furnishing only thirty per cent of the spectators; by the same token Main Street pays in only thirty per cent of the receipts and furnishes seventy per

(*Please turn to page* 92)

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DRUGGIST: Musterole! Rub it on his throat at once. It's a "counter-irritant."



MRS. JONES: "Counter-irritant," what's that mean?

DRUGGIST: Ma'am, a "counter-irritant" is something that draws soreness to the surface, stirs up circulation.

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Broadway vs. Main Street

(*Continued from page* 91)

cent of the audiences.

Therefore, the human and natural tendency of producers is to make big, quick clean-ups by furnishing the sort of things that Broadway likes.

But Main Street has the voting power. From that quarter come those waves of disapproval which, but for the Hays organization and its quiet, steady pressure for films better suited to old American moral ideas, might have ruined the business long ago.

So much for the "moral" aspect of motion picture regulation. I have spent five articles in sketching its history and its attitudes. Perhaps the professionals of Hollywood would say that in view of many other Hays activities toward coordinating the business, I have drawn this subject out of proportion.

But that is the point of vital interest to the picture-mad public—the kind of films we are going to get. And before I close with this topic, I must tie up one loose end which, in a previous installment, I left dangling in the air.

The gunman picture has gone its way. Like the Western, it will reappear now and then; but in its proper proportion to the regular fare of the screen.

What, after all, was its moral effect?

That species of reformer who always suspects any pleasurable human activity answers at once, "Bad, vile, awful!" On this point, the testimony seems at first a little contradictory.

A Chicago organization, above reproach for its scientific attitude, found that the average delinquent boy attends the motion picture far more often than the average model Boy Scout. That, however, may be an effect, not a cause. The delinquent boy is usually already a thief; he has the receipts of his crimes in his pocket; and he spends them on jags of motion picture attendance. He is more prone than the Boy Scout to all forms of juvenile dissipation. Probably he eats more candy.

On the other hand, Dr. William Healy, child psychiatrist of Boston, who started with the impression that the motion picture was a cause of juvenile delinquency, has wholly abandoned that idea. And whatever Dr. Healy says on his specialty deserves respectful attention; he is probably the highest authority in America.

At the height of the "gunman craze" newspapers over all the land reported cases of boys caught in crimes, such as murder, burglary and arson, who "learned it from the pictures." In the Hays office works Frank Wilstach, good, sound reporter. Hays sent him forth to investigate these instances. In the light of truth, they faded away.

The most shocking delinquent among these young criminals had never even seen a motion picture. Usually, it appeared, the motion picture detail in these news stories proceeded from the limited imaginations of unskilful reporters. The boys of my generation read "Treasure Island," found it thrilling, and began at once to play pirate. But none that I ever heard of turned pirate.

The juvenile mind does not very often make the connection between play and practical life.

It is just as fair to assume that the underworld craze had one decided moral value. It was an unconscious piece of muckraking.

With the unmatched vividness of drama, it brought home to the average American an abominable situation which underlay the splendor of our cities.

Five years ago, crowds in the poorer quarters of Chicago used to cheer Al Capone. When, a year ago, he made his final public appearance in Chicago, the same crowds booed him.

About the time that audiences tired of this highly seasoned fare, America began for the first time effectively to move against the invisible government of machine-gun and automatic pistol. Perhaps the motion picture was responsible for that.

Almost certainly, it played its part.

Frightened Lady

(*Continued from page* 63)

"You're just as lovely as you look on the screen," we said truthfully. She was wearing a wine-colored costume of peculiar woolen weave with puffed sleeves at the shoulders.

"I brought back a lot of new clothes from Paris," she said slowly, thinking about every word and finding it safe. "People liked the clothes I wore in 'A Bill of Divorcement,' so I decided to show them some more smart things in my next pictures. I think people appreciate real Paris fashions and can recognize imitations, don't you?"

But immediately after she had spoken, she set her mouth again and we could have sworn the ghosts of Coolidge and the Sphinx settled near her. A long time ago a wise old man told us that when a person is frightened, the best way to get him over that fright is to find out what is the cause of it and expose the cause to the light of simple and sane reasoning.

"Why are you afraid to talk about yourself?" we asked, boldly attacking something that might be the cause of her fright. "Have you something to hide?"

"No," she came back quickly, worrying the cap until it was out of shape, "only when I get started I talk too much. Besides, a lot of things have been given out about me by the publicity department and they're—mistakes," she said, tactfully. "The papers got me all mixed up with another Katharine Hepburn who is a society girl, and now I don't know what to do about it except keep my mouth shut. If I do make an innocent statement, it looks terrible in print. The best thing to do is not to talk. I'm new to the screen, and nobody's really interested in me. Why don't you wait until I've become famous?"

We almost swallowed our tongue in

the rush to explain that she had become famous over night with her performance in "A Bill of Divorcement," and that every one was interested in her amazing rise to stardom. "The piano-playing scene with John Barrymore—you remember—when you played the duet—that was enough to stamp you as a star," we blustered.

She laughed. It was a pleasant, rippling laugh, and sincere. She said in that cultured voice of hers, "Oh, that scene. I can't play the piano—you know, but the scene was so cleverly done that no one knew the difference. Somebody doubled for me. John and I had loads of fun doing that scene with doubles."

She popped her hand over her mouth and stared at us. "You see," she said breathlessly, "I'm talking too much. I wasn't supposed to tell that."

Before she had a chance to retire completely to silence, we asked, "About that society girl business. Aren't you really a society girl—and didn't you graduate from Bryn Mawr, and didn't some one die not long ago and leave you a few million dollars? That's what the papers said—and that's what your press agent said in Hollywood."

SHE shook her head sadly. "It's all true—but about the other girl they got me confused with. Of course—you can pay to get into the social register and get known as a society girl. But why should I do that? I'm just an average American girl—twenty-three, white, and scared to death. Can you blame me? Every one thinks I delibcrately gave those stories out about myself—so what can I do? If I deny them, people will say I got scared and I'm trying to cover up things. If I talk about them and tell the truth——"

She paused, and we burst out, "And if you tell the truth, people will forget the stories and know the real you."

Katharine considered the statement. "All right," she said, grinning, and looking about seventeen, "I'll start from the beginning.

"My father is a surgeon and a darned good one. He's a wonderful man. He came from Virginia where his father was a minister. Is that enough about my dad?" She was really at ease for the first time since we met. We could see her relaxing visibly, stretching her long legs out in front of her and settling into the swivel chair. We remembered that those long legs had caught the attention of a motion-picture scout when Katharine was playing in "The Warrior's Husband."

"Eh?" We came back to the interview with an effort. "Oh, about your mother and the rest of the family."

"Well," she was still grinning, like a kid. "Mother's really a brilliant woman. She's an excellent speaker. I remember when the fight for woman suffrage was on. Mother did a lot of fine speaking for the cause. Now," she leaned toward us, actually frightened again, "don't go and write that I'm a believer in feminism. I didn't say yes—and," grinning again with satisfaction, "I didn't say no.

"I'M one of six children—three boys and three girls.

"No one in my famliy was ever connected with the theater before," she said by way of conversation.

"About that Bryn Mawr graduation——?" we wanted to know.

Katharine turned beet color. She folded her legs under the chair and wriggled in embarrassment. "I never went to Bryn Mawr," she said in a low voice. Then, as if she felt she had been silly without cause, she said defiantly, "But I had as good an education as any one could want. I was tutored at home. My education was complete in both practical and cultural subjects."

"What about the millions you were supposed to have inherited? Any basis at all for that story?" we asked.

"No, no, no," she was emphatic. "My people are not wealthy. They're an average family in good circumstances. They've done everything they could for us children, but all parents do that. The only difference between my family and others is—well—they're eccentric. I mean—they're all artistic and—musical. All except me. I can't play any instrument. But"—her eyes shone with sincere feeling—"I'd like to be a writer. My ambition is to write something good. Something that will live."

After hearing and seeing Katharine talk about wanting to write something that will live—we don't doubt that she will. She is not only determined, she is intelligent and ambitious. She proved her strength of character when she fought her way up in the theater. It wasn't as easy to gain fame on the stage as it was in the movies.

SHE did a lot of walking around from producer's office to office before she managed to get a part in "The Big Pond." And that engagement lasted only a week. Then, glory be! She managed to get the work of understudy to Hope Williams in "Holiday." The play was a hit. It had a long run. But in all that time, do you suppose that Miss Williams took the title of her play literally and took a holiday so Katharine could play her part? She did not. She remained hale and hearty from beginning to end of the play's run—and Katharine remained hale and hearty—and unseen and unheard—as understudy to the healthy star.

Katharine's next work was in "Death Takes a Holiday" while the play was on the road on its way to Broadway. Something went wrong — Katharine didn't arrive on Broadway with the play. But she didn't sit around and brood. She declared a holiday for herself and used it to advantage. She took lessons from Mordkin, noted ballet master. She studied voice and developed the beautiful diction that was so evident in "A Bill of Divorcement." She worked so hard that when a producer needed a leading lady for "The Warrior's Husband," he signed Katharine.

We were about to gather up our rags and tell Katharine that she might be a frightened lady—but she was an interesting one—when a matter of importance plopped us down in the chair opposite her.

"Some one, an old friend of yours," we whispered, "said you were married. Is that true?"

She turned as deep a red as the color of her costume, and evaded our eyes. She drew a deep breath.

"Now, don't you go and write that I said, 'Yes, I'm married—'" she warned. We got up to leave and reached the door when her voice stopped us. "And don't you write that I said, 'No, I'm not married.'"

"Oh," we nodded, "frightened again?"

Her lips were set in the straight line once more. Her demeanor was strained. She nodded. "Yes," she answered.

Well—we still think Katharine would be lots of fun in a haunted house.

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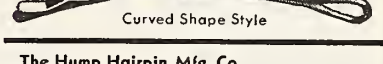
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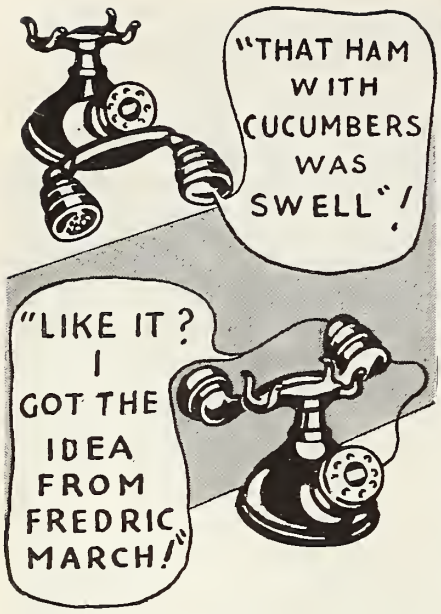
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YOU'LL feel as though you've been talking with the stars themselves when you read this Hollywood cook book. Doug Fairbanks, Jr., tells you how he likes his brown bread. Kay Johnson demonstrates the making of her favorite chocolate pie. The Gleasons tell you there's no dish more delicious than their own home-made brand of hash. There are new dishes for breakfast, lunch and dinner—every one the favorite of a famous star. Besides the recipes there are interesting snapshots of the stars at home.

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FAVORITE RECIPES of the MOVIE STARS

Tower Books, Incorporated
55 Fifth Avenue New York

Togo in Hollywood

(Continued from page 45)

"Which sort of fun?" say all.

"We are going to be photografed!"

"O, goody!" they screem and yall joyly. "We knew we would have a siprise. We are going to be photografed!"

Then down to Beach come Warner Bros, Marx Bros, RKO, and Saml. Goldwine with every sort of camerea invented by Chris Columbus. Gentlemen with blue-berry caps commence turn cranks. Hon. Ogre got very het, runing forth and back.

"Be mirth and jolly," he yall. "Get free from care and filled up with lazy summer day. Carouse your arms & legs with happy smiling in your eyes. Snapp into it. Title of this flim will be Hollywood Cutting Up, Away from Camera's Watchful Eye. All ready. Get joyful!"

Tag-play, girl-romp, frog-leap, evereybody happy. Camereas nearly broke, they was so busy.

"I should hate to live in a place like this," say Cousin Nogi, "where somebody photografs every word you say,"

But Hon. Ogre were hooping loudishly through megaphone.

"Now, go swimming. Frolick in saltish water. Splashes and Australian creeps in waves. All ready? Ha ha. Pleasant time enjoyed by all."

Then I see what was. From top side of sky a airoplane come snooping down with label News Real Photo Flim. It do so right over Hon. Con. Bennett, Delerio Del Rio and Hon. Kneel Hamilton. More emotion piction artists jump into wet; more airoplanes drop out of sky. 2 of them got wrecked, but who shall notice that? Hollywood were having fun away from noisy world which give poets a headache.

WHEN lunching were served on a tissue paper table, nailed prettily to the sand, who should come there but Hon. Frank Buck with his baby eliaphant, Senator Borah.

This Hon. Buck have made a annimle picture called "Bring Home the Alives Ones," so you can ummagine how happy that lunch was to have this enlarged mammal there, reaching for sanwiches with his prolonged nose.

But when people commence jabbing forks into food Hon. Ogre dictate, "Stop eating! We will now take a picture of Senator Borah with his trunk around Jone Blondell while all others stand in circles making whoop. Aw ready? Shoot!"

Hon. Camereas shoot rootlessly. Then everybody set down to eat pie, iced chicken & ginger Yale while Hon. Nils Asher report, "If I do not get some nurshment pretty soonly I shall stop being Hollywood's greatest lover."

"You have stopped that already," corrode Hon. Rich'd Dix.

"Who are greatest lover now?" negotiate Hon. Nils.

"The baby eliaphant," snuggest Hon. Dix.

At this joke-talk everybody make such sound of laughing Ha that 5 scientists with sound-manufactoring machines step up and photograf the noise.

Pretty soonly the food was all ate off the tissue paper table and those Jollywood happy-go-lucks set around appreciating their digestions. Pretty soonly Hon. Wallace Ford, who had not hitherly spoken, report with his best Saturday-off expression.

"Sippose we play some sort of game, just to pastime?"

"O goody, goody!" Shoutz by all.

"What are favorite game for all?" require Hon. Robt. Young.

"Postoffice," pronounce Hon. Ralf Bellamy, because he were setting benext to Hon. Helen Lee-High, the Paramount Pretty.

"No & No!" say others. "Let us play rock-on-a-duck."

"Not to do!" snagger Hon. Allah Namivosa. "That are no amusement for persons beyond 40. See advertisement."

"Feetball games are fun," decrop Hon. Jno Weissmuller with Tarzan the Ape expression.

"I will not play feetball for fear of hurting somebody," say Hon. Jant. Gaynor. "Let us play gessing games. I are It. Why are Clark Gabble like the Erie Canal?"

Everybody look very sheep.

"Why are Clark Gabble like the Erie Canal, Mrs. Bone?" require Mylvyn Duglass.

"Because he are so famus in Buffalo," negotiate Hon. Jant Gaynor with Sonny Brook Farm expression.

"Farely good. Farely good," say Hon. Clodette Colebar. "But why can't we find some sorta game we all like eckwally without getting our brows so high."

Some snuggest marbles, others pinkpong, yet others hide-and-go-peep. Nobody look axited. Then in spoke Hon. Klyve Brook, fixing his knecktie so it would look very British Army.

"I got an I. D.!!!"

"What is?" This from all.

"Let's all get photografed!"

"O, Klyve, you are a genius! Hurray for Klyve! He always think up some new game that will be fun and everything."

Joy-squeaks heard on all sides. There were not a idle lipstick in that whole congregation. They crouch together in family groops with studio expression.

"Camereas this way!" holla Hon. Geo. F. Ogre.

So they was photografed.

WHEN me & Nogi was going homewds in firniture vann to tuck away the clothes Miss Caramel Sweet did not ware, my depraved Japanese Cousin say disjointly:

"Why are humman nature so humman?"

"Are this another gessing game?" I ask to know.

"It are," he nudge. "But there are no answer. Yet I ask it: Why should Photo Folks go to a picknick just to get in a photograf?"

For this I report, "Why should a plummer spend all Sundy in a bathtubb?"

"I ask to know," say Cousin Nogi. "But most of those Famus Folks we saw today have got so many pictures of theyselves they could not sell them for 500% of what they cost. Byt look at me," dement Nogi.

I do so.

"And look at you."

I attemp to do so.

"We shall never get a picture took of us in this life and the next," he corrode. "Today when all those photo machinery filled up the sea & ocean I

stood there looking ezackly like Hon. Robt. Mungummery till they all yall at me, 'Disappear, please. You are wrecking the Cumposition.'"

"When you got Nothing," I dib, "you always keep it."

"I got a pain in the heart about a yg lady in Los Angels," mone Cousin Nogi." Her name are Miss Suzi Oki, and I would give 10c to send her my face with passion-motto, 'Regards from Hollywood, Sleeping Under Blankets.'"

Just then, while passing road, we see one stingy small house with sign befront of it:

SWEETHEART PHOTO STUDIO
WE TAKE TIN TRYPES
PRICE 10c

"Oh what chance for me!" holla Cousin Nogi while jumping.

"Pumitt me to help you," I snarrel & put pants-kick on him; thusly in one (1) bounce he almost reach Sweetheart Studio. When lastly I saw him he were looking at smallish sign on door, CLOSED TILL XMAS 1945.

Hoping you are the same

Yours truly,
Hashimura Togo.

Radio City

(*Continued from page* 33)

Washington to her plump bosom to save it from the pestiferous British, those same twelve acres were the wonder of the times.

Upon them flourished the first botanical garden in America, with plants from everywhere, and a sight to see.

The Elgin Botanic Garden—only a legend now—was the creation of a celebrated citizen, social light and unselfish patriot who, like Rockefeller, dreamed his dreams.

But Dr. David Hosack wasn't blessed with the Rockefeller millions, nor did he have an Owen Young nor a Samuel Lionel Rothafel at his call.

He went broke, stout fellow though he was, and the State took his garden and handed it over to Columbia University forever and a day.

And from Columbia Rockefeller takes his lease clear to the year 2015. Much of the income that the great university on Morningside Heights will draw well into the 21st century will come from the group of eleven buildings of business offices, theaters, foreign retail centers, restaurants, government bureaus, radio broadcasting studios and more than a mile of glittering shops.

Every square foot of it, every brick piled upon brick, is a ringing challenge to the future—the bravest of defiances to hard luck and hard times—a wager of two hundred and fifty million dollars that the ten thousand devils of mischance and misfortune can't put a crimp into American courage and enterprise.

* * *

Roxy tells me—and I think he prophesies well and truly—that the two theaters are the most significant part of the whole stupendous enterprise, and that they and the new and brilliant entertainment they will supply comprise the very heart of the bold, brave bid which these gallant captains I have named are making for a new prosperity, Rockefeller, Young, Harbord, Sarnoff, Aylesworth, and Roxy—six redoubtable spirits that won't be licked and can't be licked.

Their bid for better times—and it's just that—is the finest entertainment that the world ever saw on the grandest and most elaborate scale the world ever saw and in the most luxurious and beautiful quarters the world ever saw.

Said Roxy, all aglow, "We have got to hit 'em in the eye! Quickly! With a terrific punch! Dizzy 'em, dazzle 'em—make 'em comfortable, make 'em happy, make 'em laugh. Their hearts are our target! Watch us go!"

On the twenty-seventh of December Roxy's International Music Hall, with its sixty-seven hundred seats, and Roxy's RKO Photoplay House, with its thirty-seven hundred—and each as astonishingly restful and intimate, for all of its splendiferous, modern glories, as some neat little Broadway playhouse, will go into throbbing action, with the greatest master of entertainment in all America, yes, the greatest in all the world, breathing his spirit into both.

* * *

WHO on earth is this amazing fellow who is hailed 'round the world by one name, like a king or a camera or a flivver?

Into his fifty years he has crowded baseball playing, bartending, service with the United States Marines (the real thing, under fire) and a long, hard struggle not from the ground but from the very cellar clear up to the pinnacle of the show business.

He is Roxy.

Five million people have written letters to him. His was the best known voice in America during the first great flush of radio.

Stillwater, Minnesota, was his birthplace. The only schooling he ever got was ended at thirteen when his parents moved to New York and little Sam went to work for two dollars a week in a Fourteenth Street department store.

He was a liability to commerce as a cashboy and drew the pink slip pretty pronto. After that he drifted from one thing to another—thin dimes and slim pickings—until a very pressing need for three squares and a payday sent him to a recruiting officer of the United States Marines.

He saw fighting in the Caribbean and in South America and was mustered out a high corporal in the rear rank, with a medal that he wouldn't trade for a million dollars today. Ask him.

Once more it was hard going for young Samuel Lionel Rothafel until he found that there were more buyers for beer than books.

So he tied on an apron and went to tending bar in a miners' saloon in Forest City, Pennsylvania.

Like a bolt from the blue, inspiration came to young Sam.

He went to the town undertaker and rented, on credit, two hundred camp chairs. He bought a bedsheet. He made a motion picture theater out of the back room of the saloon.

When there was a funeral there was no show. He tried out an orchestra of twelve pieces after the nickels began to come in and found that music soothed no savage breasts in Forest City.

Grabbing an opportunity to take over the Alhambra Theater in Milwaukee, he met the divine Bernhardt and to her poured out the burning ambitions and

(*Please turn to page* 96)



"He is a fine fellow – but *did you see his hat!*"

"Jim is a nice chap—always pleasant, fine personality, very entertaining and nicely dressed too, all but his hat. I can't understand why a man will be so careless now that Handy Hatter is offered for ten cents.

Everyone of those unsightly spots can be removed in a few minutes with this marvelous new powder. You simply rub it on and brush it off. It cleans like magic and leaves no ring. Handy Hatter really cleans spots and soil from fine felt hats. It has been used for more than 15 years by a leading hat manufacturer.

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ZIP Epilator—IT'S OFF because IT'S OUT only $1
Permanently Destroys Hair

Radio City

(*Continued from page 95*)

enthusiasms of his heart.

The great actress saw clear down into the soul of the boy and told him to plunge. He did.

He gave Milwaukee its motion pictures in such de luxe musical settings that they heard of him in New York and called him to a theater in Harlem.

It was nineteen-thirteen that the first "Temple of the Movies," the Strand, was built on Broadway. Roxy was made its manager.

After that his career became one explosion of success after another. He took the Rialto, the Rivoli and the Capitol in his stride, and when they began to build cathedrals and call them picture houses it was no time at all until one was called "Roxy." You've heard of it.

And as naturally as the sun rises, the men who made Rockefeller Center and Radio City called him in to plan, to build and to direct its two theaters.

They gave him a signed check with the amount blank and told him to go to it.

HE'S really unbelievable, this gentleman who set an utterly new fashion and standard in the showing of motion pictures.

Without exaggeration, he changed by his radio broadcasts, the musical tastes of a nation. Yet he can't read a note of music.

A marvellous memory and instinctive musical feeling enable him to conduct orchestras and accurately and poetically interpret the spirit of the masters.

More than a little he resembles Mussolini, not only facially but in the indomitable determination whose only motto is: "It can be done!"

Few things make him peevish, but one of the things that do is for a lieutenant to turn up with the lament that something or other is too difficult to accomplish. That makes him wild.

He got his nickname, his famous "Roxy," when he was playing semi-pro baseball. His captain couldn't pronounce his name (Rothapfel it was then) and he yelled in his excitement, "Slide, Roxy, slide!"

So Roxy has been sliding to the home plate ever since.

He says he is superstitious in one respect only. He won't begin a venture on any day but Friday! Yet I noticed, when I was trailing along after him through his overpowering and appalling International Music Hall, that he carefully avoided walking under a ladder.

He's crazy about hot dogs and hamburger steak sandwiches, has one slang expression which trips frequently from his tongue: "Applesauce," an expression for which he finds active use, and he loves to play golf and handball.

His is the finest type of executive mind. He conceives plans and delegates performance, giving to his aides the widest latitude.

He works at present in a tremendous office on the eighth floor of the Palace Theatre Building, with S. Jay Kauffman, one-time newspaper columnist, as his man Friday and loyal buffer—an office of dignified luxury.

He likes to sit under dim lights. He is one of those rarest of creatures an intensely practical dreamer.

IN the RKO Photoplay Theater, with its thirty-seven hundred seats, he will put on motion pictures and variety, with the Roxy trimmings.

In the gigantic International Music Hall he will put on everything from grand opera and spectacles to the neatest trick in toe-dancing, also with the Roxy trimmings.

Whatever seems good to him. Not what the public wants, but what *Roxy* wants. That's the point, and a whale of a big and important point it is.

Listen to what he told me as we wandered through the great new music hall:

"That line, 'Give the public what it wants,' is just plain applesauce," said Roxy. "You can't know because *they* don't know.

"I give them what I like. I'm just average human.

"What pleases me, amuses me, thrills me—takes me out of the dull commonplaces and realities that all of us are eager to escape from—will please the public.

"That's the big lesson experience has taught me. Here in these two theaters my target will be the human heart.

"That's what I shall shoot at every day in the year.

"Today the taste of the mass of people everywhere is just about the same. The automobile wiped out distances and differences between country and city. Radio has gone even farther.

"Ten years ago what went over big in New York might well be a flop in Toledo. That's all past now. The provinces and 'sticks' have disappeared.

"Today we have one public, responding to the same appeals, in the same manner.

"Maybe New York has a top layer of sophistication. Some producers appeal to that for temporary success, with productions carrying innuendo or suggestiveness of flip wise-cracking.

"But I have gambled all my life, and am about to make the biggest gamble of all here in Radio City, on the fact that romance and sentiment are what people are really hungry for.

"They must laugh, of course. But they yearn to flee from their everyday lives into an enchanted land of romance and imagination. And that they will find in the fullest measure in these two houses.

"The public is hungry for splendid entertainment. That is what I will give them or crack up in the attempt. And I don't expect to crack.

"Show business is in bad shape. It is all messed up. It doesn't know where it is going. Show people are blue and downhearted. They really needn't be.

"This depression in the business of entertainment will pass and pass in a very short time, in my humble judgment.

"The point is, that our big job here in Radio City, in these two theaters is to make it pass as rapidly as possible; to inspire the public with a new zest for the best in entertainment. That is what we are aiming at.

"That is why this project is so tremendously important.

"We have set ourselves to lead the theater out of the bog, and by heck! that we are going to do!"

New Pictures You Should See and Why

(*Continued from page* 59)

most of them don't have very much to do. Bebe Daniels, Warner Baxter, George Brent and Guy Kibbee head the list. Better go and see it, and, if you don't know the real story that lurks down the street from which it takes its name, you'll like it well enough.

JUST A WOMAN—(Radio)—Irene Dunne has struck her stride. In "Cimarron" she probably did the best first job achieved by any actress. Then came several shows that hardly gave her a chance. "Back Street" put her back at the top and now she comes through again in "Just a Woman," a show not at all unlike the novel by Miss Fannie Hurst.

Irene plays opposite Charles Bickford in a story of a mill-worker who through her aid works up to a position at the top of the steel industry. With the business world conquered he turns his eyes toward social heights and with the help of blond Gwili Andre attempts the climb.

Meanwhile, Irene watches and waits for him with an understanding that reaches out from the screen and literally squeezes the tears out of you. When finally, through her efforts and sympathy, he struggles back up again from the depths, you sit back with a sigh, wipe your eyes, and say to yourself that you are glad there are at least a few actresses like Irene Dunne.

There is an excellent cast in support. In addition to Charles Bickford and Gwili Andre, there are Eric Linden, Christian Rub, and Leila Bennett in support of the star.

FRISCO JENNY—(First National)—Miss Chatterton should thank First National for putting her in a story in which she has an opportunity to act as she really can. Whether you like the show or not depends upon your taste, but Ruth Chatterton does the best job, in your reviewer's opinion, since "Madame X."

LAWYER MAN — (Warner Brothers)—This one is darn near a great picture. Bill Powell learned how to play lawyer when he did "For the Defense" for Paramount and he does quite a little better with this rôle. The trouble is that the story just isn't so good.

Powell plays an attorney that through his ability rises to the top of the heap. Then he meets the woman, played by Joan Blondell, and the rest is easy. He skids, goes to the dogs and is brought back by the love of Joan.

THE WAX MUSEUM — (Warner Brothers)—There is a great movie lurking in this idea and though "Wax Museum" is nothing less than ghastly in a couple of scenes, it still has a new and thrilling story that is well worth seeing if your picture-going activities call for this sort of stuff.

The story starts in the world-famed wax museum of Madame Tussaud and moves from there to New York. While it is certainly no picture for the children, it carries a punch that holds your attention and there are several scenes that you won't soon forget.

Lionel Atwill, well-known stage star, is supported by Glenda Farrell, Frank McHugh and Fay Wray. Michael Curtiz directed.

THE PENGUIN POOL MURDER—(Radio)—The story by Stuart Palmer is better than the average mystery yarn and Edna May Oliver as the school "marm" who refuses to believe in anything until she has proved it herself, makes the show well worth seeing.

The whole idea is based on a murder committed in the penguin pool of the New York Aquarium. Edna May Oliver has her class of youngsters there at the time and positively refuses to let the course of justice run awry.

SECOND-HAND WIFE — (Fox) — You'll probably see this one on a double bill and it is about all that it deserves. It is the story of just another big business man who is misunderstood by his wife and capably appreciated by his secretary. The story is just about the same as the rest of them.

Ralph Bellamy plays the lead, but there isn't an awful lot that he can do with the idea.

LET'S GO—(M-G-M)—If you care for Bill Haines you'll probably like the show, though, as far as I am concerned, there is no other reason.

It is another speedboat picture, of which there have been several of late, and there are a couple of shots that, if they were not faked, must have given someone chills and fevers while they were being made.

Harry Pollard had charge of the direction and Cliff Edwards has plenty to do with obtaining most of the laughs. Bill Haines is good enough, and, were I using the star system, I'd sit down and worry whether to give two stars or three.

You can take anyone to see it that you care to. It won't matter that much.

LAUGHTER IN HELL — (Universal)—If Universal had been able to film this story as it was written by Jim Tully, it would have been something worth seeing from an educational angle alone. As it is, the producers had to temper the tirades of the fiery Tully and there is still remaining far more meat than the average author dares to insert into his movie plots.

Jim Tully paints the Southland as he sees it and dares anyone to make anything out of it. Universal did its best and the result is something better than an average program picture.

Pat O'Brien, Merna Kennedy, Berton Churchill, Gloria Stuart and Tom Brown, head the cast with Clarence Muse, the colored actor in a prominent part.

PHANTOM FAME—(Radio)—You ought to be amused by this show. Lee Tracy and Lupe Velez let you in on a couple of things about show business that you really shouldn't know.

It's fast stuff. Tracy takes Lupe out of a carnival side show and builds her up into a Broadway favorite. Then

(*Please turn to page* 98)



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New Pictures You Should See and Why

(*Continued from page 97*)

the old High-hat comes into the picture and Tracy works as hard to break her as he did to build her.

It really is funny stuff, with Lupe a little more human than she usually is. Boy, oh boy, what legs that girl has.

Only big little boys and girls should be allowed to see this one.

HE LEARNED ABOUT WOMEN—(Paramount) — Paramount probably doesn't ask for an awful lot of credit for producing this one. When you make eighty pictures a year, I suppose it's okay if a few of them aren't so good, and this one certainly doesn't need any apologies of that sort.

Stuart Erwin is an excellent comic and Alison Skipworth, the Paramount Marie Dressler, is only a little less effective than her M-G-M rival. After all, there is only one Marie.

EMPLOYEES' ENTRANCE — (First National)—Edward G. Robinson is supposed to have turned down this story and Warren William would have done better had he followed suit.

Though the show is good enough and should entertain anyone not too hard to please, it is one of the toughest rôles for a star that this reviewer has ever seen. Maybe William can stand it, but at the same time, it seems to me to be the sort of thing that we, as the public, would rather forget about. Maybe it happens, but we don't have to look at it when we're trying to forget work at the movies.

NAGANA—(Universal)—"Nagana" means "sleeping sickness". After looking at about sixty minutes' worth of motion picture, that is about all that your reviewer learned and between you and me, he could have done without it.

It seems that three doctors venture into the African jungle to discover a serum that will cure the dreaded sleeping sickness. Instead of that, they discover Tala Birell who does a pretty good job of proving that no three doctors living are proof against a pretty woman, and Tala is certainly that.

Not so good for anyone who isn't old enough to think for himself. Look out. . . . Nagana will get you . . . maybe you, brother, but not me.

PIER 13—(Fox)—Raoul Walsh, who, you may remember, played the marine sergeant in "Rain" with Gloria Swanson, was given this show to direct and he has done something that is well off the beaten path of every-day film production.

Spencer Tracy, on his ability to entertain, should have been one of the biggest stars in the business many years ago. In this opus he is as good as ever and, for once, has a rôle into which he can sink his teeth. After "Twenty Thousand Years in Sing Sing" Mr. Tracy should be well up among the favorites.

Joan Bennett is the girl friend, and helps to tide over a few rather trite spots in the story.

It's entertainment all right, and it happens in a locale that you haven't seen in pictures until now.

MEN OF AMERICA—(Radio)—Bill Boyd has his chance to be stronger and more heroic than he has ever been before, and he makes the most of it. There is more murder and sudden death per square inch to this picture than to any of the action dramas of late and for those who like action, without much rhyme or reason, this is a show to see.

The idea is good enough. It concerns a small town in Southern California, in which a group of emigrants band together to nonplus a visiting band of gangsters. Charles "Chic" Sale adds much to the value of the show.

Ralph Ince directs, and, as he usually does, plays an important rôle in the show.

The youngsters will eat this one up.

MAN AGAINST WOMAN—(Columbia)—They've made another policeman out of Jack Holt. No kidding, this particular actor has put in more hours on the beat than any cop I've heard about.

This time Mr. Holt portrays a strong silent member of New York's finest who would rather take his club to a fellow than talk it over quietly.

Most of the picture is pretty ordinary stuff, but there are a couple of kicks in the last reel that are worth your notice.

Okay for the whole family, if they don't want too much.

BORN TO FIGHT—(Fox)—Do you remember Rin-Tin-Tin? If you love dog pictures you'll get a great kick out of "Born to Fight." Apart from El Brendel and Son O' Dawn, the new dog star, there is not much to the show, but there is plenty for all dog lovers.

Onslow Stevens and Janet Chandler have the featured rôles and Son O' Dawn is a wonderful animal.

GOLDIE GETS ALONG—(Radio)—RKO saw the crying need and stepped into the picture with a complete vindication of "Miss America". She was just a sweet kid who didn't know how she stirred the imaginations of her boy friends. Lili Damita, hardly fills the bill as my idea of Miss America, but she must certainly stir the imagination, or she would if it were my knee she was sitting on.

Apart from the luscious Lili, there is little out of the ordinary about this show. However, it moves briskly and is pretty fair entertainment if you are interested in this sort of thing.

ROBBERS' ROOST — (Fox) — Zane Grey's stories all seem to be admirably suited to the screen and those who care for Westerns should thank their lucky stars for stories like "Robbers' Roost."

You can bet your bottom dollar that any time George O'Brien is in a show there will be one good fight and plenty of action. There is all of that, and quite some more, in "Robbers' Roost" and together with the charms of Maureen O'Sullivan, this makes enough to satisfy you or anyone else.

If you don't have to walk too far, you'd better see this one.

Hollywood Cook-Coos

(*Continued from page* 49)

"A new wrinkle in femme form flashes is synthetic hips made of lamb's wool by an undercover modiste in Hollywood, who is reported supplying fake flesh to several film femmes noted for physical allures."—Variety.

"The period through which we are passing justifies the American system of individual enterprise."—Secretary of War Hurley.

Guy—Did your last boy friend give you long kisses?
Gal—Yes. Once on a lonely country road he kissed me, and when I opened my eyes, they had put up a skyscraper across the street.—Film Fun.

"The great disaster of our civilization is the morbid hatred of sex."—D. H. Lawrence.

"Hollywood is filled with voluptuous women who rely on their beauty to get them somewhere."—Cecil B. DeMille.

"If all producers want me to do is register It and show my underwear, they can keep their contracts."—Clara Bow.

"The educational influence of motion pictures has revolutionized small town life."—Will Hays.

"Sexy pictures are wholly indecent."—Miss Mary Doyle of Ashley Street, Hartford, Conn.

"Sex appeal is really nothing more than innocence and simplicity."—Fan Mag.

"It has virtually come to the point that fewer clothes mean a lesser chance for external cancer."—Dr. J. C. Bloodgood of Johns Hopkins.

"Daughters of the American Revolution have gone on record as permanently opposed to showing lingerie in motion pictures."—News item.

"Paramount has taken up its option on Mae West."—Trade paper.

"Animal pictures threaten to flood the film market."—Trade paper item.

Censors when they get a skinful
Are apt to cut up something sinful.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS DEPARTMENT

NOTE—*By special arrangement with The Brown Derby Restaurant, we have obtained first rights to all information scribbled on table-cloths. We sort over the soiled table linen and thus find answers to many of the questions submitted by followers of what we lovingly call the "Silver Screen." True, some of the answers are smudgy—yes, even coffee stained. But what does it matter, if we love our work?*

QUESTION:
Has the depression brought the movie people to their senses—have they
(*Please turn to page* 100)

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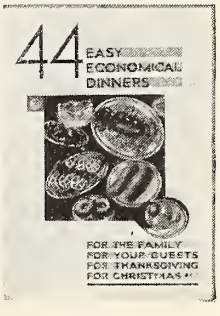
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YOUR throat and bronchial tubes are lined with millions of pores like tiny bottles continually supplying moisture to the delicate tissues... *until you "catch cold."*

Then these "bottles" get plugged up, phlegm accumulates, affording dangerous germs a breeding place. Your throat feels hot and dry. Tickling, irritation and coughing set in.

Your cough will be cured only when the flow of the natural fluids is increased, loosening the phlegm so that it can be expelled. Many cough "remedies" contain numbing drugs which merely deaden the nerves . . . but don't get at the root of the trouble.

PERTUSSIN, a scientific remedy, which doctors have prescribed for many years, is the extract of a famous herb which opens the tiny glands, stimulates the flow of the throat's *natural* moisture and brings quick relief. It helps nature heal that awful cough from the inside out.

When you feel that warning dryness take a few spoons of PERTUSSIN. It's absolutely safe. Sold at all drug stores, 60¢.

FREE Is your cough serious? Send for interesting small phonograph record and find out. Reproduces characteristic sounds of different coughs. Mail coupon to "PERTUSSIN," 440 Washington St., New York City. Dept. TM-1

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FREE INTRODUCTORY BOOK

Overcome YOUR daily obstacles. Why struggle along, merely existing? The practical, modern teachings of the ROSICRUCIANS are uplifting, containing principles of psychology showing you how to attain MASTERSHIP of YOURSELF. The Free Book, "Wisdom of the Sages," will be sent to *sincere students only* without obligation. It will tell how you may receive this knowledge for study. Learn to really live!

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New Easy Way
A neat job instantly. No damage to woodwork. No tools needed. Set of eight colored clips to match your cords, 10c.
JUSTRITE PUSH-CLIP
10 Cents
FITS BACK OF BASEBOARD OR MOULDING
At Most Woolworth Stores



Old Money and stamps WANTED

POST YOURSELF! It pays! I paid J. D. Martin, Virginia, $200 for a single copper cent. Mr. Manning, New York, $2,500 for one silver dollar Mrs. G. F. Adams $740 for a few old coins. I want all kinds of old coins, medals, bills and stamps. I pay big cash premiums.

WILL PAY $100 FOR DIME

1894 S. Mint; $50 for 1913 Liberty Head Nickel (not buffalo) and hundreds of other amazing prices for coins. Get in touch with me. Send 4c for Large Illustrated Coin Folder and further particulars. It may mean much profit to you. Write today to

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Dept. 122 — FORT WORTH, TEXAS
(Largest Rare Coin Establishment in U. S.)

Hollywood Cook-Coos

(*Continued from page 99*)

scaled down their pretentious standards of living?

Henrietta Brazil.

ANSWER:
Yes. One star still pays $20 an ounce for perfume, and calls in an interior decorator to set the table, but she makes her husband go without cream in his coffee.

QUESTION:
Why did sweet and lovely June Saccharine get a divorce?

Curious.

ANSWER:
Because when her husband was drunk she never let him kiss her, and when he was sober he never tried to kiss her.

QUESTION:
Is there anything worse than being married to an actor?

Admirer.

ANSWER:
Yes. Being married to a man who just thinks he is an actor.

Movie gals with fussy maters
Do not play our best the-ay-ters

AND SO IT GOES

"Jackie Cooper is so devoted to his piano lessons that he is practicing on a piano in a set at the studio."—Press agent item.

"Jackie Cooper has developed a decided reluctance to enter his living room since his mother has started him at piano lessons."—Press agent item.

Be that as it may, there's always enough creative talent around a studio to produce plenty of discord.

Add similes—
Pie-eyed as a Mack Sennett casting director.

ALTHOUGH we guarantee the information below, it is obtained from sources we believe unreliable—

La Tashman took two ole ermine wraps and had an upholsterer cover a coupla chairs with them . . . her piano is white, too . . . with pink taffeta flounces to the floor . . . 'Swunnerful what a woman can do with odds and ends . . . particularly odds . . . And Joan Crawford is riding around in a gorgeously fitted up Ford roadster, with uniformed chauffeur . . . Charlie Ruggles and Neil Hamilton go back and forth from the studios on bicycles . . . Clark Gable plays tennis on the public courts with a studio janitor . . . Mae West had a pet monkey sent out from New York . . . Clara Bow has a pack of pet trader rats . . . they take things out of bureau drawers but always leave something else in place of what they carry away . . . Joe Mankiewicz autographed his photo for Grover Jones thus: "To dear Grover, without whose constant help and advice I would be twice as far in the motion picture industry" . . . Under an assumed name, wealthy Howard Hughes is working as co-pilot on a trans-continental plane for $250 a month . . . wants first-hand picture material . . . Neil Hamilton posed for a cover on the Thanksgiving number of the Satiddyevepost eleven years ago . . . and later for Chesterfield ads . . . Frank Morgan used to be a cowpuncher in New Mexico . . . Mae Clarke jerked sodas in an Atlantic City drug store . . . And Lew Cody woiked in a drug store in Waterville, Maine . . . Roland Young has neckties made from the same material as his suits . . . Cecil DeMille is an expert at archery . . . A strip of successful horse-laugh film owned by George Meeker, actor, has been sold over and over again for insertions . . . and netted its owner more than $50,000 . . . he also rents out a donkey bray . . . and a buzzing bee . . . Government has ruled that Tia Juana gambling losses may be deducted from gross incomes . . . Warners have bought screen rights to Joyce's "Ulysses" . . . *tk . . . tsk . . . tsk . . .*

And one thing more . . . stop the presses! . . . Constance Bennett likes corn on the cob.

Ad in Hollywood paper:
My tailor, for many years, has had the good grace to sue me for three unsatisfactory suits which were never accepted and are still in his possession. Thought you might like to know, in case you need a tailor.

LEW CODY.

Love nests, husbands and collusion
Add to Hollywood's confusion.

Paramount has been looking around for a "lion man" to appear in "King of the Jungle" and make a monkey out of "Tarzan."

Even to the casual observer, it must be apparent that there is a large number of animals. So the new vistas are colossal.

Why doesn't somebody write a story about elephants for Fatty Arbuckle's comeback?

WHY DO YOU SMILE, MONA LISA?

"The humble opinion of a high school girl revealed in her sincere fan letter is more valuable than the criticism of all the experts put together."—Carl Laemmle, Jr.

Hollywood's a funny town—
You'd like it.
Standards there are upside down—
You'd like it.
The men are queer, the gals are queerer,
They're quite content if they've got a mirror,
The gin is bad and the beer is nearer—
You'd like it.

—Wm. Wiley.

Be that as it may, Loew's Weekly says:
"Vicki Baum worked for one year as a chambermaid in a Berlin hotel to get the atmosphere and material for her story and play, 'Grand Hotel.'"

And Preston Sturges likes to tell about the conference between the director and the producer.

Director—We have to be very careful about the actress we cast in this part. She must be inscrutable.

Producer—I don't see what difference that makes to us so long as she can act.

Playtime

(*Continued from page* 65)

could have been happy together if it hadn't been for his terrific pride," she said. She meant Bert Lytell, you know.

Claire was elated because Lily Pons had seen her at the Cocoanut Grove and had asked that she be invited to Jeanette's party.

Helen Hayes wore a Nile green silk, softly draped as to bodice, with a tight skirt, and green slippers, and a little Empress Eugenie hat of silk matching the dress.

She is looking forward to playing "The White Sister" with great interest. She said that her little daughter always cried for California when they were away, which gave her a good excuse to her New York friends for wanting to come West.

Ernst Lubitsch was paying marked attention to Ann Harding all evening, and though they were ostensibly discussing books and plays, the director's admiration was quite evident.

But I think Ann is taking all men's homage quite calmly. She loved her husband, Harry Bannister, deeply, and I am sure tried her best to keep her home intact. But fate willed otherwise.

RAMON NOVARRO was there with shaven head, for his rôle in "The Son-Daughter," and he said he did not need to wear any make-up to look Chinese. And when he donned his little Chinese cap, he did indeed look Oriental.

Ramon sang some of his lovely Spanish songs, accompanying himself on the piano, and Lily Pons listened appreciatively, and led the applause.

Included in the list of guests were Edgar Allen Woolf, Jeanne Devalque, Frederick Schant, Jr., Geoffrey Shurlock, Mr. and Mrs. Ned Marin, Mr. and Mrs. Rufus LeMaire, Henri Didot, Consul of France, Georges Jomier, Lothar Mendez, James Creelman, Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Selwyn, Winfield Sheehan, Mel Shauer, Marian Spitzer, Harlan Thompson, Haughton Bickerton, the artist, who is painting Novarro's portrait, Al Kauffman, Moss Hart and others.

JOHNNY WARBURTON, the English actor, is thoroughly establishing himself in Hollywood. He has taken Nils Asther's house with his mother and decided to give a quiet little housewarming.

Estelle Taylor was a sort of assistant hostess, she being a friend of Warburton and his mother.

Estelle, always poised and charmingly at ease, looked lovely in a black dinner gown, the skirt tight, made of crepe satin, and the bodice of Spanish lace. Estelle said it had been an ancient Spanish mantilla, reported once to have been in the family of a Spanish king.

An hospitable host was Mr. Warburton, and he made us all feel happily at home—Betty Compson, Eddie Sutherland, Christian Rub, Audrey Henderson, Frank Morgan, Gregory Ratcliffe, Frank Lawton, Paul Weiser, once a heavyweight champion in Canada, and his bride, the former Eve Thurston.

Johnny Warburton, being a conventional English soul, began to tremble when in Hollywood fashion a number of unexpected guests turned up, he fearing that his dinner table wouldn't

(*Please turn to page* 102)



Like finest needlework . . . .

You can scarcely believe they are paper . . . these lovely American Lace Doilies! Exact duplicates of costly art needlework, even to the little irregularities of stitching. Suitable for your most elaborate dinners, yet inexpensive . . . you can use them every day. Many styles, sizes and shapes from which to select.

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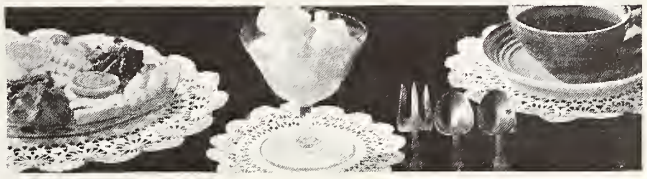
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WHICH IS *your favorite* SALAD DRESSING?

Do you like your lettuce leaves tossed in a blend of oil and vinegar with a dash of paprica, a whisk of salt and sugar, or do you go in for cooked salad dressings? Our Food Editor is planning some salad articles for the near future, and if you will answer these questions it will help us to give you exactly the type of salad dressing recipes you prefer.

Do you buy your salad dressing?

.....

Do you make your salad dressing?

.....

Do you prefer an oil salad dressing?

.....

Do you prefer a cooked salad dressing?

.....

Comments on salad dressings.....

.....

For your courtesy in answering these questions you may choose any two of the following circulars:

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One Course Refreshments

All Purpose Menus

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55 Fifth Avenue New York City



In the New MOVIE ALBUM

Photos of the STARS, STIRRING SCENES from their FAVORITE FILMS

Do you remember Richard Dix in that great picture, "Cimarron"? Did you see that other famous Richard—Dick Barthelmess—fly in "The Dawn Patrol"? If you saw "Anna Christie," will you ever forget the thrill of hearing Greta Garbo speak? You'll do a lot of remembering as you turn the pages of The New Movie Album. Besides the many unusual photographs, it shows you a dramatic moment in each star's favorite rôle.

Canadian Orders 15c



TOWER BOOKS
Incorporated
55 Fifth Ave.
New York

Playtime

(*Continued from page* 101)

accommodate everybody. But Estelle, wise in such occasions from experience, went into the kitchen, briskly encouraged the worried servants, and advised John to turn the affair into a buffet supper.

"The housewarming is getting hotter than you expected," Estelle remarked.

During dinner Estelle told amusingly of the fight in Clara Bow's picture, "Call Her Savage," between Clara and Thelma Todd. Clara evidently surprised Thelma by landing on her with both fists, and then Thelma lighted in, too. It seems that somebody was supposed to step in between the actresses and stop them—but imagine their chagrin when nobody did!

"And Clara said," Estelle told us, "'I wouldn't have minded so much, only Thelma kept my face out of the camera all the while!'"

WHEN Leo Carrillo gives a barbecue, everybody goes who can possibly wangle an invitation; and as Leo is very hospitable, loving people, and saying, if you ask him if you can bring five friends, "Oh, yes, please bring ten friends," his barbecues, down at his ranch in Santa Monica Canyon, are crowded and gay affairs.

Everybody had been asked, that afternoon, to wear something Spanish, and while some of the guests' ideas of "something Spanish" were rather farfetched, (Mae Clarke wore pink-and-blue pajamas, and Maude Eburn made herself up as a Spanish caballero, boots, spurs, mustache and all), the effect was a festive one. It might have been a gala day in old Spanish times.

Our host kissed all the feminine guests as they arrived, and Tom Brown pretended—or did he pretend?—fierce jealousy when Leo kissed Joan Marsh.

We were gathered sociably under the big sycamores when we suddenly jumped at the sound of a loud tooting.

The gates swung wide and in marched a procession composed of a padre, then a Spanish orchestra, and finally a vehicle that looked like a bus. A head, crowned with a plumed hat looking suspiciously like a headpiece worn by members of a secret order, poked itself from a front window.

The head was Buster Keaton's, but Buster declared the hat was a part of his Admiral's costume. He then revealed a gold-epauletted coat, gold-headed sabre, regimental trousers—and the vehicle he said, was his land yacht. Lew Cody was with him, and both alighted after the padre, who turned out to be Harry Holman, well-known variety actor, and the Spanish orchestra had been duly greeted.

The land yacht really should be called the Prancing Palace or something, it is so compactly complete in its appointments, and Buster is enjoying it immensely. There are a couple of berths with rubber mattresses, a tiny dressing room, a little dining room, a galley for cooking, an ice-box and a little drawing room.

Tom Mix and his pretty wife were there, Tom wearing his white sombrero but quite evidently jealous over Leo's hat.

Miriam Jordan was looking at everything in wide-eyed wonderment, as this was her first Hollywood party.

Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey were among the guests, and evidently are all friendly once more.

Thelma Todd proudly introduced her handsome Spanish husband, Pasquella DeCicco, saying he was "Spanish enough so that she didn't need to wear anything else that was Spanish."

John Wayne looked resplendent in a Spanish señor's buckskin suit, and was attentive to Astrid Allwyn.

Polly Moran was there. She said she had tried her best to look Spanish, but just couldn't keep the Irish out of it. And Wallace Beery and his wife told of their latest air adventure, when they had to alight far out in the desert.

Gloria Shea walked down the sunlit paths with Arthur Pierson. Bryan Foy told us how his youngest brother, young Eddie, is improving at last after his long months in a hospital. Jose Mojica, Fox's popular Spanish star, brought his mother. Pat O'Brien and his wife told Leo they were jealous of his beautiful estate. Nina Quartero and her handsome brother Jack wandered about the place, taking in the marvelous effects Leo has managed to achieve with the little stream, the water-falls, the ferns, the trees, the wild flowers. And we all had a look at the adobe dwelling he is building on a ledge of the hill which overlooks his canyon grounds.

"A HOUSEWARMING held outdoors!" exclaimed Nancy Carroll. "Well, that's all right. I like it better that way."

So did all of us that Sunday afternoon at the Victor McLaglen acres in La Canada, where, in the tea-house and on the lawns and under the trees were gathered the guests. The English style house had opened its hospitable arms to us, but somehow we all preferred the lovely mountain air outside.

Only Victor and Mrs. McLaglen said they didn't quite know where to receive, because guests were pouring in at both the gates, and always paused on the little rise of ground to exclaim at the beauty of their surroundings.

"So we just dash!" explained Mrs. McLaglen.

Some of the guests wore sports clothes and some afternoon dress. Nancy Carroll and Fifi Dorsay both wore afternoon gowns of flat black crêpe, made long, and with tiny capes, while Janet Gaynor and Sally Eilers wore sports dresses, both of green. Janet wears green a great deal, and it makes most vivid her beautiful bronze hair and brown eyes.

Clara Bow was there with Rex Bell, and was very demure. Only the mischief shone in her brown eyes, as she kidded Rex about her being a better horseman than he was. Rex adoringly let her get away with it.

There was a barbecue luncheon in the barbecue ground. Nancy Carroll, who is a very small eater at all times, declared she didn't know what to do with all the food on her plate.

Victor McLaglen, who learned to cook well in the army, superintended the barbecuing of the feast.

Right in the middle of luncheon, we heard a whoop, and we saw a servant running down to the gate. There stood Buster Keaton's great land yacht. But Mrs. McLaglen didn't know what it was, and called to the servant:

"They can't drive in here!" "But," the servant ran over to explain, "they say they want to come in!" Poor Mrs. McLaglen, terribly embarrassed, went down to the gate—and saw who her guests were!

Buster and Lew Cody came for lunch, Buster in his Admiral's get-up, and after lunch a number of us went swimming. Just as Rex Bell was diving, came another splash!

It was Buster, diving, Admiral uniform and all. In a moment he emerged—but minus that uniform! He wore bright colored shorts, having divested himself of his outer garments under water. All unconcerned he went on his way, smilelessly, as though nothing had happened.

Fifi Dorsay asked Buster for his telephone number on his land yacht, and he solemnly gave it!

We chatted with Victor McLaglen, who led some of us, including Warner Baxter and his wife, over the estate, and he told us how he went to the Pomona Fair, and came back bearing merely twelve gallons of sour milk for the turkeys.

There are pheasants and rabbits and chickens and an aviary on the estate, and there are no less than eight dogs, all of which have a walk of five miles every day with some member of the McLaglen family.

Andrew McLaglen was with us, and we found out that when he is in town he always insists, if his father's pictures are playing anywhere, on driving by the theaters to read the advertisements! The rest of the family think it a bore—well, I don't suppose Vic exactly hates it, though!—and so Andrew has to use all his boyish guile to get his way about this.

There was entertainment later by the various players present. The piano was dragged into the tea-house, and Fifi Dorsay sang, and Victor gave a reading, while El Brendel and his wife sang one of their vaudeville numbers.

Fifi told us she wasn't a bit in love with anybody right now, and not to believe it if anybody said she was.

Lita Grey Chaplin was there. She said her two little sons were well, and were eager to play in pictures. I have never seen Lita herself looking more handsome. Funny she doesn't marry again.

The party turned out to be something of a double-header; and after dancing, wandering about the estate, swimming and playing tennis, we were served with a buffet supper, with new guests, including Nell O'Day, Mr. and Mrs. John Ford, Winfield Sheehan and others arriving, and as the air grew chill, we gathered about the big fire in the huge fireplace of the cosy drawing room.

Hollywood Bandwagon

(*Continued from page* 17)

ANOTHER BIG ONE: RKO has another "Cimarron" in "The Conquerors." You are bound to compare the two pictures and this latest Ann Harding-Richard Dix starrer does not suffer by comparison with the famous Ferber record-breaker.

BARBARA STANWYCK and Frank Fay have just bought a new home opposite Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. They have built a stone wall around it since they adopted the baby. Frank has a gymnasium that is a physical director's dream of perfection. It is a huge room 80 feet long and 60 feet wide. Their swimming pool is, perhaps, the largest in Hollywood; it is almost a small lake. Barbara and Frank do like their swim!

THEY had a lot of fun and excitement on the Universal "Nagana" set. One of the lionesses escaped from her cage on the set and crawled under the building in which all the animals were housed. Carpenters, "grips," directors, players and all present, except the trainer, Murphy, hastily ran for the tallest trees, telegraph poles and fences.

The leopards, panthers, lions and other wild animals already back in their original cages, audibly cheered their free companion. Murphy said quietly, "Now we'll see if habit is stronger than instinct with these animals." He shoved a "transfer cage" with a trap door at one end right in front of the snarling beast. Miss Leo, obeying years of training in captivity, mechanically walked through the trap door, still snarling and angry. The other animals groaned loudly at her stupidity. From trees, telegraph poles, fences and tops of barns came audible sighs of relief from the humans.

Maybe you've heard this but don't try to stop us. . . . A daring lad walked up to Lupe Velez and said:

"Well, Lupe, I hear two men are now panting for your affections!"

"Yes, a sort of two-pants suit," retorted Lupe.

We hate to blame this on Slim Summerville, but we're told it's the absolute truth.

The other day the elongated comedian hailed director James Whale on the Universal lot and chatted with him a while.

"What are you doing now, Mr. Whale?" asked Slim.

"Working on 'The Road Back,'" replied the director.

"Oh, that hitch-hiking picture," came back Slim.

HAVE you ever noticed that ZaSu Pitts never wears jewelry? She swears that jewelry of any kind makes her deathly ill . . . oh, well, some of these big diamonds make us sick too.

ZaSu Pitts' hands keep wandering whether she's before the camera or not. It makes Slim Summerville slightly nervous and he knows ZaSu well enough to tell her about it. Recently on the set Slim got especially fidgety watching the Pitts manipulations.

"Can't you keep your hands still?" asked Slim.

"No," replied ZaSu in her most plaintive tone. "How can I?"

"Sit on 'em," replied Slim, as he walked away.

WHEN you see Alice White in those new pictures she is making for

(*Please turn to page* 104)



Discovers secret of popularity thanks to DR. EDWARDS

FOR just one week, take Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets before going to bed, and see how your mirror flatters you—cheeks like velvet, a lovely skin and happy, sparkling eyes.

So mild and yet so pure, countless grateful women have come to call these wonderful tablets the "internal cosmetic," because they remove the *inside* causes of blemishes, pimples, headaches and that general run-down feeling.

Beauty for every woman

A gratifying substitute for calomel, Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets act safely and gently on the liver, relieving constipation and clearing the system of poison so perilous to beauty.

Ask at any drug store, for these olive colored tablets, compounded of vegetable ingredients, if you want to look and feel years younger. 15¢, 30¢, 60¢.

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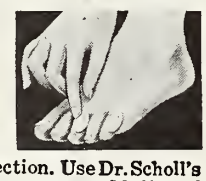
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Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

Hollywood Bandwagon

(*Continued from page* 103)

Warner Brothers—First National you are going to wonder how and why she looks so different from the Alice White who last appeared upon the screen two years ago.

She has had her nose shortened and straightened.

Dr. Josef Ginsberg removed a bit of cartilage from the tip of Alice's nose and she looks like a new woman.

OLD friends are best, seems to be a favorite adage in Hollywood.

At any rate, a few inquiries disclose that a number of the stars cling year after year to those "who knew them when."

John Barrymore's closest friend—the man who knows him best—is Walter Deffenbaugh, San Francisco newspaper man.

Their friendship dates back to the dark ages when Barrymore was a newspaper cartoonist—and Arthur Brisbane fired him.

Tallulah Bankhead's most intimate companion is Edie Smith, rosy-cheeked English girl whom Tallulah first observed standing at the stage entrance of a London theater—in the rain.

Marie Dressler and Claire Dubrey, well known character actress, are old cronies, having lived together for many years.

An unusual friendship, but one readily understood, is that between John Gilbert and Jim Adamson, the barber on the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot

That one goes back to a Christmas Day, going on twenty years ago, when Jim the Barber invited a young actor to his home for dinner just when John Gilbert was beginning to fear there wasn't any Santa Claus, after all.

On his recent visit to Hollywood, Col. Fred Levy of Louisville, Ky., revealed an incident in the life of Charlie Chaplin known to few.

When Chaplin was making "The Kid," he placed Jackie Coogan under a long-term contract.

Subsequently, Col. Levy, Sol Lesser and their group offered the Coogans a proposition which appeared to be better than Chaplin's.

Charlie released Jackie and permitted him to make a million, of which he could just as well have had half.

Charlie Ruggles remarks that the longest sentence in the fewest words is when the judge says, "Life!"

WONDER what the old Roman ladies would have done if they had been at work until 5:30 and then had to go out to dinner! It takes two hairdressers two hours to complete the coiffure Claudette Colbert wears in "The Sign of the Cross." Pity the poor man waiting for women to get dressed in those days!

MARIAN BURNS has been married but six months and now they are sending her off to Malaysia to play with lions and the what-have-yous of the jungles of Malaysia, and hubby is not going along. The cameraman of "Bring 'Em Back Alive," Carl Berger, has promised Marian's husband that he will see that no great big jungle beast runs off with his bride of six months—which is small comfort to hubby—but that's life and love in the movies! The title of this opus is to be "Man-Eater."

LIKE to know how to pronounce those difficult and often discussed names? Here's how Maurice Chevalier likes to have his name pronounced—Maw-REECE ShevAHLyay. Marlene Dietrich says, "Please call me MahLaynah DEEtrikh." Sari Maritza says, "Me, please call SHAHree MAHritsa." George M. Cohan says, "KoHAN to you, please!" Jimmy Durante says, "It's Jimmy DooRANtee, if you please!" —and there you have it, folks!

SPEAKING of Durante, on a vacation trip in the high Sierras he was visiting a relative who has a little filling station. "I was presented with my first really deserved dime," says Jimmy. "I took care of the station while my relative took his first vacation in some fifty odd years," explains Jimmy. "The first day along came a native in a rickety little old Ford. That old codger bought three gallons of gas, had me wipe the windshield, put water in the tank, fill the tires, all but wash his face and hands, and then when he paid his bill he handed me a ten-cent tip! Did I take it?—I DID!"

David Manners is now 100 *per cent American.*

He's taken steps to legalize his name and is well along with his citizenship papers. Up to a short time ago he has been referred to as the English-Canadian actor.

You can't very well blame Dave for wanting to change his name for all time. His real name sounds like a leak in the dike (He's of Dutch descent, you know), but here it is: Rauff de Ryther Daun Acklom! . . . ain't dat a beaut!

TOM MIX, who has been shot thirty-eight times, broken most every bone in his body and boasts several good scars from knives, has added some broken ribs to his collection.

It all happened while Tom was on location for "Oh, Promise Me". Seems his horse reared and then fell on our unsuspecting cowman.

Jim Tully tells us this one of when he was visiting the "Laughter in Hell" set and watching them make his story into a picture.

He saw a colored man walk up to Tom Brown and ask for Tom's autograph. The colored actor had a wooden leg, so Tom found a jackknife and cut his initials in the synthetic limb!

MATCHMAKERS in Hollywood took a renewed interest in Donald Cook and Evalyn Knapp when a story of their amazing luck at roulette began to go around.

"Maybe they'll get married right away," the matchmakers said.

As the story was first told, Don and Evalyn had visited one of the gambling ships off Santa Monica and won several hundred dollars.

A week later, rumor had increased the amount to $40,000, the ship's bank had been broken and Don and Evalyn

had had to row their winnings home in a life boat!

LUPE is ver', ver' unhappee. Pictures have palled upon her. The Velez child wants to go back to New York and the stage. She wants the bright lights of Broadway, the clubs, the glittering restaurants and a pent house away up on the roof of some skyscraper in which to live. She wants to work for Mr. Shubert in some sort of revue.

"Dees picture business, I get *bored!*" she remarked at the RKO studio. "An' I am getting fat. I weigh 117 which ees too much. I lak to go back East and dance and seeng again."

A change has come over Lupe. Her vivacious, bubbling-over enthusiasm has quieted perceptibly. She appears more thoughtful, more serious. She admits she is restless. One moment she talks of going to Tahiti and the next to the eastern stage. She looks upon the adoption of her sister's baby as a serious matter and is studying how to become a good "mother" to it. Lupe seldom is seen in Hollywood's night clubs now but appears to take a greater delight in pottering around among the flowers at her home on Rodeo Drive and staying in the company of her mother. Studio after studio calls her for work and she is offered more rôles than she can play. But, in her blood, New York is calling!

"As for sweethearts," she says, "I am through forever!"

"Oh, yeah?" Hollywood would say in reply.

WARNER BROTHERS think they have found a comedian who is funny, in Sterling Holloway. He is very tall, very thin and very tired. He has a shock of blond hair and will be seen with Joan Blondell in "Blondie Johnson."

SUE CAROL and Nick Stuart write from the East that they had to remove their pup, Stoogie, from their vaudeville act because he was stealing all the laughs. They are anxious to get back to their six-months-old baby, who remained home with a nurse.

SOME horrible person poisoned Louise Fazenda's two dogs. Even if a person didn't like dogs, how he could do that to Louise is not understandable because she never did a mean thing to anyone in her life.

The feminine stars don't receive all the gifts from the fans. Mervyn LeRoy last week received a present of a cigar two and a half feet long from an admirer. Mervyn is almost pint-sized himself but he declares he is going to smoke it.

ELEANOR HOLM, world's champion backstroke swimmer, has been playing small bits at the Warner Studio where she is under contract. Her agreement with the company stipulates that she is to be trained for six months before she appears in a picture, so she is working (when she works) under an assumed name.

"But if you don't blink," she says, "you will see me in Jimmy Cagney's next picture."

BEFORE Aline MacMahon would sign a contract with Warners she insisted on having it written into the agreement that she could have five vacations each year. Each vacation is to be long enough to enable her to go to New York to visit her husband, who is an architect there.

George Brent injured two vertebrae recently when he was thrown from a horse in a polo game. He will not be able to play for some time, but he can work if the scenes are not too strenuous.

And when all the reporters were chasing Charles Spencer Chaplin about the Goddard situation his stock answer was: "You know I never talk about my private affairs."

BORIS KARLOFF, now a star, is not letting success go to his head. He insists he is just a character actor who got a lucky break . . . which, Your Grace, is modesty personified.

TOM BROWN is one of the most colorful young men in Hollywood. He appeared at the studio the other day wearing a brown suit, a gray hat, green socks, a red and white striped sweater and flaunted a brilliant blue handkerchief . . . whoops, my deah!

AND even though Joan Crawford received adulation in Europe that would have turned the head of a less practical-minded girl, she came home with her feet on the ground. The day before she left London, she cabled a friend in Hollywood: "Sailing tomorrow. Whoops! Wheeee!" At the bottom of the message the clerk in the local cable office had added another "Wheeee!" all his own. That one word said a lot and no doubt reflected the sentiment of all the Crawford fans.

RICHARD CROMWELL augments his salary as a movie actor by making masks of other stars. But he complains that during the last six months he has had to remake Joan Crawford's three times, on account of the remarkable growth of her lower lip. To add to his troubles, when he delivered it the last time, Joan's Great Dane, Hamlet, displayed a sudden aversion to actors by biting a piece out of the seat of Dick's pants. Speaking of Joan, as we were a paragraph back, she returned from Paris with only two new dresses. Doug, Jr., on the other hand, purchased sixteen suits of clothes in London.

Cary Grant was invited to Santa Barbara for a visit.

"Just throw some old clothes into a bag and come up to our little summer shack," his would-be host told him.

Cary did just that and arrived at his friend's place, which turned out to be a "little shack" with nineteen baths.

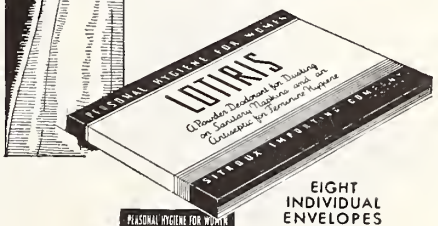
"And there I was," Cary told a friend afterwards, "with no decent clothes and simply smothered in butlers."

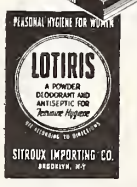
PAT O'MALLEY'S wife wanted a new incinerator, so Pat, who is very handy with tools, bought a sack of cement, picked up a few bricks, and started to work. The incinerator soon grew to be a beautiful fireplace, and Pat decided to make a barbecue oven out of it—a place to cook outdoor suppers when he entertained. Then Bebe Daniels, Viola Dana, Shirley Mason, Robert Vignola, and other friends grew interested and donated bricks; and a subdivision owner donated a huge sheet iron sign, which made a grand roof, and

(*Please turn to page* 106)



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GOTTSCHALK'S
THE ORIGINAL-SANITARY
METAL SPONGE

Hollywood Bandwagon

(*Continued from page* 105)



Adrienne Ames, sparkling as ever, apparently headed straight for success—caught on the fly by the New Movie cameraman.

it wasn't long until a ducky little house stood in the O'Malley's backyard.

Mrs. O'Malley still wants a new incinerator!

Some of these women who concern themselves so much over the education of child actors might be interested to know that . . . Jackie Cooper, just turned nine, is in the sixth grade and an exceptionally apt pupil.

JACK HOLT has a ranch on the San Joaquim River. His partner runs the ranch and soon they hope the ranch will make money. When Jack is ready to retire he will go out there to live. There are about 5000 head of cattle on this ranch and between every picture Jack takes Tim, his son, and they ride the range, herd cattle, and have a marvelous time.

Here's a new occupation for men . . . balloon inflater. Four men were kept busy at Paramount for an entire day inflating balloons for "Evenings for Sale." During that entire time they inflated some 1,000 balloons for a Viennese carnival scene.

Herbert Marshall says there is one easy way to break into the movies. If you can just get them to give you the same kind of screen test they gave him. He was supposed to play a nervous man—"and I certainly gave them a realistic performance!" laughs Herbert. "I was so nervous even my jaw woggled!"

SYLVIA SIDNEY, who looks rather oriental anyway, is doing the inevitable, playing "Madame Butterfly"—and it ought to be interesting.

In fact, Sylvia looks so Japanese that one of the Japanese girls on the set started a conversation with her and was startled to learn—oh, what? We didn't say anything. Sounds like an 1880 press-agent gag, but we saw it happen.

That new lady killer, George Raft, says he falls in love too easily. Every leading woman is a potential G.F.

"In order to play love scenes with sincerity one must actually hold the lady in high regard and—well, when you think a girl is swell, you know she is swell, if you get me," says Raft.

"Connie Cummings is grand. Noel Francis is a peach. It was easy to be a tough guy toward Miriam Hopkins.

"Sure, a lot of men marry their leading ladies. But I'm not going to fall that hard!"

CLAUDETTE COLBERT has the oddest superstition.

When she enters a building she will exit by no other door than the one she used as an entrance. It becomes quite complicated at times—what with the many doors some buildings have. But she does it and never forgets.

AS soon as Bill Haines gets cleaned up with his current picture at the studio he plans to leave for Europe. The purpose of the trip is to buy more antiques.

YOU'VE heard of Helen Hayes' contract that calls for six months in pictures and six months on the New York stage. Well, she's going to fool you. Instead of going to New York this winter she will stay in Hollywood. As soon as "The Son-Daughter" is finished she goes into the production on "The White Sister."

And by the way . . . were you ever told that Miss Hayes is an ardent camera fiend and has one of the finest laboratories you ever saw, in the basement of her home? It's the envy of many a Hollywood cameraman.

MUCH has been said about Wallace Beery's cabin. They've said it's in the high Sierras, Northern California and many other places. Now let us tell you where it really is.

The cabin itself is on an island. The island is in the middle of Silver Lake which is one of a group of four situated in Mono County, California.

Since Wally's family has enlarged itself somewhat the tough man of the screen has had a second story built on. It is getting out of the cabin class and fast becoming a summer home. Wally has built himself a landing field at Gull Lake, about three miles from his own lake, and he negotiates in a few hours what, by auto, ordinarily takes two days. . . . If you're ever around Silver Lake, swim out and say hello.

IMAGINE, if you can, Polly Moran collecting autographed pictures! She had a good excuse, though. Seems her young son is now in military school . . . has his own room and needs decorations. The first one to go up in the place of honor was Marie Dressler's.

Six years ago, Charles Laughton was a hotel clerk with only thoughts of being an actor.

Since he stepped from behind the desk to behind the footlights, he has appeared in twenty London stage successes and two in New York.

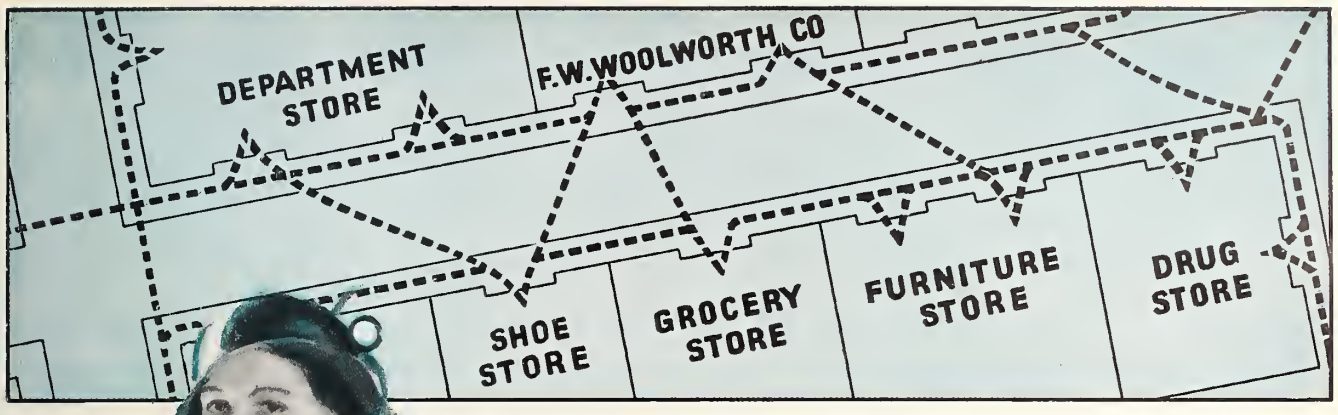
IT must be that you and I are growing older. At least, Jackie Coogan is. Visitors to San Francisco report having seen "The Kid" himself dancing with a blonde at the St. Francis hotel.

Jackie is seventeen, a freshman at Santa Clara College.

HERE'S some things we never knew till now—how about you? . . . Preston Foster was at one time an opera singer. . . . Aline MacMahon refuses to make personal appearances. . . . Glenda Farrell has a boy in military school. . . . Bette Davis acquired her southern accent for a stage role. . . . Allen Jenkins can't get used to Hollywoods' early rising. . . . Helen Vinson still lives in her studio apartment. . . . Guy Kibbee uses his off days to go deep sea fishing (but they are few). . . . Eleanor Holm (of Warners) has been a swimming contestant since she was thirteen . . . and some people say Sheila Terry looks like Joan Crawford.



Buddy Rogers has given up his orchestra, settled quietly down in Hollywood and is seriously preparing for a speedy movie comeback.





Your shopping maps showed us clearly WHERE YOU SHOP

For the last month maps of those shopping districts where you Tower readers buy your groceries and cosmetics, your frocks and your furniture have been pouring into Tower Magazines. They have come from California and Maine, and the 1268 cities and towns in between where shopping women buy Tower Magazines every month.

By blue print and pencil sketch and typewritten chart you described your shopping route from the Woolworth store to the nearby department store and drug store and grocery store.

The clear picture of your shopping district which we now have will be of great help in presenting news about items which are sold in your favorite stores. In asking for products which you see advertised in Tower pages, we would appreciate it if you would always mention Tower Magazines.

Winners of prizes for the best map in each of the 1268 market centers where Tower Magazines are sold, will be announced next month.

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The NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE

One of the Tower Magazines

FEBRUARY, 1933

10¢ 15¢ in Canada



DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, Jr.

Begins his own revelations of his wife—

The THREE AGES of JOAN CRAWFORD

HERB HOWE looks at 1923 and 1933 with some startling predictions

SECRETS OF A HOLLYWOOD BEAUTY PARLOR!

WHEN THE LION ROARS, THE WHOLE WORLD LISTENS!

Imagine! You're going to have a peek at the "inside production plans of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios. It's fun to look ahead to see what's coming from the producers of "Grand Hotel", "Smilin' Through", "Red Dust","Strange Interlude","Prosperity","Flesh" and all those other fine screen entertainments. Here is just a rough idea of M-G-M pictures of interest now being shown, soon to come and others planned for production. Listen to the Lion ROAR! What a treat for the months to come!

NORMA SHEARER comes "Smilin' Through" with a new hit "La Tendresse" from the thrilling French play.

JOAN CRAWFORD in an exciting romance written especially for her by William Faulkner, noted author.

MARIE DRESSLER (beloved star!) with **WALLACE BEERY** in "Tugboat Annie."

MARION DAVIES has the role of her career in "Peg o' My Heart."

"CLEAR ALL WIRES" the Broadway stage hit has been captured by M-G-M!

HELEN HAYES, winner of the year's highest film award, will soon appear in "The White Sister." Right after her new success "Son-Daughter" in which she co-stars with **RAMON NOVARRO.**

RAMON NOVARRO will also be seen in the romance "Man on the Nile."

IRENE DUNN and **PHILLIPS HOLMES** are thrilling audiences with "The Lady."

"RASPUTIN" has brought new fame to the Barrymores, Ethel, John and Lionel.

JOHN BARRYMORE wins further film triumphs with the stage success "Reunion in Vienna."

LIONEL BARRYMORE has had a special story written for him, title soon to be announced.

"MEN MUST FIGHT" is another Broadway stage hit on the M-G-M list.

JEAN HARLOW'S next film after "Red Dust" is an original drama "Night Club Lady."

JOHNNY WEISSMULLER comes in his long awaited sequel "Tarzan and his Mate."

"HAPPILY UNMARRIED" is a delightful M-G-M original story soon to come to the screen.

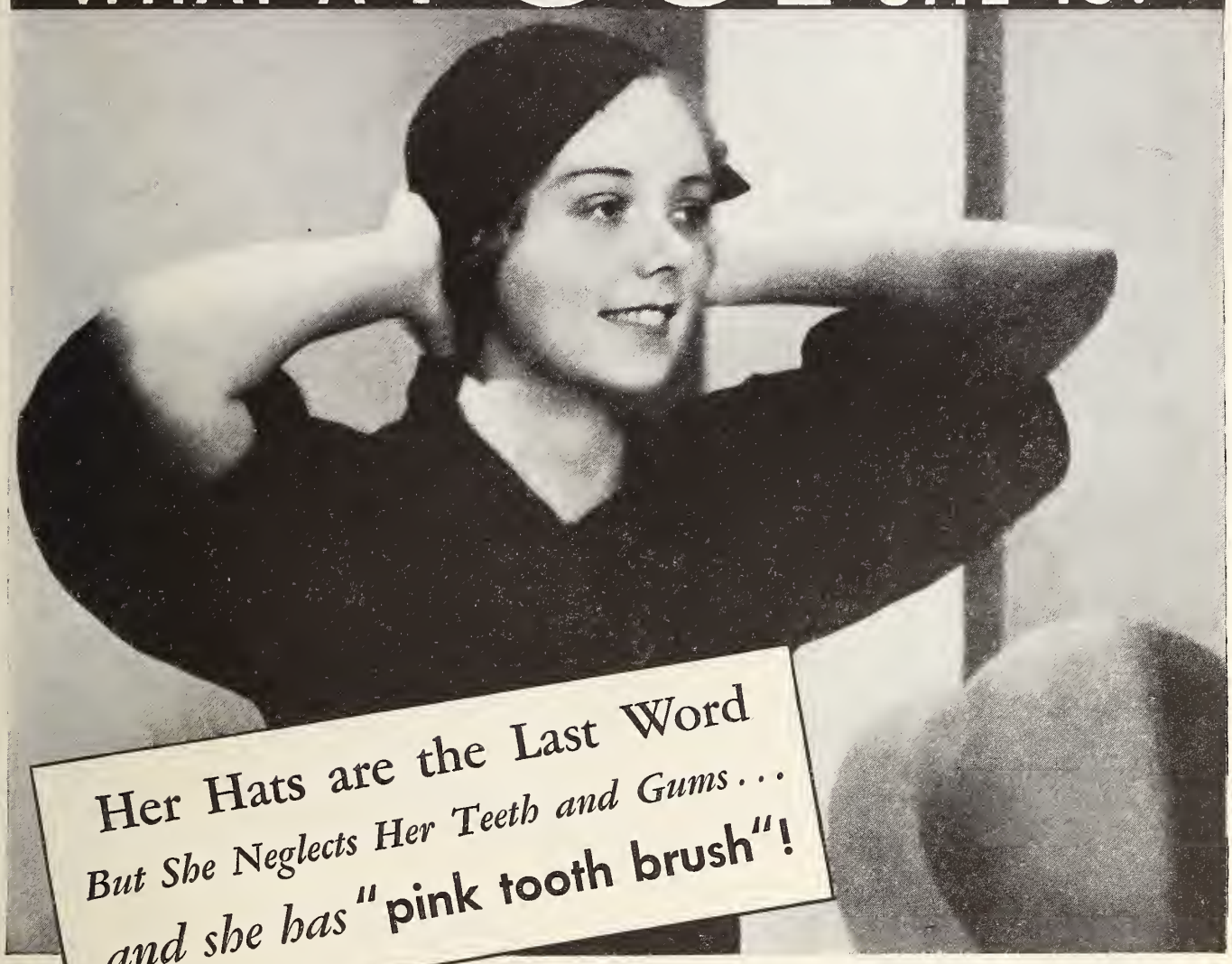
JIMMY DURANTE and **BUSTER KEATON** and **JACKIE COOPER.** What a trio for "Buddies!"

"PIGBOATS" is a picture not to be missed! Robert Montgomery . . . Jimmy Durante...Walter Huston...Madge Evans! Swell cast in a grand picture!

Isn't it the truth? When the Lion ROARS you're sure of a happy hit!

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

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and she has "pink tooth brush"!

PEOPLE glance at her hat and think, "How smart!" Then—they glance at her face—and see her dingy-looking teeth. Are *your* teeth bright? Are *your* gums firm?

If your gums bleed easily—if you have "pink tooth brush"—the soundness of your gums, the brightness of your teeth, and the attractiveness of your smile are *all* in danger!

For "pink tooth brush" not only may lead to serious gum troubles—to gingivitis, Vincent's disease, and pyorrhea—but may be a threat to the polish of your teeth.

Ipana and Massage Defeat "Pink Tooth Brush"

Keep your gums firm and healthy—and your teeth clean and bright with Ipana and massage.

Restore to your gums the stimulation they need, and of which they are robbed by the soft, modern food that gives them so little natural work. Each time you clean your teeth with Ipana, rub a little more Ipana directly on your gums, massaging gently with your finger or the tooth brush.

Start it tomorrow. Buy a full-size tube. Follow the Ipana method and your teeth will shine brighter, your gums will be firmer than they've been since you were a child . . . "Pink Tooth Brush" will depart.

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The New Movie

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VOL. VII. No. 2 *Cover Design by* McCLELLAND BARCLAY **FEBRUARY, 1933**

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Begin today to let this fragrant white soap work wonders for *your* complexion!



Lux Toilet Soap—*SUCH UNRIVALED WHITENESS*



Hollywood BANDWAGON





Kate Smith gone Hollywood! None other than the radio crooner, in the West making a picture, and going in for the sunshine, sports clothes and other movie atmosphere.

Exclusive New Movie Magazine photo

Going places among the great and the near great of the films--all the latest inside gossip of the stars

NOT long ago Jimmy Dunn worked late on the set. On leaving he rushed to the phone and called the hostess of a party to which he had been invited.

"I've just left the set and haven't time to change my clothes or remove my make-up. What shall I do?" screamed Jimmy.

"Don't come," returned the hostess.

And now there's another mad-on in town.

Mrs. Fredric March is all tickled because her husband was elected president of the Mayfair Club. Reason? She'll have to have a new dress for each event!

JUST A LOAFER: Joan Crawford decided she wasn't busy enough with her routine of French, dancing, singing and tennis. The result is that she has added piano and riding lessons to the list.

THEN THE TROUBLE BEGAN: Merian Cooper has made Katharine Hepburn a gift. You'd never guess, so we'll tell you. It's a white gibbon. One of those long-limbed monks, you know.

In the case of Creighton Chaney it's not "like father, like son." Creighton's father was one of the greatest make-up artists in film history. The son refuses to use make-up of any kind.

SOUND STAGE: Let's all rejoice. Connie Talmadge and Dick Barthelmess are on speaking terms once more, this after years of cold shouldering. Years ago they were engaged but Connie went to Europe and married some Greek tobacco man. Everybody's happy now, though.

And you should watch that girl Sari Maritza. She's out with a new boy friend every time we see her.

AIR AND WATER NOTES: Has anyone ever told you that Edna May Oliver is one of the best swimmers in Hollywood? She can hold her own with some of Hollywood's best heroes. . . . You can believe it

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by D'ALTON VALENTINE



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"RINSO is such a big help around the house. And it's more economical than other soaps. With one big box I washed the dishes 7 times, sinks and tubs 3 times, floors 6 times and all these clothes:

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or not, but . . . a "prop" man was sent for a coronet and returned with a brass bugle! . . . And Ann Harding has sold that plane of hers.

NOT JIMMIE'S SON, MY DEAR? Here's one for your little book! Russell Gleason returned from Europe with one of those devastating continental bows. Ivan Lebedeff's hand-kissing act is taking a social second place for it.

MIDDLE WESTERN CHIVALRY: Ken Maynard's wife was entertaining an elderly couple from a small town in the middle west. Ken offered to take them for an airplane ride. They were both fearful but anxious to try it, with the wife the more determined.

"I wouldn't do it, darling," the old gentleman said, as they climbed into the plane, "but if you are bound to get yourself killed, I'll stick with you."

BUILDING UP BOB: The director of "The Billion Dollar Scandal" wanted Robert Armstrong to be taller for his rôle, so for the first time in his career, Bob is wearing built-up shoes.

SPARKS: "Buddy" Rogers is back in town and so is Claire Windsor and that old spark is sparking again. Buddy took her to the first Mayfair party. "She's a grand girl," Buddy said. "Really, she is the most wonderful girl I ever knew."

Claire never looked prettier than she does right now. She just finished a rôle in "Blind Justice."

SERIALOUSLY INCLINED: Universal's serials of 1932 were so popular that they are going in for them in a big way during 1933. . . . And now Junior Laemmle is looking for a serial queen like Grace Cunard, Pearl White or Marie Wolcott, who were so popular a decade ago.

BOWLING ALONG: Andy Devine has been given a leading rôle at last! . . . He's to be seen in "Son of a Sea Cook," which, as Andy puts



When Tom Mix received those two rib fractures at Lone Pine, his score of broken bones was run up to forty-five. He has been shot twelve times. His left shoulder has been broken so much that the doctors have it wired together now, like one of those Model-T's we used to ride in. . . . Here you see Tom and Tony, Jr., Tony, Sr., having been retired. Bought for $12.50, Tony helped Tom earn some $7,500,000.



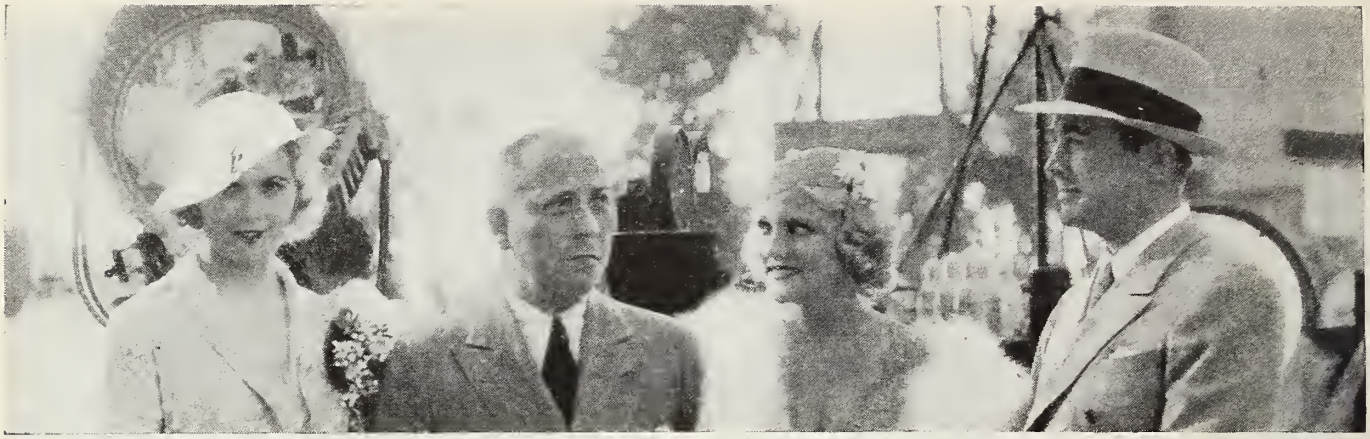


Exclusive New Movie Magazine photo by Wide World

Just because we know you've been eaten up with curiosity to see how Corinne Griffith looks today, after all these years in London, New Movie Magazine asked her and her husband, Walter Morosco, to pose. And now we hope you're satisfied.

At the age of twenty-one, Eric Linden (left) has taken his pen in hand, furrowed his brow, assumed a most literary stance, and has begun—of all things!—his autobiography.


EAST OR WEST . . .
MAN'S PASSION
KNOWS NO GODS
. . . A thrilling picture of forbidden emotions breaking against the barrier that love could not batter down . . .
Barbara Stanwyck
in The
BITTER TEA
OF GENERAL YEN
NILS ASTHER
WALTER CONNOLLY
directed by
FRANK CAPRA
From the Novel by Grace Zaring Stone
THE BITTER TEA OF GENERAL YEN
by GRACE ZARING STONE
COLUMBIA PICTURES
A COLUMBIA PICTURE



Exclusive New Movie Magazine photo

When Director Eric von Stroheim slapped Boots Mallory's face to make her cry in "Walking Down Broadway," Winfield Sheehan, the Fox studio head, sent for Boots. "I heard you had a little trouble on the set today," he began. "Oh, no," Boots interrupted. "Von just slapped my face to make me cry. He had to do it. As a matter of fact, I asked him to." . . . Here you see Miss Mallory, Director von Stroheim, Minna Gambell, and James Dunn.



Well, Gloria Stuart (right) has moved again. You say it—"cheaper than paying rent." O. K. But not in Gloria's case. Gloria has four dogs. Landlord objected. "Love me, love my four dogs," replied Gloria—and moved.

Ruth Chatterton (below) visiting the "Forty-second Street" set, and chatting with Warner Baxter, who is one of the galaxy of stars in the picture. Ruth is one of the few Warner-First National stars who doesn't appear in this thrilling drama of back-stage life, but George Brent, her new husband, is in the cast.



Exclusive New Movie Magazine photo by Bert Longworth

it, "is certainly right up my alley!"

LOVE ME, LOVE MY DOG. Alene Carroll is seen either with Andy Devine or his dog, Truck McCall.

TOM'S STILL YOUNG: Tom Brown's pet aversion is baby talk from grown-up girls. But perhaps the girls aren't to be blamed.

TWO UP: Sidney Fox seemed to hold up her own in Europe. She no more than finished her first picture with Feodor Chaliapin, the singer, when she was signed to play opposite Emil Jannings in "Roi Pausole," made in Vienna. Now she's back again, slightly continentalized.

MOTHER A VISITOR: This winter is a happy one for Tala Birell. Her mother, Mme. Stephanie Birell of Vienna, has decided to spend the cold months with Tala and her sister, Gabriella.

THEY SATISFY: Universal seems to like these national advertising slogans. It made "Okay, America" and has now sent Chester Bennett into the jungles of Indo-China, Sumatra, Java and the Strait Settlements. . . . He's coming back with one they expect to call "Nature in the Raw."

Hollywood BANDWAGON

HIDING: Universal has had Paul Lukas under contract for more than nine months and he has yet to appear in one of its pictures. Now he's slated to be seen with Boris Karloff in "The Invisible Man."

Doug Fairbanks, Jr., went into training for the rôle of a fighter in "The Sucker." Doug wanted to be prepared in case some of his sparring partners got tough.

BUTTERFIELD THEATERS PRESENT: Many of you fans in the Middle-West have paid your money to enter Butterfield Theaters; and the next thing you know, you'll be paying money to see Helen Butterfield, the daughter, in "The Billion Dollar Scandal" (But it's only a minor rôle).



He took them from his mad menagerie...nights were horrible with the screams of tortured beasts...from his House of Pain they came re-made... Pig-men...Wolf-women . . . thoughtful Human Apes and his masterpiece—the Panther Woman throbbing to the hot flush of love.

ISLAND OF LOST SOULS

From H. G. Wells' surging rhapsody of adventure, romance and terror, "The Island of Dr. Moreau" with CHARLES LAUGHTON
BELA LUGOSI
RICHARD ARLEN
LEILA HYAMS—AND THE
PANTHER WOMAN

Paramount Pictures

PARAMOUNT PUBLIX CORPORATION, ADOLPH ZUKOR, PRES., PARAMOUNT BLDG., NEW YORK



Exclusive New Movie Magazine photo by Wide World

Hi, Jackie. How's everything? Where'dja get those long pants? . . . Hi, kids, Jackie's got long pants. Jackie's got long pants. Jackie's got long pants. . . . Etc., etc.

Hollywood BANDWAGON

James Dunn recently postponed that vacation of his because as he put it: "What I really need is a rest. So I'm going to stay home and get it!"

Irene Browne, seen in "Cavalcade," admits that she finds Hollywood terribly boring.

"My word, the people are always at their work!" she remarks.

NO, WE HADN'T: Have you ever noticed that Glenda Farrell and Noel Francis look enough alike to be sisters? Yet they aren't even related!

It took years of practice but George Arliss never gets any light reflections into the camera from that monocle of his.

FIRST VACATION: Warren William recently had his first vacation since entering picture work. He and his wife spent several weeks at Magdalena Bay, Mexico. And no deep-sea fishing, either!

MUST LIKE 'EM: You can believe it or not, but Lyle Talbot has more than thirty turtle-neck sweaters in his wardrobe.

SAMPLER MARX: When Harpo Marx enters the Paramount dining room he goes from table to table visiting his friends and sampling food from every plate. By the time he finds a table where he can eat, he has had his lunch—free.

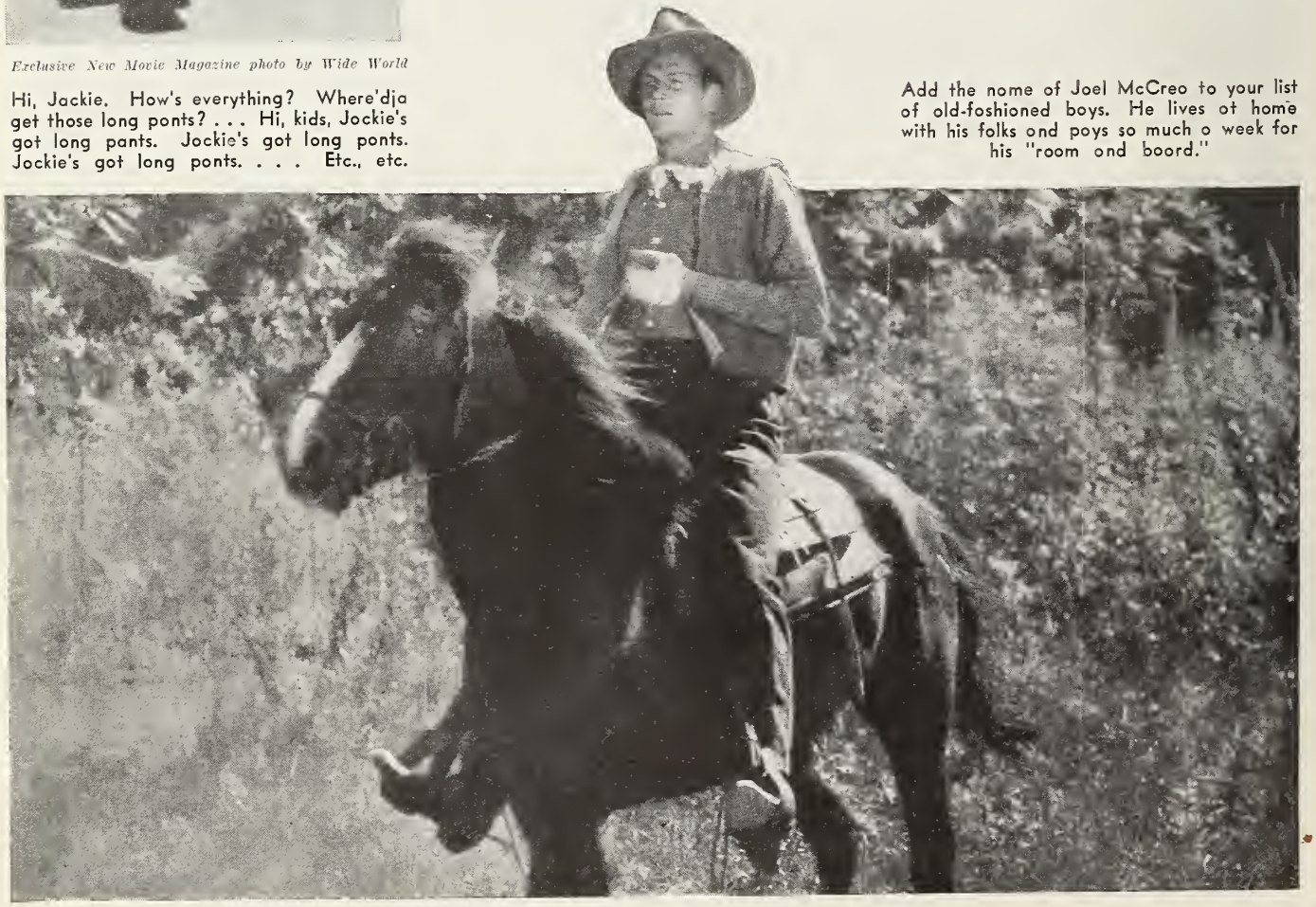


Thelma Todd, out of the hospitol ond well ond zippy ogoin, continues to sing the proises of her devoted friends, ond every chorus rings in Minno Gombell ond Solly Eilers. No matter how busy they were, neither missed o doily coll on involid Thelma.

DRAMATIC NOTE: In Ruth Chatterton's picture, "Common Ground," a scene called for a bit player to take a terriffc punch in the face. Director William Wellman called Robert Emmett O'Connor, who was to deliver the punch, aside and said, "Now look here. We've got to get this scene. Don't be afraid to hit this fellow. He's an ex-pug and can take it and he's getting $50 for it.

So O'Connor gave the fellow a good hard punch, blood spurted from his mouth and it looked fine. Then the camerman reported that something

Add the nome of Joel McCreo to your list of old-foshioned boys. He lives ot home with his folks ond poys so much o week for his "room ond boord."





AS YOU DESIRE ME

Take a lesson in confidence from "those dear... but younger friends"

A LITTLE hard to admit, isn't it—that you find yourself more and more inclined to avoid those younger friends—that your skin is fading—that you are slipping ...just a little?

Just imagine the great beauty expert, Vincent, of Paris—studying your own case. Nine chances in ten he would exclaim..."But you do not *clean* your skin properly. Even if you come to me for treatment—you must first wash your skin thoroughly at home...I cannot perform miracles..."

Beauty experts—the whole world over—will tell you that a skin thoroughly cleansed, twice daily, is the first rule of beauty care. But—beware—all too many soaps wash away the natural oils—leaving your skin dry, parched, a prey to wrinkles and lines . . . while a skin cleansed with Palmolive is not only cleaned but protected against the ravages of time and age. Its olive and palm oil lather has a flattering way of putting youth into your skin, of keeping it there.

Make a simple two weeks' test of Palmolive, the soap containing olive oil. Follow our directions and see natural beauty return to your skin...and almost forgotten admiration return to the eyes that appraise you...

This much Olive Oil goes into every cake of Palmolive Soap.



Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion

had gone wrong with the film and the scene had to be taken again. When the pug heard that he leaned over and whispered to O'Connor, "Listen, you! If you hit me that hard again, I'll lay you out cold." We have O'Connor's word for it that he didn't.

Marlene Dietrich made an unexpected appearance in the studio dining room after an absence of weeks. Everyone was glad to see her and Chico Marx ran over to her table and picked up her hand. Marlene—and everyone who was watching—thought he was going to kiss it but he didn't. He bit it! and hard, too. Marlene howled!

LOCAL FEVER: A few days before Lupe Velez left Hollywood to make another personal appearance tour in the East, Gary Cooper surprised everyone by calling for her at the RKO Studio where she was working and taking her to lunch. A few days later they both left for the East but not together. Now, did Gary go to New York to join Lupe; or did he go to visit the Countess Frasso; or, did he, as he said before he left, go to consult his doctor about his ear trouble? Hollywood is *that* upset.

POOR BUTTERFLY: "Madame Butterfly" was delayed every few days while Sylvia Sidney gave her eyes a rest. The tape which pulled the corners of her eyes up in order to give them that Chinese slant, was cemented to her scalp and was extremely painful.

PRICE OF A NAME: Gail Patrick, whose real name is Margaret Fitzpatrick, is one of Paramount's contest winners. Gail wanted to keep her own name but when she was told that it was too long—it would never get into electric lights—she retained the Patrick and added Gail. A few days later she received a letter from an irate gentleman who demanded to know where she got the name. His letter further revealed that he had entered a name contest in a magazine and his suggestion for a slick name was Gail Patrick. Now he wants to be paid.

David Manners sports two beautiful new murals in his dining room. The eyes of an artist, a guest at dinner, kept wandering toward an arched doarway. Finally he asked permission to decorate the walls on either side. "Go ahead," said David, and the artist started. Kind friends, also at dinner, began betting David he would have an artist-guest all winter. But the murals were finished before noon the next day. (Below) David making a date.

Exclusive New Movie Magazine photo by Wide World







Sheila Terry's a girl you're going to hear a lot about. For First National is giving her what Hollywood calls "a build-up." Her next picture will be "Twenty Thousand Years in Sing Sing."

(Left) "Come on, Joan. We're late!" Or words to that effect, from Husband Gene Markey to Wife Joan Bennett. Joan made a recent trip East for a sort of Bennett family reunion, but New York saw little of her. She's a bit shy, is Joan, and terribly nice. But Connie had the whole town talking, and came in for a good deal of criticism for what New Yorkers felt were blatant attempts to attract attention.

Exclusive New Movie Magazine photo by Wide World

Hollywood BANDWAGON

FAOEN – *In Convenient 10¢ Sizes* – as Pure and Fine as $1 to $3 Brands



Convincing, Scientific Tests PROVE *Faoen Beauty Aids Equal the Costliest in* QUALITY

Exciting news! Thrilling to every woman who rightfully and carefully considers the protection of her beauty . . . and her purse.

And that news is . . . Faoen Beauty Aids in convenient 10c sizes are *equal* in QUALITY to the most expensive brands!

Such an amazing statement is difficult to believe. Naturally you want *proof.* And here it is—absolutely *scientific* proof—from the report of one of the most famous Research Laboratories:

"every Faoen product tested, is as pure and fine as products of like nature sold for $1, $2 and $3."

PARK & TILFORD
NEW YORK PARIS

FAOEN

(FAY-ON)

Beauty Aids

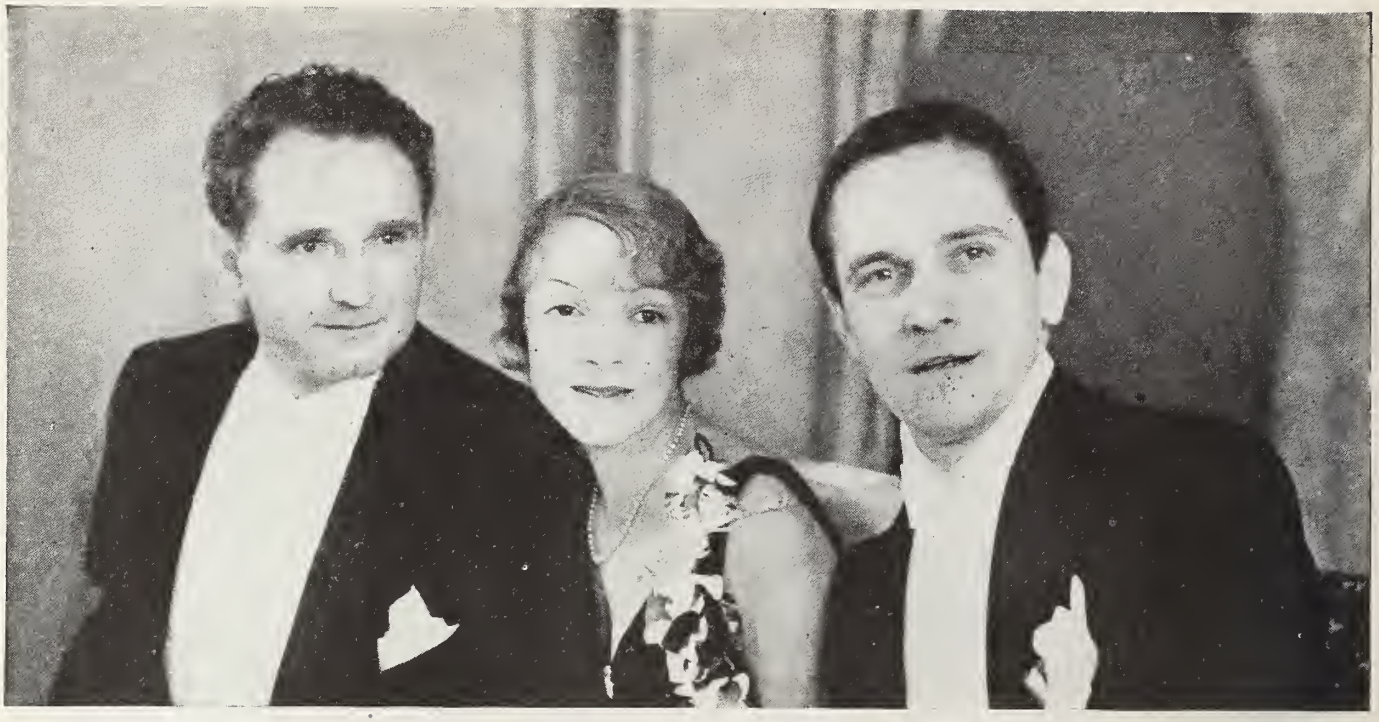
Additional proof! Every Faoen Beauty Aid has received the seal of approval of the Good Housekeeping Institute.

As a result, women are *enthusiastic* about Faoen . . . applauding the fact that now it is unnecessary to pay high prices for high quality beauty aids.

Such overwhelming evidence should convince you, too, that the time to begin using Faoen Beauty Aids is *today!*

10c *each*
at F. W. Woolworth Co Stores

CLEANSING CREAM • COLD CREAM • SKIN TONIC • LOTION • FACE POWDER • ROUGES • PERFUMES



Fronk Borzoge, director, Helen Hoyes, octress, ond Fredric Morch, octor, winners of the Motion Picture Academy owords in their different divisions—Borzoge for his direction in "Bod Girl," Miss Hoyes for her performonce in "The Sin of Modelon Cloudet" ond Mr. Morch for his performonce in "Dr. Jekyll ond Mr. Hyde." These ore the highest honors thot con be poid by the film industry for work during the post yeor.



Anito Stewort, hoppily morried, sociolly prominent, living in Los Angeles with her millionaire husband, little thinking of pictures these days. But still occosionolly strolling on the Boulevord, where this comero-snop wos token.

Chorles Ruggles wonts to know if you've heard the Rheumotism Song—"Now You're in My Arms?" If you hoven't, never mind.

Hollywood BANDWAGON

CAMERA SHY: Eddie Cantor had great difficulty in getting the bull fight scene for "The Kid from Spain." During rehearsal the bulls performed in great shape, but the minute a camera was trained on them they all but fell asleep. Even when a battery was rigged up and the animals given a gentle shock from behind, they were only mildly aroused. Finally they tied the head of a bull onto the radiator of an automobile and photographed it from above in order to get the idea of swiftly moving scenery into the picture.



Not even Charles Laughton, with his dramatic characterizations and portly physique, is allowed to have a proper amount of dignity around the Paramount Studio. Every one calls him Buster!

STARS WILL BE STARS: David Selznick, head at RKO, was quite surprised when Constance Bennett appeared in his office and said she wanted to play in "Little Women." He couldn't refuse her, and so it was settled. Then Constance learned that the picture was to be made in modern clothes, so she changed her mind and bowed out of the picture. She had just seen Norma Shearer in "Smilin' Through" and wanted to make a costume picture.

Joan Crawford always calls her father-in-law, Douglas Fairbanks, "Uncle Doug."

ALL IN A LIFETIME: Katharine Hepburn, the biggest personal hit in motion pictures in months, tried to get a job at Warners, but they couldn't see her and RKO grabbed her. But while the Brothers Warner may be gnashing their teeth over Hepburn, they can smile over George Brent, who was under contract to both Fox and Universal and nobody cared.

PRESS AGENT BLUSHES: Imagine the embarrassment of a Paramount press agent the other day when he introduced Mae West to May Robson. Miss Robson had heard of Miss West (and who hasn't?) but Miss West didn't know who Miss Robson was—and said so.

Doug Fairbanks, Jr., always addresses his step-mamma, Mary Pickford, as "Queen."

(*Please turn to page* 112)

The Eyes of Men···The Eyes of Women Judge your Loveliness every day



You may be sprightly and sixteen; fair and forty; or serious and sixty. Yet you cannot deny that every pair of eyes that looks at you commends your beauty or regrets its lack. For life is a Beauty Contest for every woman. And she whose skin is soft and fresh has a wonderful advantage.

THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

To possess a lovely, clear complexion take infinite care in choosing your beauty soap! Use gentle, creamy-white Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women! Its lather is rich as cream · · · luxuriant in any kind of water. It is made of pure, delicate oils, safe for the most delicate feminine skin.

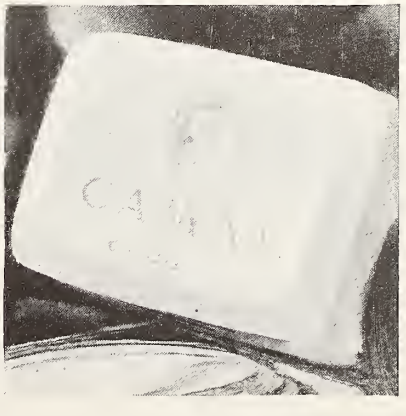
NEW LOW PRICES

Never in all your lifetime have you known a soap of such exquisite quality to cost so little! The price of Camay is now so low you will want to buy a dozen cakes today!

You can hardly glance out of the window, much less walk in town but that some inquiring eye searches you and your skin. This is the Beauty Contest of life in which all women must compete. Not even a queen escapes it. And a modest country girl can win it · · · if her skin is lovely.



• *Make a rich lather with Camay, a soft cloth and warm water, massaging it into your skin. Rinse with cold water. Then note how soft and fresh your skin feels.*



• *This is creamy-white Camay, the famous beauty soap that thousands of lovely women use for their complexions, for their hands and in their bath.*

Copr. 1933, Procter & Gamble Co.

CAMAY

THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

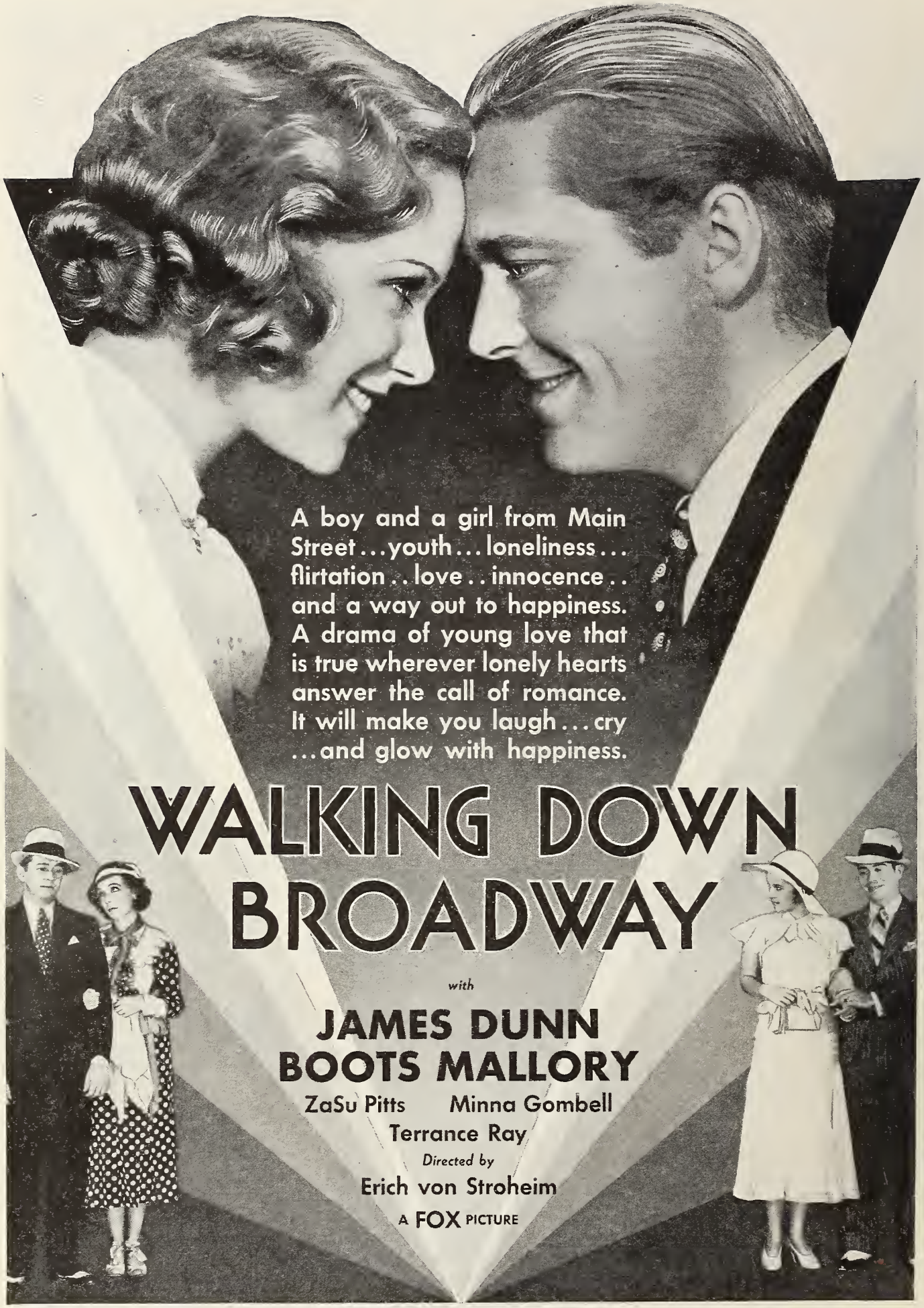

A boy and a girl from Main Street . . . youth . . . loneliness . . . flirtation . . love . . innocence . . and a way out to happiness. A drama of young love that is true wherever lonely hearts answer the call of romance. It will make you laugh . . . cry . . . and glow with happiness.
WALKING DOWN BROADWAY
with
JAMES DUNN
BOOTS MALLORY
ZaSu Pitts Minna Gombell
Terrance Ray
Directed by
Erich von Stroheim
A FOX PICTURE



Photo by Eugene Robert Richee

Tempestuous, temperamental, Miriam Hopkins put her foot down on "No Man of Her Own" as not the vehicle for her talents. So, instead of angry lawsuits, Paramount began preparation of three new pictures for the volcanic star. Now all is serene.

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, Jr., begins his

The THREE Ages of

By DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, Jr.,
and D. E. Wheeler



EDITOR'S NOTE: *When we asked Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., to write the real story of Joan Crawford, he objected, giving as his reason his belief that the public might think him too biased. He felt it would be a difficult and delicate task for him, as Joan's husband, and one better left to some impartial outsider. It was then that we suggested his doing the story with a collaborator, relieving Doug, Jr., of the sole responsibility for the narrative and from any accusations of favoritism. Hence the dual authorship.*

"TO every woman I say: Never permit the past to interfere with the present. Your life is your own. Live it!"

Joan Crawford speaking.

And this girl, who jumped from the chorus of musical comedy into the movies as an "extra" and then rose to stardom in the talkies, exemplifies in her own development what she says.

What she was yesterday has nothing to do with what she is today or what she will be tomorrow. Dead selves are best buried.

Lot's wife deserved what she got. You can't look backward and forward at the same time and get anywhere. Progress is the passion of Joan Crawford's life, and unless she feels that she is growing, going ahead, becoming what she wants to be, she is not happy.

That inner urge to expand and achieve, together with her strong self-determination, verging on stubbornness, gave her mother a great deal of concern even when Joan was the little girl called "Billy" Cassin—the "Billy" bestowed on her by her brother Hal, four years older, and the "Cassin" being the name of her stepfather.

Her "first life," as we shall call it, was that of "Billy" Cassin, and it began most inauspiciously in San Antone', Texas, where she was born on March 23rd, 1908. Though many writers and critics have alluded to her "soft Texan accent," it is difficult to see how she could have acquired it in the short time she was there, her family having removed with her to Lawton, Oklahoma, when she was a baby!

EARLY, she developed three leading traits: preferring to play with boys, mothering dolls to the limit, and dancing as if her feet were bewitched. Because she was called a tom-boy



Photo by Clarence Sinclair Bull



Exclusive photo by Culver Service

The latest picture of Joan and Doug Jr. together—made exclusively for the New Movie Magazine when they returned from their trip abroad. This was the trip they'd been planning together for years.

own story of his wife's career . . .

JOAN CRAWFORD



New Movie Magazine again gives you the intimate, never-before-told story of a star—this time as told by the star's own husband

in the neighborhood, Mrs. Cassin felt she had to be strict with the child, and was constantly checking what she thought was "unladylike behavior." Mandatory criticism and restraint of the kind was not the best way to reach and influence the proud, tempestuous spirit of the little girl. Punishment only made her more of a rebel, as it always does to those with her temperament.

However, her dolls and her dancing brought her the compensating consolation and joy she needed. Her dolls understood her troubles and sympathized with her tastes and ambitions. To them she told everything that was in her heart, and already she had begun to dream of being a great dancer, glittering in the spotlight, an ethereal creature smiling and bowing to thunderous applause.

Daddy Cassin wasn't like her mother and brother, full of don't-do-this and don't-do-that, and furthermore, he owned a theater in Lawton, which was nothing short of Elysian fields to Billy. Quite often, he took her there with him, and the tot of seven or eight would catch and imitate the actors out front as she stood in the wings. They would laugh and pat her head when they came backstage, and say to the manager:

"Say, Cassin, that (*Please turn to page* 87)



Photo by Hurrell

Before the public knew her at all, Joan was called "Billy" Cassin, when she ran away and went on the stage she adopted the name LeSueur. At right, she is shown with her mother, Mrs. Anna Bella Cassin.

WE ASKED THE FILM STARS ABOUT THEIR HOPES AND PLANS

"I WANT



Photo by Bert Longworth

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR.: I want to make one truly great picture. Then I want to take another trip to Europe. I am writing a novel, and want to finish that within the next six months—and, ah, I wont to do a lot of things.



ANN HARDING: My ambition is to write, and I plan to give it more time and study than ever before. I want to study both play writing and fiction writing. My contract has another yeor to run at RKO, so I presume I shall continue in pictures.



Photo by Don English

CLARK GABLE: I hope to make a picture thot will give me a chance at light comedy. I hope to become an expert golfer, to take several hunting trips—ond time for one trip to New York to see all the plays.



Photo by Wide World

CHARLES ("Buddy") ROGERS: I want to make my return in a good picture or not at all. I don't want to give up my radio work, so my wish for 1933 is that I may make at least one good picture and a lot of broadcasts. I tried to make a clean break, to forget pictures, but I found I couldn't.



Photo by Don English

FREDRIC MARCH: I mostly wont the right kind of house for the baby we've adopted, with the right kind of nursery and back yard. As it is, she has olmost crowded my wife and me out of house and home. . . . About my career? Oh, well, a few more pictures like "The Sign of the Cross" ond "Smilin' Through."



TALA BIRELL: I want to make some really great pictures, to do something really worth while with my voice, which I have been neglecting for the last three years, and to go home to Vienna for a vacation, and perhaps act in a play there—but for only a few weeks. Then I want to come back to pictures.



Photo by Don English

JACK OAKIE: It's tough for a wisecracker since the Four Marx Brothers came on the lot. I just hope that in 1933 I don't hove so much competition or else that I meet a lot of new people who haven't heard my old jokes.



Photo by Robert W. Coburn

EDNA MAY OLIVER: On the stage I played several strong dramatic rôles, and it is my sincere hope that in 1933 I shall hove the same opportunity in pictures. I am very much ofraid of being "typed" in pictures.



BORIS KARLOFF: I've been in this country since 1913, yet I've never been in New York. I want to go there this year and to New England, too. Professionally speaking, I hove no definite plans except to keep busy.

... in 1933"

AND HERE ARE THE ANSWERS THEY SENT TO US



Photo by Don English

CHARLES LAUGHTON: My ambition for the year is to have no ambition. Ambition makes people work so hard that they have no fun. It keeps me in Hollywood, while my wife is in England. My hope for the year is that my wife's work and mine will not keep us apart very much longer.



Photo by Clinton Longet

IRENE DUNNE: The normal professional life of a film star is five years. So I have laid out a five-year plan. I'm going to live on a certain amount each week and put the rest away. At the end of five years I'll know my fate.



WALLACE BEERY: I hope to make at least two knockout pictures during the year, want to make a long airplane hunting trip into northern Canada and one into the wilds of southern Mexico, and I want to buy a faster plane.



Photo by Don English

NANCY CARROLL: I hope I have no production quarrels during 1933. I want three great rôles in the next three pictures which I'm to make. And I hope no hairdresser burns my hair so that I shall have to wear a wig as I did in "Under Cover Man."



Photo by Ray Jones

LEW AYRES: I hope I can make "Men Without Fear" and "The Red Knight of Germany"—or something else especially good. I want to motor through Canada and then through the South, and I want to go to the World's Fair at Chicago. If I can do all that I'll have a great year.



BUCK JONES: During the past year the Buck Jones Rangers' Club, made up of boys and girls from six to sixteen, has grown to 1,500,000 members. These kids have brought Western pictures back to popularity. It is my hope and plan to keep faith with them by making better, more exciting and more thrilling Westerns during 1933.



Photo by Bert Longworth

JAMES CAGNEY: I want to take two courses at the University of California—one in biological chemistry and one in political science. Hope I won't have to slap any more women in pictures. And I want to raise a cactus garden.



Photo by Russell Bell

PAT O'BRIEN: I want to take my folks—my wife and my father and mother—on a trip back to Ireland, where my folks were born. I should like very much to create a successful stage rôle, then to do it in pictures.



TOM MIX: Hope I won't have any more lawsuits. As for plans, I hope to make a world tour as soon as I've completed my picture contract. No other plans, but I do hope this year will be happier and more prosperous than the last one.

ELSIE JANIS, the internationally famous mimic, tells of



"From the first day I saw Mitzi I have maintained that she can do anything I have done, if she is properly guided, as I was."



"Mitzi's mother is sweet and simple. . . . I guess Mrs. and Miss Green have a mutual understanding."

Exclusive photo by Tower Studios

The Magic of Mitzi

Applause and advice from the American stage star for the little girl following in her footsteps

THE natural short cut to fame and star billing is undoubtedly via imitations! Having taken it myself at the age of five I believe that I know the route, its smoothness and its detours, about as well as anyone.

Thirty years ago I stood where Little Mitzi Green stands today, at the crossroads of success, several sensational years of "Child Wonder" acclaim behind me, ahead of me the dreaded and usually fatal awkward age, when the little shoes which were the favorites six months before shrink with horror from the lengthening toes, and the dresses of last month hang like baby bibs above knobby knees.

Mitzi is twelve, and I know so well how she feels when people pat her cheek and enthusiastically remark, "Well, well, you're getting to be quite the young lady!" They mean to encourage her, but Mitzi knows that if thirteen is bad luck for the superstitious, it is finale for infant phenomena, unless they are unusually small and their parents don't mind holding back the years until they scream for recognition. She sees those inevitable early 'teens that must be bridged before she can answer yes (or no) to the cheek patters.

Being too big for this part and too small for that is tragic for the average child, but Mitzi is a genius and I think she will not only bridge the in-between chasm, but will throw a pontoon of talent across it and find her name still in big type on the other side.

I did it, and from the first day I saw her I have said she can do anything I have ever done, if properly guided, as I was! She has an adoring father and mother, but whether or not two can drive as well as one remains to be seen. I had only a mother, who had only one thought, success for me. Nothing could discourage her. No one could distract her attention. She swept aside barriers with the hand of conviction and flew over bridges on the (*Please turn to page* 107)

EVERYBODY WAS GLAD
Andy Got a Break

Summers he worked as a life-guard. Winters he starved. And then came his chance

By
FREDERICK L. COLLINS

EVERYBODY was glad that Andy got a break." If I heard that story once, I heard it a dozen times on my Andy Devine tour of the Universal lot.

And when I sat down with large Andy himself across a shiny brown table at luncheon in The Brown Derby, I knew what they meant.

The boy isn't good-looking in the Hollywood sense. His facial topography is hilly without being as impressively mountainous as his figure. His complexion is not freckled, but it looks as if it was just going to be. He doesn't wear his incurably curly hair long enough to get in his eyes, but he always looks out from under it as if he were afraid it might. It is his smile that is illuminating. It takes his loosely hung and somewhat unrelated features and gives them a certain—well, there isn't anything to call it but glamour.

"I'm dieting," he said with a laugh, as if he knew that the joke, being on him, must be a big one.

There was a time—and not so very long ago either!—when this boy's dieting was, so to say, automatic; for, although it is six years now since Andy Devine, Santa Clara football hero, opened up a hole for himself through the Hollywood line, it is only recently that he has been able to gain any ground.

HE started well. For nearly three years, he played atmosphere in George Lewis's interminable series of "Collegians." This wasn't so bad. It meant a weekly pay check, albeit not a notable one. But the second three years were the hardest. Picture jobs just didn't happen for our Little Boy Blue.

Summers he worked as a lifeguard at forty-two and a half cents an hour. Winters he starved. At least, he did one winter.

"It sounds funny, I know," he said, between smiles and laughs, "that a big husky like me should ever have thought of 'ending it all'—and I don't suppose I ever would have gone through with it, my folks being Catholic—but this is the way it was.

"I had had just two meals in two weeks. No, make that three meals. But none of the three had happened for several days. I had left my room in the morning without breakfast and had been out all day looking for work. I had bummed a couple of rides out to Universal and Culver City; and was walking home after a final turn-down at Warner's.

"It was dinner time—not mine but regular folks'— (*Please turn to page* 91)



Andy Devine, big, good-natured, and unspoiled, suddenly catapulted to fame, would much rather talk about "Truck," his pet bull terrier, than about himself.



Photograph by Eugene Robert Richee

Nancy Carroll, Filmland's firebrand, and alluring as ever, is with us again in Paramount's "Under Cover Man." Nancy, after an unsuccessful venture in vaudeville—some call it a polite spanking—says she's delighted to be back in Hollywood and promises to be good.

Staging Movie Thrills





"S.O.S. iceberg" is the title of Universol's new Arctic epic, o Greenlond thriiler produced by Dr. Arnold Fonck, the noted Alpinist, during six months in the frozen wastes. Leni Riefenstahl, the Berlin doncer, regorded as the world's only actress capable of performing daredevil feats on the ice; Gibson Gowlond of "Greed" and other von Stroheim successes, ond Ernst Udet, German oviotor oce, ploy the ieods. It is destined to be one of the most thriiiing spectocies of the year.





on the WORLD'S RIM







HERB HOWE Picks his 1933

My First Ten Stars of Tomorrow

1. KATHARINE HEPBURN
2. MAE WEST
3. CONSTANCE CUMMINGS
4. LILIAN HARVEY
5. ALLISON SKIPWORTH
6. JOHNNY WEISSMULLER
7. PAUL MUNI
8. TOM BROWN
9. LEE TRACY
10. RICHARD CROMWELL






The Women Stars I Picked for 1922


LILLIAN GISH


VIOLA DANA


ANITA STEWART


CORINNE GRIFFITH


DOROTHY GISH


MARY PICKFORD


BETTY COMPSON


CONSTANCE TALMADGE


ALLA NAZIMOVA


NORMA TALMADGE








HALL of FAME

Hollywood's past and future as revealed for you by America's most brilliant commentator on the films

I GOT to looking over some of my ancient chronicles on Hollywood the other day. Even a boulevardier has his morbid spells. The world sees only the boutonniere; it never suspects that we gentlemen of the gardenias have our dull moments the same as the ladies of the orchids. (Peggy Joyce once confessed to me that she had fits of suicidal melancholy—a revelation that has sustained me in life's darkest hours and given me faith that every cloud *must* have a diamond lining.)

It was the closing of the Come-On-Inn that sent me to the garret of cobwebbed memorabilia. Betty's and Hatty's place, you know. The first bungalow built in California and the first lunching spot of the studio quartier—an authentic Japanese bungalow with sides of redwood planks fluting out at the base like a geisha's robe and a roof like a coolie's hat shading its casements.

Behind its closed doors lies *alt* Hollywood, forever sealed. That carefree, fraternal, scandalmonging, pre-Hays Bohemia which knew no accents, no salons and little law.

Well do I recall the first insidious seeping of culture, omen of that wave of civilization that was to o'erwhelm us as it has the South Sea natives. The first victim was, oddly, a bathing beauty. Mabel Normand was the first to note she was being swept away. "My Gosh, she's going ritzy," exclaimed Mabel. "Do you know what she's doing? Studying English!"

This mermaid's caprice was inexplicable then. Now it appears as a divine premonition of the talkies. At any rate this girl who took up with the occult art of grammar is one of the few who survived the waves of sound.

ON the walls of the Come-On-Inn are the signed portraits of stars who were. Virtually all are now dead according to the studio archives.

In the world outside you die but once. In Hollywood you die twice. Once when the producers will, next when Jehovah decrees.

When you respond to the latter you go to the happy hunting ground or to that region boasting a warmer year-round climate than California's.

When you are pronounced extinct by the Hollywood gods you are condemned to the unhappy haunting ground of former triumphs, a wraith among the studios from whom all casting directors shrink.

Behind the shimmering pageant that to the world is Hollywood there is a macabre parade of these ghosts who would come back. Am I getting spooky? Don't go; cocktails are just around the corner.

My Dream Girls For 1933



LUPE VELEZ



ANN HARDING



JOAN BENNETT



CLAUDETTE COLBERT



LORETTA YOUNG



JEANETTE MACDONALD

TURNING back the leaves of Hollywood twelve years I find myself predicting the stars of 1922, same old charlatan that I am. The queens whose triumph I foresaw were:

Mary Pickford
Alla Nazimova
Lillian Gish
Norma Talmadge
Dorothy Gish
Constance Talmadge
Betty Compson
Anita Stewart
Viola Dana
Corinne Griffith

I'd feel older than Plutarch over these reminiscences and abandon all hope of being asked to join Tom Brown's club, were it not for seeing these queens of ancient history today, some of them looking as young and dangerous as any of the current royalty.

You see, we all started so young—we were mere kiddies—I admit to twenty-nine—what's that, my son? Never be disrespectful of a hennaed head or a lifted face.

And before you start weeping for these dethroned monarchs let me tell you that none has had to apply to the Community Chest for cocktails.

Men appear not to be ravished by age as women are, a fact that may lead to a theory as important as Einstein's, namely that Time must be masculine. Certainly the old boy hasn't borne off men in any such numbers as he has women. In my 1922 divination I find these sultans:

Charlie Chaplin
Richard Barthelmess
Charles Ray
Wallace Reid
Harold Lloyd
Douglas Fairbanks
Antonio Moreno
John Barrymore
Thomas Meighan
Will Rogers.

Six are potent today, one has died and the others have been working. From this I deduce the consolation that male charms are more enduring if not as endearing.

(*Please turn to page* 94)



Photo at right by Ray Jones

If you're afraid to cry, don't read about

Funny Face

BORN in Santa Cruz, a beautiful California town, four hundred miles from Hollywood, ZaSu Pitts will go down in film history as one of the few great actresses developed by the screen.

If she lacks the gusto of her chief contemporary rival, Marie Dressler, she is her superior in subtlety.

There are those, von Stroheim and myself among them, who consider her a great tragic actress. Mistress of the realms of sorrow, she can romp, Tom Sawyer-like, through a film, and make the young to laugh, and the old to wish that they were young again.

HER story is stranger than fiction, and real as a tax report.

Her mother owned a rooming-house in Santa Cruz when ZaSu graduated from high school. Watching her daughter from childhood, she conceived the notion that there might be a chance for her wistful offspring in Hollywood.

Her mother's maiden name was Nellie Shay, one generation away from Ireland. Her father, a Civil War veteran, much older than her mother, was a Dutchman, from the Mohawk Valley of New York. If either parent had humor, it was deeply repressed. And strangely enough in Miss Pitts, her humor is spontaneous, and her tears come slowly, as if they were the few left in the bottom of her soul.

ZaSu's first name came oddly. Her mother had two sisters, Eliza and Susan. The last two letters from the first name, and the first two from the second, spelled ZaSu.

ONE evening, after the mother had been quiet for several days, she said to ZaSu, "I think, Daughter, you have a chance in Hollywood."

Until this moment, ZaSu had never attended a party, even among her schoolmates. So far as the strictness of her bringing-up was concerned, she might have been a girl of the seventeenth century. Her mother, long a widow, attending to her little brood, worked hard and feared God until whimsies became sins and freedom of the spirit a prisoner in a prayer book.

To this woman was given a great insight. The first of screen mothers to back her faith with the deed, she talked with ZaSu late into the night.

The next day mother and daughter walked the principal street of Santa Cruz. There was much to be done. A tin trunk (*Please turn to page* 104)

By

JIM TULLY

Hollywood's Literary Radical

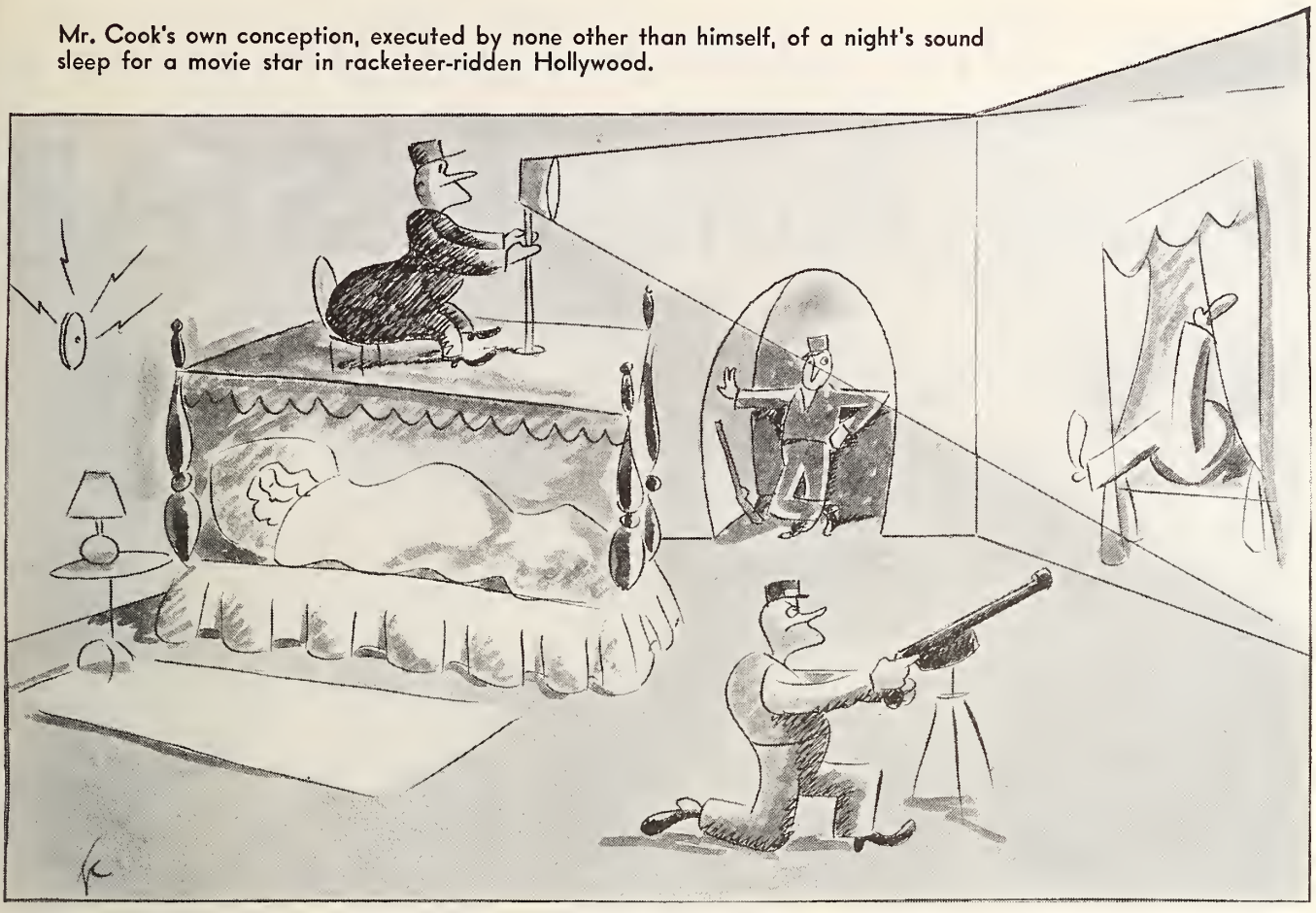


Left: ZaSu, the little mother, and her two children—Don Mike, son of the late Barbara LaMarr, adopted by ZaSu, and Ann Gallery, ZaSu's own child. Right: ZaSu in a scene from "Greed," the von Stroheim picture in which she had her first big chance. Yet even with this and then another von Stroheim epic ZaSu didn't register with the film powers that be. Weeks and months of idleness came and it was not until the arrival of the talkies—and ZaSu was deathly afraid of them—that she really came into her own.

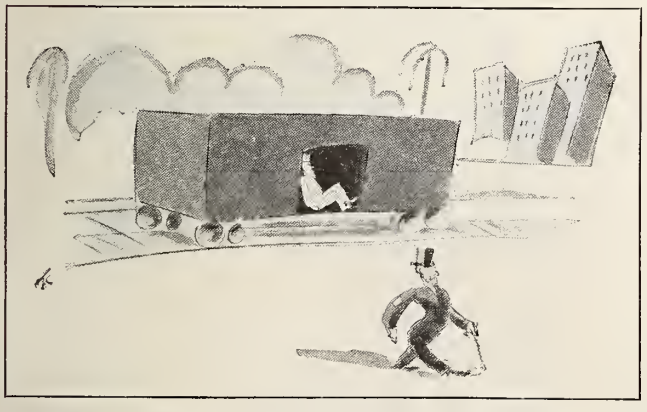


Evalyn Knapp has always seemed to have everything for success—but good rôles. She has beauty, charm and ability. At last she is beginning to get where she always belonged. In "Night Mayor" she made such a real hit that she has been signed by Columbia to a long-term contract. Her next will be "This Sporting Age."

Mr. Cook's own conception, executed by none other than himself, of a night's sound sleep for a movie star in racketeer-ridden Hollywood.



Ted Cook's COOK-COO GOSSIP



Tattered bankers arrive on almost every train. They tumble off freight cars, dust off their worn-out shoes with their toupees, and then go hitch-hiking to Hollywood to see what's the mattah.

WHAT Hollywood seems to need right now is some genius who can tack a happy ending on to a column of figures.

"ONE reason Hollywood is such a marvelous dwelling place," says Lilyan Tashman, "is that people are not regarded with suspicion because they fail to live exactly according to the rules and regulations prescribed by Emily Post."

Of course not. All the suspicion is saved for those who fail to live according to the prescriptions of Hollywood.

ELECTRIC eyes, that see and tell, are being installed in the homes of cautious picture people. A bedroom switch lays down an invisible network of rays across floors, doorways and windows—even across lawns and driveways. Any person who crosses these invisible barriers unconsciously and automatically starts a commotion—bedroom signal boxes buzz, floodlights flare, gongs sound, sirens shriek. Or the alarm may register at police headquarters.

This is just one of the new and ingenious ways devised to protect picture people, many of whom are terrified by the menace of robbery, kidnaping and extortion which has suddenly assumed alarming proportions.

Much of the news concerning racketeering and crime against motion picture celebrities is hushed. You will hear weird tales around the studios—tales of suave crooks whose henchmen even follow stars across the continent, and make extortion contacts aboard trains. Of course dozens of stars and executives are constantly accompanied by bodyguards.

The moment her chauffeur left her alone, while he stepped into a building on an errand, another car pulled alongside of Mae West's limousine. A revolver was poked through the window. "Diamond Lil" disgorged $16,000 in jewels, $34,000 in cash.

Helene Costello left her Beverly Crest home to go to the hair dresser. Two gents immediately stepped out of an expensive car, (*Please turn to page* 102)

Togo Discovers Hollywood's Most Famous STAR

WALLACE IRWIN'S world - famous Japanese Schoolboy becomes an Inquiring Reporter and goes right to headquarters—he asks the stars themselves about themselves

To Editor "Tower Publication Co." who write a magazine called "LOVE" and must feel that way,

DEAREST SIR:

IF it was not so hard to find out about folks and why they do it, maybe there wouldn't be so much newspapers, which would be good thing. Because then all reporters could get job playing bassball, instid of writing about it.

I tell you now. When you go out with a pencill to write what happen, then you find it don't, or something else.

For instancely. Last Wedsday a. m. I find Hon. Geo. F. Ogre, Emperor of Hollywood, looking very Will H. Haze while he rubb arnica medisine on a hole in his leg where his boot in his horse-pants hit him.

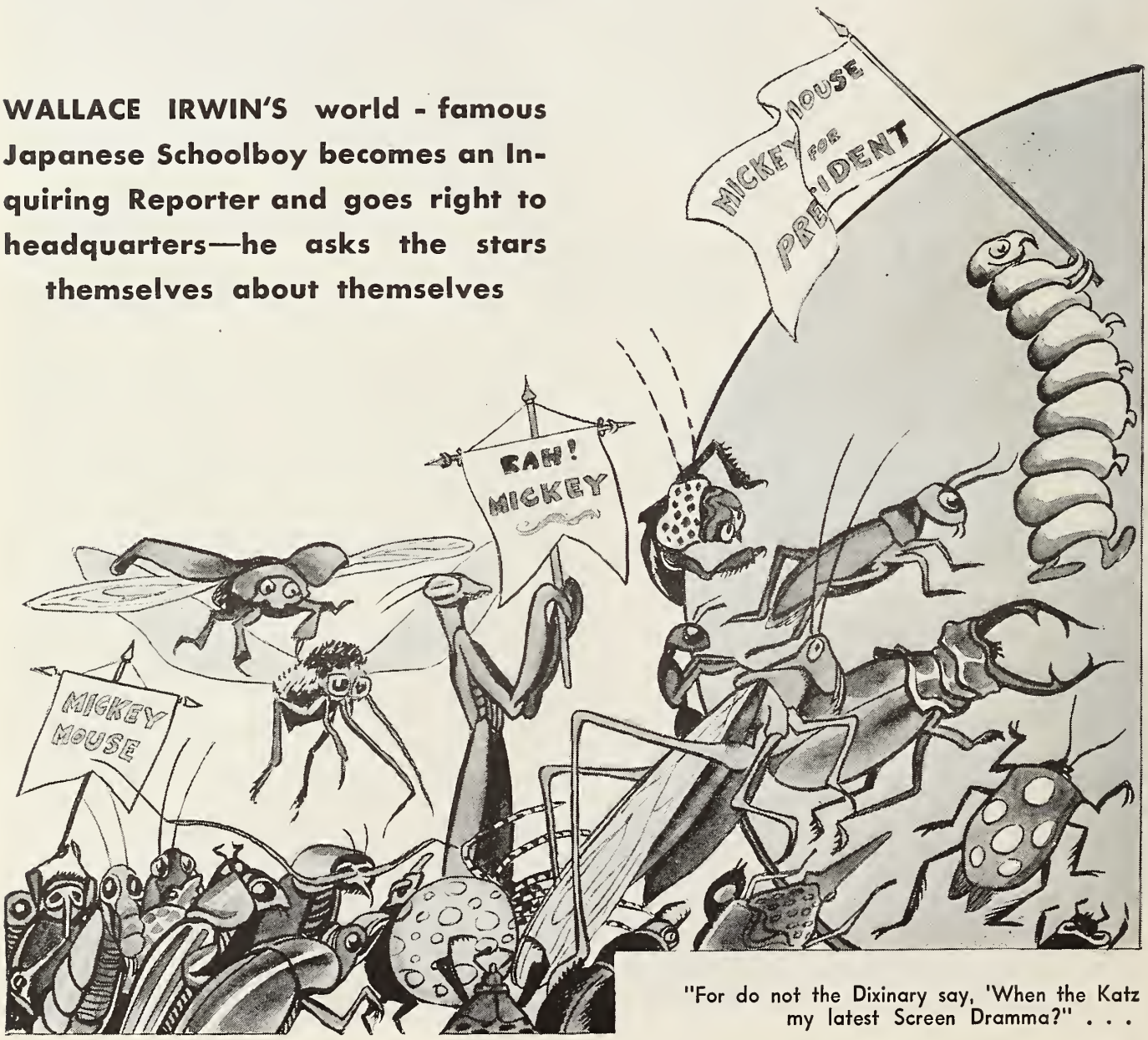
"Togo," he dictate, "stick by me and you will ware dye-monds eventually."

"Thanks so many," I report, putting my knecktie in place where my shirt wasn't. "And what should I ware in the meanwhiles?"

"That are a mere D.Tail," he reject. "My mind are too large to think of clothing for a Japanese. My brain will not handle anything less than 1000000$. Togo, I are paying you in experience, and today are pay-day. I are going to give you a experience which are 100% more preshus than gold."

"O sire!" I holla on my curved knees.

"Make your eyes very careful while you lissen at this," he say. "I think you are sifficiently fool-harty



"For do not the Dixinary say, 'When the Katz my latest Screen Dramma?" . . .

to get exackly what I want. Because I wish to make biggest pubblicty advtising since Noah wrote that peice called 'Show Boat,' I command you go 4th and find out who are most famus person in the Hollywood Hell of Fame."

"How to find that out, if ever?" I require.

"Go to all Famus Actors and Actoresses and ask them," he corrode. "They will tell you fastly enough."

MR EDITOR, did you ever attemp to runn a Farm Board with one hand and a Chain Drug Store with the other? Then you do not know ¼ of it. But I know one thing. If you wish to be siccessful, best way are to start at the top & work downwards.

Therefore I start with Hon. Garta Grebo. Outside one (1) immensified castle I find a sign "NEVER AT HOME," so I know that must be where she live. By front door I find 6 Swedishes with shoot-guns, looking welcome. "What can't I do for you?" ask First Swedish hottily.

"I wish to see Hon. Garta Grebo," I narrate nervely.

"Give 12 good reasons in one (1) word," say Swedish.

I try to boil my word, but it came out double. Therefore I say-so, "I desire ask her why she are most famus person in all Fame."

"I are her Hired Explanation," manipulate Swedish. "She are not the most famus, because her eyelids has been copied by Hon. Marleen Deetrick and others. if you wish to find a reel Famus, I snuggest you go over and call on Miss Marie Dressler and talk to her, if possible.

Illustrations by
HERB ROTH



away the Mice will play?' You wish see the last act of "Oh, should!" I ollicute distinctually.

THANKS so many, I elope away from there and find a hansom bungalow with sign on it which declare "TRADEMEN ENTRANCE." With book-agt. expression I go into there and find an awfully sweet-fat lady baking downnutts in a oven filled with hot gass.

"Wish see Marie Dressler," I computate.

"You are speaking at her, honey," she narrate. "Could I donate to you a jinjer coocie I just made, or ½ lb. apple pie of my own manufaxure?"

While eating them I say with fork, "Hon. Marie, Hon. Garta Grebo poked me here to ask you why you are most Famus Person in Hollywood."

"You have come to wrong eddress," dictate Hon. Marie, while spearing downutts. "I scarcely never think of Fame, I are so busy all time being Just Me. As Prince of Whales say-so when he see me in my last flim, 'She are merely a Common Person. Please send me 200 tickets in avance for her next show.' I are nothing more than the Great Mamma. Please do not refer to me as Famus."

"Who would be elected for that job?" I ask to know.

"Why you no ask Hon. Lion Barrymoore?" she negotiate while frying a jackflap on stove. "If he are not Famus then I are the niece of Clara Bow."

SO I enrush franickly & find Hon. Lion Barrymoore eating 100$ worth of figs in a sort of Grandy Hotel where he live.

"What you want & be quick as possible," he narrate.

"Are you Famus?" I ask to know.

"What are Fame?" he snuggle.

"It are the front end of a newspaper," I crock.

"I are neither of those," he amputate. "When you see me in the flims you see nothing but a elderly person, trying to get along. Sometime I are a dried actor, going dead with tubbuck- (*Please turn to page* 78)

Filming a Country in Turmoil





Trafalgar Square, London, Armistice Day, 1918, photographed from Lord Nelson's monument—one of the many great mass scenes from Fox's stupendous spectacle, "Cavalcade." In it are forty featured players, one hundred and fifty speaking parts, 15,000 civilians, 10,000 soldiers, a cathedral chorus of 5,000 singers, and 500 dancers. Directed by Frank Lloyd and adapted from the sensationally successful Noel Coward play, "Cavalcade" takes in a span of thirty-two years, showing the effect of tumultuous world events upon our family life. It is one of the costliest pictures of this decade.

Inside SECRETS of the

Scenes from life during the trying processes when Beauty is made more beautiful—and even fashions are changed

By RAMON ROMERO

WHO is the man who knows more beautiful women than any other male in Hollywood? Perhaps I should say, who is the man in Hollywood who has made more women beautiful than any other man in the world?

He's a modest, little man, past middle age, with graying hair. His name is simply Jim.

No Don Juan ever had such a harem as the collection of Hollywood beauties who flock to his salon. No man was ever privileged to gaze upon so much pulchritude in one day, or to touch so many famous skins, or to converse with so many world-known celebrities upon the subject that is most precious to women's hearts—beauty!

To Jim, they are all just his girls. He's known most of them for years. He's seen them climb the ladder of fame; watched them go from extra rôles to leads—and from humble beginnings to the dizzy heights of stardom. And he's seen them fall, too. Jim could tell you a lot about the rise and fall of movie stars.

To him they're simply Billie and Jean and Bebe and Colleen. And he is just Jim. Simple, isn't it?

In Hollywood there is nothing so cheap as beauty—and yet it is something that everyone seems to be striving to attain—beauty of face, beauty of form, beauty of voice. The mind seems to be the thing most neglected. Wherever the eye chooses to stray it finds comely women, Nell Brinkley cuties, magazine-cover faces. In the cafés it is the waitresses who bedazzle the eye. In the department stores and shops, the salesladies. Even the Hollywood hospitals boast the most beautiful nurses in the world. There is no escape from them. Wherever one looks there is a potential star. Eating, sleeping or dying, one is saturated with it.

Where do they all come from? Is it possible that they were always beautiful? A talk with a few beauty experts would soon disclose the fact that most beauty in Hollywood is acquired. Bought! For her make-up has reached a state of perfection, and there is hope for even the most unattractive woman.

AS Jim says, there is no other city in the world, past or present, that has witnessed the miracles which have taken place in Hollywood. Caterpillars emerge butterflies; awkward country sisters are transformed into ladies of poise and distinction; the shapes of noses are changed with no more ado than turning over the pages of the morning paper; projecting ears are put in their places; the lean become fat and the fat lean; blondes go brunette—and brunettes platinum—a haircut changes a destiny. It seems like some gigantic machine into which all femininity is poured—the ugly ducklings, the wallflowers, the plain girls—only to be ground out, like so many sausages, into Hollywood's beautiful. Have you ever noticed how much alike some of our stars look?

That's the main trouble with the beauties of Hollywood. They appear like a string of dolls cut from the same piece of paper. But these carbon-copy beauties only endear the ZaSu Pittses, the Edna May Olivers and the Louise Fazendas.

The beauty specialists are beginning to be wise to the fact that it is no longer enough that beauty appeal to the eye alone. The time has come when the imagination must be captured. The dawn of a new type



Hurrell

Normo Shearer olwoys knows just whot should be done with her hoir. She ond Jim worked out these coiffures together. (Left) The coronet hoirdress for the early sequences of "Stronge Interlude"; (left, obove) os the young motron in the some picture; next os the wilful doughter in "A Free Soul"; then os o victim of modern morrioge in "The Divorcee," ond finolly, o glimpse ot the future—os Nino grown older—in "Stronge Interlude." Eoch coiffure creates o different personolity.

STARS' Beauty Parlor

Jean Harlow made herself an individual by turning her red-gold tresses to platinum. It takes a visit to Jim's every five days to keep them that way but it's worth it to Jean.



Jim takes the shears to his famous client's famous hair. Jean Harlow sits for a haircut by Jim and a photo by Wide World.

of Hollywood beauty is breaking over the cinema horizon and its name is individuality.

The old standards of beauty in Hollywood have undergone complete and drastic changes. Pulchritude is no longer judged by the perfection of a nose or the lovely roundness of a contour. It is not enough to have a lily white skin and a pair of evenly matched lips. Unless an individual note is struck mere beauty becomes dull and uninteresting.

Even one of the most famous beauties of the world, Billie Dove, long ago saw the handwriting on the wall, and without waiting for it to cave in on her and bury her name in oblivion, she proceeded to let her hair grow gradually gray. A daring and a preposterous thing for a great movie star in her twenties to do. But Billie knew what she was about, and so, disregarding all advice, she refused to touch it up. Wisely, she knew she could make an asset of her premature grayness. In another year her youthful, beautiful face will be framed by a mass of completely gray hair, and she will have achieved a distinction and an individuality that belongs to no other woman in Hollywood.

WHAT Jean Harlow achieved through dying her hair a white platinum is already motion picture history. For months she worked around Hollywood, at the various studios, playing atmospheric bits. One day she went to Jim's and had him turn her red hair platinum—and that day was a red-letter day in Jean's life—for from then on she was fortune's favorite child.

The change won her the lead in "Hell's Angels." At first she intended to be a platinum blonde in only that one picture, and then revert to the auburn shade. But her success as a platinum vamp was so sensational and individual that her producers immediately began to exploit her hair rather than her acting ability.

Jean was not more beautiful than dozens of other girls. She had er-r-r-hips, and—wasn't a great actress, yet her individuality stamped her as a personality to be reckoned with. Her gesture that day at Jim's also made millions of dollars for beauty parlors all over the world, for soon afterward there came a new sect of women that numbered in the millions—a universal chorus of platinum blondes, each a walking advertisement for the girl who stepped to overnight fame by simply changing the color of her hair.

And now every five days Jean Harlow must go through the trying process of having her hair platinumed. Only once has she discarded the disguise. In "Red-Headed Woman" she became again a red-head just to prove that she wasn't getting by on her hair alone. But the fans clamored for her return to platinum tresses. In the years to come there will be hundreds of imitation Jean Harlows with platinum hair, but after all the public will only remember one—the original, Jean Harlow.

FIFI DORSAY is another girl who profited by changing the color of her hair for screen purposes. When Winfield Sheehan discovered the vivacious little actress dancing in the Greenwich Village Follies in New York, he saw in her at once a possibility for the mischievous French girl in Will Rogers' first talkie,

If you don't believe that anyone can become beautiful—read this





How do you like Mae Clorke's new haircut? She tired of ploying lodies more sinned agoinst thon sinning, ond decided to throw off that hurt wistful look you cotch in the picture obove. You see her ot the right getting all prettied up at Jim's.

"They Had to See Paris." She was interviewed, tested and signed.

WHEN she reached Hollywood the studio found to their horror that she was a blonde; and that would never do for the kind of vamp Fifi was going to play. The public have always visualized French vamps as dark and dusty brunettes. So Fifi went to Jim's and became a brunette. Now, once a month she must have her hair dyed black to keep in character. She has yet to appear on the screen with her own light tresses.

Her sister, Alyce, is a beautiful blonde, and so are all her sisters and her cousins and her aunts, but Fifi for the rest of her screen life will be a brunette.

Other stars have come to Jim's and changed the color of their hair, but with little success. Fifi and Jean are perhaps the two outstanding examples of girls whom the change benefited.

Bebe Daniels after years of being a dark lady suddenly decided to go from ebony to blonde. The transition made her older, less beautiful and detracted from her vividness. She appeared in several pictures as a blonde, but when at last she found that it was destroying her popularity she switched back to the brunette shade.

Jim has for years made a study of hair and heads. In a glance, simply by tracing the outline of the shape of a head with his keen, trained eyes, he can tell just what sort of cut will be most becoming. He delights in creating new styles of hair dress, for he still believes that hair is woman's "crowning glory."

Creating a haircut to fit a personality or the character a star happens to be playing, is his business. The hairdress of the Norma Shearer in "The Divorcee" must be as far removed from the style used in "Smilin' Through" as the earth is from the sun. An *Anna Christie* will not dress her hair like an *Iris March*. Sometimes it is necessary to study the script of the picture to get the feeling of the character, to determine with unfailing judgment just how that character would do her hair. Often the player will have some suggestion of her own, but more often it is all left to Jim.

Norma Shearer is one of the players who always knows just what should be done to her hair, just exactly how it should be cut and designed. In this case Jim merely carries out her orders.

Sometimes a haircut will be so successful that it will stick with a player as a trademark. Several years ago when Colleen Moore was playing flaming, young flappers, she came to Jim's for a cut that would suggest the character. He gave her the Dutch bob which she made famous, and used in all of her subsequent pictures. Now Colleen is more mature. She no longer wishes to play the same kind of rôle. Again



Wide World

Fifi Dorsay, at Jim's beauty parlor.

A haircut can change destiny and a brunet dye job kept Fifi Dorsay's movie job for her. Jim helps them start up the ladder, keep in the spotlight and stage snappy comebacks.

Jim has worked out for her a new hairdress that will reintroduce her in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer pictures as virtually a new screen personality.

NEXT time you see Mae Clarke on the screen you may have to look twice to make sure that it is she. With typical Clarke abandon she has defied the current mode of long bobs and had her hair cut close and short to her head, giving her a new chic, a pert smartness, that will enable her to portray characters other than hard-boiled molls and repentant streetwalkers.

One of Jim's first patrons was Mary Pickford. That was in the good old days of pictures when Mary was America's darling. Her curls were to Jim a treasure of which he took infinite care, for he realized that they represented a symbol of youth that was cherished all over the world, wherever there was a silver screen upon which life might be reflected.

Times changed, and so did the tastes of the public. The sweet, sentimental themes were obliterated by the new sophistication. Mary's curls were no longer wanted. Soon enough she realized that if she wished to continue her screen career they must go. One day, without warning, she marched bravely into Jim's and told him to clip and clip quick. She was going to do "Coquette" in bobbed hair!

To this day Jim recalls that moment when he picked up his scissors to cut away Mary Pickford's curls, as the most poignant memory of his career. It seemed to him then that he was writing the epitaph of a great screen idol with a pair of scissors. Unknown to the millions who had worshipped Mary's curls, he was the unseen force who was writing finis to a chapter in screen history. When those curls dropped to the floor a new era in pictures begun. The final flag of surrender was rung up in Jim's shop on that sad, momentous day.

When he opened his new salon recently, the biggest basket of flowers came from Mary Pickford. They could have filled a room. And this man, who has indirectly helped to shape more screen careers than any producer in Hollywood, was more proud of those flowers than if she had sent him a million dollars. He speaks of her loyalty as a shining cross in the darkness of Hollywood.

"The bigger they are, the greater they are, the nicer they are," Jim will assure you.

THE busiest day in a Hollywood beauty parlor is Monday! Usually that's the worst day for any other business. On Mondays Jim's appointment book is filled. Hollywood loves nothing like a gay week-end, in which the worries of options, cut salaries and newspaper notices are thrown to the devil. But on Monday business begins again. Cameras grind, microphones swing and directors shout! Movie stars, worn out with having a good time, return in hordes from Palm Springs, Santa Barbara and Caliente. By this time they are ready for a beauty treatment. Hair needs touching up at the roots. The finger wave is as flat as a table, and the crow's-feet (*Please turn to page* 75)



Wide World

Una Merkel, one of Jim's patrons, looks at a new hair oil-treatment machine. At the right, before and after pictures of Colleen Moore. The old Dutch bob, which brought Colleen fame, goes into the discard in favor of a new softening off-the-face cut.





Clarence Sinclair Bull

Winsome Madge Evans still remains O. O. McIntyre's openly admitted latest crush. He even asked us to tell her so. . . . Madge is being gently groomed for stardom. Her last picture was "Fast Life," with William Haines, Conrad Nagel and Cliff Edwards. And as we go to press we forecast that she'll be cast for "Pig Boats," with Walter Huston and others.



Photo by William A. Fraker

Red-headed, freckle-faced Constance Cummings, the girl the cameramen call photographically perfect—and, also, the girl a great many of the critics are calling just about dramatically perfect. All being equal, Connie's friends and her producers confidently expect her to be one of the brightest stars of 1933.

GOOD SOLDIER

When Connie Cummings' world blew up, she didn't quit—she got mad and fought

By Doris Denbo

CONSTANCE CUMMINGS is tall, rather slim, with freckles, red hair and steely blue eyes. She is photographically perfect—so cameramen say!

She is direct, natural and frankly friendly, with a phlegmatic acceptance of life and its problems.

"I've planned on so many things happening—and they never have," she told me once. "So I decided long ago to stop planning and to accept what comes; and if it's good, to be glad of it; and if it's bad, wait for it to blow by." Here she grinned.

"You see, I had all sorts of ambitions and I was terribly thrilled when I came to Hollywood to play the lead opposite Ronald Colman in 'The Devil to Pay.' I thought I was set for life! . . . But—the best laid plans of mice and men—I wasn't, as, of course, everyone knows today!

"It must have been a bad season for the Cummingses, for both Irving Cummings, the director, and myself, after several weeks' work, found ourselves—'out'! That was a bitter pill to swallow! I was never more depressed in my life, but I hadn't worked my way out of the chorus into rôles on the stage without being prepared for the bumps in life!

"Of course I thought of immediate retreat to Broadway. Then I determined that, as I'd never run away from anything yet, it was no time to start—so I stuck!

"I hadn't picked pictures; they had picked me right out of Broadway—and I (*Please turn to page* 80)

Confessions of a

Hidden chapters from the past and present life of New Movie Magazine's stroller-at-large on Hollywood's Main Stem

By HERB HOWE

Hollywood, California.

A SIGNORINA who has charmed me from time to time with her epistolary grace writes this month that I have often angered her by my attitude toward fans. She asks: "Did *you* never write a silly childish letter? Did *you* never have a great—perhaps unreasonable—admiration for anyone?" And concludes, a bit brutally it seems to me, that I apparently have forgotten my own adolescent days.

Forgotten them? *Cara mia!* After two consecutive showings of "Red Dust" I tossed the night through in a creative fever for writing Miss Jean Harlow, and after seeing Miss Mae West in "Night After Night" I had a recurrence of such temperature I thought I should have to resort to ice packs.

If the signorina were as true a disciple of the Boulevardier as she pretends to be she would recall his open confession: that he fan-penned Charles Ray and Louise Glaum before meeting them, wired Ramon Novarro after Ingram showed him "Scaramouche," wired friend Barthelmess after "Tol'able David," stumbled emotionally from "The White Sister" to radio Miss Lillian Gish who was at sea, trilled off notes to Mlle. Renee Adoree, John Gilbert and King Vidor following "The Big Parade," telegraphed Ernst Lubitsch congratulations on "The Love Parade"

Drawings by Chamberlain



"If I'm too fat," Novarro said, "I can have a screen painted with a slender figure in front of me, my head sticking above it."

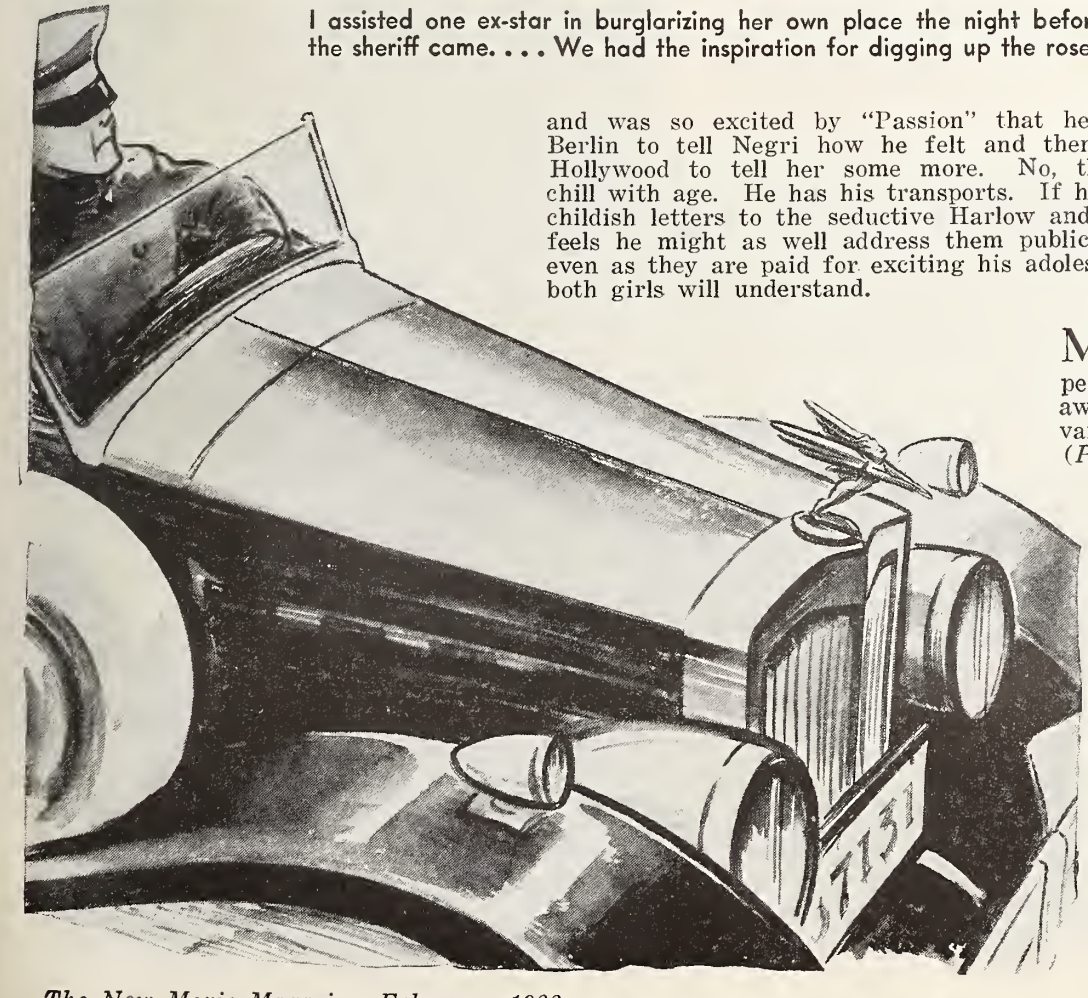
BOULEVARDIER



I assisted one ex-star in burglarizing her own place the night before the sheriff came. . . . We had the inspiration for digging up the roses.

and was so excited by "Passion" that he went all the way to Berlin to tell Negri how he felt and then followed her back to Hollywood to tell her some more. No, the Boulevardier is not chill with age. He has his transports. If he refrains from writing childish letters to the seductive Harlow and West it is because he feels he might as well address them publicly and get paid for it, even as they are paid for exciting his adolescent rapture. I'm sure both girls will understand.

MISS CONSTANCE CUMMINGS—another person who makes me feel awfully adolescent — prevails upon George Raft not (*Please turn to page* 82)



This star read excerpts from his fan mail for me, laughed raucously —was he pretending? —and tossed the missives out the car window. Our route must have resembled that of a Chinese funeral.

Hollywood's LATEST—

It's the new Hollywood game—making one costume do double duty with the addition of chic accessories, detachable sleeves and collars

IT'S the latest game in Hollywood. Now you see it, now you don't.

Eleanor Post must like that warm golden shade, you think, never dreaming that the gown she wore at last week's premiere and the one she's embellishing at the moment in the Brown Derby are basically the same.

Anita Page has a couple of very smart black coats, you say. But she hasn't. It's only one—you're seeing double. It's just the collar that's different.

And there are more . . . Helen Chandler can make a plain mousey little costume into the smartest of affairs with a few pieces of silk and organdie and some smart accessories . . . Helen Vinson does it with furs . . . Gloria Stuart has a way of unsnapping her sleeves to make the transition from tea time to dinner time simpler.

It's a game that's not hard to learn—you can keep them guessing too if you follow the suggestions of the stars. No class of people should know more about clothes than screen players. Their whole world revolves about clothes.

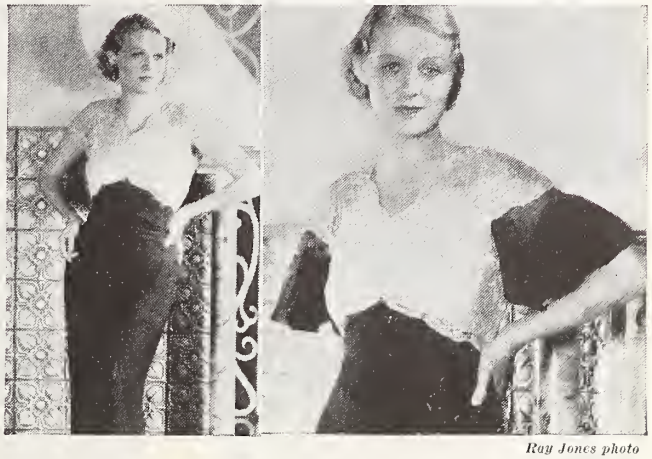




A coat with a dual nature is a favorite of Anita Page, M-G-M actress. Cut on simple lines of black broadcloth, for street wear she combines it with an ermine scarf and broadcloth hat. For more important occasions she wears the collarette of broadtail and dressy hat shown in the full-length picture.

DOUBLING in DRESS





Ray Jones photo

Brown chiffon and real lace are used for the dress shown above on Gloria Stuart. It can be informal or formal enough for dining out at will. The full-length picture at the left shows the sleeveless effect and the small view shows it with puffed chiffon sleeves snapped into place.

Plain evening gowns have their advantages, believes Eleanor Post, RKO starlet. For instance, she can wear the gold crêpe evening gown shown at the left just as it is or with the addition of a gold-beaded bodice capelet which ties at the waistline. It gives her variety, as well as a more elaborate dress for special occasions.



Use smart accessories to put new life into old costumes and brighten up new but simple dresses —is the advice of Hollywood's knowing ones



Elmer Fryer photo

(Above) Helen Vinson believes in furs. One good fur piece will highlight many a simple frock, says she. Here she wears two blue fox skins over a black crêpe dress trimmed only with metallic buttons and belt. Purse and gloves are kid and the hat is black crêpe with a red band and bow.



Otto Dyar photo

(Above) When Wynne Gibson gets tired of wearing her antique gold and jade pin she puts it on an evening bag as a clasp. It's only Indian-giving, though, because she can take it off and make a pin of it again any time she wishes.

(Right) The costume worn by Helen Chandler, Columbia player, started from scratch as a plain black suit and hat. The addition of a sheer organdie blouse with a fichu, a pair of white gloves, a black and white envelope purse and a white band around the hat gave us this.



Mark Elliott photo

They must know what every girl in every walk of life should or would wear for almost every occasion. They must know what is the proper attire for the characters they portray on the screen.

They must always be a bit ahead of the times and smart as possible when off the screen, because they are considered criterions of what the well-dressed woman should wear! So, when it comes to tricks in dressing, they have learned many.

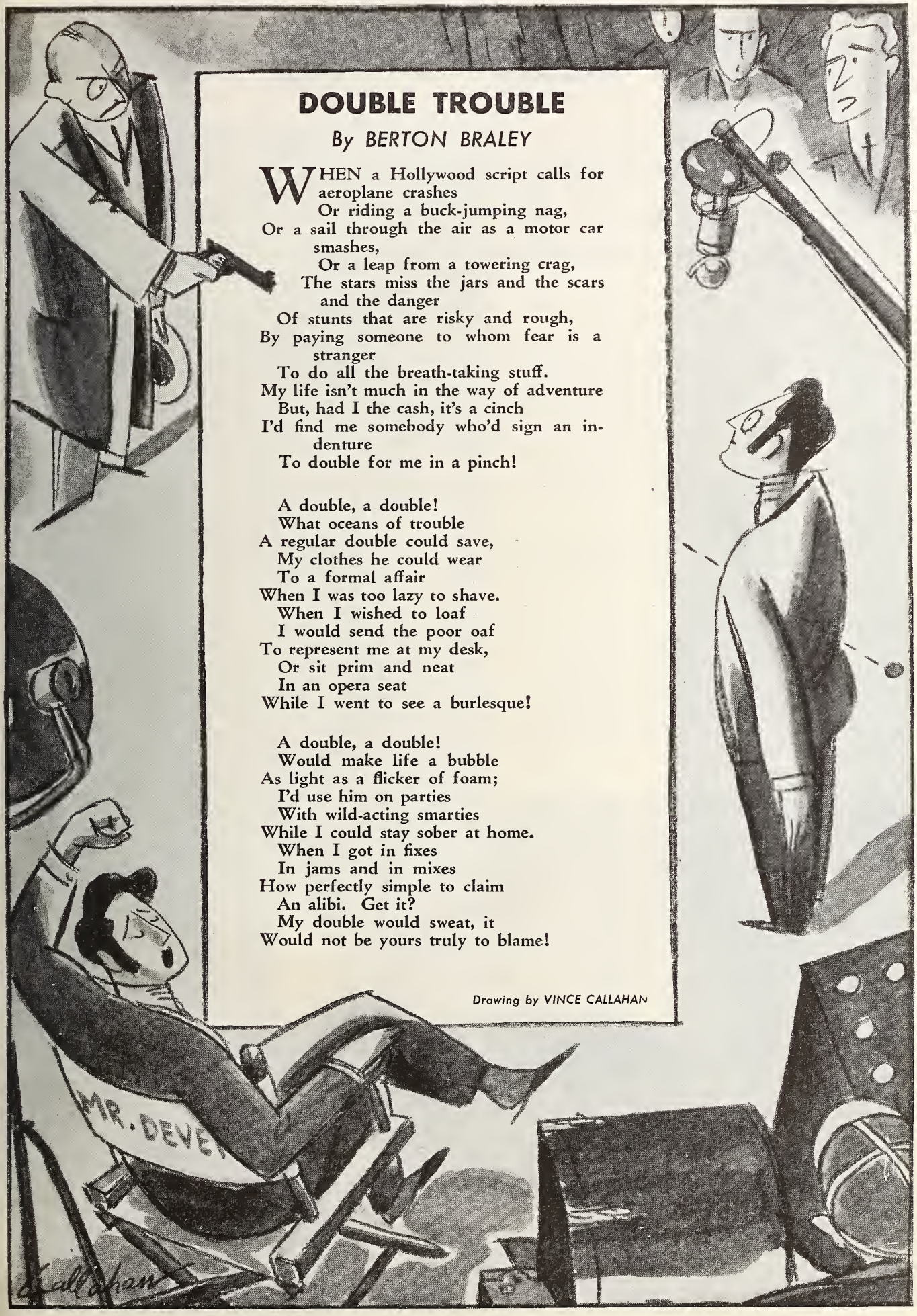
Our screen friends know all sorts of short cuts to economy in dressing well on a small income, not that they must practise it, but they know clothes, and what's smart, and it is but natural they would know short cuts to effects.

Constance Bennett, who will always be the idol of the wistful young things, declares it is absolute economy to buy expensive things.

"There is no short cut in first expenditure," declares the blond star. "If you want lines and consistent smartness, then pay for it!

"If you can afford only one good dress, or several cheap ones, buy the expensive one by all means. You will find this dress will last longer, and you will always feel and look smart.

"If you have the same choice in hat expenditure, buy one good inconspicuous hat with good lines, not too ultra. Your accessories, hats, gloves, shoes and costume jewelry will give (*Please turn to page* 81)



DOUBLE TROUBLE

By BERTON BRALEY

WHEN a Hollywood script calls for
aeroplane crashes
Or riding a buck-jumping nag,
Or a sail through the air as a motor car
smashes,
Or a leap from a towering crag,
The stars miss the jars and the scars
and the danger
Of stunts that are risky and rough,
By paying someone to whom fear is a
stranger
To do all the breath-taking stuff.
My life isn't much in the way of adventure
But, had I the cash, it's a cinch
I'd find me somebody who'd sign an in-
denture
To double for me in a pinch!

A double, a double!
What oceans of trouble
A regular double could save,
My clothes he could wear
To a formal affair
When I was too lazy to shave.
When I wished to loaf
I would send the poor oaf
To represent me at my desk,
Or sit prim and neat
In an opera seat
While I went to see a burlesque!

A double, a double!
Would make life a bubble
As light as a flicker of foam;
I'd use him on parties
With wild-acting smarties
While I could stay sober at home.
When I got in fixes
In jams and in mixes
How perfectly simple to claim
An alibi. Get it?
My double would sweat, it
Would not be yours truly to blame!

Drawing by VINCE CALLAHAN

VILLAINS Who

One of the first tasks of filmland's adviser was to soothe the injured feelings of half the nations of the globe



"WHAT the motion picture business needs," remarked one of Will Hays' assistants as he attacked his daily correspondence, "is an island of its own. A child-size island will do, so long as we have our own national government and a good, peppy name that people will always remember."

"What for?" asked his visitor, obligingly.

"For all the villains to come from," replied the Hays man.

THE foreign work of the Hays organization began with that trouble—the nationality of villains. And in spots and spurts, it remains a trouble even to this day.

When, at about the period of the World War, the American motion picture shot up to the stature of a major industry, we were producing solely for home consumption. The foreign market is one of those inevitable things that just happened.

True, when that market began to open, the distributors sent agents abroad, installed the same fierce competition which marked their operations at home. But until 1922, when Hays took the job of co-ordi-

Photos by Culver Service





Drawings by Vince Callahan



Villain Warner Oland (above) in "The Third Eye," a serial, when heavies were really heavy; and (at right) genial Wallace Beery in his most lurid days.

Rocked the World

By WILL IRWIN
One of America's most eminent authors

Another in the series on Will Hays' Ten Years in the Movies



Photo from Culver Service

Eric von Stroheim in one of his early successes, "Blind Husbands," which he directed and in which he acted the part of the nobleman who wooed one, but wed another.



nating a great but disjointed industry, the producers paid little attention to foreign tastes and preferences.

It was not necessary; or at least, so they felt. Just at the moment when the American film was finding itself, the World War had disrupted all the European studios. Foreign audiences had to take the American picture, or go without.

Decidedly, they preferred not to go without. By train, by airplane, by muleback, camelback, llama-back, the American motion picture penetrated every corner of the world.

If here and there a nation found a detail in a film offensive to its ideas—what matter? Ours were the only goods on the market. The producers simply translated the titles into sixteen or seventeen languages, and let it go at that.

Into this scene of honest industry and peaceful prosperity, enter the villain.

A superb showman named William Shakespeare had perceived long ago that it is always safest to make your heavy villain a foreigner. His *Iago* was an Italian, his *Shylock* a Jew, his king in "Hamlet" a Dane, his *Lady Macbeth* a Scot. He couldn't do anything about *Richard III* without faking history; but everyone knew already that Richard was a bad one.

Popular drama, taking a cue from him, hardened this custom into a tradition. The old American ten-twent'-and-thirt' melodrama of the nineteenth century usually made its villain a fake foreign count or at least a member of New York society. This sprig of the national aristocracy, with his riding breeches, his Fifth Avenue accent and his soul-destroying cigarette, seemed the same as a foreigner to hick audiences.

The motion picture, going before 1922 just on instincts, tended to follow the good old custom. And especially when the Western was having its unprecedented, world-wide vogue.

The horse-novels from which our cinema drew many of its frontier stories had themselves set an example by embalming in print the century-old struggle between Mex and *gringo* along the Southwestern border. Even to monotony, the character who stampeded the herd, sniped at the foreman, kidnaped the ranchman's beautiful daughter and took a sock in the jaw from the one-hundred-per-cent-American hero, was a Mexican. In spite of which, these films were going to Mexico along with the rest.

TO say that the Mexicans did not like this would be to state the obvious. And at the moment when Will Hays became nurse to the movies, the Mexican government was completely off Americans.

Obregon, then dictator, was putting down the screws on American oil concessions; hot-heads and super-patriots on both sides of the line were talking war. Long before, we had broken off diplomatic relations.

When Obregon acted, he did his job both explosively and completely.

He did not stop at prohibiting films offensive to Mexican patriotism. He issued an order barring all American films, even to newsreels, from Mexico. We were out, lock, stock and barrel.

And this happened less than a month after Hays took his job as benevolent parent of the motion picture—when twenty domestic problems sat on his pillow of nights.

With his Washington experience behind him, Hays knew, as probably most of the producers did not, that this was a major crisis.

Elements in all the other Latin-American countries sympathized with Obregon. Once let the device of the boycott thing get a fair start, and it might run like an epidemic through all that proud, race-conscious world between the Rio Grande and the Horn.

In ordinary circumstances, Hays might have gone to Mexico himself—the situation was grave enough to warrant that. As it was, (*Please turn to page* 98)





Sylvia Sidney and Cary Grant in that famous classic, "Madame Butterfly," a lavish production, well acted and produced.

Leslie Howard and Ann Harding (left) in that much-discussed, much-argued-about play, "The Animal Kingdom," not a jungle picture, but one concerning us humans in love.

NEW PICTURES YOU

KING KONG—(Radio Pictures)—"King Kong" is the thrilling story of Beauty and the Beast. Beauty, a waif from the streets . . . the Beast, a monster from the dim dawn of Time itself.

Against a background of steaming jungles, Merian C. Cooper and Ernest Schoedsack, producers of "Chang" and other thrillers, have painted a picture of the days when the earth was young, of grim monsters living only to destroy, of vast fern forests haunted by prehistoric horrors, of the domain of *King Kong*.

Into this remnant of a forgotten world comes a girl and the man she loves, a girl in whom *Kong* sees beauty such as he has never seen before, and in the knowledge of that beauty, much of the strength that has made him king of his land of terror departs.

Ann, the girl, and her mate fall into the hands of *Kong*. Battling through dangers that man can only dream about today, *Kong* takes her to his mountain lair, claims her as his bride, battles with flesh-eating dinosaurs, wades through the asphalt of primeval swamps to wage battle with three-horned monsters who should have died ten million years ago . . . and finally loses her again through the courage of the man she loves.

All this is as thrilling as anything that has graced the talking screen up to now. It leaves you gasping and wondering how it was done. . . . But the thrill of thrills is saved for the final reel when the monarch of the Dawn of the World meets his death among the man-made mountains of New York. It is a story that has never been told before and one that is a challenge to anyone who admits imagination.

The show has been more than two years in the making and ranks as one of the outstanding efforts made by the motion picture business during the past two or three years. It is frankly unbelievable, frankly sensational, but it is almost certain to be one of the most sensational successes of all time.

The cast is not important, though they acquit themselves well indeed. *King Kong* is star, first, last and always and what is done by Bruce Cabot, Fay Wray and Robert Armstrong is merely supplementary.

ACCORDING TO US

the ONE BEST PICTURE of the month is

"KING KONG"—for the simple reason that there never has been anything quite like it before. It is a thriller to the nth degree.

And You Should Also See:

STATE FAIR—because it is rare human drama with a superb cast.

THE SON-DAUGHTER—because Helen Hayes and Ramon Novarro are something to remember.

ANIMAL KINGDOM—because it is a great show, with fine acting by Leslie Howard, Ann Harding and William Gargan.

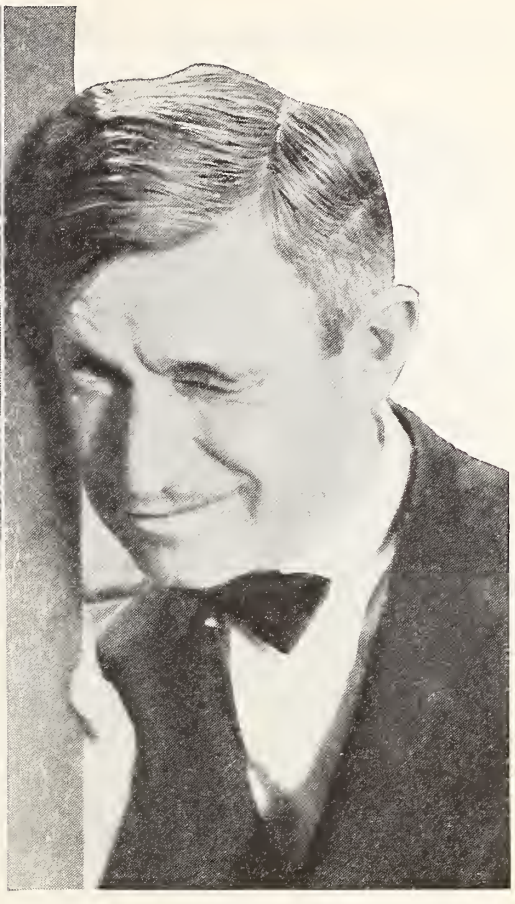
HARD TO HANDLE—because Cagney is back again and better than ever.

MADAME BUTTERFLY—because Sylvia Sidney is glamorously superb in a great story.

ISLAND OF LOST SOULS—because it starts where other horror pictures left off.



H. B. Warner, Lewis Stone, Helen Hayes and Ramon Novarro in a stirring narrative of San Francisco's Chinatown, "The Son-Daughter," one of M-G-M's outstanding pictures.



Will Rogers (right) in "State Fair," upon which Fox successfully lavishes an all-star cast. Others in the picture are Janet Gaynor, Lew Ayres, Sally Eilers, Norman Foster and Frank Craven.

SHOULD SEE—and WHY

There is no doubt at all about this picture. It is definitely one that you should see. The kids will talk about it for months to come.

STATE FAIR—(Fox)—M-G-M had its "Grand Hotel," Paramount has its "If I Had a Million," so Fox decided to make "State Fair." There is little to choose between the three of them as far as casts are concerned but, oh, what a difference in stories!

This Fox super-special deals with the thrilling phases of behind-the-scene life that surrounds a state fair and you have to see the picture to realize the possibilities.

The cast leaves little to be desired. Will Rogers and Janet Gaynor head the star-studded roster with Sally Eilers, Lew Ayres and Norman Foster in close support. In addition there are Frank Craven and Louise Dresser . . . all of which builds up into something you would have to see even if the story weren't one that holds you from start to final fade-out.

It is a simple enough story, one that doesn't try to tell anything out of the ordinary, and for that very reason, one that comes closer to its onlookers than movie stories usually do. It is hard to pick out the star performance; both Janet Gaynor and Will Rogers are more than excellent in their rôles. Possibly Lew Ayres is the most surprising. Universal has been putting him in stories that were too old for him, stories in which he couldn't be convincing, and in "State Fair" he gives us another glimpse of the boy who made history in "All Quiet on the Western Front."

Henry King, the director, had far from a simple job to do but he can be proud of his results. Incidentally, when handing out the credits, there is a certain black race-horse that almost steals the picture.

Also See:

NO MORE ORCHIDS—because it's good entertainment and Walter Connolly is swell.

THEY JUST HAD TO GET MARRIED—because it is good comedy and a little off the beaten path.

UNDER COVER MAN—because George Raft is good, and if you like "gang" pictures you'll like this one.

THE SON-DAUGHTER—(M-G-M)—"The Son-Daughter" ranks with the few great shows that seem to come each year. Clarence Brown, its director, has woven a glamorous story around a startling cast and the result is something that you will certainly remember for some time to come.

Helen Hayes, fresh from her triumph in "A Farewell to Arms," is something new in heroines, and something well worth seeing. Ramon Novarro, restrained and sympathetic, reminds one of his "Ben Hur" performance, still the best he has ever done. They are a strange pair of lovers, but your reviewer is willing to wager that they will be long remembered. Lewis Stone, Warner Oland, Ben Bard, Robert McWade and Louise Closser Hale are in support.

"The Good Earth" should have brought China a little closer to all who have read it, and there are millions who have, but no knowledge of the Orient is needed to understand the wistful charm of Helen Hayes and the reluctant understanding of her lover. Miss Hayes is a perfect foil for Ramon Novarro, one he has needed these many moons, and there will be no one who dares say that he failed to take advantage of his opportunity. There are a few scenes that set the coldest nerves a-tingling and a few others that would bring tears from a stone.

See it, by all means.

THE ANIMAL KINGDOM—(Radio Pictures)—Two years ago no motion picture company would have dared to make "The Animal Kingdom." If these last two years can show nothing more they have not been entirely wasted.

This excellent picture stars Ann



Slim Summerville and ZaSu Pitts in "They Just Had to Get Married," the first of a series of feature-length comedies in which the two will co-star.



Gary Cooper, Jack Oakie, Roscoe Karns and Joyce Compton in "If I Had a Million."



Spencer Tracy and Marian Nixon (right), in "Fortune Smiles," in which both live up to the expectations of their fans.

Harding and Leslie Howard in a delightfully brilliant story by Phillip Barry, who is a playwright whom Americans can compare with the best European craftsmen and be quite proud of him.

In spite of the fact that it deals with an extremely daring theme, "The Animal Kingdom" stacks up as unusually good screen fare for the whole family. While a little of the rather involved story may be over the heads of the children (at least, it ought to be) there will be very few who will not appreciate the uproarious humor of William Gargan as Howard's prize-fighting butler.

Ann Harding is happy in her rôle and Myrna Loy gets a better one than she is accustomed to. However, acting honors go to Leslie Howard, who is fast becoming America's favorite screen actor.

Ilka Chase and Neil Hamilton complete the cast. Edward Griffith directed in satisfactory manner and at any rate, this story is one unlike any you have seen recently and one that will certainly not bore you.

Incidentally, this is the picture that opened the new RKO Roxy Theater in Radio City.

HARD TO HANDLE — (Warner Brothers)—What a dirty trick to play on Jimmy Cagney. Anyhow, weak stories and dirty cracks in the titles they give them, don't stop the bad boy of the screen from breezing through to another easy win. All this in "Hard to Handle."

It's quite a long while since you saw the blonde "interest" socked in the eye with a grapefruit and Jimmie's enforced layoff, you will find, has improved his technique considerably.

This is good entertainment for the Cagney fans . . . and pretty fair even if you aren't. The story is along the same lines as "The Half Naked Truth," formerly "Phantom Fame," but is not quite so breezily funny.

It's a lowdown on the ballyhoo advertising business and it ought to do some of us some good.

Mervyn LeRoy, who directed "Five Star Final," handled the megaphone and kept the pace fast and furious. I like Marian Nixon opposite Mr. Cagney better than I do Mary Brian who is the present incumbent.

MADAME BUTTERFLY—(Paramount) — "Madame Butterfly," probably one of the greatest love stories of them all, comes back to the screen. Over many years audiences have come very close to open tears for the sake of the little Japanese lovebird. This new story lacks none of its old charm and appeal and has, at the same time, the benefit of an excellent motion picture adaptation performed by a remarkable cast.

This time the rôle of "Madame Butterfly" is entrusted to Sylvia Sidney and the little star of Elmer Rice's "Street Scene" answered the challenge in sterling fashion. Cary Grant, Charles Ruggles, Irving Pichel, and Helen Jerome Eddy head the cast under the direction of Marion Gering.

There are few enough great stories and great plays and because "Madame Butterfly" justly belongs among these few, this new version richly deserves your attention. Not only will it be among the few cinematic highlights of the current season, but it will be the cause of an hour long remembered through its sheer enjoyment alone.

ISLAND OF LOST SOULS—(Paramount)—Boy, Oh Boy! If you have the jitters, don't tackle "Island of Lost Souls." If you like thrills go see it.

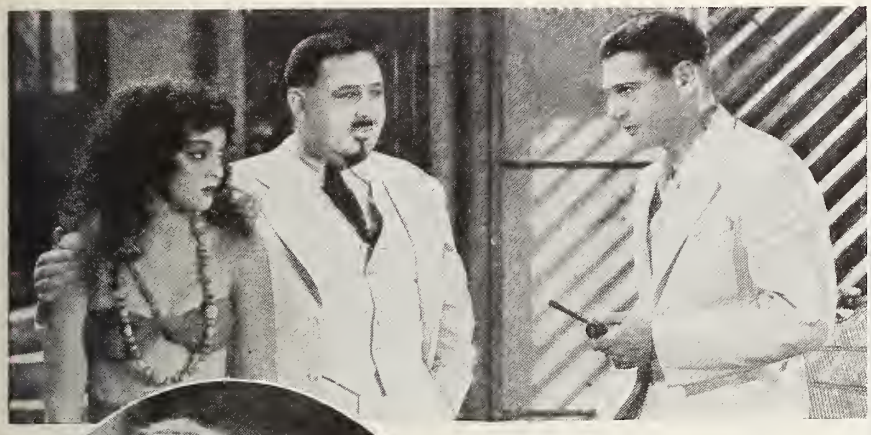
This is the story of a dashing fellow who decides to take himself and his surgical instruments to a desert island and help nature do a little evolutioning. By means of his weird skill he brings into being some of the strangest creatures that the mind of man can hope to visualize.

Kathleen Burke, Paramount's panther woman, is among the cast, as are Richard Arlen, Bela Lugosi and Leila Hyams. The story is one of H. G. Wells' wildest and I'm laying four, two and even (which is race track language for a pretty sure thing) that Earle Kenton's nerves aren't what they were before he began directing the picture.

NO MORE ORCHIDS — (Columbia)—It is a real shame that so much good acting is wasted on a dramatization that just falls short of being believable. However, if you don't mind stretching your credulity a little, you will enjoy one of the most skillful dramatic performances of the year, by Walter Connolly, in Columbia's "No More Orchids."

Without him, we fear to think how the picture might have ended. As it is, you will probably enjoy it quite as much as we did.

Carole Lombard is more beautiful than ever and wears lingerie as no other woman in Hollywood seems able to do. Lyle Talbot is suave and good



Kathleen Burke, Charles Laughton, Richard Arlen in "Island of Lost Souls," a picture full of thrills, shocks and nightmares.



James Cagney (left), back at work at last, and Mary Brian in the picture that started out to be "Bad Boy," and ended as "Hard to Handle."



Carole Lombard and Lyle Talbot in "No More Orchids." Carole is more beautiful than ever in this one, and the picture itself, with the exception of a spot or two, is full of good fun.

looking opposite her and with the exception of one or two spots, it's all good fun . . . adult fun, that is to say, 'cause they consume more cocktails in this show than Tony's ever hoped to manufacture.

THEY JUST HAD TO GET MARRIED—(Universal)—is the first of a series of feature-length comedies in which Universal will star Slim Summerville and ZaSu Pitts. If this is a true sample, then it is an excellent idea.

Universal gave the new starring team a remarkably strong supporting cast in Guy Kibbee, Fifi Dorsay, Roland Young and C. Aubrey Smith. The story is no better than it should be, having few original angles, but with better material the new stars ought to develop into a much-needed relief from current cinema styles of comedy.

Cast as two servants, Slim and his co-star inherit a large sum of money and some strange ideas as to just how it should be spent. Much of the comedy is excellent and none of it is less than fair. More cannot be said for a new team and they certainly deserve your attention.

This is another that ought to cause no family arguments.

IF I HAD A MILLION—(Paramount) is Paramount's "Grand Hotel" and it loses little by comparison. Headed by Fredric March, Sylvia Sidney, Gary Cooper, Wynne Gibson and George Raft, a large and capable cast proceeds to weave one of the best evening's entertainment that will be seen these many moons.

The story gains much of its power through its originality so we will refrain from mentioning it here, further than remarking that it is somewhat different from any that any of its stars have attempted until now.

M-G-M made motion-picture history with its decision to place its galaxy of stars in "Grand Hotel" and it remains to be seen how Paramount will fare in the wake. "The Big Broadcast" hardly bears comparison owing to its vastly different type of story.

One thought occurs to your reviewer. If producers get us used to looking at all these stars in one picture we're afraid that any show with less than two major stars therein is going to be treated as a mere two-reeler.

UNDER COVER MAN — (Paramount)—They were thinking only of Mr. George Raft when they decided to make Paramount's "Under Cover Man," so Nancy Carroll, who has to play opposite him, doesn't get much of a break.

Unless you like underworld pictures, don't go to see "Under Cover Man." Yet it is good gangster fare.

George Raft, who is far, far better than Paramount thinks he is, glowers and frowns delightfully. But he needs Mae West to make it all count. Those who liked him in "Night After Night" may not like him as well in this.

Lew Cody and Noel Francis are also among those present.

KING OF THE JUNGLE—(Paramount)—Paramount has decided to listen to the call of the wild and probably because M-G-M found its "Tarzan" in the aquatic ranks, Paramount reached out and grabbed a swimming star as well. Buster Crabbe, current American speed champion, plays opposite Frances Dee in another story that deals with muscular heroes and jungle terrors—"King of the Jungle."

The story is frankly sensational and those who enjoyed "Tarzan" can anticipate an evening of similar interest. We wonder how long it takes for the embarrassment to wear off after you first step out on the lot in your leopard skin?

DESTINATION UNKNOWN—(Universal)—This is another of those pictures where women are talked about but not seen.

Tay Garnet, the director, and a cast headed by Pat O'Brien, Ralph Bellamy, Tom Brown and Stanley Fields were given a heavy story and dramatic rôles that resulted in one of the most serious shows of the current year. Though almost totally devoid of comedy relief it does pack a dramatic punch that should be enjoyed by the more avid melodrama addicts.

FORTUNE SMILES—(Fox)—Spencer Tracy, who, along with Lee of the same name, is fast becoming a guarantee of good entertainment, heads a fine cast playing an unusual story in Fox's latest, "Fortune Smiles".

Spencer Tracy has been performing in sterling fashion for many years and has barely escaped stardom half a dozen times. This time, aided and abetted by Marian Nixon and Stuart Erwin, he provided another good reason why he should go on your list as one of the few stars who never



Paul Lukas and Loretta Young in "The Grand Slam," something for the bridge addicts to try. They're actually playing a real game here.



Constance Cummings, Frank Morgan, Robert Armstrong and Frank Albertson in "The Billion Dollar Scandal," Paramount picture.

let you down with that awful thud.

The picture will not be particularly remembered, but there will be few who will not enjoy it. The kids, in particular, should eat it up.

GRAND SLAM—(Warner Brothers)—According to the publicity stories, neither of the stars nor the director knows how to play bridge, so if you merely want to improve the old "one-over-one" you might just as well stay away from "Grand Slam." Actually, they had a bridge expert hidden somewhere in the scenery, for your reviewer, eager to cry shame on the violators of our latest religion, was looking for a misdeal, a trumped ace belonging to the wrong side or any of the other little habits we're blamed for; and not one outburst did they allow us.

The bridge doesn't matter very much as the story soon settles down to being a better than usual little comedy with Paul Lukas as efficient as ever and Loretta Young even prettier than before. We're confessing now we like to look at the Young girl.

THAT'S AFRICA — (Columbia) — We have bootleggers, evangelists and street-cars and so we also have Wheeler and Woolsey.

I am told that they have never made a financial failure and if this is so Columbia should do well by their first one under the new banner—"That's Africa." (They used to be with RKO.)

This time they are asked to out-Tarzan *Tarzan* and come pretty close to doing it. It would spoil the story to tell it here, but you can depend upon more than they usually have given you and at least two real laughs that you haven't heard till now.

This is all set for a real family party.

ACQUITTED — (Columbia) — The less said about Columbia's "Acquitted," perhaps the better. If you like murder, mystery and sudden death you'll probably enjoy "Acquitted."

Mae Clark, Neil Hamilton and Alan Dinehart head the cast and there is little comedy relief.

As you may have guessed; your reviewer regrets to state that we didn't like "Acquitted" very much.

THE REBEL is Vilma Banky's European comeback effort, sponsored by Universal. For those who care for romantic themes and languishing heroines, Miss Banky has her charms. The story is stern enough and Miss Banky is more beautiful than ever but it does not quite measure up to the level set by Hollywood, which though often at fault, still manages to keep well ahead of competition.

Luis Trenker, Victor Varconi, that fine actor who is seen all too seldom, and Paul Veinsenti do marvelously with rôles that are none too easy.

Until European producers give the same thought to the needs of American audiences that is given by Hollywood producers, our film capital need have little fear for its laurels. No picture with nation-wide appeal can be made under existing conditions on the other side of the Atlantic and "The Rebel" seems to bear this out. It is an excellent picture that just fails to meet what seems to be the generally accepted standard of our movie fans.

Better see and judge for yourself . . . if you're interested.

AIR HOSTESS — (Columbia) — Aviation pictures are here to stay and there isn't anything that you can do about it. You don't need to worry much about Columbia's "Air Hostess" unless you want to find out what one looks like.

The major part of the action takes place around a large commercial airport and there are some unusual shots.

Evalyn Knapp is the air hostess with James Murray as her "big moment." Thelma Todd is unbelievably high-hat as an amorous millionairess and we can only suppose that sometime or other the gal must have had practice. Can she put on the dog?

Apart from that, the picture is amusing.

THE DEVIL IS DRIVING—(Paramount)—Mr. Charles Rogers, the producer, not the film player, who gave us "Madison Square Garden" and "Seventy Thousand Witnesses" has pulled another unusual story right out of the hat. It is "The Devil is Driving."

This is adult material and vastly different from either of the two Rogers' productions that have gone before; in fact, we are willing to wager that it is more or less in the nature of an experiment.

Edmund Lowe and Wynne Gibson have the leading rôles with little Dickie Moore and Lois Wilson in support. In spite of the presence of young Master Moore, this is no show for children.

THE YANKEE BANDIT—(Columbia)—Buck Jones and Tom Mix deserve a break from all who have ever enjoyed a motion picture. "The Yankee Bandit" is not very different from the rest, yet it abounds in clean, fast action of a type that can never die from favor; and the star rides to glory and happiness in the last reel just as he did in the days of hoop-skirts and the nickelodeons and it is just as satisfactory as it ever was.

This one has to do with lowly peons, haughty hidalgoes, lovely señoritas and a Yankee bandit who hides a heart of gold beneath a buckskin shirt and a New England accent—or do my ears deceive me?

Even if you are not particularly fond of Westerns as a rule, you might drop around at your neighborhood theater some night and see this one. It carries a breath of the sage country with it.

Pat O'Brien and Tom Brown in "Destination Unknown," all the action of which takes place on a rum-runner derelict in the Pacific.





George Raft and Nancy Carroll in "Under Cover Man," with Nancy having all too little to do. Raft is in an interesting underworld rôle.

LUCKY DEVILS—(Radio Pictures)—Though "Lucky Devils" appears on the Radio program as a Bill Boyd starring vehicle it deserves a little more of your attention than this would seem to warrant.

In addition to Bill Boyd, Radio put practically all of its younger stars to work on this . . . a sort of junior "Grand Hotel"—Creighton Chaney, son of the Immortal Lon, Bruce Cabot, Roscoe Ates, William Gargan, Dorothy Wilson and Rochelle Hudson.

Those who remember "The Lost Squadron" may find a similarity in the stories, though, truthfully, this is a better story than the Dick Grace opus.

Bill Boyd is the daddy of Hollywood stuntmen and the rest of the ambitious cast are his helpmates and proteges. You can be all set for a brace or so of real thrills.

Youngsters, old and not so old, should mark this one down as a show that must be seen.

LADIES THEY TALK ABOUT—(Warner)—What a delightful surprise it would be some day, if we were to walk into a theater and see Barbara Stanwyck in a play that didn't need the whitewash brush and a bucket of disinfectant.

"Ladies They Talk About" is the sweet and simple story of what happens to a girl when she gets into and out of the "Big House." Doubtless, it paints a needed picture; perhaps it is all true enough; but it should be known, before seeing it, that "Ladies They Talk About" is fare for only those folks who like their movie meat particularly rare.

Stanwyck is capable as ever and Lillian Roth is more convincing than usual. Also, we remember her "Take Me as You Find Me" number in "The Vagabond King" and remember that Lillian always did have a pair of legs that ought to worry Marlene.

Don't see this show if you feel blue . . . and don't take the children. The old title used to be "Women in Prison" and that just about tells the story.

THE SUCKER—(First National)—This is based on a play by Bertram Milhauser and Marie Dix, was directed by Archie Mayo.

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., heads the cast and is supported by Loretta Young, Fifi Dorsay, Aline MacMahon, Guy Kibbee, Lyle Talbot and Farina.



Bruce Cabot and Fay Wray in "King Kong," Radio's jungle thriller.

It's the story of Jimmy Dolan, a young prizefighter, who battles himself to the welterweight championship of the world. Under his philosophy there are but two kinds of people, wise guys and suckers. His idolizing public he places in the latter class. The story is of his enlightening.

The rôle is not particularly a sympathetic one and it is our hope that it will do Fairbanks, Jr., no harm.

The picture is scheduled for late March or early April release.

BLONDIE JOHNSON—(First National)—It is a screen play by Earl Baldwin and under the direction of Ray Enright.

Joan Blondell is supported by Chester Morris, Allen Jenkins, Claire Dodd, Earle Foxe and Mae Busch.

Blondie Johnson's mother dies through poverty and neglect. Embittered she decides to make a living the easiest way. Involved in rackets of various kinds she ends up with a six-year term in the penitentiary. You realize, however, that she will be released with her true love waiting at the gate.

If you are able to stand more gangsters, you'll probably enjoy this.

It is scheduled for April release.

THE KING'S VACATION—(Warner Brothers)—A screen play by Ernest Pascal and Maude T. Howell, directed by John Adolphi.

George Arliss is supported by Florence Arliss, his wife. Following them, the billing includes Marjorie Gateson, Dick Powell, Dudley Digges, Patricia Ellis and others.

Mr. Arliss is next in line to succeed to the throne. However, he has married a commoner whom he must discard in order to marry Princess Wilhelmina. The end finds him in love with his Princess when he discovers that the first wife has gone decidedly high hat.

It is a typical Arliss story and makes an entertaining picture.

Music of the Sound Screen

By
JOHN EDGAR WEIR



Kate Smith, singing, "Hello, Everybody."

THE MONTH'S BIGGEST HITS

"PINK ELEPHANTS," fox trot, played by Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians (Brunswick).

"ISN'T IT ROMANTIC," fox trot, played by Harold Stern and his Orchestra (Columbia).

"HOT TODDY" fox trot, played by Cab Calloway and his Orchestra (Brunswick).

"I'LL NEVER HAVE TO DREAM AGAIN," waltz, played by Isham Jones and his Orchestra (Victor).

The latest news and views of the musical pictures and the tunes you hear on the most recent records

ONE of the important, musical events of the month is the announcement that Paramount's Kate Smith picture, called "Hello, Everybody," at this writing, is well under way—far enough, in fact, to cause considerable enthusiasm at the studio.

Randolph Scott is in it, Sally Blane and Carey Grant; and, enacting the part of the theatrical manager, will be none other than Ted Collins, who has been Miss Smith's manager for years. Now he makes his screen début in her first picture.

AS to records, Guy Lombardo is with us again, giving us one of the best numbers of months, "Pink Elephants." After hearing this one if you don't go right out and sign the pledge I'm all wrong. It is not at all the type of tune we associate with Guy but you are going to be more than satisfied with his rendition. Incidentally there is some very good vocal work by Brother Carmen and two other gentlemen of the band.

On the other side we hear Guy Lombardo again playing Irving Berlin's very beautiful new number, "How Deep Is the Ocean." It is needless to say that this is well done. Carmen again furnishes the vocal. If you are a Lombardo fan don't miss this record. (This is a Brunswick Record.)

FOR our next we listen to Harold Stern and his orchestra in that popular tune, "Isn't It Romantic?" You have probably heard (*Please turn to page* 76)

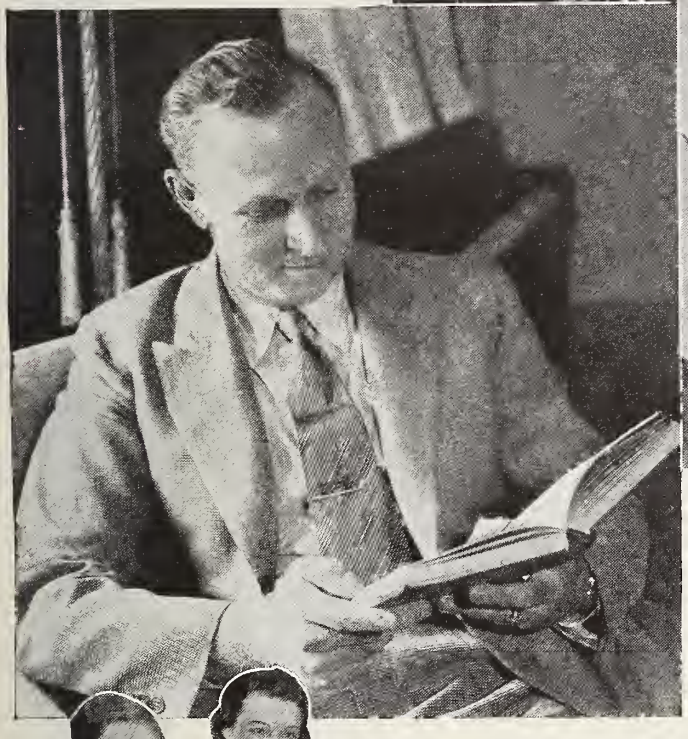
HELLO, EVERYBODY! TUNE IN ON—

Radio Rambles



All photographs taken exclusively for New Movie by Wide World

Introducing (at right) Jack Pearl, better known to you as The Baron—another radio hit from the speaking stage.





Irene Beasley, ex-schoolma'am, ex-composer, is one of the few who grew up in radio. She's from Dixie, too.

Meet Singing Sam, the Minstrel Man, otherwise Harry Frankel, a veteran trouper for twenty-six years.

Come with us into the broadcasting studios and along the air rialto among your favorite celebrities of the loudspeaker



The Pickens Sisters—Patti, Helen and Jane. And are these three Georgia harmony sisters deluged with fan mail! We say so!

THE venerable dean of detectives, *Mr. Sherlock Holmes,* is going into his third year on the air with unabated vigor. The late Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's immortal dick is indeed the hardiest of radio perennials.

In the meantime the tide of mystery and detective thrillers has steadily risen. Now it is at a point where mothers are writing in to complain that etherizing too much criminology is bad for their children.

It's an interesting sidelight on the *Sherlock Holmes* series that, when first auditioned in 1931, it was turned down twice. One big commercial sponsor pronounced it "too gruesome."

The Shoes that Pinched: We wonder when *Philo Vance* will make his bow to the loudspeakers? Philo's creator, Willard Huntington Wright—better known by his pen name, S. S. Van Dine—recently appeared on one of Lewis Titterton's book review broadcasts.

In a talk we had with Mr. Van Dine after the program

he told us a story of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, whom he knew quite well.

One of Sir Arthur's visits to this country was shortly after he had been called in by Scotland Yard to help in the solution of a murder. Doyle proved conclusively he was no *Sherlock Holmes* himself. In fact, as a practical detective he was a terrible flop. Van Dine, who had followed the reports of his fellow author's failure with some interest, twitted him about it at a dinner party one night. But soon the shoe was on the other foot. That summer Van Dine was appointed Chief of Police of Bradley Beach, New Jersey. The morning following his appointment Van Dine got an urgent phone call from the mayor.

"Come right down here," he cried. "There's been a murder."

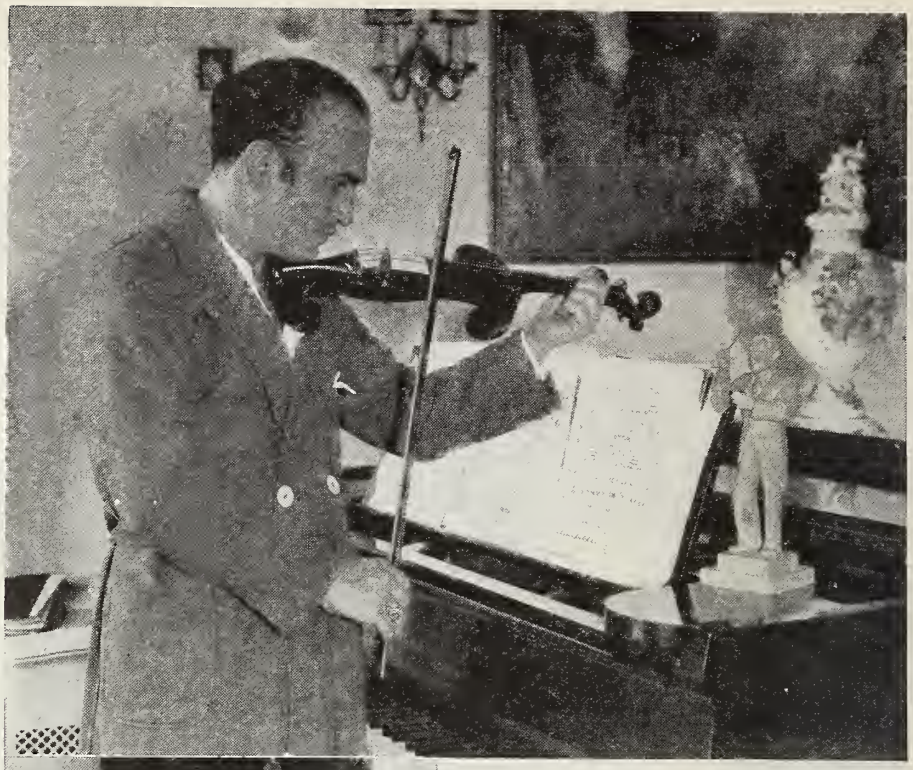
Summoning his entire police force, Mr. Van Dine rushed to the scene—took one look at the corpse. Then to his dismay it all came to him. He realized he didn't have the slightest inkling of what to do. There was only one way out. He turned to a lieutenant.

"You solve this thing," he ordered.

"And," adds Mr. Van Dine, "two weeks later the lieutenant had caught the murderer."

Now at least two famous detective story writers have discovered that as a pair of flat feet their shoes pinched.

(*Please turn to page* 110)



Dave Rubinoff, one of Rudy Vallee's introductions to the air—a snappy, flashy violinist with an orchestra that makes the air waves hum.



(Right) Helen Nugent is the Helen of "Helen and Ben" that you once heard over WSAI. She's a Cincinnati girl who studied for opera and made her professional début at seventeen. Her hair is dark, her eyes hazel. She speaks five languages—and, mister, we understand she's unmarried.



Meet Karameneh, Fu Manchu's slave girl, heroine of many a Sax Rohmer radio sketch. You know her as the accessory to all manner of sinister dealings. In real life she's Sunda Love, just the opposite of what you'd expect Karameneh to be.



Guy Lombardo submits to the make-up ministrations of two charming dancers, Catherine Vercell and Rosemarie Sinnott. And rather painless, too, if you believe the royal Canadian's smile.



Put on your best bib and tucker because we're going places among the stars with GRACE KINGSLEY, New Movie's society reporter

Exclusive New Movie Magazine photos by Wide World

★ ★ ★ HOW HOLLYWOOD ENTERTAINS ★ ★ ★

(Above)

David Manners gives a tea-party in the most approved English manner. Here are (left to right) the host, John Arledge, Una Merkel, Bob Kenaston and Billie Dove.

(Right)

And don't miss Alexander Kirkland's party, given at his beach house. These in the photograph are only a few of the guests—in the top row, left to right: Patricia Harper, Jesse Lasky, Jr., Anthony Veiller and Jean Wright; and at the bottom, Alex Kirkland, the host, and Anna May Wong.



It's PARTY TIME in MOVIELAND

"WATER, water everywhere—a houseboat—and no chance to sail! Now I ask you—isn't that the height of something or other?"

But our host, Alexander Kirkland, didn't give us any chance to answer at all. If he had, we should certainly have told him he had no complaint to make, what with that swell little cottage of his, there at Malibu, overlooking the sea, charmingly built to represent a house boat, and even with a little forward deck in the shape of a sunroom, overlooking the ocean. Everything inside, woodwork and even some of the furnishings, is painted white, which must take a lot of holy stoning, because it was spotless and charming.

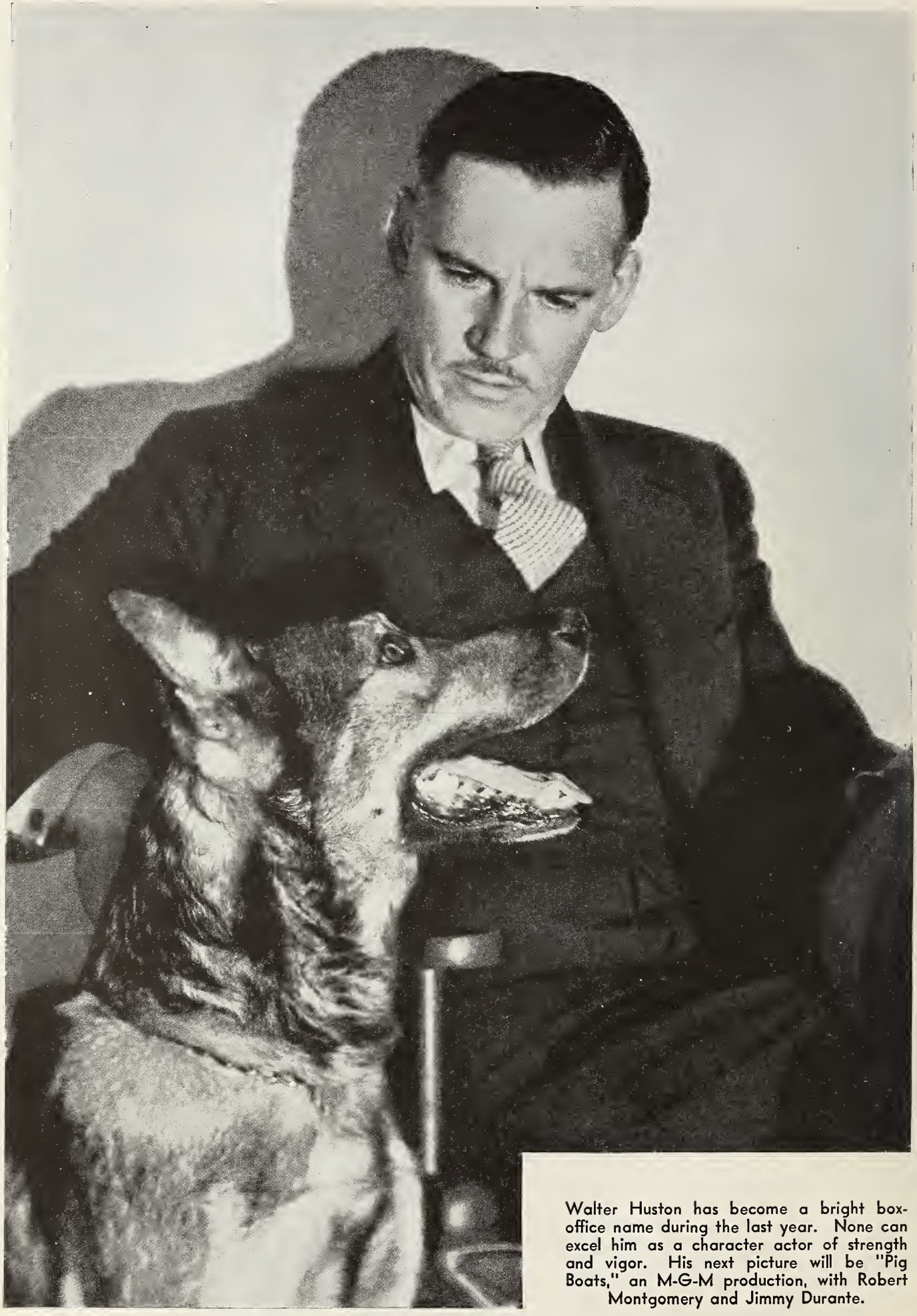
"Let's all go swimming before dinner!" exclaimed Anna May Wong. "It's dark, and if it weren't for you boys, we could wear only our nature clothing!"

Everybody tore for the bathing suits, filling both bath houses to overflowing, and how wonderful the ocean felt when we hopped in, really warmer than in the daytime.

Anna May had driven down alone, very independently indeed. She looked lovely in broadcloth pajamas and a daintily embroidered blouse, which she said she had bought in Budapest.

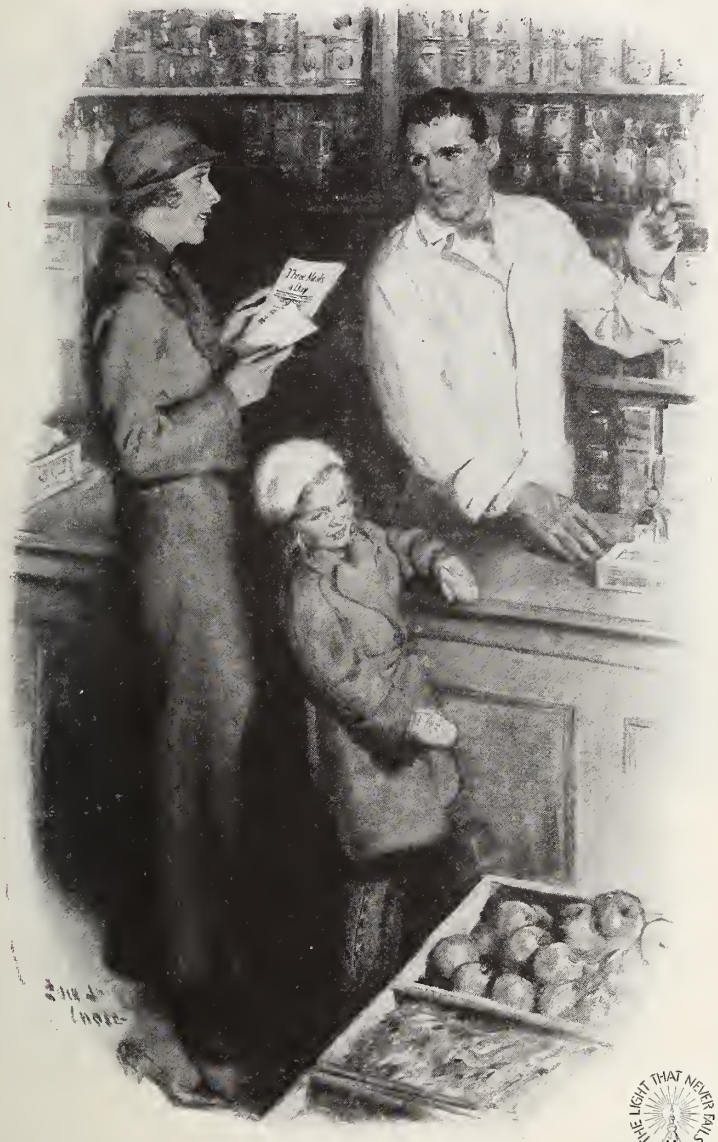
Jesse Lasky, Jr., had brought his fiancée, pretty Patricia Harper, who is working in pictures only in order to get atmosphere for the stories she intends writing about Hollywood. She is a charming, highly intelligent young woman of twenty-two.

Young Jesse is a boyish person, for all he has an assistant producer's job. He says he is glad that his father has left Paramount, because now when anybody there speaks of (*Please turn to page* 84)



Walter Huston has become a bright box-office name during the last year. None can excel him as a character actor of strength and vigor. His next picture will be "Pig Boats," an M-G-M production, with Robert Montgomery and Jimmy Durante.

Good Inexpensive Food



EVEN when money is plentiful it is not an easy job to buy food and to plan meals for all the hungry members of one's family. When it is not plentiful, the problem becomes increasingly difficult.

To meet a nation-wide need, nutrition experts have prepared a new booklet which names the various foods that must be included in daily menus in order to have properly balanced meals. It tells how to buy the most for your money—and the best for your money.

Delicious, nourishing food is not necessarily expensive. But it takes thought to plan economical meals which provide pleasant variety from day to day.

With the help of this booklet, you can plan meals which not only will maintain health and strength, but also will please the appetite. You can have the advice of food experts. They will tell you which foods are of first importance—how much milk, what amounts of vegetables, fruits, bread and cereals are desirable, and what proportion of meat, eggs, fish, fats and sugars should be added to the menus.

It has been demonstrated that, both in the cities and in rural districts, food for every member of the family for an entire week —twenty-one meals—can be bought at a cost of about $2.00 for each member.

In the booklet "Three Meals a Day" are described appetizing and nourishing menus for breakfast, lunch and dinner for seven days at a cost of only $6.00 for three persons. Additional menus are suggested at slightly higher costs. The booklet includes market orders specifying the exact amounts of food to buy for these menus.



You are cordially invited to send for your free copy of "Three Meals a Day." Address Booklet Department 233-B.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
1 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y. Dept. 233-B
Please send me your free booklet, "Three Meals a Day."

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ STATE_____

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT — ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

© 1933 M.L.I. CO.



Fe191—This circular gives directions for making matching window draperies and crib hangings.

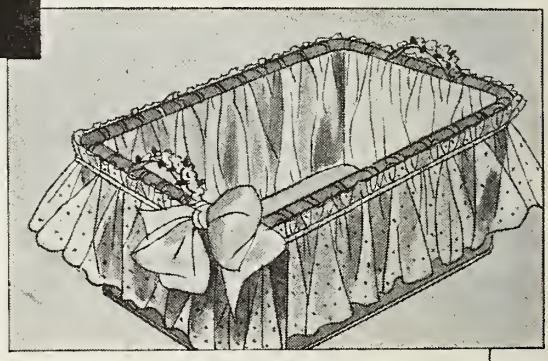


Fe192—Diagram and directions for doll; Fe193, directions for dog.



Fe194—A really adequate feeding bib is made with the help of this circular.

Things You Can Make for YOUR BABY



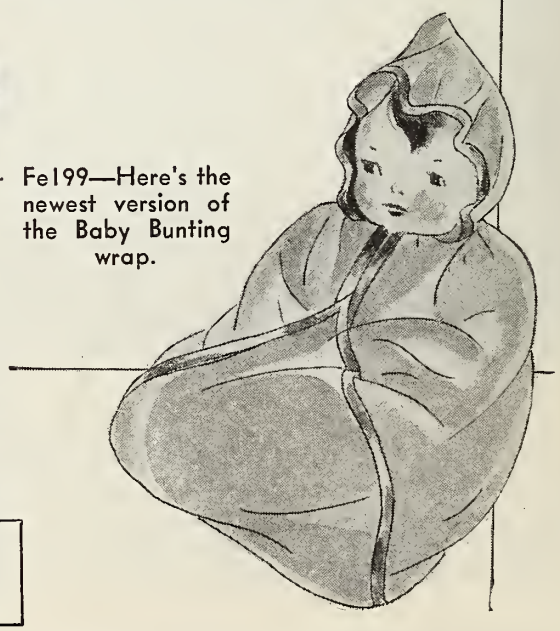
Fe198—Transform an inexpensive basket into the daintiest of bassinets.



Fe196—A cozy helmet that protects baby's head and neck from cold winds.

Fe197—A crocheted cap and jacket should be included in every baby's wardrobe.

Fe195—No gift for the baby could be more acceptable than this knitted robe.



Fe199—Here's the newest version of the Baby Bunting wrap.

Turn to page 77 for directions for obtaining patterns described here.



She looked the lady of leisure —but her hands shrieked "HOUSEWORK!"

IN ONLY 3 DAYS Chapped, red hands made soft and white

Pain ended instantly!

HOT WATER . . . harsh cleansers . . . housework! All take away the natural oils that keep hands soft.

Then cold weather comes. It roughens, chaps and cracks open the dried-out skin. Hands hurt like raw cuts! Hands *look* terrible! They shriek "Scrubwoman!" Whenever you want to dress up, those awful hands spoil everything.

But now you can end all this with a dainty, gossamer-fine cream that instantly puts back the natural lubricating oils — brings immediate relief from pain. The moment you rub it into your hands, they feel soft, soothed. Pain goes. The skin loses that tight, strained look that makes it crack every time you bend your hand. And in 3 days hands are healed . . . soft . . . white.



TODAY • TOMORROW • NEXT DAY

This dainty liquid is called Hinds Honey and Almond Cream. It is not a weak, thinned-out lotion. It is not a thick, gummy jelly. Hinds is utterly different—a delicate *chiffon-weight* cream that is gratefully absorbed by the dry, thirsty pores.

Leaves invisible "second skin"

It actually leaves an invisible "*second skin*" that acts as a constant protection to your hands. That's why women all over the world depend on Hinds to keep their hands — their family's hands — soft, smooth and comfortable.

A 7-day trial bottle for you — FREE

Coupon at right brings you generous trial bottle of Hinds by fast return mail. Ends chapping pain instantly. Use at night and after any hand-roughening task. The first day you'll see hands much softer and whiter. Next day—still lovelier. The third day—*the beautiful white hands you've longed for!* And to *keep* this new loveliness always, just *continue* using Hinds. Regular use is the secret! Fill out and mail coupon *NOW!*



HINDS HONEY & ALMOND CREAM

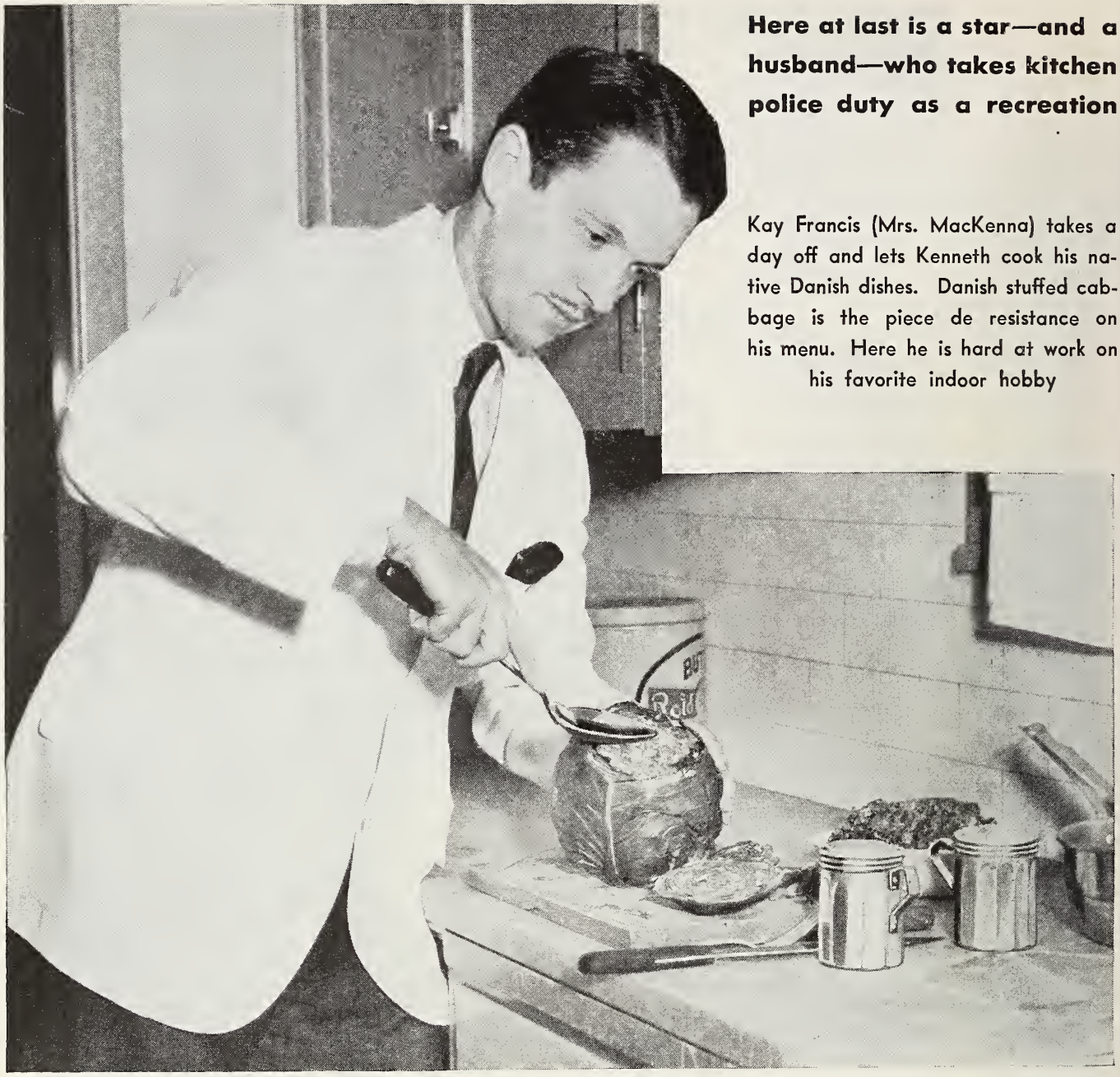
Lehn & Fink, Inc., Sole Distributors
Dept. HO2, Bloomfield, New Jersey

Please send me a generous FREE trial bottle (enough for 18 applications) of Hinds Honey and Almond Cream.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____



Here at last is a star—and a husband—who takes kitchen police duty as a recreation

Kay Francis (Mrs. MacKenna) takes a day off and lets Kenneth cook his native Danish dishes. Danish stuffed cabbage is the piece de resistance on his menu. Here he is hard at work on his favorite indoor hobby

Kenneth MacKenna, K. P.

"UM, have you ever tasted Kenneth's Danish dishes?" asked Kay Francis one day when we were talking of favorite foreign recipes. "MacKenna may sound Scotch, and it is, but it is not Kenneth's real name. He is really Danish, you know," she went on. "He learned how to make Danish dishes like nobody else in the world, from his grandmother, who was born in Copenhagen."

When I answered, as wistfully as I could possibly manage, that I had not had the pleasure of a MacKenna Danish dinner, but that I had heard about them—of course, Kay had to invite me immediately!

Kenneth oversees every dish and its making for these dinners, and like all Kay's and Kenneth's affairs, these evenings are delightfully informal and charming.

From now on, I am a Danish dinner booster! It is as tasty food as I've ever eaten in my life! . . . You'll like it too, if you follow Kenneth's recipes.

If you want a Danish dinner here's what you should have according to Kenneth:

HORS-D'ŒUVRE	*Danish Hors-d'œuvre*	*Canapes Blanc*
	Canapes Aquitania	*Assorted Canapes*
SOUP	*Double Consomme Celery Flavor*	*Danska Brol*
FISH	*Flaked Salmon in Cucumber Jelly*	*Potatoes Julienne*
ROAST	*Danish Stuffed Cabbage*	*Green Salad*
	Rye Crax	*Assorted Cheeses*
	Cafe Noir	*Bent Wafers*

Danish Pastries (if desired)

(*Please turn to page* 86)



For EVERYTHING You Wear . . . Use the Easy Tintex Tints and Dyes!



Perfect Professional Results Assured—and Tintex Works equally as well on Curtains, Drapes, Table-Linens, etc.

ARE you taking *full* advantage of Tintex Tints and Dyes? Are you using them only on faded underthings—or are you using them on *every* item in your wardrobe? And on all your faded home-decorations, too?

Remember, not only underthings but stockings, dresses, sweaters, scarfs, curtains, drapes, etc., respond to the color magic of Tintex. Faded fabrics are restored to their original colors—or given new fashionable ones, if you wish.

And all so easily, so quickly—with results that can only be equalled by professional dyers. Millions of women have learned that the more they use Tintex, the more fashionable their wardrobes—*and the more dollars they save!*



On sale at drug stores and notion counters everywhere

To Change Dark Colors to Light—use Tintex COLOR REMOVER



Supposing you have a dark dress (*or any other dark-colored article*) and are pining for a lighter colored one . . .



Tintex Color Remover will safely and speedily take out all trace of color (including black) from any fabric . . .

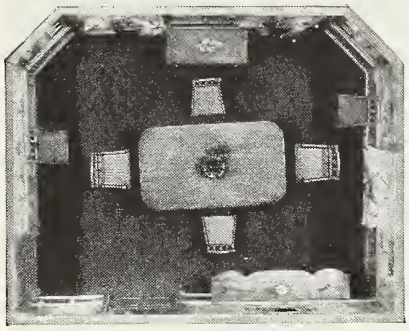


Then it can be redyed or tinted with Tintex Tints and Dyes in any new shade to suit yourself—either light or dark.

The Dining Room of Our Little Colonial House

By BETTY LENAHAN

The dining room in our little Colonial house has been most tastefully and inexpensively decorated and furnished



IN preceding issues of this magazine we have reproduced in miniature the living room, entrance hall and side porch of our little Colonial house and now we come to the dining room.

We wished to achieve a certain formality in this room and still decorate and furnish it as simply as possible. The dado is of paneled wood, painted a delightful shade of blue-green. For the walls above the dado we selected a lovely scenic wall paper showing trees, hills and tiny lakes executed in various tones of blue-green on a background of creamy yellow. The doors and the woodwork are also painted blue-green. A pair of quaint corner cabinets painted to match the wood work have been built in either corner of one side of the room. These cabinets contain choice pieces of decorated china and pottery artistically arranged on the shelves and protected from dust and dirt by small-paned glass doors. The space below the shelves contains some very useful cupboards.

The floor is completely covered with plain broadloom carpeting in a soft shade of green.

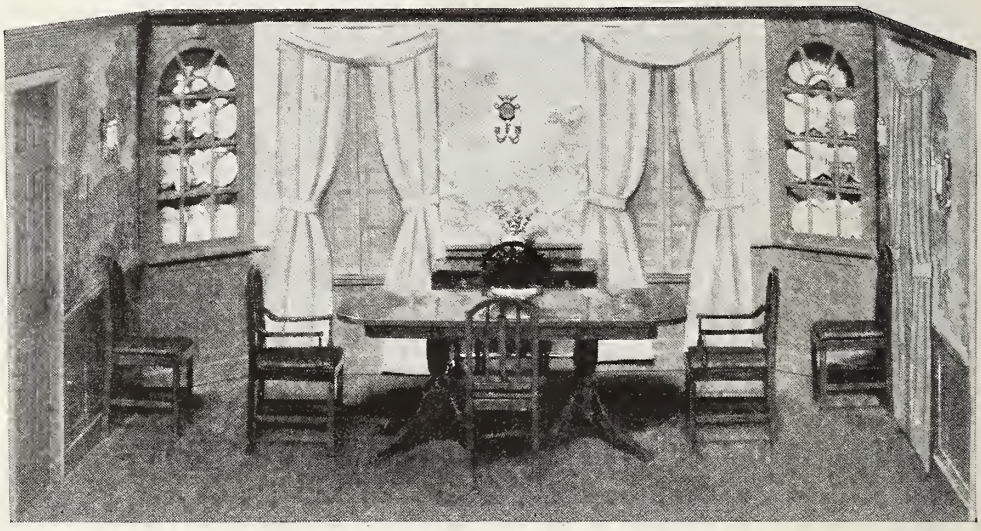
The window treatment is graceful and simple. The glass curtains are of a sheer cream-colored silk voile made simply with the tailored hem. The draperies look luxurious but are really very inexpensive and easy to make. They are made of a creamy white glazed percale edged in green wool ball fringe. They are quite full and sweep the floor and are caught up at the sides by means of simple tie-backs. The valance, draped and put up on a board, is unusual but most attractive.

The lighting fixtures are similar to those used in the entrance hall. They are copies of the eighteenth century girandole consisting of a small, circular convex mirror in a decorated gilt frame and on each side are branching candle sticks containing electric bulbs shaped like candle flames.

The furniture was selected with

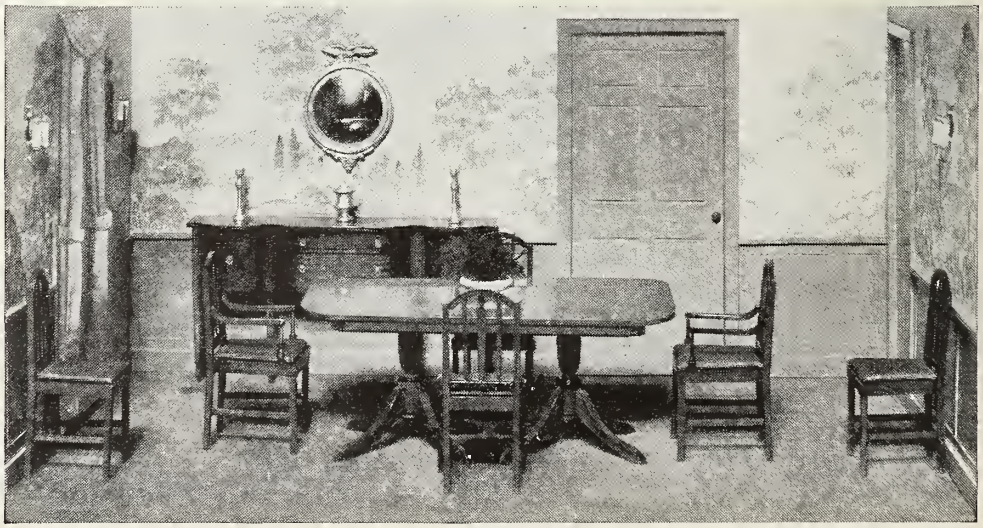
(*Please turn to page* 77)

Models by Herman C. Knebel



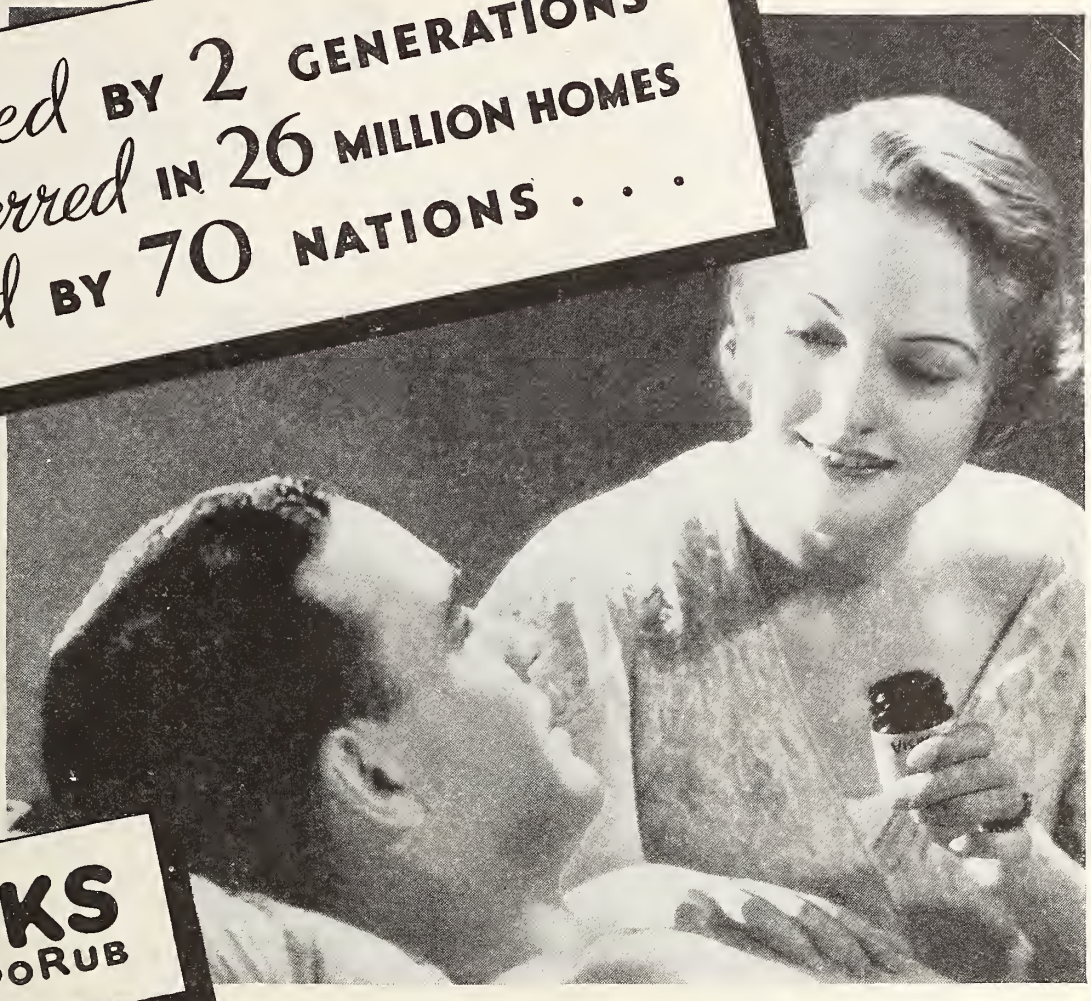
A view of the room looking down into it gives you an excellent idea of the arrangement of the furniture.

The draperies are simple but luxurious in design, made of creamy white glazed percale with an edging of green wool ball fringe.



The scenic wall paper executed in various shades of green gives an illusion of coolness and spaciousness to the room.

Proved BY 2 GENERATIONS
Preferred IN 26 MILLION HOMES
Used BY 70 NATIONS . . .



. . . and now in STAINLESS form . . . if you prefer

VICKS VAPORUB

. . the better method of treating colds — *externally*

YEAR after year use of Vicks VapoRub increases steadily. Holding its old friends. Winning countless new ones. There is only one Vicks. Tested and proved by two generations as best for colds, it maintains its unique place as the family standby.

Famous Direct Double-Action

Applied over throat and chest at bedtime, Vicks acts through the skin like a poultice or plaster, "drawing out" tightness and soreness. At the same time, it gives off soothing, medicated vapors which are carried with every breath direct to irritated air-passages. It is this *direct double-action* that has given VapoRub overwhelming preference and world-wide fame. It brings quicker relief—and safely, too.

Mothers Know What's Best For Colds

Mothers everywhere have set VapoRub apart as outstandingly the best treatment for the family's colds —especially children's colds. Applied externally, it can be used freely and as often as needed, even on babies. It avoids the digestive upsets that so often follow constant dosing.

For Severe, Deep-Seated Colds

Stronger Stimulative Action—When there is much tightness or soreness, redden the skin with hot, wet towels before applying VapoRub—then spread it on thick.

Stronger Vapor Action—When the air-passages are badly clogged—or there is much irritation or coughing—also melt a spoonful of VapoRub in a bowl of boiling water and inhale the steaming medicated vapors for several minutes.

Further Solution of Your Problem of Colds

VapoRub is the foundation of the new Vicks Plan for better Control-of-Colds. In clinical tests among thousands last winter—in schools, colleges and homes—Vicks Plan reduced the number and duration of colds by half!—Saved two-thirds of time lost from school due to colds!—Cut the costs of colds more than half!

How to follow Vicks Colds-Control Plan in your home is fully explained in each package of VapoRub and Vicks Nose & Throat Drops—the new aid in *preventing* colds.

BOX OFFICE CRITICS

We pay One Dollar for every letter from our readers that we publish. Please make them constructive and brief. Send them to Box Office Critics Editor, New Movie Magazine, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Denver, Colorado.

I'm a modern young woman, a senior in High School, and since modernism and movies are boon companions I stand ready to champion all movies which are natural and true to life, even though they often show "nature in the raw."

I speak not only for myself but for many young people with whom I have talked, when I contend that all this worry about the movies demoralizing us is a lot of rot. Why should we seek to imbibe lawlessness at a movie, which we see for only an hour or two, when the older generation keeps us continually furnished with such shining examples of broken commandments, broken promises and disregard for law and order?

The fact that I learned of Ananias in Sunday School, caused the elders no concern over the likelihood of me becoming a teller of tall tales, nor was the life of Judas Iscariot supposed to entice me into becoming the world's worst traitor. Then why all the fuss over the influence of movie stories which we agree are not quite blameless?

To me, this criticism is not only unfair to young people themselves, but it displays a woeful lack of proper understanding and sympathy on the part of the older generation of today.

The movies mean much to me as a broadening and cultural agent in my life, and I'm for them, just as they are, for they are life.

(Miss) Mary Mae Starks,
1736 So. Washington St.
Denver, Colo..



There was a reason behind thot trip of Alexander Kirkland's to New Yark. "I just gat lanely to see the sailars on shore-leove rawing boats in that imitatian lake in Central Park," he soid.



Dorothy Mackaill still hos romantic memaries of Honolulu. Far it was there she met and fell in love with her husband, Neil Miller. Finishing "No Man of Her Own," Dorothy insisted upon a Hanalulu vocation. She says she wants very much to go bock there after every picture.

RAVES

Warner Oland: "The United States might be looking for a bigger and better glass of beer, but I am looking forward to a bigger and better picture in which Warner Oland will star."

Rita White,
Roosevelt Apts, Carlton St.,
Buffalo, New York.

Aline MacMahon: "A fine, intelligent actress, emotional, good to look at, able to handle all her parts with real appreciation, a success in everything she's been given to do."

Frances Leonard,
129 West 11th Street,
New York City.

Spencer Tracy: "After seeing his pictures, I always feel that I can talk about something other than the depression."

Miss Nutchen Cain,
691 Juniper Street—Apt. 14,
Atlanta, Georgia.

Evelyn Brent: "Her vivid beauty is like a flame, casting all others into the shadows. She unconsciously takes the foreground and because of her radiant personality becomes the outstanding character of the play."

Mabel Pearson,
36 Lynde Street,
Melrose, Mass.

Minneapolis, Minnesota.

The following nominations are made from pictures shown in Minneapolis from January 1st, to October, 1st, 1932.

Personal nomination for best pictures: "Grand Hotel," "As You Desire Me," "Arrowsmith," "The Guardsman," "Smilin' Through," "Union Depot," "American Madness," "Broken Lullaby" and "Back Street."

Personal nomination for outstanding performances: Lionel Barrymore in "Grand Hotel," Irene Dunne in "Back Street," Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne in "The Guardsman," Jean Harlow in the naughty but beautifully acted "Red-Headed Woman," Greta Garbo in "As You Desire Me," Leslie Howard in "Smilin' Through," and Charles Laughton in "The Devil and the Deep."

Personal nomination for the "looniest" picture: "Horsefeathers."

Personal nomination for the most popular picture: "Grand Hotel."

Personal nominations for the most affecting love stories: "Smilin' Through" and "Back Street."

Catherine Newton,
905 Kenwood Parkway.

Charles Laughton: "I thought I had seen good acting, but after witnessing Charles Laughton's performance in 'Payment Deferred,' I realized that what I thought 'good acting' was quite puerile in comparison. England has given us this superb actor and I think that the least we can do is cancel her war debt. They'd still be to the good!"

Edna Walters,
300 N. Pine St.,
Wilson, N. C.

Fredric March: "Such actors as Fredric March are born. . . . And a picture bearing his name assures one that he or she can settle down in his seat knowing that he is about to behold the art of a master unfold before his eyes."

W. Mullen,
Box 511—59985,
Columbus, Ohio.

Irving Thalberg: "He seems to take pleasure in building careers rather than disciplining his stars into oblivion."

Dee Chapman,
1337 Shatto Street,
Los Angeles, California.

Edward Robinson: "He has a mobility of feature that enables him to express every delicate shade of emotion, and a talent that amounts to genius."

Grace Shaver,
1738 Whitley Avenue,
Hollywood, California.

Lee Tracy: "Lovable, fascinating Lee Tracy, with the crooked smile and twinkling eyes. He is simply marvelous, and so very, very natural."

Rosalie V. Smith,
c/o Kline, 5 Winans Avenue,
Newark, New Jersey.

Bette Davis: "An actress who is half-way up the ladder of success, and will climb to the top soon. Within a year Bette will be a star, if she gets the right kind of pictures."

Jean Tandberg,
5251 Walton Avenue,
West Philadelphia, Pa.

Ricardo Cortez: "Oh! That smile! My heart simply flutters when his image is flashed on the screen . . . . I wouldn't mind being the future Mrs. Cortez."

Olga Martin,
132 Cherry Street,
Cambridge, Mass.

Robert Young: "I am sure if this new player were given a chance with a good story, and a good director—his success would be assured."

Ruth Michaels,
45-19 170th Street,
Flushing, New York.

Phillips Holmes: "In my estimation, this rare genius is aspiring to a higher plane and eventually will assume the laurels of Barrymore."

Miss Mabel R. Fischer,
151 West 73rd Street,
Carthage, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Eric Linden: "A real actor, who deserves stardom if any one ever did. I, as one of the crowd, yell for Eric Linden in a million pictures a year."

Anna Osborne,
403 North F Street,
Monmouth, Illinois.

Grant Withers: "A young actor who shows promise and deserves attention. Good to look upon, possessed with a striking personality, plus real acting ability—give the boy a chance!"

F. Jones,
1101 Fifth Avenue North,
Great Falls, Montana.

George Barbier: "His backyard and ours connect. I must say that his jovial manner in pictures is the same in his home . . . . Here's hoping he travels along as he has been doing."

Irene Fritz,
25 Second Street,
Ridgefield Park, New Jersey.

Leslie Howard: "Suave, very charming, and always romantic, Mr. Howard's acting is truly delightful—and here's wishing him the great success he so richly deserves."

Elizabeth Avery,
2606 Maryland Avenue,
Baltimore, Maryland.

Lewis Stone: "This is written in praise of that foremost American actor, Lewis Stone . . . Stone's life is actually embedded in the characters he portrays."

William Jennings,
600 E. North Street,
Greenville, S. C.

Clive Brook: In my opinion, the ideal male star of the magic of filmdom is that suave, debonair gentleman from England, Mr. Clive Brook.

One never tires of sitting through any of his performances, as he excels in all of them. He gives the public their money's worth and MORE.

Hail to Clive Brook, star of stars.

H. A. Oest,
8 Barney Street,
Newport, Rhode Island.

If your mother-in-law looks *twice* at your linens



---change to this *extra*-help soap!

You—(and your mother-in-law, too)—will be pleased as punch with the sparkling new whiteness that Fels-Naptha puts in your clothes.

It's easy to see why Fels-Naptha gives such wonderful washes. For Fels-Naptha brings two brisk cleaners to get *all* the dirt out of clothes.

Two cleaners—good golden soap and *plenty* of naptha, the grease-dissolver. Working together, they loosen every bit of grime—even the greasy deep-down kind. They do it easier. They do it quicker. They get your clothes *clean clear through.*

Fels-Naptha saves hard rubbing, so it keeps clothes fresh and new-looking longer. Fels-Naptha contains glycerine, so it's easy on hands, too.

On your next trip to the grocer's—*change to Fels-Naptha!* Try it in tub or machine; in hot, lukewarm or cool water; whether you soak or boil. You'll soon learn that this *extra*-help soap means whiter clothes with less work—and that's the best kind of washday bargain!

GREAT FOR BOILING!

FINE FOR SOAKING!

© 1933, FELS & CO.



FELS & COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pa. T. M. 2-33

Please send me a handy Fels-Naptha Chipper for chipping Fels-Naptha into tub or machine; also a sample bar of Fels-Naptha Soap. I enclose three cents in stamps to help cover postage.

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

(Please print name and address completely)

The real test of a Laxative!

Is it mild enough for little children?

One of the important requirements of a laxative is gentleness in action. Violence has no place in a laxative for a person of any age—harsh cathartics often do more harm than good!

Many a grown-up friend of Ex-Lax first learned of its gentle yet effective action after giving it to a child in the family.

But Ex-Lax is not merely a children's laxative. To get "results" without harmful after-effects is just as important to grown-ups as to little children. And so, gradually and surely, Ex-Lax became the all-family laxative in millions of homes.

Ex-Lax — when Nature fails!

Ex-Lax is mildness itself! Ex-Lax merely gives the intestines a gentle nudge, stimulating them to action without violence. It doesn't disturb digestion. It does not gripe. It isn't habit-forming. You can take Ex-Lax with perfect confidence.

At all drug stores in 10c, 25c, and 50c sizes. Or write for free sample to Ex-Lax, Inc., Dept. B23, P. O. Box 170, Times Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.

A WORD OF CAUTION!

Success breeds envy! Beware af imitatians of Ex-Lax! The names af some such imitatians saund like Ex-Lax. But there is anly ane genuine Ex-Lax. Watch far the exact spelling—E-X-L-A-X. Insist an getting Ex-Lax ta make sure of getting Ex-Lax results!

keep "regular" with

EX-LAX

THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

The MAKE-UP BOX



Rich cald cream in a cal-ared beehive jar.

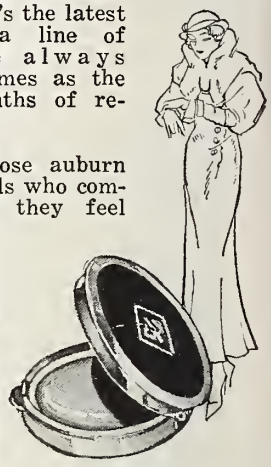
GOOD-LOOKING jars and bottles mean a lot to us girls. Not that we wouldn't prefer a good product even in an ugly jar to a poor one in a beautiful jar. But the combination of a soft luscious cream in an attractive case is just too much for any of us. I've come upon some charming colored jars that look for all the world like beehives—only they're yellow or green or red or almost any color that you wish. The cream is rich and soft—looks almost like whipped cream or fondant. And you can get midget-sized jars at a price that will leave you plenty to spend on other items.



A new size sachet which may be used as a perfume.

THE freshness and daintiness that only sachet powder can give your lingerie or handkerchiefs comes to you in this sachet powder that has a fragrance you've known and liked. But it has another use now that you've probably not heard about yet. Smooth a little of this sachet powder behind your ears, on your neck and on your shoulders and you get a delicate perfume effect as well as one that will last throughout the evening. It comes in two sizes—one a new small size that you can carry in your purse.

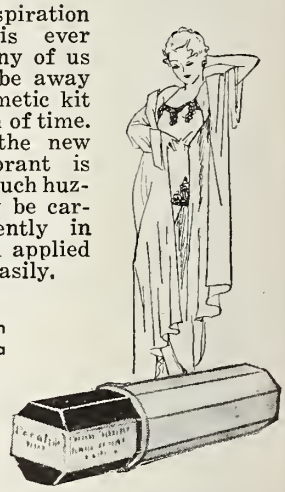
NOW powder comes in a crystal jar with a jade green lid that seals in the delicate perfume and makes an effective decoration for your dressing table. Its fine texture and perfume, as well as four shades made to blend with the wearer's complexion, recommend it highly to us. We found it very flattering to our skin especially at night. You'll be interested to know that it's the latest addition to a line of creams you've always known and comes as the result of months of research.



Rauge far redheads in a black and chromium cantainer.

BALM to those auburn tressed girls who complain because they feel forgotten when rouge manufacturers make out their color charts is a new cream rouge—a special rouge for redheads. It has the same consistency and comes in the same black and chromium case as the other rouges of the line, but it has just the color tone for the titian-haired girl. And we suspect that a lot of golden blondes will be wanting to try it out, too.

THE perspiration question is ever present for any of us who have to be away from our cosmetic kit for any length of time. That's why the new stick deodorant is greeted with such huzzahs. It may be carried conveniently in the purse and applied quickly and easily.



A deadarant in the shape af a lipstick that yau can carry in your purse.

If you wish to know the prices of the articles described here, send a stamped envelope to the Beauty Editor, Make-Up Box, Tower Magazines, Inc., 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.



Fine textured pawder which is packaged in a crystal jar with a jade green cover.

Inside Secrets of the Stars' Beauty Parlor

(*Continued from page* 43)

are barking as loud as dogs.

The forty operators employed by Jim look forward to Monday as "Paradise," for on this day they are generously rewarded with tips.

The trek to the beauty studio will start as early as eight in the morning and continue throughout the day. Of course, it is the fair sex that makes up most of the customers, although occasionally a big he-man will sneak in for a facial!

MOST of the stars who come to the salon have their favorite girls for permanents, finger waves and manicures. For instance Jean Harlow has had Pat, a dimpled Irish girl, as her hairdresser over a period of years, and always uses her when working in a picture at the studio.

Not only does Pat bask in this reflected glory—but it means for her also a certain amount of added income and a high standing among the other operators, who would like to have a few Jean Harlows for themselves. To be asked for by a big star is the goal of each one of these hard-working girls . . . and the trick is to see how many big Hollywood names each girl can serve and finally get for herself exclusively.

WHEN the place gets going full blast, as on Monday mornings and Saturday afternoons, it's a veritable madhouse!

The old sewing circle had nothing on one of these beauty seances when it comes to "dishing the dirt." Gossip flies thick and fast. Love affairs are broadcast, domestic troubles aired, divorce rumors settled, and advance production tips told long before they ever reach printer's ink.

When it is considered that some of these women spend from three to six hours getting a beauty treatment with nothing to do but chatter it is no small wonder that they don't unlock and expose every skeleton closet in Hollywood.

THE word "depression" is an obsolete term in the career of a beauty parlor such as this. Billie Dove and Bebe Daniels *must* have realized that when they chose to invest some of their hard-earned dollars in their enterprise. They are not exactly partners of Jim's, but they have an interest in the business.

Before closing this saga of a Hollywood beauty parlor there is one last surprise. When Jim has roll-call what big he-man answers "present"? Why of course, he's none other than Clark Gable!

Gable has his own special barber, who besides keeping his hair trim, cuts down those bushy eyebrows, which insist on growing together across his forehead. Gable is determined that "never the twain shall meet!"

Of course, there are some secrets that will never be divulged. There are Pandora boxes that will never be opened, even with curiosity made of dynamite. Let the beauty parade go gaily marching on.

WHEN ROMANCE NEARLY CRASHED . . by Timmins



"B.O." destroys charm

(body odor)

THE merest hint of "B.O." (*body odor*) kills your chances for popularity—romance! Close, overheated rooms increase the danger of offending. Play safe—bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. You will know by its pleasant, quickly-vanishing, *extra-clean* scent that Lifebuoy is no ordinary toilet soap. Lifebuoy gives *extra* protection. Its rich, hygienic lather *deodorizes* pores—effectively ends "B.O."

New skin beauty

Lifebuoy's pure, bland, penetrating lather gently washes away pore-clogging impurities — freshens dull complexions to new, glowing loveliness. Adopt Lifebuoy today.

A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS CO.

QUICK, PURE SUDS in lukewarm water



keep baby's "undies" soft as down

Could anything be a surer test of soap than baby's little silk-and-wool shirts! Washed every day, yet they *must not* shrink and stiffen . . . they *must not* hold any harsh irritant to harm baby's skin! Try Ivory Snow for baby's washing. See what beautiful pure suds you get instantly in LUKEWARM WATER. See how soft and sweet and comfortable they keep baby's clothes.

Ivory Snow is a new, improved kind of soap for fine fabrics—made to dissolve without hot water. You can start with the lukewarm water that is SAFE for silks and wools and colors. For Ivory Snow is not cut into flat flakes, but BLOWN fine as drift-snow. It melts like snow, yet each tiny particle is packed full of rich, smooth, pure Ivory suds. You'll have no trouble rinsing Ivory Snow —no trouble with soap spots— because it dissolves *thoroughly*. It has no flat pieces that can stick to fabrics.

You will like Ivory Snow for speedy dishwashing, too. It keeps your hands young and fair, without extravagance, for a whopping big package costs only 15¢! At your grocer's.

Makers of fine fabrics praise IVORY SNOW

After thorough washing tests, Mallinson, Cheney Brothers and Truhu call Ivory Snow **"a perfect soap for silks." "Ideal for woolens,"** say the weavers of fine Biltmore Handwoven Homespuns, the makers of downy Mariposa blankets, and the Botany Worsted Mills.



99 44/100 % PURE

Copr. 1933, Procter & Gamble Co.

Music of the Sound Screen

(*Continued from page* 60)

this orchestra often through the radio and are familiar with its popular type of music. This number is from the Paramount picture, "Love Me Tonight." The vocal work by Bill Smith is very good. The other side is another contribution from Harold Stern's band, "Love Me Tonight," from the same picture. This is very satisfying and again we hear Bill Smith rendering the vocal selection. (This is a Columbia Record.)

IF you saw the Paramount picture, "The Big Broadcast," you will remember the first number played by Cab Calloway and his Orchestra, "Hot Toddy." And here it is on a record played in the same tempo as in the picture. It is esentially a show piece and features a variety of solo renditions by different boys in the band. The trombone duet is the best. If you like hot music you can't go wrong. The other side is also by Cab and his boys, "Old Yazoo." And it is very good. This time we hear Cab, himself, in the vocal.

Here is a waltz that deserves special attention, "I'll Never Have to Dream Again," played by none other than Isham Jones, which means that it is well done. It is a very smooth tune and the boys do full justice to it. If you are a lover of waltzes you can't afford to miss it. The other side brings us Isham Jones again and this time in a fox trot, "Beside the Sunset Trail." It is every bit as good as the preceding number, which means that this should be another sure-fire record added to your collection. (This is a Victor Record.)

THE Boswell Sisters come next, and they are always good. They sing for us this time "Sentimental Gentleman from Georgia" and the girls outdo themselves. If you don't like this one the fault is with you. The instrumental background is furnished by the Dorsey Brothers. The other side brings us the Boswell Sisters again in one of the sweetest tunes of the season, "Down the Delta." Nobody could say more about either the tune or the singers. (This is a Brunswick Record.)

OUR old friend, Wayne King, is with us again in an especially captivating waltz number, "Forbidden Love." And Wayne plays it as only he can do it. On the other side we are treated to a very good vocal by Mildred Bailey with Paul Whiteman's Orchestra and the Rhythm Boys, "Dear Old Mother Dixie." Mildred has yet to disappoint me and this one is no exception to her usual musical offerings. (This is a Victor Record.)

A PIANO solo by Earl Hines comes next, and although he does all the work himself he sounds like ten men. "Love Me Tonight" is his offering and when you hear it you will know his reputation is fully justified. The other side brings us a second piano solo by Father Hines, "Down Among the Sheltering Pines," a bit more subdued but giving us some genuine entertainment. (This is a Brunswick Record.)

The Dining Room of Our Little Colonial House

(*Continued from page* 70)

great care. We wanted something simple, inexpensive and authentic and yet not too stereotype. The oblong dining table is red mahogany of Duncan Phyfe design. It is strongly supported by two sturdy tripod bases. The six chairs, four side chairs and two arm chairs, are also mahogany. They are very good reproductions of the simplest Sheraton design. The seats are detachable and are upholstered in a plain green rep. The buffet is also of Sheraton design. It contains two spacious cupboards on either end and two long drawers for silver and linens and is supported by six tapering legs. The drawer pulls and cupboard handles are made of polished brass, simple in design. The small Duncan Phyfe drop-leaf serving table between the two windows contains one useful drawer with polished brass pulls and is supported by two simply turned legs with spreading bases.

The accessories are few but adequate and were thoughtfully selected. Over the buffet we hung a mirror, it is of the girandole type similar to the sconces but much larger. On the buffet we placed a pair of silver candlesticks holding tapering white candles on either end and in the center is a silver urn. The serving table holds a white glazed pottery urn shaped vase filled with silvery white flowers. The center piece on the dining table is a low white pottery flower bowl filled with bright greens.

We are trying to give all of you who have shown such a great interest in the development of our little Colonial house a clear picture of the way we are decorating and furnishing it room by room. You will probably be glad to know that in the next issue of this magazine we will reproduce in miniature the kitchen of this house showing its decoration and furnishing and all the modern details so essential to the perfect kitchen and so dear to the heart of each and every housewife.

●

To obtain circulars described on page 66, write to Miss Frances Cowles, in care of this magazine, enclosing four cents for any one circular, ten cents for three circulars, or fifteen cents for all seven. Please be sure to indicate which circulars you want by the numbers given in the accompanying descriptions.

●

RADIANT Health!



HEALTH—Life's no fun when you're only half-awake. If you want to feel fine, sweep away the poisons—and your clean blood will give you a new pep.

BEAUTY—Bright eyes, a clear skin, come when you are *internally clean!* You have sparkle, charm. Note: Sal Hepatica is a great help in the reducing diet.

. . . WHEN YOU PURIFY YOUR SYSTEM THE SAL HEPATICA WAY!

IT'S easy enough for *sixteen* to bubble over with high-spirits. But after that first flush of youth, you can't feel exuberant and look lovely unless you keep your system free of poisons.

Sal Hepatica will keep your entire blood stream fresh and pure. For Sal Hepatica is no ordinary laxative. It is America's great saline—it contains the same salines as do the health springs of Wiesbaden and Carlsbad and Aix.

First of all Sal Hepatica flushes wastes and poisons from your digestive tract—and gently. But because it *is* a saline it does more. It purifies and tones up your whole system—keeps you from getting sick. It combats colds, headaches, acid system, rheumatism.

And how much lovelier you look! Your skin is translucently clear. Your eyes sparkle. There's new spring in your step. You feel young and look young. Whatever you do, you *enjoy!*

Just get a bottle of Sal Hepatica, and try this saline road to health! You'll feel like a different person!

MANY OF THE COMMON ILLS OF LIFE YIELD TO SAL HEPATICA



CONSTIPATION COLDS HEADACHE COMPLEXION RHEUMATISM

SAL HEPATICA

AMERICA'S big bargain IN *mouth wash!*



10¢ 4-OUNCE BOTTLE

MIFFLIN

• ANTISEPTIC MOUTH WASH

Guaranteed to contain exactly the same fine ingredients used in the most expensive mouth woshes of this type — yet costs less than half the price. An ideal, safe antiseptic for preserving the teeth, carrecting bad breath — and guarding against colds. Many women use it after smoking.



10¢ 4-OUNCE BOTTLE

MIFFLIN

• ASTRINGENT MOUTH WASH

There's no finer mouth wash of this type made. Prevents and corrects receding gums — hardens and tanes spongy gums — and leaves a clean, refreshing taste in the mouth. Costs less than half the price you usuolly poy.

Mifflin Chemical Corporation, Philadelphia

• •

AT LEADING 5 & 10-CENT STORES

Togo Discovers Hollywood's Most Famous Star

(*Continued from page 37*)

losis in a German hotel. Sometime I are the Russian priest called Raspitting, suffering from whiskers and toothache. Even if I got Fame, what happen to it? I must chop it into 3 parts & divide with Jno & Ethel. If you are looking for Fame, why don't go to some young fella?"

"And who could be that?" I decry with voice.

"Jackie Cooper are still young," he notate while handing 1000$ to 3 waiters.

THEREFORE I go to Cooper home and find Ma Cooper sowing buttons on some pantz what Jackie was away from. "Last time I see him he were in backyard playing scotch-hop with his 3 detectives," she tell. "Do not go closer than 600 feet of him, because you might spoil his small-pox insurance."

So there were Jackie in backyard, running circular with detectives, who was there to keep him from being kidnabbed. First thing he knew it, this Jackie made a plunge-up at me and decry, "Tag you are It."

"What are an It?" I ask to know.

"You are one (1), unless my boyish eyes have grown into a Turpin," he narrate. "If you chase me 3 times over garage roof maybe I will be It in turn."

"Halt!" holla a enlarged Detective with mean teeth. "It are illegal to chase Jackie Cooper. He are insured against being chased. What you do here, insignillifant Japanese?"

"I come to find most famous person in Hollywood," I infest.

"Wrong number, please," demount Hon. Detective.

"Why is?" I disjoint. "Many intellectual minds tell me that the Famous One are Jackie."

"Jackie whom?" require Jackie Cooper while throwing brix at some katz. "Maybe you got your Jackies mixed up. There are Jackie Coogan and Jackie Barrymoore and Jackie Gilbert."

"Maybe thus," I divulge, "but you are Just Jackie to American Publix."

"O yay?" dictate Mr. J. Cooper. "When I go to hotels and register as 'Jackie' Hon. Clerk say-me, 'Will you have single room or twin beds, Mr. Gilbert?' Such are Fame. When I go round Los Angeles they do not folla me from candy store to candy store, the way they ust to. My fame are passing. In 15 years I will be the Forgotten Boy, just like Max Smelling. Now go away, Japanese Reporter, and allow me to have some fun punching a detective in the eye."

MR. EDITOR, I go way from there feeling pretty much down in the lips. I have promised Hon. Geo. F. Ogre to bring him the Champayon Famous of Hollywood, yet nobody would be it.

I commence marching around, asking everybody from Geo. Jessell to Pearl White, and at lastly my feet got so unhappy from walking that I set down benext to an enlarged Police, who stand outside Paramint Studios, telling actors not to come in. He hear my mone & grone, and kick me slightly to see if I was alive. When I told him how I serched for most famous person in Hollywood he say following wisedom:

"You have been looking in wrong places. To find him you must peak down holes & under rugg. Or if he do not come then, try cheese."

Did you ever hear such a nonsensickle? Yet I have found by my discoveries that nothing happen unless you do something, or else something else. Therefore I smell down considerable holes and uplift considerable ruggs. Nachilly nothing arrived from that.

So that night p. m., tired but weary, I go home to my depraved room where I set looking entirely zero. Then, by golly, I got a thought.

Ah, cheese!

Out of iced chest I got one small variety eddible nourshment (or cheese) and put him befront of me on table.

"Most Famous person in Hollywood please come while I invite you," I say with my voice hollowed out like a ghost.

I HEAR peep-talk. I see move of very great smallness. Then with delicious slyness out of hole come a Annimle who are the size of 4 razberries, except his tail, which are that much more. He wear a froxedo coat with white opera shirt, and when he see me he make salutes. With immediate quickness an enlarged army of bugs, aunts and rockcoaches march into there with flags of the Insex Republick. This peanutt-size Annimle stand there saluting till I got to laff, nearly.

He stood there with very much comic in his eyes while pulling a pin out of his belt a wavering it like a sword. "Laffyette, we are here," he acknowledge in a smallish peep-voice. "Hashimura Togo, have you came here for to inter-view me?"

I wonder what I drink for brekfast to give me such a sight. But I put some bravery into my voice and dictate hashly,

"Ha! So you are Michael J. Mouse."

"Who you think I are?" he combust. "You think I are Ikey L. Louse?"

When he say that I could hear all America laffing somewhere. With sudden quickness he jump into my pocket & come out of my sleeve waring a bathing-soot, by golly!

"What are you made of to make you so magic?" I attempt.

"Ink," he say-so distinctually.

"Ink?" I require.

"Ink are thicker than water, are that not truth?" he ask it.

"People gets very wise from using lots of ink," I divulge. "Maybe you could told me who are most famus person in Hollywood."

"I are," he pronounce.

"Goody!" I narrate. "Will you please to tell me how you arrive to that distinctive?"

"Cernly I shall," he commence, "I was born in a lofe of bread, and my mother——"

JUST then telefone ring. One enlarged Boll Weavel in pink soldier

clothes come up and say, "Excuse, please. The King of England are on wire. He ask you to stay one (1) month at Duckingham Palace, no charge."

"Tell him I are busy," decorate Hon. Mice. "And I are all datted up till July 4, 1944." This fly-size Annimle turn at me with weery si. "When you get very great Kings will not let you alone. Now I will resum my life storey. I was born——"

Talefone ring. "Excuse it," chipper Hon. Boll Weavel, "but Pres. of U. S. are on wire, asking you to please to be Imbassadoor to Court of St. Jims. He say that you are the only Pub. Figger able to bring together those countries of Europe, Asia & Africa, including Ireland."

"Tell him I done that 2 yrs. ago," snibber Hon. McMouse. "Anny more fooly messages before I resum the storey of my life?"

"Here are a cablegraph from Hon. Mussolini. It say, 'Kindly come to Italy, my expense, & put a sense of humorous into the Italian Govt.' Another one from Hon. Lenin, King of Russia, requeshing you to stay there and be a czar."

"Take this letter," corrode Hon. Mice. "'America needs me. Howeverly, if you are so crazed about me, buy a ticket to anny of 88000 theaters including Berlin, Bladdervowski, Boston, Boloney, Beluga and all other alfabettical cities, down to Xema, a town in Messy-potamia.' Charge this message to Management and then leave me B."

"Hon. Mice," I nibble. "Some actors are Artists. But you are more than this. You are a Illustration. Therefore you must be very, very templemental."

"O owful!" he narrate.

"Then you must have sometimes when you do not choose to act. At what time do you suppose you play best for emotion pixures?"

"When the Katz away," he squik.

"Katz?" I boggle.

"Yes-so. For do not the Dixinary say, 'When the Katz away the Mice will play?' You wish see last act of my latest Screem Dramma?"

"Oh, should!" I ollicute distinctually.

"Verra weel, then, verra weel. Then you should help me act in it. Now I tell you what to do. You run around room, playing like you was a Katz. Commence quickly, please, before the Meatro-Golden-Mayor Studios finds me with a contrack to play opposite Joan Crawford."

Therefore I commence playing like a Katz. I know not so muchly about that, except I can croll around room making plush-like noises with my voice.

"You do that quite good," decry Hon. Mice. "Now, Hon. Katz, approach a lil closer & stand looking otherwise while I pull my Big Act."

"All ready to be okay," I pronounce. Then what?

"Zow-zow!" say Michael J. Mouse. Then with rapid suddenness he develupp such enormalous strength! Axually! With one bounce of his elbows he pick up a 27 lb. table and stroked me over brain with it.

After that I saw darkness.

When I come too I find my interview were over. That room, where once Mice was so umportant, was now filled with zero & wind.

Hoping you are the same,

Yours truly,

HASHIMURA TOGO.



when you buy a one-way dentifrice!

USE SQUIBB'S FOR 5-WAY PROTECTION

1 **It cleans effectively and *safely*.**

2 **It polishes well and *safely* — with complete freedom from grit.**

3 **It prevents bleeding of the gums the *safe* way — by keeping them healthy, and avoids using dangerous astringents. Frequent bleeding of the gums no dentifrice can cure. The dentist should be consulted.**

4 **It is economical because it gives greatest protection. Squibb Dental Cream is sold at the lowest price manufacturing cost permits. *Its use is true economy.***

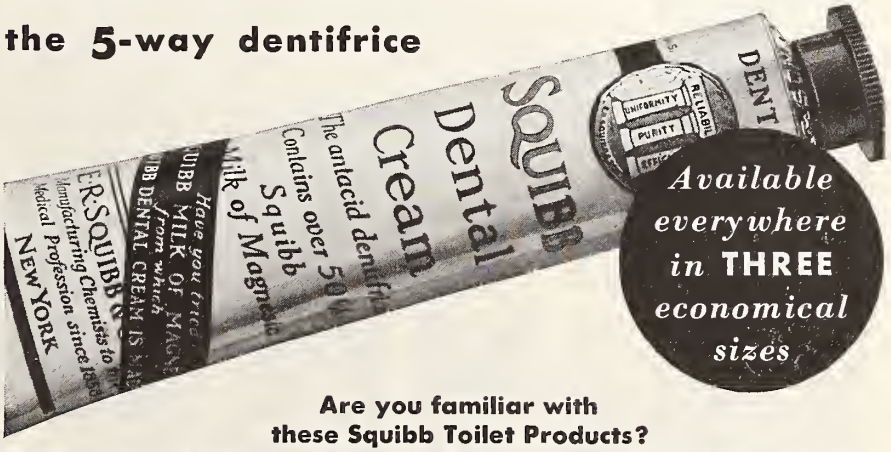
5 **It combats the germ acids that cause tooth-decay.**

Squibb Dental Cream provides the complete protection that no one-way dentifrice can give. Its scientifically balanced formula has been developed for *all-round* efficacy, and is backed by the 75-year reputation of the House of Squibb.

You'll enjoy using Squibb's. You'll like the clean, refreshing taste it leaves in your mouth. And you'll have the satisfaction of knowing that your teeth are *fully* protected. Visit your dentist regularly. And brush your teeth at least twice a day with the 5-way dentifrice — Squibb Dental Cream.

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the 5-way dentifrice



Available everywhere in **THREE** *economical sizes*

Are you familiar with these Squibb Toilet Products?

You'll find a new delight in using dainty creams and powders made to the high Squibb standard of purity and quality. For effective care of the skin these products are outstanding: Squibb Cold Cream, Squibb Cleansing Cream, Squibb Vanishing Cream, Squibb Lanolin Cream, Squibb Toilet Lanolin, Squibb Talcum and Bath Powders. Sold at all good stores and moderately priced. Look for the name Squibb on the label.

How to make 57 economical dishes



ONE OF THE **57**

HEINZ SPAGHETTI
with Sausage and Apple Rings

1 lb. Sausage
1-21 oz. Can Heinz Cooked Spaghetti
3 Large Cooking Apples

Brown sausage in frying pan. Cook slowly till thoroughly done. Remove from frying pan and pour off excess fat. Add 2 tablespoons butter and when hot add apples cut into ½-inch slices. Brown on one side, turn, sprinkle with sugar and cook slowly. Heat Spaghetti, heap in center of platter, and surround with sausage and apple rings.

H. J. Heinz Co.
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Please send me your Free Booklet "57 Unusual Ways to Serve Spaghetti."

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

NOW you can serve that favorite of the whole family—Heinz Cooked Spaghetti—in many interesting, colorful dishes—all described in Heinz' new free booklet featuring 57 spaghetti recipes. Made from choicest Durum wheat, every tender strand of Heinz Spaghetti is rich with the goodness of ruddy Heinz-bred tomatoes, milk, butter and tangy golden cheese—an appetizing meal in itself, and a dish that combines with other foods in scores of delightful ways. Let us send you our new book of unusual recipes. There's no cost or obligation. Just fill in and mail the coupon.

H. J. HEINZ COMPANY
PITTSBURGH, U. S. A. · TORONTO, CAN. · LONDON, ENG.

HEINZ
COOKED
SPAGHETTI
READY TO SERVE

Good Soldier

(*Continued from page* 45)

wasn't going to let them throw me aside . . . I was going to stay and make them want me and want me *big!*"

SO, you see, first and foremost, Connie Cummings is a fighter.

"Soon after the Goldwyn picture blew up," continued Constance, "I received a flattering offer from another studio, and after a very few rehearsals that too, blew up. They decided I was not the type they needed!

"Maybe you don't think I was discouraged and panicky. I *was!* But I was *mad,* too! I'd made my mark on the New York stage. Now I was determined to make Hollywood like me, too! So, still, I stuck!

"Harry Cohn, of Columbia pictures, finally sent for me and gave me my chance. He gave me the lead in 'The Criminal Code' and then signed me to a long-term contract!

"He's kept me busy ever since, except when I was loaned to play the leading rôle opposite Harold Lloyd in 'Movie Crazy,' and one of the feminine leads in 'Traveling Husbands' at Radio.

"Harold's picture was fun. He works, of course, on his own time and his own capital, so his company takes time to have fun, as well as to get the scenes the way he wants them. Harold is as particular about every scene as an etcher is of every pen line. If he doesn't like an entire sequence, or he thinks he can improve it by playing it another way—he just makes it over!

"ALL my life I'd wanted to go on the stage. I managed to get there, even though I started in the chorus. I finally was given rôles in 'The Little Show,' 'This Man's Town,' and 'June Moon' on Broadway. I didn't get these rôles without heartaches and effort—but I did get them and got good notices—and then Samuel Goldwyn's scout picked me for pictures!

"I am glad I didn't run away from Hollywood when it turned a cold shoulder to me! I would have had an inferiority complex for life! It never pays to run away!"

THIS, in a word, is a picture of Constance Cummings—staunch, fearless, steel-nerved. Most of her illusions are gone, but their loss has left her a fighter ready for any break in life. She faces what comes and goes through with it. A good soldier, Constance Cummings!

Nothing falls into Constance Cummings' lap—that is, nothing so very good. But if it is bad, she soon turns it into good by sheer will power and grit. This girl deserves to go far—and she probably will!

Sugar and Everything Nice

Delicious puddings, luscious cakes and crisp juicy pies never go begging and the housewife who is a real expert at dessert making has loads of admirers. If you want help in making a wide variety of desserts send for our food booklet, DESSERTS ARE IN AGAIN, with ten cents to Rita Calhoun, care of New Movie Magazine, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Hollywood's Latest —Doubling in Dress

(*Continued from page* 50)

you a certain creative latitude that will be a pleasure. To these things you can add your own individual touch, but fundamentally you will know you have a legitimate right to feel smart and well-dressed if your gown is of the latest mode."

"I just bought a combination outfit which serves many purposes, in fact, two outfits of this sort, and they certainly are economical. I'll tell you about them," enthused Gloria Stuart.

"I bought a chiffon dress of dark brown with puffed sleeves. Worn this way it is suitable for any semi-formal or informal occasion. If I wish a dinner gown, I remove the puffed sleeves (which are snapped into place), add jewelry and as it has a nice low back and the popular and smart high front neckline, it is in perfectly good taste for formal occasions.

"Then, in case I wish to wear this dress on the street for semi-dress, I have bought a leopard skin jacket, and a brown cut velvet hat with a veil, long gloves and a semi-dress bracelet. In this, I feel smart and ready for the matinee or any afternoon affair.

"Again, if I wish to wear this gown for plain sports, I have a plain brown coat which the leopard skin jacket fits right over, making a stunning street ensemble. With this outfit I wear a plain brown sports hat and bag and brown sports shoes, and short gloves. Then I am ready for a football game, polo or any sports occasion. If there is a tea dance later, when I remove my coat I am in perfect taste for that sort of affair as well.

"I had a marvelous time planning this outfit. It's really a lot of fun. I am going to do it with several gowns this Winter. It seems to be quite a popular fad these days to see how many costumes you can make out of one."

Bette Davis is strongly in favor of the new midday to midnight ensemble. They can be bought that way these days, you know.

"My favorite costume, and I'm really quite thrilled about it," declared Bette enthusiastically, "is a sheer black wool crepe, which I just bought. It is an all-purpose costume, chic and stunning as can be! It is ankle length, with a high-necked cape trimmed in black fox fur. Worn with a black and white hat, bag, gloves, or any desired color scheme carried out in accessories, this makes a mighty good-looking street ensemble.

"If I go shopping some afternoon and do not want to change for a dinner party, all I have to do is remove the cape of this costume. A satin top with high boat-shaped neckline in front and a low decolletage in the back is revealed—and lo, I am perfectly gowned for evening. Wool is used for evening this Winter so extensively, that I feel quite as smartly gowned as any woman at any dinner."

Everyone I know in pictures is doing all sorts of funny things with one foundation garment this year. It's fun trying to recognize the same gown in different guises—and sometimes it's practically impossible!

How to

PLEASE A HUSBAND



THAT husband of yours isn't unreasonable. You'll find him perfectly satisfied—even delighted—with simple, inexpensive foods, provided only that they are prepared in tasty, appetizing ways. That's why thoughtful housewives are never without a bottle of rich, zestful Heinz Tomato Ketchup. A dash or so adds marvelous savor to pot roast, stews and hashes. And, of course, tender steaks and chops taste all the better when this tempting sauce is added. Perfect red-ripe tomatoes, the choicest of imported spices, mellow Heinz Vinegar, and artful blending by expert Heinz chefs, go to make a condiment that men really relish. Better order a bottle now, while you think of it.



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PITTSBURGH, U. S. A. · TORONTO, CANADA · LONDON, ENGLAND

HEINZ

TOMATO KETCHUP

THE LARGEST SELLING KETCHUP IN THE WORLD

"OH PROMISE ME"



to keep that Youthful Skin

HOW unfriendly is winter weather to your skin? Does merciless cold and wind make it dry, chapped and rough? These blemishes speed the advance of age!

Italian Balm, the original skin softener, preserves the *fresh* quality of youth in skin texture and coloring.

Invented over 30 years ago, by an internationally-known skin specialist, Italian Balm so widely won Canadian women that it is the largest selling, year-round skin protector in the Dominion. Offered in the United States only a few years ago, its popularity has spread coast-to-coast.

No irritating bleaches; no caustic astringents. Only 5% alcohol; cannot dry the skin. In 35c, 60c and $1 bottles — at drug and department stores.

CAMPANA CORPORATION, BATAVIA, ILLINOIS

Campana's

ITALIAN BALM

THE ORIGINAL SKIN SOFTENER



New Package

Sparkling fresh in a green and white, cellaphane-wrapped package, Italian Balm greets you this season in a fashionable new cartan and battle.

TUNE IN — Monday Nights, "Fu Manchu" mystery dramas, Columbia network; Friday nights "First Nighter" plays, N. B. C. coast-to-coast.

"AMERICA'S MOST ECONOMICAL SKIN PROTECTOR"

Confessions of a Boulevardier

(*Continued from page 47*)

to eject a drunk in "Night After Night."

"He's very lonesome," says the ambrosial Cummings.

"Are you lonesome, too?" asks George hopefully.

"Isn't everyone?" replies Miss Cummings.

Lonesomeness explains many fan letters. A brilliant and beautiful actress once analyzed the prolonged adoration given Mary Pickford. She said, "Mary is an ideal toward whom lonely people turn for ideal friendship. Do you realize that nearly everyone in this world is lonely?"

The actress who remarked this to me died in loneliness, a suicide.

HERO worship appears to be a natural instinct. Bereft of kings and queens and prelates and even gods the mass of a drab democracy vents its adoration upon the Hollywood pantheon. This veneration is sometimes dumfounding to its objects.

Maurice Chevalier expressed his amazement to me. "It is astonishing what the screen does to one. I was popular on the stage in Paris before I came to Hollywood. Sometimes people would notice me in a café and say 'That is Chevalier' but there was no excitement. But after I had appeared in one picture—just one picture—I was met in Paris by crowds on my return. People who had seen me on the stage seemed to regard me as a much greater person, if not transformed. I don't know what it is the screen does. It seems to magnify a thousand times—to make you appear super-human . . ."

A realistic, common-sense man like Chevalier realizes the camera magic and is perhaps a little embarrassed by its myth. Younger men, less experienced, oftentimes make the mistake of believing, as some of the Roman emperors did, that they actually are gods. This leads to the madness which we call "going Hollywood."

I DO not know why the charming signorina was angered by my attitude toward fans. I've never been supercilious toward them. On the contrary I was once disgusted by a young star in the act of reading his fan mail. We were driving from the studio in his car. Having a chauffeur he was free to look over the mail that had been handed him by the mail department. He read excerpts to me, laughed raucously—was he pretending?—and tossed the missives out the window. Our route must have resembled that of a Chinese funeral at which torn paper is scattered.

"They're nuts," said my friend.

Some of them unquestionably were. A woman begged him to call at her home on a night that her husband would be away. Another wanted a lock of hair to affix to her pillow—to induce sleep I trust. There were others as frantic. But there were also some which seemed to me rather stimulating and if I had had that star's salary I think I should have turned them over to secretaries with sketched replies. I couldn't blame him for not answering them himself. His genius didn't include spelling.

I REALIZE I'm getting dangerously near home. I'm not a star but I get my letters. Most of them are eulogies of stars. They seem a trifle foolish. A few tell me I'm good. They seem sensible. Still others have as their theme the extinction of stars or of me. I can appreciate these too. I've had my murderous moods when I felt like resorting to the poisonous words. But fortunately I'm too lazy. The same laziness prevents me from replying to letters that have the prism of friendliness. To my credit let it be said, however, that I aim to reply to all letters from girls' schools. I believe in education and am more than willing to do my part toward it.

IF the English were as warm in person as they are in letters I'd be marching on London now. I have a welcome letter from there today which reads:

"Of course I read your writings in New Movie (although these books are a little difficult to obtain in London) and of course I'm one of the Novarroites and have been since about 1923. . . . I would like to say my admiration for Novarro is not necessarily of the blind type. There have been times when I longed to *spank* him, particularly when he 'guyed' a rôle . . ."

I wish the American Novarro-ites were as tolerant and judicious. Whenever I take Ramon over my knee they scream sacrilege. If they knew how Novarro was spanked into stardom by Rex Ingram they might approve. Besides, it hurts me more than it does Ramon and he calls me up to say, "I just read your last stuff to Laura Hope Crews and we're laughing, so why don't you join us?" And so what's the use? The boy doesn't know when he's spanked.

SINCE Novarro fans make me the confessor of their woes I might as well tell them that Ramon doesn't worry about himself as much as they worry about him. He has never made the mistake of considering Hollywood the world. He has other talents he would like to reveal. If he has a fault—which God forbid I should ever again suggest—it is inordinate ambition to excel in all arts. It seems to me he expresses himself more accurately as a troubadour of Mexican songs than as an actor. I do not know why the producers do not avail themselves of his talent as a lyric poet, instead of casting him for "huddle" rôles that other actors could do with more conviction. However, as I say, Ramon is never discouraged. When once I facetiously predicted he would end on a vaudeville circuit playing the piano with plump hands, he immediately sat down and did a hilarious impression of himself in the act.

"If I'm too fat," he said, "I can have a screen painted with a slender figure placed in front of me, my head sticking above it." Then added, "And I'll still think I'm great!" Ramon is gifted with a divine self-faith we all should have. Nothing can dent it. It is the armor of joyousness.

MY Norwegian correspondent states that he received replies to letters addressed to Conrad Nagel and Clive Brook, but none from Ramon. Few stars ever see their fan mail. It is received by the studio mail department and turned over to studio secretaries for reply. Recently, I believe, the studios agreed not to send out photographs of the players. The expense was tremendous. No star of great popularity could afford to reply to all with photographs. Furthermore, they haven't the time to read a few hundred letters a day. It is unreasonable to expect them to. But it does seem to me they should have their secretaries sort out the letters of particular import. Maybe that would be discriminating and snobbish. They might ask O. O. McIntyre how he accomplishes the feat. He does. I know because he replied to one of my notes of appreciation. And I doubt if O. O. makes much over $30,000 a week, which is Constance Bennett's stipend at times. Let me add, hurriedly, that I never wrote Constance, so am casting no reflection.

I ASSISTED one ex-star in burglarizing her own place the night before the sheriff came. I should say her garden; it was impossible to get away with the house furnishings. She had a friend, also an impoverished ex-star, who had salvaged a little board-and-bat shack in the hills. Our courage stiffened by a little Napoleon that was left in the cellar, we had the inspiration for digging up the roses and conveying them to the friend's hill acreage.

The ex-star, whose hands once dripped diamonds, gave us each a spade and led us stealthily to the shadowed garden. There we worked ghoulishly and epithetically, transplanting the roses into the friend's period Packard that deserved a pension long ago. We considered the car filled when our friend emitted a hissing ejaculation. There was one more she *must* have. It was the choicest and most expensive of all the roses. The Herbert Hoover. We instantly agreed that the sheriff should never take that. Carefully we removed it and placed it among the other fortunates. Today it blooms contentedly in the serenity of the hills.

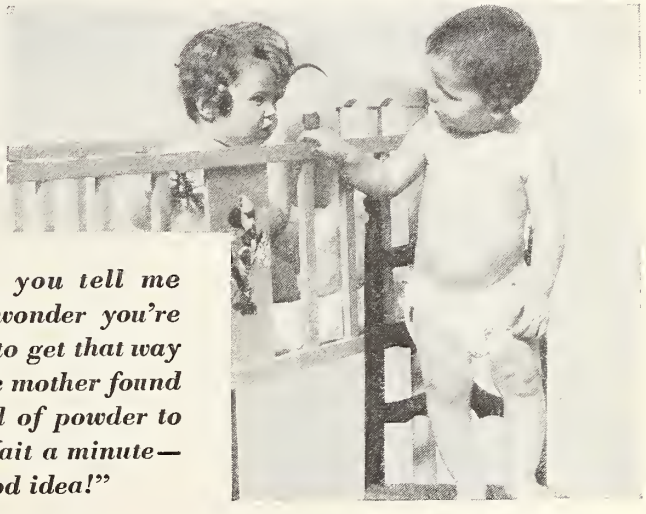
IT'S ALWAYS FAIR WEATHER

Dark, gloomy weather does not penetrate the home that is furnished in cheerful and harmonious tones. To help you add the colorful touches needed to make your home cheerful you should have a copy of our circular, "Brighten Your Home with Color." Just send ten cents plus three cents postage to

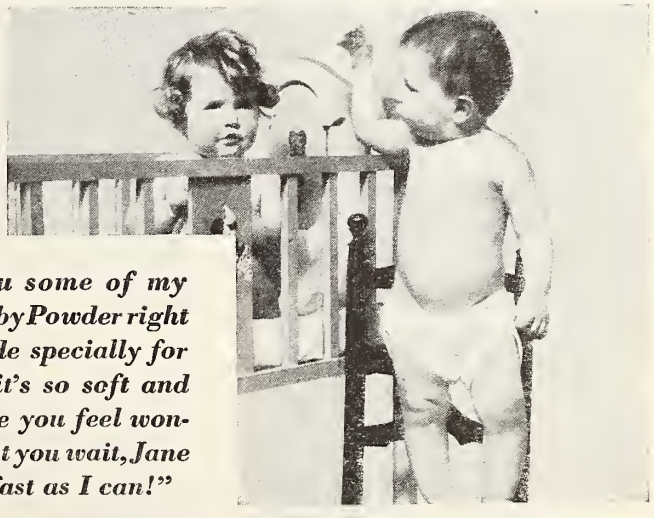
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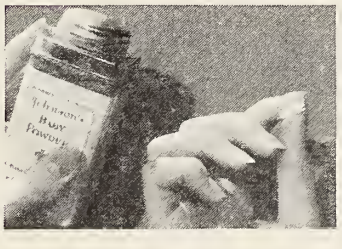
"Listen, Jane . . . I don't care if you are my guest, I'm leaving. It's no fun trying to be nice to a girl that whines all the time . . . What's that you say? Oh, that's different!"



"Why didn't you tell me sooner? No wonder you're cross! I used to get that way myself, before mother found the right kind of powder to put on me. Wait a minute—I've got a good idea!"



"I'll get you some of my Johnson's Baby Powder right now. It's made specially for babies, and it's so soft and cool it'll make you feel wonderful! . . . Just you wait, Jane —I'll hurry fast as I can!"



Mothers!—Test different baby powders by rubbing them between thumb and finger. Feel how much softer Johnson's is? Made of finest Italian talc—while the inferior talc used in some powders contains sharp, gritty particles. Johnson's Baby Powder contains no stearate of zinc . . . no orris root. Ask your dealer for Johnson's Baby Soap and Baby Cream, too. Johnson & Johnson NEW BRUNSWICK NEW JERSEY

• JOHNSON'S BABY POWDER •



A better Cereal for baby

GERBER'S Strained Cereal is a scientifically correct starting cereal — strained — ready-to-serve. It eliminates all uncertainties attendant upon the proper cooking and preparation of cereals at home, assuring utmost uniformity in feedings. Gerber's Strained Cereal is made of finely ground whole wheat and hulled oats with added wheat germ with its appetite-creating vitamin B. Cooking in whole, fresh milk increases both its palatability and nutritive value. Straining removes the coarse bran particles after their food value has been extracted—and gives a smooth, uniform texture. Gerber's Strained Cereal is unseasoned—thoroughly cooked—ready-to-serve. Simply warm to feeding temperature, serve as it is, or season as baby's doctor directs.

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Few homes could cook vegetables as Gerber cooks them, in oxygen-excluding vessels which conserve the valuable vitamins and mineral salts usually lost in home cooking. And Gerber's Vegetables are strained through monel metal sieves five times as fine as ordinary kitchen strainers. Everypossible safeguard is used to give baby the whole value of the freshest garden vegetables — in a form most acceptable to baby's needs. Gerber's Strained Vegetable Products are unseasoned—ready-to-serve—always uniform—safe—economical—always better for baby.

Ask your Doctor

He can tell you which of Gerber's eight strained vegetable products are most desirable for baby — and when baby is ready for vegetable feedings. He can also advise you regarding the frequency and quantities of feedings with Gerber's Strained Cereal. Ask for the Gerber Products by name. 15¢ at grocers and druggists.

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If your dealer cannot yet supply Gerber's Strained Cereal, send his name with 10¢ for mailing costs; and we will send you, as an introductory offer, one full-sized can of cereal for trial.

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Strained Cereal 10¼ oz.

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Vegetable Soup — Beets
Carrots — Spinach — Peas
Prunes — Green Beans
4½ oz. cans



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STRAINED CEREAL

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In Canada—FINE FOODS OF CANADA, LTD., Windsor, Ont.

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It's Party Time in Movieland

(*Continued from page* 63)

Jesse Lasky, he knows they mean himself.

Another branch of a famous tree, figuratively, was Anthony Veiller, son of Bayard Veiller, who wrote "The Trial of Mary Dugan" and other noted plays. Young Anthony is following in the footsteps of his father and is writing in a studio.

We left the party late, hoping our host would give us another pleasant voyage on his non-sea-going yacht.

BLAZING lights all over the beautiful big Spanish house, music, blocks of cars parked before the door and along the street—we knew this was Wesley Ruggles' house. He was married there to Arline Judge, but soon afterward rented the place, and is only now back in the house. Arline wanted to return to the home in which she was married, in order that her baby might be born there.

This was their wedding anniversary.

Our charming hostess was wearing pajamas of brocaded chiffon, with a girdle. But she admitted the girdle wasn't comfortable, and Clara Bow made her go upstairs and take it off.

Clara Bow, herself, never looked so lovely. It wasn't only that her party gown of silver cloth was becoming, cut with a long train, tight-fitting, and bedecked with orchids, but she has a more serene manner than of old. She has joined the Unity Order, she told us. And also, she added, she is very happy with her husband, Rex Bell. As for Rex, he simply hovers around Clara, the most devoted and solicitous of husbands. One feels the genuineness of their attachment.

Clara is devoted to that ranch home of hers. I don't believe she really cares whether she works any more or not. She says she doesn't, and for once I think an actress is speaking the truth about her career.

She wants, she says, to devote herself to writing—to write, first of all, the story of her life.

In the meantime she is happy when she is out there with her husband, being bullied by the cowboys,—"they don't baby me a bit, you know,—just treat me like one of themselves,—kid me and play jokes on me, and call me down if I make any mistake when I'm talking about their business of tending to the cattle,"—cooking and hunting.

"I cried, the first rabbit I killed," she said, "but after I had seen a few of them torn to bits by coyotes and hawks, I felt that shooting was merciful."

She told of seeing one of the fine ranch horses die, and how its owner didn't seem to see anybody or anything for days afterward, just went about with a dazed look, and wouldn't eat; and of how she saw tears in the other cowboys' eyes as they watched the poor beast suffer and pass away.

Little Arline Judge joined us just then.

She said she was a little disappointed not to be able to take an acting part offered her at Warner Brothers.

"Mervyn Leroy sent for me, but when I hung my head and told him I couldn't take the rôle and why, he just said, 'Oh, well, never mind. Your production is more important than mine!'"

Nancy Carroll was among the guests; she said she had a difficult time keeping from going into the kitchen and bossing the cook around, and from telling the guests where to put their hats and coats and when to come in to supper. It was Nancy and her husband who had rented the house while Wesley and his wife were away.

Lyda Roberti was there, looking sweet in white, the tan of her face and shoulders set off by her dress, which was of starched chiffon, very smart.

Others among the guests were Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon, Mr. and Mrs. Hunt Stromberg, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Beaumont, Buster Collier, Olive Tell and her husband, Henry Hobart, Betty Compson, Charlie Ruggles, Laura La-Plante and William Seiter, Cleve Moore, brother of Colleen, and his wife, Ruth Abbott, known to the Broadway stage and now going into pictures, and others.

Buster Collier kept going over to Clara Bow, while Clara was eating her dinner, to tell her she mustn't eat all that fattening food.

There were many beautiful anniversary gifts and not until nearly morning did anyone leave that pleasant house.

A BIG bonfire blazing brightly, with many figures gathered around it—that was our first glimpse of Mary Astor's party, the other night.

You were supposed to wear the clothes you would wear on a camping trip, and when Mary herself greeted us, along with her distinguished husband, Dr. Franklyn Thorpe, both were wearing trousers of the sports variety, hers riding breeches of twill, his of khaki.

But not everybody conformed, after all, for Ann Harding arrived in a coral red tweed sports gown, cut princess, with belt, and with the most fetching little cape in the world. The cape was of two triangular pieces in front, meeting in the center of the breast and clasped by a buckle, and trimmed with a two-inch band of gray, evidently woven into the cloth. Her little toque to match was of the same material, set jauntily on one side of her head, and formed somewhat along the lines of a Scotch cap, so that her lovely hair was revealed in all its golden glory.

She said she had never cared for clothes until recently when she had gone to one of Hollywood's famous dress designers, and that he had ruined her for all time so far as clothes were concerned.

"I went right home and gathered up all my old clothes and gave them away," she said. "Down there at this designer's I simply said, 'Give me that, and that and that!' pointing out costumes recklessly. Truth to tell it's the first time I was ever able to indulge my fancy for clothes freely, and I suppose it went to my head," she laughed.

"Why, I've hardly ever been out of breeches and blouse before. I haven't been happy in anything else."

Fay Wray, gorgeously pretty as ever, was there with her husband, John Monk Saunders. She wore a whole blue suit of jersey, pants and blouse, with red transparent bracelets and red belt.

The fascinating Clark Gable was there with his nice wife. He told about shooting a deer on the same trip on which Dr. Thorpe had shot the deer which we were to have barbecued for

supper. Mary Astor gave him away and said that he was so excited he wept at shooting his first deer! His was still hanging, he said, as he liked his meat a little "high."

Mary said that she and the other women didn't shoot; they just played squaws and cleaned up the tents!

Gene Raymond arrived all alone, looking as handsome as ever, but soon began paying attention to pretty Dorothy Wilson, who takes all her Hollywood parties quite seriously.

A little group at one side of the fire, including Jeanette MacDonald, Fay Wray, Gene Raymond, Dorothy Wilson and Jobyna Ralston, were playing the word game of "Ghosts" when we arrived. Jeanette won.

The venison, corn bread, and wild rice, followed by mince and pumpkin pies, washed down with coffee, were served at long tables covered with green cloth, on tin plates and in tin cups. But never was there a feast so good.

Just as we finished Virginia Valli and Charlie Farrell came in, Charlie having had to work late. Virginia is looking awfully pretty these days, prettier even than in the old days when she worked in pictures, and not a day older. I think she is very happy with Charlie.

One of the *chic*-est of the guests was Sharon Lynn, who is coming up in pictures wonderfully again, following a short slump in her luck when the talkies came in, after which she did a little stage work. Her dress was of black pebbly crepe, Empire in style, with a coral scarf draped about the throat and fastened with a diamond pin. Her little hat was black, too.

"They told me to wear camp garments, but I'm so sick of trousers and pajamas—wore them all summer at the beach—and as I had a new dress, I determined to wear it," she explained. "Why, who knows, I might be dead tomorrow, and then nobody would ever see it on me!"

The Hill Billies sang a lot of old songs, then, and everybody joined in, with Mary Astor beating time and leading, and then there was an old-fashioned Virginia reel, with everybody joining in, though most of the guests had a hard time remembering how it went, which only added to the gaiety of the party.

"THERE'S a new idea for sweet charity and fun combined," remarked Bessie Love. "It's the chain luncheon idea. Each actress gives a luncheon for four other girls, and every guest brings a dollar. The proceeds go to the Assistance League of Hollywood. So far Bebe Daniels, Sally Eilers, Carmel Myers have given luncheons. It's my turn next. Nobody must break the chain."

Another interesting party was given by David Manners, whose guests included Zita Johann, her husband, Jack Hausman, Misses Una Merkel and Billie Dove, and John Arledge.

A novel feature of the party was the reading of the character of the guests by the shapes of their lips. But as David knew all his guests pretty well, we have yet to be shown. He says that the corners of the lips are particularly revealing.

Our host made tea in the typical English fashion, first heating the pot, using one teaspoon of tea to each cup, pouring the boiling water over the leaves, stirring three times to the left and three times to the right, and then pouring immediately.

. . . WHAT A DELIGHTFUL DIFFERENCE THESE FOUR WONDERFUL MAYBELLINE PREPARATIONS WOULD MAKE IN YOUR APPEARANCE . . .



1st. Apply a bit of Maybelline Eye Shadow to your eyelids, blending its creamy smoothness to a faint shadow. See how it instantly deepens the color of the eyes, adding lustre and sparkle. 5 shades: Blue, Brown, Blue-Gray, Violet and Green.

2nd. Form graceful, expressive eyebrows with the smooth, clean-marking Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil. It is easy to use, and of highest quality. Black or Brown.



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MAYBELLINE CO., CHICAGO

Maybelline

EYE BEAUTY PREPARATIONS



Better
BRIDGE HANDS

WHICH are yours? Winning hands? White—satiny—alluring! Or losing hands? Rough—reddened—hands which no longer stand *too-close* inspection! Most important to any woman are the hands that hold the cards. Either they must be kept at their best or restored to their best.

TODAY women have a great advantage in care of the hands. Many women tell us that after applying Barrington Hand Cream they notice the difference immediately. Barrington Cream *protects* at the same time it *improves* the hands. Relieves chapping—no roughness or redness when you use Barrington regularly.



BARRINGTON is so convenient to use at all times too. This creamy, fragrant cream is a vast improvement over old-fashioned sticky hand lotions. Be sure to get Barrington Hand Cream, "The last touch for well-groomed hands." At the better five and ten cent stores, department stores and Walgreen Drug Stores.

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HAND CREAM
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SEND 10¢ FOR THIS PURSE SIZE TUBE

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Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

I enclose ten cents, for which please send me a regular purse-size tube of Barrington Hand Cream.

Name_____

Address_____

Kenneth MacKenna, K. P.

(*Continued from page* 68)

. . . And here's how to make all those Danish specialties:

DANISH HORS D'ŒUVRE

Fill thin boat-shaped shells of peeled cucumbers with chopped smoked salmon, herring and hard-boiled eggs, garnish with grated horseradish, and thin strips of pimientos.

CANAPES BLANC

Take four parts of cream cheese, one part caviar, and season with lemon juice. Spread this on oblong pieces of toast and garnish with strips of pimiento.

CANAPE AQUITANIA

1 cup chopped cooked lean ham
½ cup chopped walnut meats
¼ cup chopped Mango chutney
1 teaspoon English mustard (dry)
4 tablespoons Escoffier Sauce Robert
1 teaspoon fresh butter
A dash of pepper and salt

Mix all these ingredients together and spread thickly on boat-shaped croutons. Lay a thin slice of Cheshire cheese on each and place in a hot oven, browning slightly.

In addition there are many other varities of canapes, including sardine, salmon, herring and sturgeon, as well as stuffed eggs.

DOUBLE CONSOMME, CELERY FLAVOR

Cook stalks of celery in a consomme made from two parts chicken stock, one part beef stock, for 30 minutes on a slow fire. Strain and serve with Julienne strips of celery.

SALMON IN CUCUMBER JELLY

Pare two cucumbers, slice and place in saucepan, add:

1 tablespoon nasturtium seeds
1 slice onion
1 teaspoon celery seed
1 slice green pepper, minced
½ teaspoon mixed sweet herbs

Add cold water to cover. Add pinch of salt and simmer until the cucumbers are very tender. Press through a sieve, add 1 tablespoon lemon juice, ¼ teaspoon paprika. For each cup of vegetable liquid use 1 tablespoon gelatin softened in 3 tablespoons cold water. Add a few drops of green vegetable coloring matter to gelatin, and when cooled, mold flaked salmon, slices of hard-boiled eggs, bits of parsley and sliced olives in layers. Chill and serve in individual molds.

Kenneth says this dish may be prepared altogether if preferred, and served in slices when cold, and lobster may be substituted for the salmon.

Now comes the piece de resistance of every Danish dinner . . .

STUFFED CABBAGE

Tie a head of red cabbage with a string, so it will keep its shape while cooking, and parboil in water salted to taste. When cabbage is soft, but not too soft, pour water off and scoop out the center. Chop finely and mix with cooked chopped fresh corned beef, which has been soaked a couple of hours in milk. Add pepper and salt and refill cabbage head with this mixture. Bake in oven until brown.

A cabbage about nine inches in diameter will serve nine or ten people. Add one inch per person if wishing to serve more. It is possible to use beef or lamb for stuffing and red or white cabbage may be used—but the above recipe is the most tasty.

"Of course one should have beer to serve with this meal as it is the national beverage of Denmark," grinned Kenneth. "Near beer of course in this land of prohibition is the proper suggestion," he added.

"Never forget that last course of different varieties of cheese and the Bent wafers! That is just the proper final touch, and your black coffee is also quite essential. The Danish pastries are considered very bad taste after such a heavy meal but Americans often do like their bit of sweet after every dinner, so if serving Americans, perhaps it would be well to purchase in any reliable delicatessen some Danish wafers or pastries.

"After this dinner, it is never tactful to suggest bridge, backgammon or games of any sort which demand energy, mental or physical. Soft music and idle conversation are the only practical aftermath of a Danish dinner!"

WHAT LOVELY HAIR!

It doesn't make much difference about the color or texture of your hair. People will say it is beautiful if you have kept it soft and glossy by the right treatment. This you can do with the help of our beauty circular CARE OF THE HAIR. Just send stamped, self-addressed envelope to Ann Boyd, care of New Movie Magazine, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York N. Y.

Three Ages of Joan Crawford

(*Continued from page* 21)

kid of yours is going to be the real goods, some day."

Occasionally, one of the dancers taught her a few new steps, delighted at her aptitude. Mr. Cassin smiled at her serious efforts to learn, but while he indulged this native gift of hers, he knew that his wife didn't approve of encouraging such notions in a little girl. When he thought it had gone far enough he'd say:

"Take it easy, kid. Plenty of time ahead for that sort of business. Now, go and play with the other children and forget about the footlights."

But the fascination of the stage had got into her blood, and more often than not, instead of playing jacks or tag, or skipping rope with the girls, Billy would troop with a bunch of boys to the old barn behind their house, where all the unused scenery was kept, and there she would put on a solo dance for her audience while they whistled the music!

Those were her happiest hours. Brother Hal and herself loved theatricals in common—he, Jesse James, she Pavlowa!—and their shows in the old barn were the thrills of a lifetime to them, as well as furnishing great fun to the girls and boys of the neighborhood.

THEN real trouble came. Billy had cut her foot badly on a broken bottle, and as a child will while convalescent, she poked into out-of-the way corners of the house, trying to amuse herself. And one day, of all things, she came upon a bag of shining gold pieces, hidden in the cellar!

The little girl of eight was enraptured. But when she saw her mother's scared face, and realized that she was crying, Billy grew frightened. What was the matter? Here was a lot of money that ought to buy them everything they wanted, yet her mother wept harder than she had ever seen anybody weep!

To deepen the mystery, she and her brother Hal were suddenly bundled off on a train to visit their grandmother in Phoenix, Arizona. Billy didn't want to go, and protested against the journey, all of her latent obstinacy brought to the fore. Instinctively, she felt that Daddy Cassin was in some awful trouble, and she wanted to be with him. This loyalty of hers evidently irritated Hal, so as the train sped on, he opened the suitcase and took out a photograph of a tall man with curly hair.

"That's your real father," he said.

"It isn't," said Billy.

"It is," insisted Hal. "Our right name's LeSueur, not Cassin. Stop blubbering, now."

But the man in the photograph was simply a stranger to her. Billy had never seen him. Mystery enshrouded him, while Daddy Cassin loved her, and she loved him. Billy wanted to be with the only Daddy she had ever known. Hal was her mother's pet and she felt he didn't care what became of their stepfather, but Billy did, and she was going to stick to him through thick and thin.

Returning from her grandmother's, she was delighted to see her Daddy Cassin again, but there were shadows

(*Please turn to page* 88)

NOW...IN YOUR PANCAKES

Aunt Jemima's own

PLANTATION FLAVOR

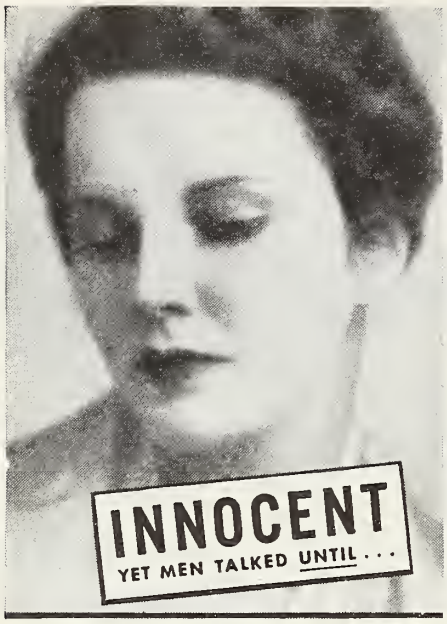


Within full view of Mississippi steamboats, according to the legend, stood Aunt Jemima's cabin. For miles up and down the river, she was famous for the flavor of her tender pancakes

Richly tender . . . delicately light—these pancakes are a toothsome reminder of old times! It's Aunt Jemima's own secret—that wonderful plantation flavor. A special combination of four flours—rice, rye, corn and wheat, mixed for special lightness, extra-delicious flavor. If you want real old-time goodness in your pancakes, just add milk (or water) to Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour. Bake and serve, dainty golden-brown pancakes! The Quaker Oats Company, Chicago.



FREE Trial size package of Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour or Aunt Jemima Buckwheats! Write your name and address on the margin below, tear off and mail to The Quaker Oats Company, Dept. M-1, 1850 Board of Trade Building, Chicago. Canadian address: Peterborough, Canada.



New Beauty Secret made her look more Natural!

HER name is a secret. But her story isn't. *Once men questioned her good taste.* She hadn't realized how they detest artificial-looking painted lips! Now she always uses the one lipstick that gives natural-looking color without a trace of paint!

An Amazing Discovery!

Notice how ordinary lipsticks coarsen your appearance with a painted look. Now try Tangee! See how it accents your natural coloring . . . without making lips look painted. Tangee *isn't paint.* It's an amazing discovery unlike ordinary lipsticks. In the stick, Tangee is orange. On your lips, its color changes to the one shade of blush rose perfect for your complexion!

Use Tangee for satin-smooth lips . . . alluring with rich, natural color all day long! Tangee lasts longer, too . . . yet same price as ordinary lipsticks at all cosmetic counters.



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Tangee Rouge, too, changes to natural coloring . . . *instantly.* Comes in new refillable compact. Save money—buy Tangee Refills.

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World's Most Famous Lipstick
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Three Ages of Joan Crawford

(*Continued from page 87*)

in his face, and her mother looked as if she had been worried to death. Good-naturedly but mistakenly, it seemed, Henry Cassin had accepted the custody of that fatal bag of gold from a friend, but it had been stolen, and Cassin had been arrested and kept in confinement until he was proved guiltless of any complicity.

Still a black shadow hung over the house. Things were not the same as they were before this terrible thing happened. If a man once comes under suspicion in a small town, he is always under suspicion. None are more prejudiced and cruel than narrow-minded neighbors in a small town when you have fallen from grace, whether through your own fault or another's.

THE Cassin family moved to Kansas City, so that the cloud might be left behind, but somehow or other, it still clung to them. At least, there had to be a drastic re-arrangement of their domestic affairs, which had, as one result, the placing of Billy in St. Agnes' Academy, a convent, where she could obtain her schooling.

Kind and gentle as the Sisters were, their discipline was rigid, and the little girl was like a wild bird in a cage. She wanted to dance and run and shout instead of study and sew and pray. Sensitive, to begin with, and grown more so because of her recent experience, she fancied that the other girls in the convent didn't like her, or purposely avoided her.

Only one who remembers a sensitive childhood of his own, and remembers how a tone or a look could make or unmake the days, can appreciate Billy's exquisite pain in those first months in the convent. However, the tough stubborn fibre which was part of her nature helped her to face the situation, and conquer it sufficiently to make it endurable. So much so, indeed, that when her mother, having separated from Mr. Cassin, and being unable to pay further tuition, came to take Billy away from the convent, she begged to stay and earn her keep.

The Sisters were willing to accede to her wish, and Mrs. Cassin was relieved at this solution of the difficulty, for she had to work for a living herself, now, and had bravely opened a small third-rate hotel, hoping to make ends meet, which, however, didn't as things turned out.

AS might be expected, but had not been anticipated by Billy, her change of status among the girls in the convent proved to be a very definite step down in the social scale there.

Waiting on them at table had put her in the servant class!

The world was rapidly teaching little Billy what society can do to one who has lost face, or suffered poverty. But her jaw was set so that she would not betray her wounded heart.

Some day, when she was a great dancer, these same snobby girls might come crawling on their knees to her, to notice them, even speak to them.

Then it would be her turn to condescend or snub. And how she would do it! Billy believed in retribution since the iron had entered her soul, which was only natural in a little girl of her sensibilities and strong will.

Her Daddy Cassin was never out of her mind. Where was he? She longed to see him again, to talk about dancing and the theater, and hear his stories. Of course, she was afraid to ask her mother about him, and Mrs. Cassin was so harried and worried, trying to run the down-at-the-heels hotel into a profitable enterprise that she had no time or energy for anything else in the world.

On Saturdays Billy was free to leave the convent and come home for a visit, but she hated the hotel, and shrank from contact with its guests. So, instead of staying there all the week-end, she spent hours roaming up and down the streets of Kansas City, hoping to come across Daddy Cassin. Curiously the little girl kept her eyes on shoes rather than scanning faces! She felt she might miss his face in the crowd, but she knew those shoes which she had always taken off in the evenings when she brought him his slippers.

And one day she saw them.

"Daddy! Daddy!" she screamed.

What a joyous re-union that was! Mr. Cassin took the child into a nearby drug store, and together they celebrated the great event with ice-cream sodas. Billy chattered on and on, telling him everything, and having him comfort her.

Back to the drab hotel she went with a lighter heart, though her mother might be furious at her.

DAYS went by, became years, and Billy was finished with the grammar school period at St. Agnes' and ready for the next phase of her education. She had grown into quite a buxom lass, tingling with health and vibrant with animation. The girls in the convent may have given her a too-early insight into the meanness of human nature, but it had not affected her store of exuberance and joy.

Mrs. Cassin, however, faced another problem. The hotel had failed in spite of her hard work—her capital had been too slim—and now she had taken a laundry agency in one of the poorer and rougher districts of the city. To subject her adolescent daughter to such sordid environment would be cruel, and Billy detested the laundry and its surroundings even more than the hotel of unhappy memory.

After search, a combination boarding and day school was found in which her child could continue her education in return for domestic service—a sort of housekeeper, cook and maid to the youngest children in the place, which catered to a wealthy class of people.

The woman who conducted the school proved to be the female counterpart of Squeers of Dotheboys Hall, so far as Billy was concerned, and vented her spite and wrath on her for everything that went wrong, not hesitating to thrash her unmercifully if she felt in the mood.

Conditions became so intolerable that Billy made up her mind to run away. Where, she didn't know. Neither her mother's home back of the laundry, nor this terrible school was where she wanted to be. But there must be some place she could find, if she hunted hard enough. With a child's belief in the future, which is always rosy, she set

forth to see what the world might hold.

All day, Billy tramped the streets of Kansas City. No one seemed to want her very much. Princes weren't looking for a poor girl with a small foot that day. It was pretty hum-drum. The shadows of night brought doubt and fear into the bright adventure.

And when a policeman stopped her, Billy's feet flew back with her to the school where the ogress waited.

And she was waiting, sure enough. Shoes in hand, Billy tried to sneak in unnoticed, but her enemy pounced on her tooth and nail, and the worst beating she had ever had followed.

HOWEVER, things took a turn for the better, after that. The Cinderella of the school, as she grew older, attracted the attention of some of the elite boys who attended there, and they soon discovered that she could dance divinely! They began inviting her out to affairs, and the mistress of the school, not wanting to cross the wishes of her most desirable customers, gave her permission.

The chance to dance made up for every care and hurt to Billy, and when, one night, she won a cup in a dancing contest at the Jack O'Lantern cafe in Kansas City, she was thrilled beyond words, and further convinced of her destiny.

To dance!

Full of that idea—and even purpose—Billy left the boarding school, at fifteen, and was enrolled at Stephens College, Columbia, Missouri, which wasn't far from the State University.

Here, as usual, she was slated to work for her higher learning, waiting on the tables.

Oh, how tired and sick she was of dishes! It seemed as if she had been washing them ever since she could hold a plate! Besides, the education she was getting in exchange for the drudgery didn't appeal to her as worth it. The best thing about her present lot were the fraternity dances at the university which she never let herself miss on any account.

Why should she go on being a waitress, and cramming her head full of knowledge useless to her, when the call to dance was constantly in her ears, its insistence in her blood, her feet fairly carrying her away of their own volition?

Billy was now fifteen, with all of fifteen's romanticism and impetuosity, its familiar urge to flout authority and assert its individuality. Youth knew best! Packing her few duds, Billy Cassin made another break for freedom. But Dean Woods of Stephens College overtook the runaway at the station, and brought her back.

That was that!

NOT for long, though. The girl had made up that tenacious mind of hers, and she wrote her mother that she didn't want to stay in college, it wasn't doing her a bit of good, and that she must get out into the world and find her place.

Reluctantly, Mrs. Cassin consented, and Billy came home.

"Why can't we go to New York, mother?" said the vibrant young lady. "I can get a job in the chorus of some show, and you won't have to slave like this in an old laundry agency."

"Where's the money coming from to go?" asked her mother.

"Oh, I can earn it here in town," said the dauntless one.

And she got a job in a department

(*Please turn to page* 90)

What color nails at the Ritz?

all colors—



MRS. JULIAN GERARD
MRS. OLIVER CARLEY HARRIMAN
MISS BETTY GERARD

Lunching in the Oval Room of the Ritz—Mrs. Julian Gerard in black with the latest *Ruby* tint. Mrs. Oliver Carley Harriman in vivid green crêpe and silver fox—*Rose* nails. Miss Betty Gerard in beige with *Coral* nails.



Natural goes with all costumes but best with bright colors—red, blue, bright green, purple, orange, yellow.

Rose is subtle and charming with pastel pinks, lavender blues . . . with green, black and brown.

Coral nails are bewilderingly lovely with white, pale pink, beige, gray, "the blues," black and dark brown . . . daytime or evening frocks.

Cardinal contrasts excitingly with black, white, or any of the very pale shades. Good with gray or beige . . . the new blue.

Garnet, smart with the new tawny shades, cinnamon brown, black, white, beige, gray or burnt orange.

Ruby (new) is such a real *red* red, you can wear it with anything when you want to be gay and dashing.

ONE of the hoity-toitiest places to go "fashion-snooping" is The Ritz.

And the first thing you notice when you take your eyes off the most terrapin-y menu in town is the array of tinted finger nails!

All shades! Nobody's sticking to one tint! And everybody seems to be a whiz at picking the right shade for the gown.

If *you* aren't a serious nail tint fan already, better get going. It will make you feel gay and important. Just one warning so you won't commit Atrocities. The effect you get depends *entirely* on the Color and Quality of the polish you choose.

Smart women have discovered two things—that Cutex has the loveliest shades in or out of Paris, *and that they stay by you.* With Cutex you don't get to an important Hour in your life and find your nails all chipped or streaked or faded! Also Cutex goes on smoothly and evenly and simply and dries in no time.

If there's any dress in your closet that hasn't its special shade of polish to snap it up this winter, go get it!

THE COMPLETE CUTEX MANICURE . . . Scrub nails. Remove the old lifeless cuticle and cleanse nail tips with Cutex Cuticle Remover & Nail Cleanser. Remove old polish with Cutex Polish Remover. Brush on one of the lovely shades of Cutex Liquid Polish—the shade that best suits your costume. Then use Cutex Nail White (Pencil or Cream) and finish with Cutex Cuticle Oil or Cream. After every manicure, and before retiring, massage hands with the new Cutex Hand Cream.

NORTHAM WARREN, New York. Montreal, London, Paris

Cutex Liquid Polish

Smart . . . Inexpensive

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the new
COMBINATION
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of
LOTUS
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a positive powder deodorant
for dusting on sanitary napkins.

FOR personal hygiene for women the Lotus & Lotiris combination package is the last word in Feminine Daintiness at no extra cost to you.

In each package of Lotus Sanitary Napkins there is an envelope of Lotiris Deodorant—sufficient for dusting on 6 sanitary napkins.

Also in each package is a circular giving full particulars of the numerous uses of Lotiris for Personal Hygiene.

Lotus Sanitary Napkins are the same high quality made under the most sanitary conditions.

With Lotus and Lotiris you have the utmost in sanitary protection.



6 LOTUS SANITARY NAPKINS 10¢
15¢ in the far West and Canada
SOLD BY
F.W. WOOLWORTH CO.

Three Ages of Joan Crawford

(*Continued from page* 89)

store at fifteen dollars a week, dreaming of Broadway as she served the customers. At home, however, that dream was shattered as regularly as she mentioned it. Mrs. Cassin frowned on this mania for dancing. Even forbade Billy going to dances. She remembered how her neighbors had said that her girl was a wild youngster, and needed a strong hand. Wherever Billy got that self-will of hers, she didn't know, but she did know it must be curbed. And Mrs. Cassin made the oft-repeated mistake of supposing that puritanical repression could cope with powerful instinct.

Besides this, Mrs. Cassin was contemplating another matrimonial venture, which gave Billy a vision of still another force to fight against.

It was a hopeless prospect in the girl's eyes. Often, in despair, she talked it over with her beau, Ray Sterling, who sympathized with her and encouraged her to believe in herself and what she wanted to do.

Ray was sure she was intended for bigger things than Kansas City could ever offer. And Ray was usually right.

THEN Fate took a hand, as she will, and moved a road-show manager into Billy's orbit of dissatisfaction and ambition. Here was her chance. Not much persuasion was necessary.

The fellow sized her up as good material. She was pretty, vital, had personality.

"How about twenty a week?" he said.

"I'll take it," said Billy.

It was understood she was to join the show in Springfield, Missouri, at once.

Going home, she packed her bag. Her mother was out hunting an apartment at the time for her third honeymoon. It was just as well she wasn't at home. Her mother, she knew, would do everything she could think of to stop her.

Nor would it do to tell her brother Hal about the big opportunity presented to her.

"It's a long, long walk from Springfield to Kansas City, sis," he would say.

Or worse.

So, Billy burned her bridges behind her. Nothing on earth was going to keep her from her chosen career of dancing. If she turned out to be a great dancer, she knew all would be forgiven and all would be forgotten, but if she was a flop, then Heaven help her!

SPRINGFIELD was five hours from Kansas City on the train. It seemed forever away to Billy whose mind travelled there and back a hundred times while the coach clicked over the rails.

To fill in the time, she amused herself choosing a stage-name. What would best suit a famous dancer? Scores of combinations came to mind. She wrote down some of them. Whispered them to hear how they sounded.

Finally, she hit one that was exactly right, and it was her own:

"Lucille LeSueur!"

What could be better than that?

But, alas, for her hopes and plans and pains. The show in which she made her début in the chorus closed in two weeks, leaving her flat, practically inexperienced, and at the dull season of the year so far as similar jobs were concerned.

Grimly, she counted her money. There was enough to take her back to Kansas City and to a chorus of "I-told-you-so's!"

She preferred another kind of chorus.

What about Chicago? It was a big city, with plenty of good chances for a girl who was serious and meant to get along.

And, moreover, it was halfway to Broadway, the goal of her golden dreams.

But could she leave Ray Sterling, her sweetheart, her counselor, her pillar of strength behind? Not even say goodbye?

It seemed a terrible thing to do, but he would understand that she must dance or die.

"Dear, dear Ray——"

With these words on her lips, Billy, or, rather Lucille, boarded the train for Chicago, the great adventure still fresh and irresistible and calling—calling—calling.

THE SECOND AGE OF JOAN CRAWFORD

Next month Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and his collaborator will tell of "The Second Age of Joan Crawford," an article replete with new and hitherto undisclosed incidents—all part of this unusual series, giving for the first time an authentic, intimate picture of the real Joan. Don't fail to read this unusual chapter in the famous star's life, in the March New Movie Magazine, on sale February 10th.

Andy Got a Break

(*Continued from page* 26)

and as I walked past the long rows of bungalows, I smelled the grandest things—roast pork, stews with onions in them, hot biscuits, pies. And by the time I reached the steps that led up to my room—it was over a garage—I was so hungry I was rolling.

"Walking up the stairs, I made up my mind. I couldn't shoot myself because I didn't have a gun; and I couldn't throw myself in the river because rivers in Southern California don't have water enough to drown a guy like me. But there was a gas-heater in the room, and I figured that if the rubber pipe that connected the heater with the gas supply should just happen to come loose, the police would say when they came for the body:

"'Poor chap! the gas got him when he was asleep.'

"But it was not to be. When I unlocked the door to my room, I noticed on the floor an official looking envelope. Inside there was a brief note. It read:

"'Owing to delinquencies, etc., etc., your gas has been turned off.'"

ANDY put down the menu card with a reminiscent laugh. "You see," he said, "I was too poor even to die!"

Andy isn't fat in the Arbuckle sense of the word. No one has ever used him, as Walter Hiers was once used, to try out a stage for an elephant act. Andy weighs only two hundred and thirty pounds; and that isn't much, scattered over the geographical area which constitutes his frame.

Still, Andy has possibilities in the weight line. And he admits that he would weigh more even now if it weren't for an enlightening remark from one of Hollywood's freshest waitresses.

"I like to walk down Main Street," he explained, "and in Hollywood that means the Boulevard. I like to see the sights, and listen to the soap-box orators, and drop into a beanery for a bite. It isn't so much fun as it used to be because too many people recognize me." The regretful note in his voice was absolutely sincere (everything about Andy Devine is that way!) "But this night I knew I was all right, for when I got into the restaurant nobody troubled even to wait on me.

"'If it wouldn't be too much bother.' I finally said to the nearest of the haughty ladies-in-waiting, 'would you mind taking my order?'

"'You wait your turn,'" she said, 'you over-stuffed blimp.'

"Since then," he said, "I've given strict attention to my bustle."

WHEREUPON, this two hundred and thirty-pound, hulking boy from Flagstaff, Arizona—there's a Main Street for you, the highest, the hottest, the bleakest in the world!—piped up in that nice boyish voice of his, which always seems to be at the changing stage, and ordered as his sole luncheon dish a chef's salad!

He's a rough-diamond Charlie Ray—that's what he is, this hulking, slouching, loose-jointed, small-town boy.

Don't misunderstand me, Andy is no untutored hick. He *was* born in a small town; and since he owes to his small-townness a large measure of his success, he will probably never take the

(*Please turn to page* 92)



MRS. SMITH: My husband has missed two days at work because of a chest cold, and nothing seems to help.

MRS. LYNCH: Have you tried Musterole? It never fails to break my husband's colds.



MRS. SMITH: What's Musterole? I've heard of it.

MRS. LYNCH: It works just like a mustard plaster only lots better, because it doesn't blister and isn't messy. It's what doctors call a "counter-irritant."



MRS. SMITH: You got me again, what's a "counter-irritant"?

MRS. LYNCH: Dr. Brown said it's something that penetrates, breaks up congestion, relieves pain and knocks the stuffings out of a cold.

Break that chest cold NOW!

● No cold, sore throat or muscular pain too tough for good old Musterole, soothing, easing, relieving. Ease in 5 minutes, relief in 5 hours—that's how it works! This pure white ointment—a famous blend of oil of mustard, camphor, menthol and other valuable ingredients—gets action because it is NOT just a salve. *It's a counter-irritant!* Easy to rub on—penetrates, stimulates blood circulation, breaks congestion, draws out pain and infection. Used by millions for 20 years. Recommended by doctors and nurses. All druggists'.

TO MOTHERS: *Musterole is also made in milder form for babies and small children. Ask for Children's Musterole.*

MUSTEROLE

BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER

REG U.S. PAT. OFF.

New, Cloth-lyke Shelf Paper Amazes Women

Longer Wearing, Non-curling. Superior to All Previous Shelf Edgings.

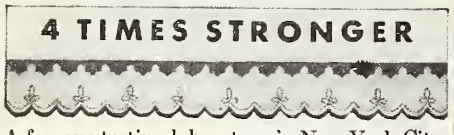
Costs No More

New York, Jan. 3rd. Women visiting the Five and Ten Cent Stores are now being introduced to a sensational new patented Shelf Paper — the first real improvement in 40 years. It was perfected by the world's largest makers of shelf papers, and is called Roylace Cloth-lyke Shelf Paper. It is four times as strong as ordinary papers — will not curl — and stays clean much longer.

Because of these features, it looks much more beautiful when hung. If you care anything about bettering the appearance of your pantry, linen and kitchen closets, make it a point to see and examine Roylace Cloth-lyke Shelf Paper. *Feel the double edge.* Available in a host of good-looking color combinations. And note that it costs no more—5c for a package of 10 ft.



The double edge of new Roylace Cloth-lyke Shelf Paper will not curl. Remains flat under normal kitchen conditions of heat, dampness, steam. No more messy, curled up edges to spoil your closets.



A famous testing laboratory in New York City scientifically compared Roylace Cloth-lyke Shelf Paper with all others. It is 4 times stronger — 4 times longer lasting.

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Science has proven that the new Roylace Shelf Paper, because of its unique construction and cloth-lyke finish, resists grease, dust, moisture. It stays clean much longer.

No Extra Cost—5c

It's really foolish not to insist on seeing this new improved shelf paper. It is available at all 5-and-10¢ stores *now* and is made and guaranteed by the makers of the famous Roylace Paper Doylies. The Royal Lace Paper Works, Inc., 842 Lorimer Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. C.

Roylace

Double-Edge Cloth-lyke

SHELF PAPER

Andy Got a Break

(*Continued from page* 91)

trouble to rub it entirely off. In fact, if it weren't too late, he might refuse, as Will Rogers does, to learn grammar for fear he might use it. But as it is, Andy has exposed himself to education in several western universities—in *any* western university, so far as I can find out, where the football recruiting was good.

"Sometimes," he explained, "I only went to the High School, but I played on the 'Varsity just the same. You could get away with that if you were big."

After college—notice I don't say after being graduated from college—and after working all day at the Universal studios, furnishing authentic, muscular background for the collegiate love affairs of George Lewis and Dorothy Gulliver, Andy would rush out to the nearest stadium and practice for two hours, between six and eight, with the Los Angeles football professionals.

It was good graft while it lasted, seventy-five dollars every Saturday afternoon, but it didn't last. And when the referee's whistle ceased to blow for football on the field or on the screen, Andy went back to life-guarding and landlord-dodging.

One episode connected with the latter activity Andy tells with such conviction that I was almost tempted to believe him. One morning as he was dragging his huge but then somewhat emaciated form out of his room over the garage, he encountered, of all people, the garage man himself.

"I knew he was irked with me," said Andy, "for I had lived in his place for nearly a year without paying any rent, but I wasn't prepared for what he handed me.

"'Andy, me boy,' he said (he was a good fellow and as Irish as they make them), 'you can't say I haven't been aisy with ye.'

"'Indeed, I can't say that,' I said.

"'But a year's a long time, Andy. I can't carry ye any longer. After all, your own mother only carried ye nine months—and I ain't even related to ye.'"

THE lifeguarding part of this period of Andy's career was no hardship. He is—and he would be the first to admit it—a far more enthusiastic swimmer than he is an actor. They threw him into the water, dress suit and all, in "The All-American," and they'll do it in dozens of other films so long as the big boy retains his ability to do an Eleanor Holm.

He lives, whenever engagements will permit, on the water. He and Tom Buckingham, Universal script writer, have a sloop for sleeping purposes only in the harbor at San Pedro. Andy has been to the Behring Sea in the lightship service. And it wouldn't be surprising to hear of him going sea-wire any time, even now.

"As a matter of fact," he said, "I decided to stick to life-guarding for good and pass up the picture racket. After all, the beach job has been a life-saver for me more than once—and forty-two and a half cents an hour for eight hours every day was better than seven-fifty a day three or four times a month. That's what I told 'em when they sent for me to do that bit in 'The Spirit of Notre Dame.'"

That bit was the part of Truck McCall, the injured player, whose performance on the side lines stole the picture from Frank Carideo and the Four Horsemen.

THE Universal bosses didn't wait for the final whistle of the game in the Notre Dame picture before signing our hero on the justly famous dotted line. The moment they looked at the first "rushes" in the projection room, they knew that Andy had scored a touchdown; and right then and there they put down a little bet that he would also kick a goal.

Result: a long-time contract for the smiling extra boy, the atmospheric collegian, Andrew Vabre Devine.

Andy doesn't talk much about his picture work—that is, not much for Hollywood! He is modestly aware of his limitations as an actor. In fact, he has learned by hard experience that it was only when he had ceased to take his picture acting seriously and started to be himself that he really began to click.

What he would much rather talk about is "Truck."

Truck is the dog he has named after the character which gave him his celluloid fame—a pit bull, which, Andy explains, means a bulldog that fights in a pit. Andy says he is going to get a Sealeyham and call the two of them Truck and Trailer.

"If I ever get plenty of money," he said, "I'm going to buy a big lot of land. I'll pitch a tent for myself on the back of it, and build a big dog house in the front."

AT present, however, Truck alone is sufficient. He completely fills Andy's life.

"The other night," the proud owner said, "I had a couple of the boys up to the house for a drink of home-brewed beer. Usually, when that sort of thing is going on, Truck assumes an injured look as if he were saying, 'When will all this be over?' This night, however, we couldn't separate him from the party.

"In the course of the evening, I went into the pantry to get some matches, leaving behind me an almost untouched mug of beer. When I returned, the beer had almost entirely vanished. I looked at my two friends accusingly. Then I noticed, propped up on his hind legs in a corner of the couch, my old friend Truck, his eyes bleary from the beer and his beard white with foam."

One dog led to another. There was, it seems, a studio pet of which Andy was very fond. His name, derived from a mixed lineage, was "Collie and Neighborhood." Collie's great achievement was to get on his toes at the word "Camera!" and lie on his face at the word "Cut." Then there was "Short and Dirty," half Dachshund and half Scotty; not to mention Marian Nixon's six newly acquired puppies, offspring of her pet Dalmatian and a neighbor's black Chow.

Andy went on this way for some time. Dogs were obviously his obsession. He even admitted that he frequently went down to the local pound and came away broken-hearted because he couldn't take all the little doggies home with him.

"When it comes to dogs," he said, "I'm sunk."

NEXT to Truck the biggest thing in Andy's life at the moment is a little girl out on the Universal lot named Alene Carroll. He went so far as to buy a dinner coat, his first, so as to take Alene to the premiere of "Rain." He still takes her with him wherever he goes, even to marathon-dance contests. (Andy, by the way, is the champion marathon dance sitter-out in Hollywood. His record is said to be thirty-eight hours, but I don't believe it and you don't need to, either!)

He won't admit he is "that way" about 'Alene. All he will say, when pressed, is:

"I'm afraid I'm in love!"

About his mother, now dead, he is much more talkative. She hadn't been well for a long time before she died. For months she had been under treatment in a sanatorium. The last time she went out, she went to a local theater to see Andy play in "The Spirit of Notre Dame."

"Tom," she said to Andy's oldest brother who was with her, "you're a success. You're well established in business. Now Andy is a success. I am quite ready to die, because I feel that I'm a success, too."

I don't know about Tom. But I do know about Andy. And I am sure that his mother was right. For there is no question about Andy Devine's success. The only question is—what is this big, good-natured, honest ox going to do with it?

Well, I asked myself that question more than once over the salad and the coffee, and afterward, when we tooled off again to Universal City to see some of the reels from his latest films.

AT the moment, he was crazy about doing *Joe Palooka*, the fighting sap of the cartoons and the mike. Jimmie Durante, he hoped, would up and play Nobby, the fighter's manager, the Jimmie Gleason of the air. Personally, I thought it was a grand idea. I could almost see him scoring as the good-natured guy with the knock-out wallop.

Maybe that's what he'll do—play comedy parts in big-time films. If he does, he is a sure-fire success, because a little of Andy Devine would improve any film, just as a little salt or a little lemon will improve any dish. Or he may play star parts in small-time films—the kind of attraction that goes on for years packing them in without a thought of Broadway.

He doesn't need to be a great actor to succeed in either of these rôles. All he has to be is himself—a natural. It wasn't until he stopped "acting" and became Andy Devine that he really succeeded. It is as Andy Devine that he must still succeed in the years to come.

"Anyhow," he said, with that quick smile which makes his whole facial area gather itself up and become a very charming, subtly, ingratiating, definitely human thing, "I can always go back to life-guarding if this career fails."

"But those days are over," I ventured.

"Don't be too sure," he answered modestly, "I still have my bathing suit put away in moth balls, and every once in a while I take it out and make sure I can still get into it."

It isn't hard to figure out, is it, why everybody was glad to see Andy get a break?

"Tell me, Ruth, *how can you keep your hands so nice and smooth? Mine always get so terribly dry and rough in this weather!*". . .

"Mine did, too, *until May told me about Pacquin's Hand Cream. Now I have no trouble at all. Pacquin's seems to get right into the skin!*"



Thousands of women who had "tried everything" are now enthusiastic friends of Pacquin's Hand Cream. The reason why Pacquin's does for their skin what other preparations failed to do is really very simple—

Pacquin's is especially blended so that it will *penetrate* the skin. It carries with it *deep into the under layers* certain softening oils which are taken out every time you expose the skin to water, wind or weather. The very speed with which the average skin *absorbs* every trace of Pacquin's is proof of the "oil-starvation" which *this* cream is especially made to correct! Because it *penetrates*, Pacquin's Hand Cream never leaves your skin greasy or sticky.

Try Pacquin's regularly for just one week on hands and arms, face and neck, wherever there is drying, roughness or chapping—and see if *your* skin isn't softer, smoother, whiter at the end of that time than you've ever known it! In convenient sizes, 10¢ to $1.00.

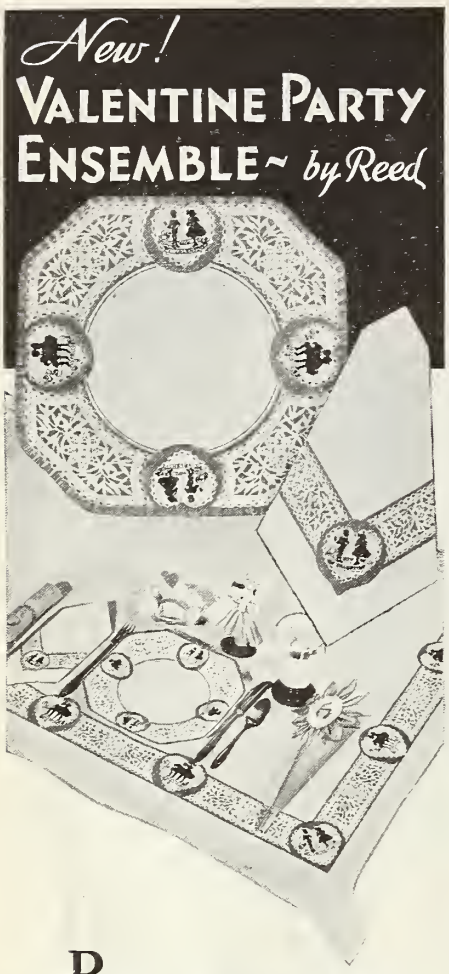
(To meet the demand of women who wanted other beauty creams just as effective as Pacquin's Hand Cream, Pacquin now offers a Lemon Cream, a Vanishing Cream, a Cold Cream and a Cleansing Cream—also priced from 10¢ to $1.00.)

Pacquin's
HAND CREAM

It feeds the skin



JANE E. CURRAN, INC., 101 WEST THIRTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK



Plates (in two sizes), table covers—two sizes for card or dinner table, napkins and nut cups in matching design. And with them, one uses Reed's favors, noise-makers and paper hats. All in the same shade of red. See them in your local Woolworth store.

Look for this label. It is your assurance of style, quality, value!



Free—complete Valentine Party plans, Luncheon, Bridge, Evening Parties, also for Children's Parties. Send self-addressed envelope to—Party Hostess—C. A. Reed Company, 225 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

C. A. REED CO.
Williamsport, Pa.

Herb Howe's Hall of Fame

(*Continued from page* 31)

FINDING in my garret of souvenirs the beard of the prophet I'm herewith affixing it to play my classic rôle of Mahomet again.

Before presenting the big pasha let's pick the boys and girls outside the starry circle who are most likely to enter it the ensuing year:

The moment Mae West strutted into "Night After Night" I knew she would have the picture in her bag, and by the time it was over I knew she'd be adding diamonds to "Diamond Lil"—or "Diamond Lady," I believe she's to be called in her Hollywood version.

Mae is something more than an actress she's a—no, I don't mean a Lil or a Lady—she's a show-woman. I'm willing to bet she built up her entrance and touched up her own lines. Mae was a martyr to her art in New York; her reward is in Hollywood. Mae is—oh, pshaw! might as well admit it—Mae is my Dream Girl.

When Joe Reddy, press director for Harold Lloyd, showed me stills of Constance Cummings I knew I felt a little funny but didn't know why until I saw her in action. Her beauty is gaspy. Ambrosial is the word the Greeks had for it. I've been seeing her regularly and now am calm enough to realize she is a natural actress improving with every picture, has a charm unsmeared by Hollywood affectations. I mean—is Mae listening?—she's my Dream Girl.

Katharine Hepburn arrived to show them how the modern girl really behaves. I mean the girl who was brought up in this era of boredom. You don't forget her soon after seeing her. She's a hauntress. She's—yuh—my Dream Girl, Serial No. ——

Lilian Harvey—no, I fooled you; she's not my Dream Girl—but she may get by anyhow. In "Congress Dances" she was a bit gishy in the early Griffith manner. With a little corking of this effervescence, which Allah knows is a relief after the slow motion posturings of certain current lassies, she should trip around that circle.

Allison Skipworth is an old honey who may never be a star exactly, but she'll be the star of all-stars, you know what I mean.

AS for the boys:

I've been jingling my change speculatively while watching Lee Tracy. After seeing him in "Washington Merry-Go-Round" my money is on him. This bird is the realest thing to blow this way since Cagney. The surest way to measure an actor is to appraise his effect on you after the show. Tracy speeds you up. He's a mental dynamo.

George Raft is thought to have the Valentino snare. Well, he's part Italian. Only part. It seems to me he lacks that what-you-call-him—the *simpatico* stuff that makes us wops so darned lovable if you know what I mean. However, he has a line and if he hews to it he'll be having all the fifteen-dollar shirts he wants.

Johnny Weissmuller has the boys swinging in the branches and the mamas looking over their papas. Apollo is the word the Greeks and Bernarr Macfadden would have for him. Now producers are making the boys (as well as the girls) strip for their film tests. We're getting back to nature and the essential things. Johnny's effect on you is highly gymanastic.

Paul Muni ought to be caged in Hollywood. Here's an actor who delivers you a different character with each film, not just a variation of Muni. He's a Jew but I never saw a better Italian—or a worse one, fictionally speaking—than his *Tony Camonte* in "Scarface." This boy doesn't have to use facial make-up, he makes up his mind. I confess I'm Muni-struck.

Fans have been writing me to ask that I say a word for Tom Brown. I do. The kid is there. He's the boy of today, honest, direct and poised. If he can keep this sincerity that typifies American youth while all around him others are going actory he will have a place of his own.

I've watched Richard Cromwell ever since he did "Tol'able David." I saw Barthelmess in that rôle and he was magnificent. The best tribute I can give Cromwell is that he has the shining quality, the authentic talent that has typified Barthelmess. I hope he has Dick's patience and judiciousness. If not forced into stardom he will arrive, in time, legitimately.

Now for the sultanas who will rule the box-office during 1933. I'm measuring them in money not in merit, understand:

Greta Garbo
Jean Harlow
Marie Dressler
Janet Gaynor
Norma Shearer
Joan Crawford
Constance Bennett
Marlene Dietrich
Helen Hayes
Katharine Hepburn

LET'S hope that some of them will be displaced by the Dream Girls, but I'm not allowing my sentiments to enter in.

Garbo will grow as an actress, though I look for subsidence in the dervish worship and she does too. Miss Garbo is a studious, diligent workwoman who scorns the affectation of "artiste." Understanding her you get a big laugh in reading the spite-childish criticisms. The posing sophisticates suspect her of posing for publicity because she shuns it. That's a commentary on the old American hypocrisy which fortunately is fading. You see, I belong to the younger generation.

Anyhow, this Garbo is going to be a great actress and the vaunted power of the press is not going to stop her any more than it is going to stop Lindbergh from flying the ocean again even though he does not give interviews.

Marie Dressler is a grand old showwoman who will hold her fort as long as she lives, which should be forever. If she were not so weathered by the world I'd worry lest the goo written about her might get her to playing saintly old ladies.

Norma Shearer is precise, smart, poised. She has good taste and a certain manner that we used to call "refined." I think she succeeds to the place Norma Talmadge held as a woman's woman.

Janet Gaynor is unique in having an artless charm in a garden of paper posies. She's winsome without being

Pollyanna. There ought to be more girls like Janet. If there were there would be fewer bachelors.

Helen Hayes is so adroit as an actress that she can put over art without them suspecting. She's the finest emotional actress.

Constance Bennett is a fashionable model rivalling Gloria Swanson who has thrived on fine feathers all these years. I'm a mere man and so wouldn't know.

Marlene Dietrich is an enchantress who will probably draw through the year despite her marionette monotony. I'm told the girl has real ability but she chooses to be Von Sternberg's *Trilby*.

Joan Crawford is decorative in a posterish way. She was supposed to be the modern maid. Katharine Hepburn should be the answer to that. I'm recognizing Miss Crawford's vogue without being able to explain it.

Katharine Hepburn can do to the box office something similar to what Garbo did after "The Torrent" if given similar cooperation.

I've left Jean Harlow until the last in order to rave. As a platinum moll for the gangsters she was merely a sideshow. When she protested I thought she was just pulling one of those.

But in "Red-Headed Woman" and "Red Dust," Miss Harlow steps out to the screen with a dumbfounding naturalness. You forget the platinum and the funny eyebrows which for some reason she chooses to sketch. The girl is a great comedienne, greater than she suspects, I suspect.

Anyhow, she was born for the pen of Anita Loos ("Gentlemen Prefer Blondes") and Miss Loos is writing for M-G-M. So I'm thinking Miss Harlow will be 1933's white-haired girl second only, if second, to Garbo.

TURNING the crystal on the rajahs I find a squad of thirteen, a number made lucky by Tiffany Thayer. I've tried to eliminate but their rating is too close; and I'm lumping the four Marxes as one at that:

James Cagney
Clark Gable
Four Marx Brothers
Wally Beery
Maurice Chevalier
Edward G. Robinson
Lee Tracy
Will Rogers
George Raft
Richard Barthelmess
Gary Cooper
Ramon Novarro
Ronald Colman

I'm omitting such part-time workers as Chaplin, Lloyd and Doug. Sr, who belong to the royal leisured class. They can pull us in most any time they're not golfing or kidding kings. Al Jolson and Eddie Cantor are also in-and-outers.

It's a beefy line-up and I don't mean hammy. The boy with the profile is no longer the god of the box office. It's the lad boy with the biceps that rings the bell. Incidentally I wouldn't be surprised to see Johnny Weissmuller swing ahead of most of them. Well, Tarzan is in a class by himself.

Cagney, the walloping Romeo, can stage as pretty a matinee as any Apollo of the past. Action is his card. He's fast on his feet and so are his pictures. He gives 'em realism with no Hollywood apologies.

Clark Gable is another exponent of brawn over beauty. He puts vigor in

(*Please turn to page* 96)

3 AGELESS SECRETS *of charm*





MAE CLARKE, *Radio Pictures' player. For evening, she wears this lovely velvet gown, in brown with gold sequins. Her formal daytime suit is of cocoa-colored ostrich cloth, lavishly trimmed with fox.*

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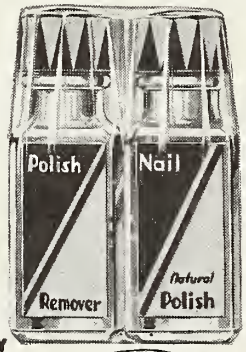
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Herb Howe's Hall of Fame

(*Continued from page* 95)

any rôle. He needs stronger ones than he has been getting to do him justice.

The four Marx Brothers are the Paramount cash-winners of the past year. Their insanity is in key with the times.

Wally Beery has always been an ace with men and last Summer I heard that the Junior Leaguers made him their pet while visiting out here.

Maurice Chevalier may get a little monotonous in person but he's sharp enough thus far to get expert direction and stories. His name carries quality because of this.

Edward G. Robinson is another raw beef eater who has been having one success after another. These Warner Brothers know how to treat the vim-and-vigor boys like Robinson and Cagney.

Lee Tracy—what more can I say? I've already said it.

Everyone wants to hear Will Rogers in order to quote him later. Will's a shrewd old showman who will not get mixed up in bad pictures. He's something of his own producer.

Richard Barthelmess is another star who can roll his own. As a producer he keeps Richard starring and as a star he keeps Richard producing. I mean to say, he's intelligent to view the whole rather than his own part thereof.

George Raft, as I've said, was elected chiefly by suffrage but not for his beauty certainly. He's O.K. with the men. George has the distinction of being the first star to begin life by dying. His demise in "Scarface" was his beginning.

Gary Cooper only needed a production and he got it with "A Farewell to Arms." The boy has magnetism and he's gaining facility as a player.

Ronald Colman returns with "Cynara." He wasted a lot of good time whimsying around in comedy. This is the real Colman of "Dark Angel" fame.

Ramon Novarro is Apollo of a cult which feels he can do no wrong. He's a martyr, they feel, of M-G-M. Truth is, Ramon hasn't the self-directing talent of a Barthelmess. He needs strong, appreciative supervision, and a return to the Ingram method of restraint.

NOW before you start heating the poker to sear me a billet doux let me scream that I've omitted some of my own favorites. Notably Senorita Lupe Velez whose destiny seems to be to impress gentlemen more than ladies.

But watch this little Mexican. I'm speaking to you producers, too. She has the natural gift. She has torrential vitality. All she needs is a governing guidance. And by that I don't mean a lot of sap advice about becoming a lady.

There are a lot of stories for Lupe. She's a born *Carmen*. Unfortunately Hollywood cannot understand an individual who cannot be card-indexed. But the boys are brightening up. *Viva* Lupe!

Joan Bennett is another whom I prefer to some of the leading ten. Hers is a slow-stealing charm and a quietly maturing talent.

Jeanette MacDonald can make me step livelier into the box office line than any of the majestic ten, providing she sings. Give her "The Merry Widow" and the Adrian grooming that delighteth the soul of *femme* fans and then watch her waltz off with the records.

Loretta Young has the handicap of having been starred before she was experienced. The girl is growing as an actress and as a person she's lovely enough. As the Madonna in "The Miracle" she should become a permanent divinity.

Claudette Colbert reminds me of Florence Vidor. A lovely woman, an intelligent actress, she is not a type. She belongs in the all-star list.

Instead of trying to make a mannequin out of Ann Harding they should give her some earthy, semi-tragic rôles. With that throb in her voice and the soul in her eyes she must play great women.

AMONG the fellows who can collect my four bits faster than the majesties listed:

Jack Oakie, a born comedian, who is coming back as a star. All he needs is a few lines.

Stu Erwin is another comedian who only needs the suitable outfitting.

Bob Montgomery, Bill Haines, Fredric March, Richard Arlen, Ricardo Cortez are all-star names of the same category.

Herbert Marshall has distinction both as personality and actor. Properly groomed he would easily become a strong attraction.

Leslie Howard is a character actor who requires parts. He's not one who can loll through a poor picture on the strength of personality, as Gable or Gary Cooper or Beery can.

THEN there are the character actors who mean more to a picture than many a star:

Lionel Barrymore
John Barrymore
Warner Oland
Walter Huston
Charles Laughton
Charlie Ruggles
Roland Young
Lewis Stone
Guy Kibbee
Louise Closser Hale
Aline MacMahon
Beryl Mercer
Mary Boland
Edna May Oliver
ZaSu Pitts
May Robson
Louise Dresser.

Even Lee Tracy did not delight me more in "Washington Merry-Go-Round" than did Walter Connolly. Where have you been all our Hollywood life, Walter?

NOW to give the freshmen a hand. There are stars among some of the following:

Eric Linden
Robert Young
George Brent
Matty Kemp
Kane Richmond
Nils Asther
Cary Grant
Bruce Cabot
William Gargan
Lyle Talbot
Madge Evans
Bette Davis

Arline Judge
Gwili Andre
Boots Mallory
Frances Dee
Glenda Farrell
Dorothy Wilson
Dorothy Jordan
Gloria Stuart
Anita Louise
Rochelle Hudson
Tala Birell

Oh, I could run on like this indefinitely, there are so many Bright Young People with Possibilities.

BUT the most interesting subject is old girl Hollywood herself. The industry was in its infancy for so long that many despaired of her. They thought she must be an idiot child. But Papa Hays and all the censors can't keep her in the nursery any more. She's speaking her mind. "Washington-Merry-Go-Round" is evidence of an independent spirit. And the new stellar entries, the younger generation of Hollywood, are progressives.

The whole trouble with the world—(well, everyone has had his turn so why shouldn't I?)—has been that the war killed off the young, physically or in spirit, leaving the old to clutter up progress like dead leaves.

Then came the flood of 1929 out of Wall Street to sweep them from the troughs of smugness.

Now youth and new ideas can flow through the old world's arteries. I'd better stop here before I become an optimist. (The president of an optimists' club out here shot himself recently.)

Anyhow, in all my Hollywood service I've never seen such honest activity—through necessity, true enough—to deliver the goods and carry the standard of entertainment forward. Hollywood today is far more progressive, courageous and experimental than the citadels of press, politics and pulpit. As master of ceremonies for the 1933 Hall of Fame. I now step aside. Let the show go on!

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Villains Who Rocked the World

(*Continued from page* 53)

he could not leave the many dishes he had stewing on the fire.

So he sent young Mr. Bernon T. Woodle from his hastily-gathered office force. Woodle is an old Princeton athlete, with personality and with considerable foreign experience.

Woodle was lost in Mexico for five weeks. When he returned, he carried an odd document, preserved partly as a curiosity in the archives of the Hays organization.

It was a regular treaty, drawn in perfect diplomatic form, signed and sealed by the high Mexican government officials.

On our part, Hays was to sign it, in lieu of that American government which, for Mexico, did not exist. It provided that the motion picture business should keep Mexican villains out of their films, should in all other ways refrain from offending Mexican sensibilities. And on their part, the Mexicans agreed to admit American films freely and without prejudice.

Of course, Hays signed; thus elevating his organization, in its first year, to the status of a sovereign government!

IN the first months of his administration, he created a foreign department, in charge of Major F. L. Herron. The title is genuine; Herron was just out of the United States Artillery. He had served in the diplomatic corps before the war; he knew Europe and European prejudices.

In dealing with the domestic reactions of the motion picture, Hays had pursued what he called the "open door" policy; had drawn together the responsible leaders of sixty national organizations, used them to determine what the American public wanted and, more importantly, what it would not stand for.

He could not do exactly that with the foreign world. But he could do the next best thing—achieve and keep an intimate touch with the diplomatic corps in Washington. Every sane diplomat wants to maintain pleasant relations between his native country and the country of his post; that is the essence of his job. The diplomatic corps was receptive; although at first, a few members hesitated to take responsibility. Diplomats themselves, Hays and Herron overcame that reluctance.

Since 1926, when Colonel Joy established his studio committee at Hollywood, virtually all films with foreign settings have been going steadily forward to Washington for diplomatic preview.

Yet humanity is imperfect in its judgments; and sixteen feet of film conveying no more than a gesture or a grimace is enough, sometimes, to give serious offense. The Hays office still remembers "the Greek trouble" as one great misery. A simple gunman film had a villainous character called "Nick"—or some other name equally noncommittal. One scene showed, in just a flash, the front of his restaurant bearing the sign: "Nick the Greek." A mere bit of background, it had slipped by unnoticed.

But all the Greeks, here and abroad, noticed it most emphatically. Spartan, Athenian and Corinthian societies protested, the Greek government expressed offense, their minister brought it to the attention of our authorities. A half dozen times during the craze for the underworld film, Italy stood offended at an Italian surname attached to an underworld character—or even an Italian baptismal name.

OTHER episodes, having nothing to do with the nationality of villains, proved the capacity of the foreign world for taking offense.

Who would have thought that Australia would object to newsreel pictures of the American navy? But she did—"American nationalist propaganda," said the Australian officials.

"The Big Parade," a film concerning the American army in the war, went abroad with high expectations which, financially, it fulfilled. Having been produced for domestic consumption, it dealt solely with the American army. Led by certain London newspapers, Allied Europe rose up and asked if America still thought she won the war all alone.

The flock of Foreign Legion films brought protests from France, on the grounds that the Legion was not the "battalion of the damned," as fiction has always assumed, but a noble, high-minded idealistic body of men fighting for France because they loved her.

The film record of Byrd's flight to the South Pole stirred up the superpatriotic Britishers.

As a novel, "All Quiet on the Western Front" raised merry heck in Germany. Since it was a strong argument against war, the populace took sides on it according to political convictions. When the film version reached Germany, the producers and the Hays organization expected trouble; and it came.

MOST of these later troubles were not spontaneous; they were stage-managed. By the middle of the past decade, the European world had seen and envied the sweep of the American motion picture; was moving to create competition.

It is not likely that they will ever in our time reach our standards of popularity, however much some of the German and Russian products may please a few artists. We make the best motion pictures in the world, as the French make the best women's clothes, the British the best wool fabrics, the Germans the best optical instruments.

More fundamentally, all the world loves a good story; and we Americans are the greatest story-tellers in the world. The best European films, no matter how superior the photography, the acting or the character-drawing, seem usually deficient in this story-quality.

Showmanship is most important in film-creation; and we are the countrymen of Phineas T. Barnum.

Finally, and most subtly, we have achieved a tempo of the film which all the world likes and which no one else seems able as yet to imitate. Even at home, they could not beat the American

film on the sheer merit of their own product.

And so, following European custom, the foreign producers began to draw their governments into their commercial operations.

Cabinets and parliaments lent assistance all the more readily because they had begun to perceive another danger inherent in the world-wide sweep of American motion pictures. "Trade used to follow the flag; now it follows the film."

Audiences saw actors and actresses on whom they had acquired a crush wearing American shoes, riding in American cars. Immediately, they wanted American shoes and cars. That is the sort of thing which European governments do consciously, as a means of spreading their "Culture" and their trade. With us it is unconscious, accidental; but none the less effective.

THE movement against our films began with propaganda.

The propagandists took advantage of every slip and mistake, sneered in print at our "cheap, shoddy, American" stories and situations.

But propanganda did not accomplish its purpose. It seemed indeed only to advertise the American film.

So Europe turned to more direct methods—out-and-out government aid, of a kind unknown in the American scheme. These measures were of two types. The British went at it in a simple, direct English fashion. The government "established a quota"; meaning that a certain portion of all films distributed and exhibited in the United Kingdom must be of British origin. For distributors, this ratio began in 1928 with seven and one-half per cent and for exhibitors five per cent; and for both classes it will rise gradually to twenty per cent in 1938.

Certain British producers have tried to get the ratio raised to fifty per cent; but so far, the government has stood by its guns.

THE German plan is much more troublesome and complex.

In essence, it strikes at the distributors. A board determines how many foreign films may go into distribution each year. In this work, it is guided by very stiff rules.

Further, whenever it sees the German film industry "endangered," it may use discretionary powers. For instance, up to last July, American firms did some business in "dubbing" native films with German speech. "Dubbing is the process of cutting out the English sound-strip and supplanting it by voices speaking a foreign language and synchronized with the lips of the actors.)

Now, all dubbing for German exhibition must be done by German firms. A comparatively small trimming to this law operates as a major restriction on American importers. No one can get a permit to distribute foreign films unless he has distributed just so many German films during the previous year. Further, the authorities give special preference to those who have distributed German "cultural" films.

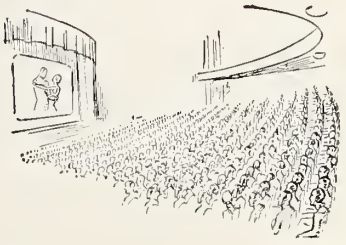
The Germans have gone at the process of building up a world-wide film business in their own way. Most American motion picture men believe that it is their own way.

Our method, the success of which proves its merit, was to increase our home business to the saturation point and then let it flow abroad. As it is—"the admirable German people," says

(*Please turn to page* 100)

It happens in the movies . . .

DOES IT HAPPEN TO YOU?





DON'T you secretly wish that the thrill of those tender love scenes in the movies might happen to you? Do you realize that beauty invites love, romance and adventure. Learn how to be beautiful . . . sighing and longing never made a girl beautiful . . . although the correct beauty aids often have.

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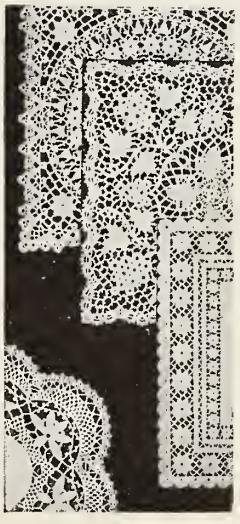


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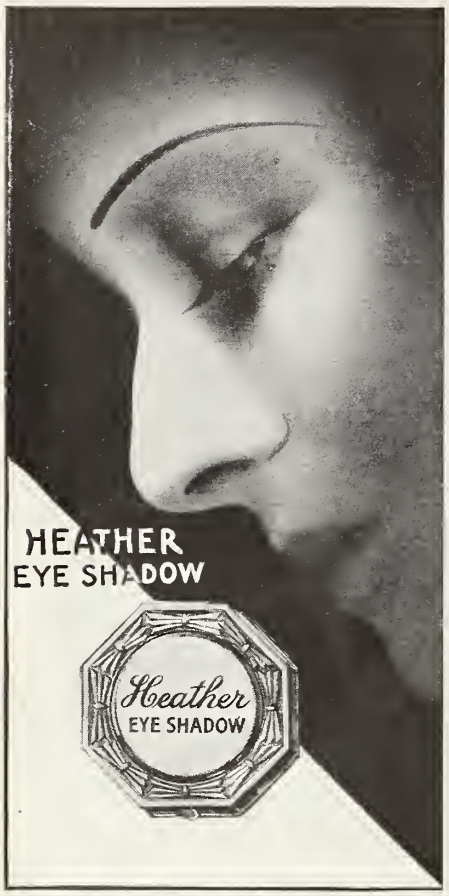
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Villains Who Rocked the World

(*Continued from page 99*)

an American producer with foreign experience, "are music-conscious and beer-garden conscious, not film-conscious."

Compared with those of England, France and the United States, their cinema theaters seem small and poor, and I suspect that the very officials who are trying to push the native films into the foreign market have a contempt for this form of art.

Instead of following our method, they are trying to create export trade solely by assistance of the government, by the tortuosities of diplomacy. And year by year they have drawn the quota arrangement tighter until, in spite of desperate efforts, we no longer count a great deal on the German market.

ALL that was discounted as inevitable long before it happened. But when France and a scattering of other nations showed signs of adopting the same policy, Hays had something to worry about.

Without warning, the French government gave notice that it had adopted a stiff "reciprocal" quota. For four of our films entering France, we must buy and exhibit one French film.

Hays jumped the first fast steamer for Paris. He found a curious situation. An element in the infant French industry had forced this measure through. The French producers were by no means unanimous in its favor; the exhibitors all in opposition. Long before, our great distributing firms had opened first-run theaters on the boulevards, and given French audiences an appetite for American films. Even in the small provincial houses our product was the backbone of the program.

With all his energy and persuasiveness, Hays swung into action. Myron T. Herrick, then our Ambassador at Paris, smoothed the way for diplomatic contacts, gave his invaluable advice.

But the minor French officials stood immovable. Edouard Herriot, now Premier, was then Minister of Education, in final charge of film matters. He is an understanding person, and he knows what business is all about. Hays and Herrick pulled together to get him into the conference. This accomplished, Hays gave him an hour or so of vivid Indiana conversation which lost none of its force in the translation of a marvelous interpreter. He came away with an agreeable arrangement and a high regard for Herriot.

The French reduced the quota to seven to one; and at that, with modifying clauses which enabled American firms to do business virtually on the old terms. In spite of a threatening move now and then, Hays kept the arrangement in force until 1931, when the French virtually granted full importation rights to the films of any nation which enforced no quota against their films. Of late, however, they have put a few restrictions on the importation of dubbed films.

But other nations began talking about quotas; for the world was hurrying on to the existing era of exaggerated commercial nationalism, of tight little economic compartments. And in the midst of all this, the talking picture had arrived. The film no longer spoke a universal language.

THE producers who fought the vocalization of the film had their eye on the foreign market—their velvet, they called it.

"We've killed the goose that laid the golden eggs," remarked one of them as he watched the mechanics wire his studio for sound.

"Yes, but if we hadn't, somebody else would have copped the goose," responded another.

Since the film found a voice, producers and directors have worn out their ingenuity in devising means to beat the confusion of tongues; and have achieved only partial success. At first, they tried running multilingual casts through the same story and the same settings.

But audiences the world over, the event proved, are as "star-conscious" as the Americans. They were coming to see Marie Dressler, Maurice Chevalier, Janet Gaynor, John Barrymore, Douglas Fairbanks, not a set of substitutes and understudies.

The directors tried "dubbing." When it was a matter of interpreting English into a Northern tongue like German, this worked well enough. The movements of the lips were much the same, and no Nordic does much of his talking with his hands.

But when it came to French, Italian or Spanish, the strange motion of the lips and the absence of emphasizing gesture, often revealed the whole thing as a fake. Even rendered it funny. In a few cases, skillful work has conquered even this obstacle; and some day a genius with an original idea may solve the dubbing problem even for the unskillful.

OF late, directors have worked toward another solution, supplementing this one. As Will Hays says, there is a fine but definite distinction between a talking picture and a motion picture with talk.

In the former type the dialogue is an inherent part of the fabric; in the latter, merely an ornament. Already, our producers have succeeded with this type. In "Morocco," for example, Marlene Dietrich spoke hardly more than three hundred words; the light-film told its story regardless of speech, and everyone could understand the incidental noises.

After the early crises, Hays set up in Paris a foreign agency with Harold L. Smith at its head. This office is as busy with emergencies as an embassy in war time.

At any moment, a foreign government may begin to juggle with quotas. In Austria, for example, that happened six times during one year! Or the Germans, having interwoven the film business with the tangled skein of European diplomacy, may spring something subtle and new. With them, the film follows the flag.

Italy has gone completely nationalist. By special decree, she forbids exhibition of films which speak a single word of any foreign language. We make

a few dubbed films in Italian; but generally this order bars us. However, motion picture exhibition is still rudimentary in Italy and we do not much miss that market.

Now and then, the Germans, dead set to control both production and distribution in Europe, approach the French with a reciprocal arrangement which would in effect half-shut the doors of France to American films. Diplomacy has so far beaten that.

The foreign department of the Hays organization has grown into a diplomatic job, almost pure and simple.

When in 1922, it signed a treaty—as though it were a sovereign power—with the Mexican Republic, it forecast its future. Other governments keep a tight hand on such channels of propaganda as the cinema.

The stimulus which the American film gave to American foreign trade was accidental. In almost any European country, it would have been premeditated; and the minute it began to work, every agency of the government would have united to push it along.

THE business of editing films to prevent offense to foreigners would have passed, after the first effectual kick, into the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. Similarly, the Europeans would have met the quota peril by complicated and official trade agreements.

Our government—and rightly, I believe—does not operate in that manner. But this attitude has left in our diplomatic scheme a hole which only a private organization can fill. Our State and Commerce departments, our diplomatic corps abroad, have helped greatly; but in the most important matters they cannot act with authority.

Hays saved a good part of the money which his organization costs the producers when a year or so after the struggle against the French quota, German and American motion picture producers got into a tangle over the fundamental patents controlling the talking picture. We were heading straight toward interminable, ruinous litigation, accompanied by trade barriers.

Hays went to Europe again, was appointed moderator of a committee of German and American producers, and by his talents as conciliator helped solve a situation which seemed at first as hopeless as that of the war debts.

But for the dim foresight of those producers who in 1922 organized to regulate their business and put a shrewd, experienced American statesman, lawyer and politician in charge, we might have lost the export business long ago.

Most of the producers would have learned in time how not to shock foreigners. But there would have remained the reckless and ruthless who did not care; and when one American film offends, the tendency is to prohibit all American films. The "quota-peril" would have forced them to come together, to employ attorneys and agents, to fight as a unit. But that might have been a case of locking the stable door after the horse had gone.

The stay-at-home citizen finds it hard to understand that successful diplomacy has always a background of understanding, acquaintance and contact painted in through years of patient work. From the first day of its existence, the Hays organization had been laying the background; and it stood as it stands now, ready for expert action in emergencies where delays even of a day or an hour may lose the battle.

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absorb the dirt, remove the cream or cleansing lotion from the face without irritation. ¶ You will enjoy the soft velvet like quality of Sitroux Face Tissue and find it indispensable for many different uses. ¶ Doctors advise the use of Sitroux Face Tissue instead of handkerchiefs when you have a cold. It is sanitary and easily disposable.





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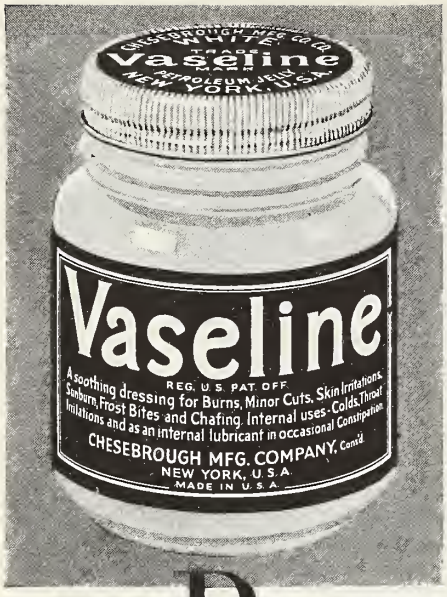
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There is nothing better for body rub after baby's bath. Keeps his tender skin smooth, free from dryness, chafing and chapping. Use it, too, each time you change his diaper, to soothe inflamed buttocks; on his scalp to correct "cradle-cap" and dry scalp; in his nostrils to ward off sniffles. Absolutely pure and harmless to the most tender skin.

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"My Clear White Skin Captured Him!"

MEN who instantly shy away from girls with dull, dark skin are irresistibly drawn to smooth, white beauty. A hint for you! For this new discovery, Golden Peacock Bleach Cream whitens the most darkened, muddy complexion one shade a night—or money back! Freckles, blackheads quickly fade away. Golden Peacock acts *fast*—you use *so little*—it's more economical than other bleaches that *work*. Try a jar today. At all drug stores and toilet goods counters.

Ted Cook's Cook-Coo Gossip

(*Continued from page* 35)

bound and gagged the house boy, and ransacked her boudoir for an hour. They departed with $55,000 in jewelry.

No movie home has been bombed, but there have been repeated threats. One bomb was intercepted in a star's mail.

Kidnap threats have been directed against the Chaplin children, Marlene Dietrich's six-year-old daughter, and Ann Harding's baby.

After a chase that looked more like a film episode, Richard Arlen escaped from crooks who tried to snatch him.

Ruth Chatterton received threats until she moved into a bungalow within studio walls—where she lived under guard until the picture was completed. She still employs three bodyguards.

Walt Disney's best fan letter of the month——

Dear Sir: Why don't you have Mickey turn up with triplets—then you can bill 'em as "The Four Mouse Brothers."

Sign on a double-bill theater marquee—

Love Me Tonight
With
70,000 Witnesses

A letter, signed "Three Blondes," comes from Lake of Bays, Muskoka, Ontario, bearing the following beautiful sentiment:

To see Clark Gable, we'd walk a mile,
We like his manner, we like his style,
We like him rough, we like him gentle,
We like him best when he's sentimental,
We like him in laughter, we like him in tears,
And we "Ah!" and we "Oh!" when he wiggles his ears!

We cannot answer all the letters we receive asking poisonal questions about moompitcher celebrities. All we can do is roll up our sleeves, shuffle the letters, and (blindfolded, of course) extract a few for publication. The rest must be turned over to authorities. This month's questions and answers——

Dear Sir or and Madame—:
My boy friend and me are having quite an argument, or debate, you might call it. We want you to decide. Has Colleen Moore got a sister?
Vivian Daingerfield,
Ardmore, Oklahoma.
Ans: No. But her brother has.

Dear Sir: I'd give anything to be in pictures—and I accepted money for a trip to Hollywood from a married man for whom I work as a stenographer. Did I do wrong?
Elsie Katz,
Brooklyn.
Ans: Well, Elsie, you didn't do bad.

Sir: Do all great stars suffer in order to become emotional actors or actresses?
Student.
Ans: Some of them certainly seem to suffer—from asthma.

It is eleven years since Fatty Arbuckle, rollicking clown, was toppled from his pinnacle of popularity and banished to oblivion. Now, at the age of forty-five, Arbuckle is permitted to return to the screen in two reels of comedy and pathos. Those who have been in a position to observe Roscoe Arbuckle during these years of humility respect him. He has worked hard, coaching comedians and directing comedies. For screen credit, he has assumed the name of William Goodrich—his father was William Goodrich Arbuckle. Roscoe's salary, when he was banished, was $1,000 a day. His last picture, made in 1921, "Freight Prepaid," was never released. Arbuckle's defense against charges on which he was acquitted cost him a borrowed fortune. Today Arbuckle appears to be in good physical condition for so large a man—he weighs two hundred and forty-five pounds. When he was a boy, twelve, he weighed 180. Roscoe was born of Scotch parents, in a cellar, during a Kansas cyclone. He was the youngest of nine children, and began working for a living at the age of eight. After years of trouping he became the great comic of Hollywood's custard pie era, and was slapped down to satisfy moralists who insisted that the private life of a celebrity is a matter of public concern. The Arbuckle case has always puzzled foreigners. On the continent a painter, musician or a comedian is judged solely by his artistic effort. His private life is not the public's concern. The Arbuckle case established the notion that, in America, motion picture performers must, first of all, be good *off* the screen.

In other words, we have good actors who may be very bad.

And bad actors who may be very good.

BULL-ETIN

"I am going to settle down and be a mama. I am going to be through with all love affairs from now on and just be a good mother."—Lupe Velez.

Lupe has adopted a Mexican child.

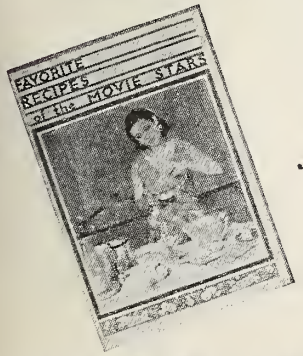
AND now let us ascend into the stratosphere, and make a few scientific observations for posterity.

Will Rogers doesn't chew gum . . . he chews rubber bands . . . But Ruth Chatterton chews gum. . . . "And why?" you ask, as you tantalize us with your ostrich fan. . . . To keep from getting a double chin, if you must know, you witch. . . . And Eric von Stroheim never goes longer than three days between haircuts. . . . Some of those lions that sniff at Christians for Cecil DeMille are Great Danes dressed up like lions. . . . Thelma Todd and Clara Bow were so scratched up and bruised after their fight in "Call Me Savage" that they couldn't work for two days. . . . Clara says she's going back to her ranch and write a book . . . tired of pictures . . . that mopey cap Jim Cruze always wears is eleven years old . . . fifteen-day mail-order divorces from Mexico, costs for which are charged to Santa Barbara hotel bills, are offered to the Hollywood trade by a couple of hotcha lawyers. . . . Dietrich likes to go shopping incognito. . . . In order not to attract attention she wears men's pants. . . Garbo will wear men's clothes in her next picture—she'll portray Christina, daughter of Sweden's warrior king, Gustavus Adolphus. . . . . William



YOU'LL feel as though you've been talking with the stars themselves when you read this Hollywood cook book. Doug Fairbanks, Jr., tells you how he likes his brown bread. Kay Johnson demonstrates the making of her favorite chocolate pie. The Gleasons tell you there's no dish more delicious than their own home-made brand of hash. There are new dishes for breakfast, lunch and dinner—every one the favorite of a famous star. Besides the recipes there are interesting snapshots of the stars at home.

(*Canadian Orders 15c*)



Send 10c for your copy

FAVORITE RECIPES of the MOVIE STARS

Tower Books, Incorporated
55 Fifth Avenue New York

Haines is just a great big interior decorator at heart . . . and created nothing short of a sensation by designing black and white gingham picture frames for Constance Bennett . . . and will doubtless get the Academy award for the best gingham picture frame designed by a six-foot male actor during 1932. . . . Lily Pons, on her first trip to the Coast, said she wanted, more than anything else, to meet . . . whom do you suppose? . . . Handsome Wallace Beery. . . . The hot spot for hot shots from Hollywood is a beautiful jernt called "The Dunes" located away out thar in the desert five miles beyond Palm Springs . . . admittance by card . . . food brought daily from New York by airplanes. . . . Years ago, during a former depression, Lew Cody ran up bills for $888 worth of meals in Al Levy's restaurant . . . and paid up as soon as he got work. . . . Which explains why Al Levy thinks Lew is a great actor. . . . Al Jolson gets $200,000 for those radio broadcasts. . . . Chevalier's idea of hilarity is to shock people who shake hands with him. . . . He carries a battery connected with a gadget he conceals in the palm of his hand . . . the French are very clever. . . .

Mr. and Mrs. Fredric March adopted a baby girl and named her "Penny" . . . Leland Hayward's cable address is "Haywire". . . . Norma Shearer lives on the beach and has sound-proof window panes . . . to keep the roaring breakers from disturbing her beauty sleep . . . and a tiger man comes every morning at seven to direct her health exercises. . . .

Two of Ramon Novarro's sisters are cloistered nuns . . . one in Spain, one in Mexico. . . . Alice White's nose has been remodeled. . . . Clara Bow and Constance Bennett are wearing bangs. . . . Mervyn LeRoy sent Gloria Swanson a 500-piece jig saw puzzle . . . she goes for 'em . . . but LeRoy whittled off the curlycues on 465 of the pieces . . . so they won't fit . . . heh, heh, heh. . . .

Thelma Todd weighed 149 when she arrived in Hollywood . . . now she weighs 115. . . . Ernst Lubitsch takes boxing lessons. . . . Constance Bennett takes taps. . . . Joan Crawford has an instructor for French, another for tennis and one for dancing.

According to Sylvia Sidney, "Gossips are the main cause for unsuccessful marriages in Hollywood."

Sure. And one of the main causes for marriages.

Another popular Hollywood amusement is for the pot to call the kettle a plagiarist.

Tattered bankers arrive on almost every train that reaches the far West . . . they tumble off freight cars, dust off their shoes with their toupees and go hitch-hiking to Hollywood to see what's the mattah. Motion picture concerns owe Wall Street about $500,000,000. A few weeks ago, when things looked darkest, the industry was said to be losing as high as $10,000,000 a week. Bankers, or their under cover men, cried out against waste—and as a result all sorts of hysterical economies were ordered.

"The bankers," mutters Eddie Mayer, "have merger in their eyes."

BACK in Hollywood, Buddy Rogers is demanding that producers give him more masculine parts than he used to play.

(*Please turn to page* 104)



Now

LOTIRIS for FEMININE DAINTINESS—A powder deodorant for dusting on Sanitary Napkins and an Antiseptic for Feminine Hygiene. Your Doctor will tell you there is no reason in the world why you should use harsh chemicals, and every reason why you should not. LOTIRIS is a scientifically prepared powder for the Sanitary Napkin and Feminine Hygiene.



EIGHT INDIVIDUAL ENVELOPES IN A PACKAGE

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Please send me a FREE SAMPLE of Lotiris Deodorant and Antiseptic.

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Foods Children Like to Eat

A Tower circular which gives dozens of menus.

No need to coax the youngsters to eat the right foods. This circular makes the "right foods" so tempting that they'll beg for more. Menus for school lunches so nourishing and so varied as to be a continual source of surprise are a featured group. Send just ten cents for the complete set to Tower Magazines, Inc., 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

CORNS
INSTANT, SAFE RELIEF!



Quickly Removes Corns!

In one minute corns, callouses and bunions stop hurting. That's how quick Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads banish pain! The softly padded edge cushions and shields the sore spot, soothing and healing it; prevents blisters; makes new or tight shoes easy on the feet; keeps you rid of corns. Sore toes heal overnight. No other method does this!







Don't Cut Your Corns or Callouses and risk blood-poisoning. To remove them quickly and safely, use Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads with the specially Medicated Pink Disks, included at no extra cost. Doctors recommend them because they are so safe and sure. Get a box today — cost but a trifle. Sold everywhere. Write for

FREE SAMPLE and booklet on Care of the Feet, to Dr. Scholl's, Inc. Dept. 11, Chicago.

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

Put one on—the pain is gone!

10¢ to polish all this SILVER



● 118 pieces — polished with one 10c jar of Shi-Nup! Easiest of all cream polishes to use. Quickly removes tarnish and discoloration from old pewter and silver. Requires less rubbing. Gives longer-lasting polish. Makes mirrors, ice boxes, stoves and bathroom fixtures brilliant. If your dealer can't supply you, send 10c for trial jar. *S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc., Racine, Wis.*

SHI-NUP *for silver*

Ted Cook's Cook-Coo Gossip

(*Continued from page* 103)

We know what others think. But to us, it sounds like it oughta be easy.

Charlie Chaplin shrugged, wrinkled his brow and registered his most forlorn expression when he opened a letter from the tax assessor. The assessor contended Charlie's film factory was worth, at the least, $7,297,334. Charlie contends, at the most, his little enterprise is worth but $1,657,316. He'll pay the tax under protest—then fight it out to the last decimal pernt.

Horrible thought department:

"When you live a rôle for from four to six months, you can't help patterning yourself after that character in real life."—Constance Bennett.

Constance, we are pleased to announce, has a boudoir rug of baby lambskins, dyed blue.

There are, at this moment, one hundred and twenty-six professional chatter writers in Hollywood who have been granted "credentials" by studios. The others are in an ugly mood because they do not have official peeping privileges. Consequently the public doesn't know whether or not it is getting certified chatter, mild and harmless, or ruining its stomach with bootleg information, which contains less than one-half of one per cent natural oil, or, if you prefer, nat'r'l erl.

We've just been what we call thinking that the whole thing might be simplified for the ultimate consumer if proper names were left out of movie chatter. Then the reader could pencil in names of stars in which he is particularly interested, read the result and go about his business without a care in the world.

As we see it, the arrangement would be something like this:

"Saw ——— ——— having lunch the other afternoon. Can you imagine! ——— ——— and ——— ——— are going places again. Back from Reno, ——— ——— and ——— ——— say they are certainly great pals since the divorce. Your favorite Hollywood wit, ——— ——— says ——— must be getting muscle bound from patting ——— ——— on the back. Ho! Ho! Ho! Well, here today and gone tomorrow."

Get the idea? You can have it.

Funny Face

(*Continued from page* 33)

was needed, and wardrobe of a girl who was going forth to conquer the most tinsel of worlds. Before returning home, they looked through a guide book. The mother selected as a place for her daughter to stay, the Lankershim Hotel.

Within a week, ZaSu bade farewell to her strong-willed mother, and went forth, lunch packed in a paper sack, her tin trunk in the baggage coach ahead, her heart forlorn, her eyes full of tears.

IT was a twelve-hour journey to Hollywood, and before the lapse of sixty minutes the girl was seized with an almost overpowering longing for her mother. She wanted to go home again. For the next half-dozen hours, she sat as one in a trance. Through her mind went, one by one, like a procession of lonely soldiers, the seventeen years of her life.

She nibbled a sandwich, when suddenly, as though a spring had burst in her heart, the tears fell, and she sobbed aloud.

An old lady, bent with trouble and years, sat opposite. ZaSu felt an ancient arm about her, and kindly words came, soft as dew on wind-beaten grass. "Don't cry, my dear, don't cry. Whatever it is, it will be all right. Keep your tears in your heart to wash your grief away."

So strange a thing is life, so cruel and so merciful—an old woman on a Southern Pacific train winding through mountains, caressing the bud of a great emotional actress into bloom. A mother in Santa Cruz, going the weary round of her life, missing, but saying no word, a daughter with a nature as gentle as the moon on peaceful water.

While the old lady patted the girl's back gently, she repeated over and over, "You'll learn of life through crucifixion, dear child."

It was the last outburst the girl was ever to have. And it was her first lesson in repressing the emotion which was later to make her famous.

THE old lady left the train at Bakersfield. ZaSu helped her carry her few belongings to the station platform. Her brave old eyes looked into ZaSu's. "Be a brave girl," she said. "The happiest home is the soonest left." With that, she toddled toward a waiting old man. ZaSu watched, until the conductor called, "You'd better hurry if you're comin' with us." She hurried to the train.

"Did you ever see her again?"

"No," she replied, "I never did." She became pensive. "Years later I advertised for the nice woman who befriended a lonesome girl on a Southern Pacific train. I mentioned the time." The sad-hearted actress paused. "But I never heard. And I'm sorry."

In four hours, tin trunk and all, she arrived at the large Los Angeles hotel.

The girl who was later to get people in the throat and make them laugh and cry, was now the most woebegone of humans. She knew of no person who was even remotely acquainted with the procedure of obtaining work at a film studio. One by one she found where the studios were located, and bashfully she made application for work at each of them.

Months passed, without even a semblance of work. Her money, never plentiful, was running low. She de-



Rough, Stained Hands Need This

New Type Lotion

Ugly hands give others the impression that *you* may lack personal daintiness. Keep them *always* flawlessly white and soft with this unique lotion, called Chamberlain's Lotion. It contains 13 different, imported oils, each for a specific purpose One clears and whitens red, discolored hands—removes even nicotine stains. Another, antiseptic, brings quick, soothing relief from chap, soreness, windburn, skin irritations. Still another refines coarse pores—so softens skin texture even callouses disappear. The most abused hands become smoother, years younger-looking.



Tests prove Chamberlain's Lotion is absorbed in 37 seconds! No stickiness. Try it. Prove in 7 days you can gain soft, white hands and skin—or *money back*. Two sizes—at drug and department stores.

Chamberlain Laboratories, Des Moines, Ia.

Chamberlain's *LOTION*



TEETHING PAINS
RELIEVED
within 1 minute

WHEN your baby suffers from teething pains, just rub a few drops of Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion on the sore, tender, little gums and the pain will be relieved within one minute.

Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion is the prescription of a famous baby specialist, contains no narcotics and has been used by mothers for almost fifty years. It is strongly recommended by doctors and nurses instead of the unsanitary teething ring.

DR. HAND'S Teething Lotion

Buy Dr. Hand's from your druggist today

cided to leave the hotel and get cheaper quarters in which to live.

Sirens blew night and day in her new neighborhood. She would follow in the direction of the noises of the sirens and see women and men being taken away in wagons. She felt sorry for them, thinking that fire had driven them from their homes.

By chance, the naive girl met Frances Marion, the leading woman writer of scenarios. Miss Marion, dumbfounded at so much innocence in the world, heard to the end the girl's story of her turbulent neighborhood. She had the girl moved immediately to the Studio Club. She had been living in the most notorious red-light section of the city.

THE Studio Club is that institution which has been a home to many hundreds of girls trying to get a start in Hollywood. Louise Huff, Helen Jerome Eddy, Sarah Y. Mason and others who touched for a fleeting moment the hem of cinema glory, were living under its roof when ZaSu arrived. One girl who lived there at the time is now a character actress walking up the hill of middle life. "We all looked at ZaSu," she reminisced, "as you would a girl in a depot with a tag on her.

"It always seemed as if she were getting ready to cry. And none of us ever thought she was the one great actress among us."

Perhaps Frances Marion had seen the quality in the girl which her mother had seen. At any rate, this kindest of women took an interest in ZaSu. She helped her secure small parts.

One was a small comedy rôle. William Beaudine directed. Beaudine knew better, but was overruled. She was fired by the "New York office" as "not being funny enough." And thus the potentially great comedienne had her first taste of managerial screen humor.

Shortly after she was fired she was given, through the intercession of Frances Marion, a much better part in "The Little Princess." Marshall Neilan became interested in her work in this picture. In fact, to the friendship and insight of Frances Marion and Marshall Neilan, the screen owes a debt for holding the stirrup while the queen of tragedy and comedy vaulted into the saddle.

NEILAN sent her to Charlie Chaplin. The comedian, upon Neilan's insistence, placed her under contract—at fifty dollars a week. The contract was to run for six months. During all that time Chaplin had her on the set once—for ten minutes. The part in the film which she might have played beyond comparison was given by Chaplin to Edna Purviance, a now forgotten foil for so many of his films.

Each morning at nine she would report at the Chaplin studios, and remain until five in the afternoon. So shy that she would not eat with other members of the cinema troupe, she would bring her sparse lunch in a paper sack and eat alone.

At the end of the six months her contract was not renewed. She drifted into the army of extras again, and some time later was given a small part with Douglas Fairbanks.

Within the year she was again called to the Chaplin studios, and given the same kind of contract as before. But this time the comedian was more con-

(*Please turn to page* 106)



The alluring fragrance of Rajah Hindu Incense adds an air of charm to your personality and surroundings . . . Try it today and be delighted.

On sale at most
F. W. WOOLWORTH CO
5 and 10 Cent Stores

Rajah HINDU INCENSE

What makes you COUGH?

DID you know that your throat and bronchial tubes are lined with millions of tiny pores . . . that when you catch cold these tiny "bottles" become clogged with germ-laden phlegm . . . *and that's what causes tickling, irritation and coughing?*

Your cough will be cured only when the clogged throat pores are opened up, increasing the flow of the throat's natural fluid and loosening the phlegm so it can be expelled easily.

Many cough "mixtures" contain numbing drugs which merely deaden the nerves . . . but don't get at the real root of the trouble.

PERTUSSIN is a scientific remedy that has been prescribed by physicians for over 30 years. It is the extract of a famous herb (Thyme) which opens the tiny glands, stimulates the flow of the throat's natural moisture . . . helps Nature heal the underlying cause of your cough.

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Funny Face

(*Continued from page* 105)

servative and less wise. The contract was for three months.

As before, nothing happened. The comedian, too much in the shadow of his own ego, allowed her to drift again. Edna Purviance again played the part for which Miss Pitts had been sent.

Virtually an extra once again, she played as such in a film, nameless here, in which the leading lady was nationally known for her many tantrums. The wheel of life turned again, and she, who was the star, played a short time ago as an extra in a film, the star of which was the one time extra girl, ZaSu Pitts.

So little impression did Miss Pitts make at the Chaplin studios that some months after her last contract had expired, she met the comedian and his assistant director on Hollywood Boulevard. After she had greeted Chaplin, he turned to his assistant before she was out of hearing and asked, "Who the devil is that?"

"The little girl," replied Chuck Reisner, "that Marshall Neilan told you was a great actress."

"Is that so?" said Chaplin, before his mind went to other things.

HEARTBREAKING years followed. The stroke of fortune known as "the break" in Hollywood remained far away. One obscure part followed another.

At last while working under the direction of King Vidor at the Goldwyn studio, Erich von Stroheim, then searching frantically for a girl to play *Trina* in "Greed," happened to see her. He asked Vidor if he could not make a test of her for *Trina*.

Three tests were made. The Austrian director was satisfied at once. The powers that be thought she had not enough sex appeal. This weighty matter threshed out, Miss Pitts was given her first important rôle. In those faraway days a part in a von Stroheim film was equivalent to a pension for life. ZaSu worked a year on the film.

The film when finished had as many spots as a leopard. It looked as though the girl from Santa Cruz was over at last.

In the next film of von Stroheim's "The Wedding March," she worked nearly a year.

After her work in "Greed" she was given a year's contract. It was not renewed at the end of that period. She went from one insignificant part to another and, at one time about four years ago, she was out of work for eight months.

THEN, to make matters more serious, the talkies slid across the screen horizon.

At the end of a long avenue of despair she was given another break. She was chosen for a part in "The Dummy" with Ruth Chatterton.

Fearful that if her microphone test failed, her screen career was ended, she awaited it with dread. Then another break came.

Ruth Chatterton happened to observe how nervous ZaSu was. She laughed away her dread of the coming ordeal, and when it came, she led her to the microphone and held her hand.

She went successfully through the test and the film.

During the last year she has worked in thirty-eight pictures. And having known the long lean days, she has saved her money.

Miss Pitts has no hobbies but her two children. Her adopted boy, age ten, is the child of Barbara LaMarr.

Paul Bern, the late and fervently lamented was his guardian.

There have been many rumors about his birth. There are those who claim that he was left at an orphanage, the son of a mail carrier and his tubercular wife.

This, and many other rumors, the boy has heard at school.

Long before Barbara's death, she told me that the boy *was* her son. I can still see her magnificent eyes melt as she looked at him. "He's mine, Jim," she said, "born in heartbreak." Then a sigh, "And they want to deny me that."

In beauty of face and body the child resembles Barbara LaMarr.

ZaSu claims for him the most wonderful disposition in the world. "My children are not related," she says, whimsically, "so they never quarrel."

The boy is of bright gold metal.

ONCE, to console him, after he had overheard that Barbara was not his mother, ZaSu caressed him and showed him the picture of the lovely queen of tragedy who had died.

With tear-filled eyes he looked for a long time at the beautiful woman, long since gone to dust. Then he kissed the picture fervently, and hugged it against ZaSu.

"My two beautiful mothers," he sobbed.

Then pleadingly he looked at ZaSu and asked:

"Aren't you, Mama?"

There was silence for a moment.

Then the great mistress of throbbing tragedy kissed the lovely son of her beautiful dead companion full on his cherub mouth.

After a pause, I said to her. "What became of your little tin trunk, kid?"

She motioned to the boy, asleep on the floor.

"I gave it to him. It's full of pictures of his mother."

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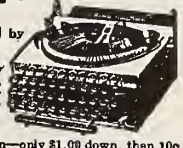
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The Magic of Mitzi

(*Continued from page* 25)

wings of ambition. So when I talk about what I did, perhaps my usually good memory has dropped a stitch.

THE Magic of Mitzi first enchanted me in 1929. I was supervising the all-star revue called "Paramount on Parade." In it we had Maurice Chevalier, Ruth Chatterton, Clara Bow, Gary Cooper, Jack Oakie, Nancy Carroll—in fact, every star of the Paramount firmament. We had no need to search outside of the studio for talent and we didn't, but through some strange bit of sorcery, I, who hadn't read a criticism of vaudeville shows for months, found myself at breakfast, reading the review of the current program at the Los Angeles Orpheum.

> Joe Keno and Rosie Green introduce their small daughter Mitzi—whose mimicry of Charles Mack (one of the Two Black Crows) is little short of sensational. The child is undoubtedly a pocket edition of Elsie Janis.

Shades of the past when Cissy Loftus, who was and still could be the greatest mimic of all, had America in the palm of her slender hand and up popped Little Elsie, nibbling at the fingers, and the papers said that she was undoubtedly the pocket edition of Cissy Loftus!

To Albert Kaufman, who was supervising what I supervised, I said, "If this child is as good as they say she is, what a sure-fire novelty for the revue!" Presto! Joe Keno was walking into Al Kaufman's office, his hat in one hand, Mitzi clasping the other.

SHE was very small for nine, very well mannered, no sign of pesky precocity. She had not been primed to tell me how much she admired me; in fact, she was not even depressed by the fact that she had never seen me, but she had heard of me, which helped a bit. Her father smoothed the "original's" vanity which had been slightly ruffled by the "pocket edition's" frankness, by saying that he and Mrs. Green had always admired me and only hoped Mitzi would grow up to be like me!

Meanwhile Mitzi wandered about the office, just as I used to wander about them, searching for something to concentrate upon while being discussed. She was told to take off her hat, which she did, and opening a small handbag, she took out a comb, saying, "Excuse me, if I comb my hair!" I was impressed because I comb mine everywhere, anytime.

"You have a comb just like mine," I said, by way of establishing equality.

"Yes!" she said, comparing them. "Is your hair bobbed?" As we discussed bobs and other really important things, Mr. Keno and Mr. Kaufman were discussing what Mitzi could do and how much it would cost if she did it.

"Mitzi!" Her father interrupted our vital conversation. "Do the Black Crow imitation for Miss Janis."

Without hesitation Mitzi walked to her father's side. "Shall we start?" she said.

Did I say magic? Well, maybe I meant witchcraft. Her little shoulders slumped, her feet turned out, the corners of her mouth went down, her

(*Please turn to page* 108)



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The Magic of Mitzi

(*Continued from page* 107)

eyes rolled heavenward, and from somewhere inside that tiny body the deep bass voice of Charles Mack drawled, "Why- Wh-Wh-at you wanna bring dat up for?" in answer to her father's question. He was playing the other Black Crow.

As a child I used to gaze at people wide-eyed when they raved about something I did, that to me seemed so simple. Mitzi did the same thing when I grabbed her and hugged her, saying I have never been able to do Mack as well as that and it was considered one of my best. "You're marvelous!" I cried.

She was pleased, but puzzled. "Shall I do Chevalier?" she said to her father. Al and I exchanged silent cheers, because that is what I wanted her to do, follow Chevalier in the revue and imitate him. That trick never fails even if the imitation is bad, and when it's good——

"Please do Chevalier," I said. More magic! Out shot the lower lip, up went the shoulders. They dropped again.

"I should have my cap," she said.

"Go on. We'll imagine you have it." The shoulders squared and she began singing "Louise," without any piano accompaniment. It was good but not like the Mack imitation.

"I've never seen him," she said as she finished. "Only in the picture and only once. I could do better."

JOE KENO and Rosie Green cancelled their vaudeville tour, put away their dancing shoes, and started a new career as just the parents of Mitzi. Due to the fact that they gave up quite a good salary, and Mitzi was worth a good one herself, she started in at what is known as big money. But the last salary I heard quoted, which she received for her personal appearances in the picture theaters, was thirty-five hundred dollars a week. History doing another re-take—that was my salary for many years in vaudeville.

In directing Mitzi and choosing her material I felt exactly as if I were doing it for myself. While she was imitating Chevalier before the camera I was unconsciously singing every word and assuming each expression, seated on the floor underneath the camera. That is not the usual position for a director, but I wanted her to play directly to the unseen audience, and we had become such pals that I was her audience. Wherever I sat or stood Mitzi looked. So much so that her specialty was finally shot with me well off the scene!

After the pre-view of "Paramount on Parade" at which Mitzi received applause just as if she had been there in person, she was given a long-term contract and parts written in for her "when in doubt." If a story needed bolstering up, they would present one of the characters with a child, and the child, being Mitzi, would proceed to steal the scene from almost anyone who acted with her.

Before I left Paramount to go with C. B. DeMille, they were beginning to say that Mitzi was getting spoiled. I couldn't see it, but when the salary starts going up, and the billing follows it, and the newspaper reviews join the parade of praise, something has to be said. In Mitzi's case, it couldn't be that she was dissipating, had wrecked someone's home, abused her maid, gambled her salary away, or walked out on a director; so she was "getting spoiled!" On visits to the studio I made a point of seeing her, fully prepared to wax directorial if I saw signs of "spoiling." I found her growing, but prettier and more charming.

Then I didn't see her for a year. We were both in New York, she making personal appearances at that paltry thirty-five hundred per, I, not doing so badly myself, broadcasting for the Standard Oil Company.

Mitzi telephoned me after hearing one of my radio programs. I asked her to come and see me. Her mother brought her and though I hugged her instead of patting her cheek I very nearly lanced the bromidic, "Well, well, you're getting to be quite the young lady!"

Such poise, such "chic!" We discussed the current successes in the theater, the radio, the fashions. (She was wearing the last word in smart little hats.) I found myself thinking, "It's absurd for a child of eleven to match my conversation like this." Then I remembered how I used to discuss everything from religion to horse racing with my elders at that age.

Her mother is sweet and simple. Mitzi doesn't do all the talking, but Mrs. Green has started already to say, "Tell Miss Janis what you said to so and so," or "Explain to Miss Janis what you feel about this and that." My mother was more inclined to say, "Be quiet when I'm speaking," but that's a long time ago and in these days parents have to struggle to get a word in, even with children who don't earn money and cost more than ever. So I guess Mrs. and Miss Green have a mutual understanding.

WE said *au revoir* and the scene shifts to California, eight months later. I had read with resentment that at Radio Studios they were bleaching Mitzi's hair for the role of *Little Orphan Annie*. Just why a platinum blond orphan, I would not know, unless they wanted Jean Harlow for the part and Metro Goldwyn wouldn't let her play such a sophisticated gal!

The pictures of Mitzi with frizzled blond hair infuriated me, but did not prepare me for the shock of seeing the poor child herself under that straw thatch. I was in Ann Meredith's beauty parlor, getting a haircut, when I heard a familiar voice in the next booth saying, "Ouch! that hurts! Gee! that burns!" Of course I know that in beauty parlors women do suffer, but I had never heard one admit it before.

I was intrigued—who is the victim? I said to Fred, my pet barber, "That's little Mitzi Green. Poor kid, she wishes studios didn't prefer blonds!" I left him flat, scissors in air, and tiptoed to the booth where I peeked through the curtains. There sat my "pocket-edition" looking like a penny novelette. The soft, wavy, brown hair of my personal Mitzi was standing out on all sides, a curling peroxided protest. I stepped inside.

"So you've gone Hollywood," I said.

"Oh, dear Miss Janis." She tried to rise but the "operator" kept a firm hold on "Goldie Locks" and ran the



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peroxide dipped tooth brush up and down the part deftly. "I haven't gone Hollywood; they've sent me," Mitzi said plaintively, and she added, "I have to run over here between scenes 'cause this old part keeps going back to brown. Ouch! I'm so glad to see you Miss Janis." I wanted to cry or swear, or both, but I wished her luck with her Hollywood *Orphan Annie* and went back to Fred, bristling.

"How do you like her as a blonde?" Fred said.

"I like her as anything, but that peroxide will go right through to her brain," I answered. "They have succeeded in spoiling her, at least externally. Shorter on the left side," I snapped. Fred snipped on in surprised silence, while I fumed against studios in general having the right to change everything about their players from names to noses.

A few weeks later I received a telegram from Ye Editor saying, "What about a story on Mitzi Green?" I answered "O. K.!" and called Mrs. Green on the phone. "Will you bring Mitzi up to tea tomorrow? I want to talk to her about something." I said no more, the answer was an enthusiastic "Of course, I'd love to!" I can assure you that I really dreaded what might have happened to Mitzi's mental processes under that blondined aura, and was hoping that she would at least keep her hat on, thereby saving my eyesight and temper.

I WAS late at my own tea party. Mrs. Green and Mitzi were waiting when I arrived. Imagine my joy when I found, sitting in a very large chair in my very small living room, my own real "pocket edition" complete with the soft, wavy, brown hair parted in the middle, the big eyes sparkling with mischief as she said, "Hollywood Orphan Annie is herself again! The picture is finished and Mitzi's plans for the moment are indefinite."

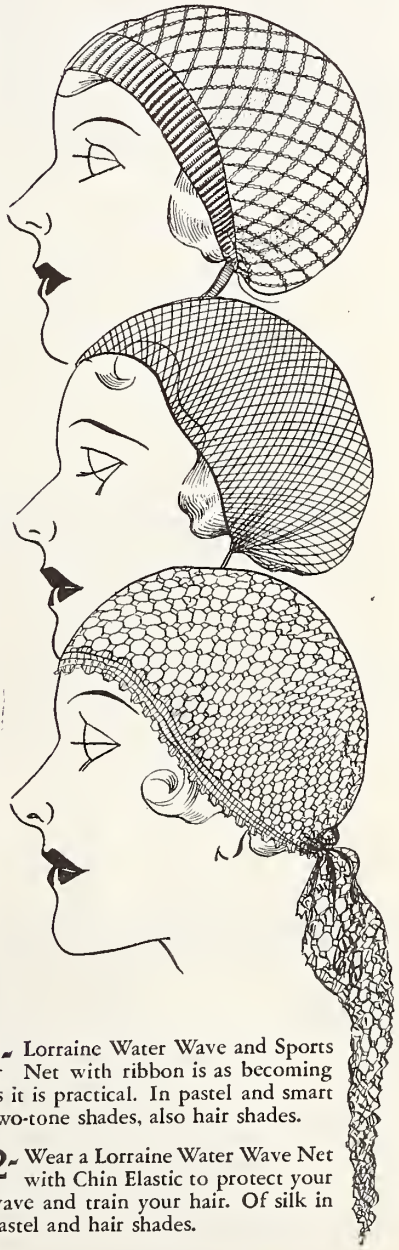
Mrs. Green asked my advice. Should Mitzi do a picture in which they know the part isn't very good, but the money is? Should she go East for more personal appearances? What about the radio? They want her to make records.

Had my mother been present, the decision would have been rapid and right, but I had only one suggestion to make, that Mitzi should start doing character studies and not become "imitation bound!" Once become known as a mimic and, though one might be able to give an exquisite performance of *Juliet* the public would demand a few imitations done casually for *Romeo* in the balcony scene.

Well, the answer is that Mitzi Green is already labeled "mimic" and if she played *Little Eva* tomorrow, they would probably write in a scene where she won freedom for *Uncle Tom* from *Simon Legree*, by doing such a really perfect imitation of the bloodhounds.

Don't think I am ungrateful or am trying to discount what mimicry did for me, but fortunately I never wanted to act. Do I hear a chorus chanting, "You never could?" That's not the point. Mitzi does want to act and she can. What's the use of being a magician, if you can't turn things into other things? Come on, Mitzi, wave that wand! Pocket editions often outsell originals and I'm waiting to see you become a great actress. Don't keep me waiting too long. I want to be able to show my present teeth when I smile and say, "I told you so!"

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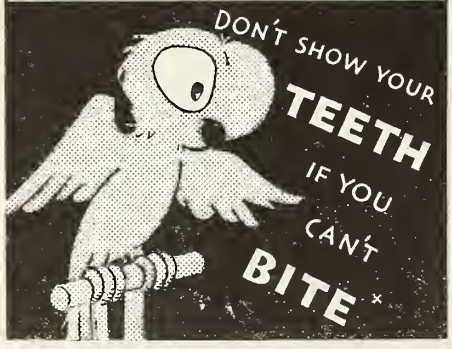
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Radio Rambles

(*Continued from page* 62)

Talk of the Air: All Rudy Vallee's contracts now, so it is reported, forbid the mention of Fay Webb's name in his publicity. The curious press has caused enough trouble, he thinks. . . .

Talk about the machine age. Down in Eldridge, Pa., Russ Columbo hunts deer from an automobile on the highway. . . Says there are so many of them there, he passed seventeen in one hour. Russ is the only bachelor left in his family. . . . Ozzie Nelson used to go out with Virginia Bruce on Sunday nights when she was in a New York chorus. There was a good girl for you. She drank milk in night clubs and insisted on being back home by eleven . . . Freddie Berrens hasn't been within Cupid's range since the day in Detroit when Fifi Dorsay went West to start her movie career in "They Had to See Paris" and he came East to enter radio. She wanted him to go with her, but Freddie would not do it without a job. So they decided to put off the wedding until they both made good. Then distance made the hearts forgetful. What is the younger generation coming to? . . .

Ferde Grofe's two-year-old son beats time perfectly with his hand and can sing any note you play on the piano. It must be like a recital when he cries. . . . That's a funny thing about Bing Crosby. His voice sounds better with a cold because the pleasing feature of his voice is its huskiness.

The Baron at Play: Jack Pearl is a golf bug. Once he played twenty-two holes with Bert Lahr in a driving rain. Now he plays quite often with Ethel Shutta and George Olsen. And Ethel says he takes advantage of them. He gags as they are about to swing, or cough or drops things. That's nothing, however, she says to the tricks he used to play when they were working for the Shuberts. In those days she recalls with a blush he used to hide in the girls' dressing rooms until they were just about to change costumes and then he'd leap out with a shriek.

Since Ethel started singing comic songs she has become the white hope of the amateur comic song writers of America. Her daily mail brings her offerings like "I'd Rather Be a Merry-go-Round Than an Old Ship Out at Sea," "Why Don't You Come Up and Eat Cheese?" and "Don't Take Me Home to My Uncle Willie."

Moments With the Stars: Ruth Etting still has two rosebuds from the bouquet Al Jolson gave her the night she was promoted from the chorus in Chicago's Marigold Gardens . . . Connie Boswell is an inveterate gum chewer. She doesn't even stop when she sings . . . Jean Sargent chews, too, but she puts her gum aside when she faces the microphone. . . Jack Denny is having his whole orchestra done in tapestry for his home. . . The initials on Morton Downey's car are B. B. D. which are the initials of the girl he married. . . . The Jimmy Wallingtons are swell people, says Louis Dean, but their dog is too playful. The dog weighs 180 pounds and when he jumps at Louis with real affection, he bowls him over. Mrs. Wallington, the former Stanislawa Butkiewicz, is teaching her husband and Dean how to speak Polish. . . . Joe Haynes, author of "Piccolo Pete," "One Man Band," etc., who flew into New York with his band, is, at twenty-three, the oldest man in his band. They all come from Missouri.

The President at Home: At home with his five daughters. Eddie Cantor acts just like one of the kids—the boy of the family. He runs around with them and is as much of a problem to his wife as the children. That joke he told on the air is typical. You know, the one where Eddie goes after the daughter who crawled under the bed because her mother wanted her and she asks: "Is Mama after you, too?"

There has been much criticism of his constant reference to the wife and kids on his programs. For the most part he can't help it. A human note is intrinsic in his humor and most comedy for him comes out of family life.

David Freedman, Cantor's gag man, who went to Hollywood with him when he filmed his last picture, "The Kid from Spain," told us of some unanticipated thrills that Eddie experienced because the bull did not know the rules. For one thing bulls are supposed to charge straight—they never curve—so that all one has to do is sidestep in time and he's safe. But Eddie's bull did not know that. Whenever Eddie sidestepped the bull would stop and start looking around for him. Also bulls are not expected to jump fences. But when Eddie leaped over the rail the bull followed him without batting an eyelash. He must have been a descendant of the cow that jumped over the moon.

When Cantor is out of town Freedman usually takes the gags for the next radio program down to a telegraph station to send to him for an opinion. If the girl there laughs as she reads them, he decides they're funny enough and cancels the message. When Cantor is making stage appearances he and Freedman think up radio gags between acts and then try them out on the next audience.

Round About Whiteman: Paul Whiteman does not forget. When Ramona auditioned for him he gave her a copy of his diet and told her that if she reduced, he'd give her a job. He said he would call her in six months. Six months later to the day Ramona's phone rang. "Hello," said a voice from New York, "this is Paul. Did you take off any weight?"

"Twenty pounds," said the tremulous Ramona.

"All right, then," said Paul. "Come to New York."

Paul takes his weekly auditions for new talent very seriously. Peggy Healy told me that two agents tried to get him to listen to her and couldn't. Then one day she walked cold into one of his auditions and won a place with his band.

Irene Taylor, another of the Whiteman singers, begins to feel sleepy long before the three A. M. closing hour at the Biltmore, because in Chicago, where she used to sing, her hotel closed at twelve, and she isn't used to late New York hours yet.

Morton's Birthday: Barbara Bennett gave Morton Downey a diamond (seventy-eight of them) studded watch for his birthday. Inside of the case is engraved in Barbara's handwriting: "*plus que hier, moins que demain,*" which is

French for "more than yesterday, less than tomorrow" and refers, of course, to her love for him.

Morton's birthday came just before his baby was born. For weeks before the stork came the waiting parents had a canary singing at the nursery window. The room is all white except for a blue bed.

Barbara decorated the new apartment while confined to her bed. The living room is set off with Louis XV, Empire and provincial pieces—all gifts of friends—and in the inner corridor, comparatively antique, too, is a complete collection of early Bennett photographs featuring Barbara, Connie, Joan, and Mama and Papa Bennett.

The apartment is twenty-four stories above Central Park West and every morning the street musicians as they reach his corner, break into the familiar strains of "Wabash Moon." They know their business.

A Violin in a Gilded Cage: Leo Reisman keeps his Guarnerius violin in a bank vault across the street from his office. He used to play it in his broadcasts until the fear that something would happen to it made him too nervous. Then he left it at home for his health and brought an ordinary violin to the studio. One day, however, he came home and found his little boy trying to imitate four Hawaiians with the violin. So the next day it went to the vault.

Love Within Reason: Mrs. Walter O'Keefe does not meet Walter at the airport any more. (You know, he is constantly flying to Chicago where she is playing in "Of Thee I Sing)." Six-thirty in the morning, she has decided, is no time for a lady to get up even to meet her husband.

Dear Reader: Since you were good enough to ask—

The radio adaptations of the G. Washington Sherlock Holmes series are made by Edith Meiser. Tom McKnight, who writes the Bourjois "Mysteries of Paris" is her husband. The rumor now is that practically everything they do is a crime.

That's News:

A reporter recently called up to make an appointment for an interview with Miss Meiser.

"We'd like to get something on how you write these *Sherlock Holmes* things. How do you do them?"

"In bed," answered young Miss Meiser.

"Swell—I'll bring a photographer."

The McKnight-Meiser household boasts a dog appropriately named Dr. Watson—cause he's all the time sniffing around.

SOME day they ought to broadcast a program of dogs owned by radio stars. They'd probably have to pick it up from Madison Square Garden.

In this connection Ray Perkins tells us that one of the chief reasons he recently built his Scarsdale house "Broadcastle" was to support two thoroughbred pets in the style to which, according to Ray, they are costumed.

"I have two terriors, Scotch and Irish respectfully," said Ray in an exclusive interview for us, "both pedigreed and both swift to resent the slightest slur on their nationality. I've bought a plaid harness, one for Jock Angus—and a green outfit for the other, Mickey McMouse."

Wedding Bells to Ring: Furthermore feeling that we might need a social item with some snap in it—Massa Perkins wishes to announce a dog-biscuit dinner given in honor of his Scotch Terrier, Jack Angus, by Nellie McPherson, who belongs to the people next door. At the recent reception at Miss McPherson's kennel, the Miss McPherson wore a red harness studded with brass. Mr. Angus wore the conventional full-dress collar and license tag.

This Thing Called Love: Professor John (General Electric) Erskine told listeners the other day that love stories are not about love, but instead are about lovers in those off moments when their happiness is being interfered with.

Which reminds us of the cub reporter who was assigned to a wedding.

"No story," he reported to the city editor on his return; "the bride didn't show up."

Speaking of the ups and downs of love, Fred (Bath Club) Allen defines a gentleman as "a fellow who doesn't hit his wife until they're married."

Ho-hum: Much to everyone's astonishment one of Jack (Lucky Strike) Pearl's shabbiest straight men recently electrified a Broadway Restaurant by appearing in full dress and looking fit for a soiree at Lady Astor's. Jack Osterman seated at a nearby table, took one look at him.

"Look's like Jack Pearl's success had gone straight to his stooge's head."

Page A Rescue: One of the unsung heroes behind the scenes of broadcasting is Adam Young, supervisor of the NBC page boys. He joined the U. S. Volunteer Life Saving Corps at Sheepshead Bay in June, 1930, and since that time has rescued fifty-five people from the briny. Last summer wasn't so slack either for he was credited with saving thirty lives—one of them a triple rescue for which he got two medals. In addition he recently won the Graham McNamee Scholarship for voice training.

Chandu: Chandu, the magician, hasn't a thing on the necromancy of Guy Lombardo, according to two young college friends of the genial genius of dansapation.

When they came to call on Lombardo for the second time the same day Guy and Brother Carmen gave the two collegians a few baffling minutes telling them every place they had been all night. The boys, knowing that Lombardo and his band had been playing at the Roosevelt, without interruption, all night, couldn't figure it out—until Guy burst out laughing at their puzzled faces. The dance leader then explained that he had assigned the band's private detective to shadow the young collegians between the two appointments.

A Swedish scientist has perfected a synthetic wood substitute for meat. "Maybe so," says George Frame Brown, NBC's Mayor Matt Thompkins, "but I'd hate to eat one of his planked steaks."



"My dear, she will grace any occasion—
Have you noticed her hands?"

"Yes, Tom is going to marry Lillian Fields. I know she works in a factory . . . but so do many other splendid girls nowadays. She's always dainty and well groomed. Why, her hands look as though she spends her days with a manicure, rather than at a work bench."

Lillian really has THINC HAND CREME to thank for the good impression she has made on Tom's mother. A little THINC smoothed on her hands each night has made them white . . . and given the skin a lovely, soft, satiny texture . . . has given that note of refinement and good breeding, so important to a family like Tom's.

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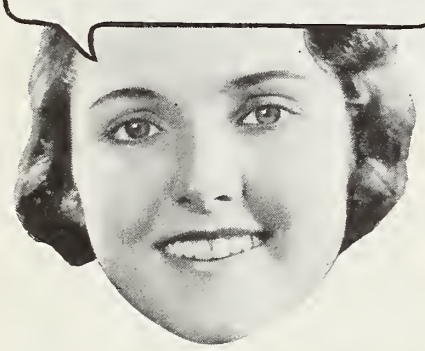
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Hollywood Bandwagon

(*Continued from page* 16)

TOO TRUE: When James Cagney and Warners settled their differences and Jimmy went back to work, his first picture was entitled "Bad Boy," the Warners thinking to cash in on the trouble between Jimmy and the company. But the Fox Company had already copyrighted that title as a sequel to their "Bad Girl," so the Warner minds went into a huddle. Now "Hard to Handle" is the title of Jimmy's picture.

Helene Chadwick, one-time star, worked as an extra in the Fox picture, "Cavalcade."

THOUGHTFUL: Joan Crawford and Doug Fairbanks, Jr., were dining alone in the Cocoanut Grove. In the midst of their dinner they were joined by a strange young lady who apparently had no table of her own. After a few minutes Doug excused himself and left the table. Soon after Joan excused herself and disappeared. The uninvited guest sat and sat and sat. Finally she said to the waiter: "Well, I guess I'll leave and give Joan a rest." She had hardly gone when both Joan and Doug returned to their table.

And we like the one Mervyn LeRoy, the director, tells of the interview with an old woman.

"What is your name?" Mervyn asked.

"Rebecca Rabinowicz," the old woman replied, "but I use Sarah Simpson as my stage name."

"What stage experience have you had," inquired Mervyn.

"None," said the old lady.

CHARLIE UNDECIDED: While he is trying to make up his mind whether to produce another picture modeled after "City Lights," with sound and musical score but no dialogue or a picture in which he would play the part of Napoleon, using dialogue, Charlie Chaplin is considering still a third move.

He may re-issue "Gold Rush," with sound and a musical score. Charlie says "Gold Rush" was his most popular silent picture, which is startling when you consider "The Kid," "Shoulder Arms," "A Dog's Life," and some of his more readily remembered triumphs.

CHANGEFUL: Having obtained a Mexican divorce for their Mexican marriage, Greta Nissen apparently has changed her mind and she and Weldon Heyburn, reconciled, are looking for another house.

SEEN TOGETHER AGAIN: It started some of us old-timers to harking back. We mean the night when Clara Bow and Gilbert Roland appeared together at the Ambassador Cocoanut Grove. It's been just about eight years since they were engaged. Clara and Roland, Alyce Mills and Donald Keith were all under contract to B. P. Schulberg, at that time an independent producer.

FRIENDLY: Louise Fazenda and Marie Prevost, graduates of Mack Sennett's school for stars, still keep up the old team work.

Marie was in the hospital and Louise was in a picture.

Marie recovered and Louise became suddenly ill.

So they just traded places.

Louise went to the hospital and Marie took Louise's rôle in the picture.

GROWING UP: John Miljan's baby son recently reached the ripe old age of six months and the family celebrated with a party. John rushed home from the studio early with a rattle, a sweater and cap. Mrs. Miljan had made a six candle-power cake.

ONE SCENE FORTY TIMES: Eric von Stroheim hung up some kind of record when he took one scene for "Walking Down Broadway" forty times. An actor was supposed to laugh, but he didn't laugh to suit von Stroheim. "No, no," Von would protest. "You don't get the right inflection in your voice. Try it again." Over and over they took the scene until finally it was just right. To the onlooker—and probably the actor—it seemed a trivial matter, but to von Stroheim it was tremendously important.

TROPHY OVERHEAD: Gary Cooper has learned that the actual expense of a hunting trip is only a drop in the bucket compared to the cost of taking care of his trophies. When he arrived home he had to set up a separate establishment for himself because there wasn't room for all of his souvenirs in the Cooper family menage. Then his taxidermy bills were enormous. "I'm glad I missed that rhino I shot at," Gary declared when looking over one bill. But he can hardly wait to go again, expense or no expense.

TEA TIME FOR BLUE BOY: Blue Boy, the prize hog which the Fox Company imported for "State Fair," went grand on the company and refused to work after four o'clock in the afternoon. Heretofore George Arliss, Constance Bennett and just a few other top-notchers quit work at tea time but Blue Boy joined their ranks and caused a serious delay in the making of the pictures when he lay down and went to sleep every afternoon at that hour. No amount of scolding or prodding would arouse his interest and the director finally gave up.

John Barrymore appeared on the "Rasputin" set one morning carrying a square package. While everyone watched, he untied and unwrapped two paper plates, disclosing several Mexican tamales and proceeded to eat them.

"It's my breakfast," he explained. So now you know what causes that old Barrymore fire.

THREE YEARS OLD: Jean Harlow came into the studio wearing a simple black crêpe dress and several people mentioned how good looking it was.

"Why, I've had it three years," Jean exclaimed. "It cost $175, but I've worn it almost constantly. I never have very many clothes at one time, but I like my clothes to be of good material and cut. I think it's economy."

R TO R: Ruth Roland was one of the first Hollywood girls to appear

wearing a chatelaine watch. It has her initials, "R. R. R." in tiny diamonds on the back but Ruth refuses to tell what the extra R stands for. She says it is the initial of her real name but she has never told a soul what that is. But when asked who gave the watch to her she said, "Ruth Roland gave it to Ruth Roland."

TIMES DO CHANGE: Just a few short months ago Virginia Bruce needed a new evening wrap so she bought a little ermine jacket and arranged to pay for it on the instalment plan. Now, as Mrs. John Gilbert, she has returned from a honeymoon in Europe and has plenty of fur coats. While the couple was away a wall safe was installed in her boudoir so that she will have a safe place to keep her jewels.

Everyone around the M-G-M Studio thinks that this is one marriage that will last.

SAFE: Una Merkel's husband is in Europe and probably will not return before April or May. But Una doesn't have to worry about his behavior, for he is on a business trip and her father is with him.

Another comic-strip character is coming to the screen. This time it's "Popeye, the sailor," and he will be portrayed by Slim Summerville.

TRADES: Universal and Fox are trading again. This time Fox gets Lew Ayres while Universal gets James Dunn and Spencer Tracy.

Joseph von Sternberg traveled to the equator in search of a hurricane for his next picture but returned to Hollywood without having filmed even a breeze. "Never mind," Harpo Marx consoled him. "Just take a camera in with you when you present your expense bill to the office."

Wheeler and Woolsey were having a little trouble with two lions that were being used in a scene.

"They're probably under contract to M-G-M," cracked Wheeler.

PICNIC FUN: Mae Clarke, Neil Hamilton and Alan Dinehart were making scenes for "Acquitted" in the hills above Hollywood when lunch time came. They decided to stay there and eat box lunches, so they let down the trunk rack on Neil's car and spread the food out on the rack. They were just ready to eat when Neil's secretary, for a joke, started the car and drove off!

THE CHANEY TRADITION: During his short career in pictures, Creighton Chaney has been hurt several times and once suffered quite painful injuries. So when there was stunting to do in "Heroes for Hire," the director suggested a double. Chaney refused.

"My father never had a double but twice in his life," Chaney Junior explained, "and both times the double was badly hurt. It is a tradition in our family that the Chaney's do not use doubles and I'll do my own stunting when I can."

ONE WORD WRONG: Just before coming to Hollywood, Diana Wynyard—in "Cavalcade"—had her tonsils removed at a small hospital in Maine where she was visiting friends. She made friends with everyone she met, including her special nurse. Slightly flustered as goodbyes were being said, the nurse wished her "health and posterity."

"Even though she got the last word mixed," Miss Wynyard said, "she could not have given me a more complete wish for happiness."

PAULETTE STUDYING: Paulette Goddard goes every day for a lesson with Samuel Kayzer, the dramatic coach. It has been rumored that she will be Charles Chaplin's leading woman if and when he makes another picture. Apparently she believes the rumor and is preparing herself for the job. Meanwhile, between lessons, she is his leading woman at many social functions.

Lupe Velez went into the studio lunch room not long ago carrying her pet Chihuahua dog, Nina, under her arm. The waitress asked Lupe if she wanted a bit of cheese for the pet rat . . . and you should have seen Lupe gargle!

THAT NEW GIRL: That girl Katharine Hepburn certainly makes the folks sit up and look! Almost every week she has some new idea that shows every possibility of becoming a fad. The most recent was to appear at a preview in a crownless hat!

Helen Hayes is having her oriental wardrobe, from "The Son-Daughter," copied for lounging.

ANDY AS ALWAYS: Andy Devine is going to be a bachelor father. He is leaving his lonely apartment and moving into a house in order to have room for his seventeen-year-old niece, Eleanor Beecher, who is coming to live with him. "As long as I am making more money than I ever hoped to make in my life, I want to do something for one of my own family," Andy explained. He plans to have her attend one of the colleges in Los Angeles. She told Andy that her ambition was to go in for athletics in a big way and prepare to compete in the 1935 Olympic games. Naturally, being an all-round athlete himself, Andy approved of that.

BALLYHEATHER: Joel McCrea is Scotch, very Scotch, but we mean only by nationality. On the gates of his parental home is the name "Ballyheather," which was the name of the old family home in Scotland.

PAID FOR, TOO: Eric Linden bought a home for his mother and himself. At the time he acquired it, it didn't look much like a home for it was really just an old shack. But by the time Eric had put in many hours redecorating it inside and out and planting a garden in the front yard, he had every right to be as proud of it as he is. "And it's paid for, too," he wants everyone to know.

The battle for the title "Best Dressed Woman" goes on and on. The latest skirmish between Lilyan Tashman and Ina Claire, two leading aspirants for the title is reported from New York. The two girls met at a party. "How do you like my dress, dear?" Lilyan asked.

"I think it's lovely," Ina replied. "I have it in yellow, you know."

Lilyan bided her time and when the two met again she looked Ina up and down and then in her sweetest voice said, "That gown is lovely on you, Ina. I tried it on but it wasn't becoming to me."

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GRETA GARBO
YESTERDAY AND TODAY

So much hos been written obaut Garbo thot is not outhentic, that New Movie Mogozine sent Jock Campbell ta Sweden to get the real, unvarnished focts—to tolk to her friends af yesterday and todoy. Mr. Compbell spent severol weeks there, and the facts he uncovered will amoze everyone interested in the great Swedish stor. Wos she ever married ta Stiller? Has she gone "high hat"? Does she still keep up her old friendships? Reod Mr. Compbell's orticle in the April New Mavie Magazine.

VOL. VII. No. 3 Cover Design By McCLELLAND BARCLAY MARCH 1933

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VERNE PORTER, *Executive Editor*

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NO OTHER SUDS WILL DO — by DALTON VALENTINE





See how much one box did for Mrs. Willis Swan of Milwaukee

"I ALWAYS wanted to know just how much work could be done with one big box of Rinso, so I kept track of what I did with the last box just to satisfy my curiosity. I did the dishes six times, the floors once and all this laundry work:

2 doilies	6 pillow cases	24 handkerchiefs	4 aprons
2 bedspreads	6 sheets	6 rag rugs	8 pairs socks
5 bureau scarfs	5 table-cloths	1 cotton blouse	5 pieces underwear
10 face cloths	18 towels	4 house-dresses	8 shirts
12 napkins	15 dish towels	6 pairs pajamas	

Rinso is marvelous in tub or washer. Its thick suds soak out dirt—save scrubbing, boiling. Clothes last 2 to 3 times longer. *Even in hardest water,* a little Rinso gives a lot of creamy suds. Great for dishes and all cleaning —so easy on the hands! Get the BIG box.

A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS CO.

Rinso

The biggest selling package soap in America



Hollywood BANDWAGON



All the latest and most sparkling gossip about the stars

WHY STARS TOUR: When Clara Bow was sailing for Europe with Husband Rex we thought we ought to find out for the public at large what a movie star went to Europe for. So we asked Clara point blank what she hoped to see abroad, and Clara said she wanted to see an honest-to-goodness sheik more than anything else, and then Rex sort of horned into the conversation to remark that he wished the trip took longer. So now you know.

When Clara met Rex at the railroad station, upon his arrival from Hollywood we went along to check up on the greeting. And we are here to report that if those two aren't crazy about each other, our old eyes are deceiving us. That bear-hug was hot, if you know what we mean. . . . Between the greeting and the European departure, Clara and Rex went up to visit New York's Bronx zoo. You see, Clara, being a Brooklyn girl, had never taken much interest in the zoo until she moved to Hollywood. Or perhaps it is merely she has become *Tarzan* conscious.

Some hero-worshiper asked Jimmy Durante for an autographed picture, so Jimmy wrote on it: "Don't you think there is a little Gable in me?"

NO! No! NOT HELEN! You'll never believe this about Helen Hayes, the little girl who has the whole world crying. But it is a fact, sad but true, that she is a sort of fiend. She plays word games. She calls you up in the middle of the night and says, "Give me a sentence with 'zither' in it," or any other word that she thinks is obnoxious.

Her favorite word is "paroxysm." You give up that one without even a slight struggle, whereupon Helen makes you feel foolish by saying:

"Oh, that's easy. Listen: 'Paroxysm magnificent city'."

Bang!



Our Jackie Cooper, we're afraid, is taking on star airs. A friend of the family was telling us about Jackie showing off his Gary Cooper collection of guns—firearms are a Cooper trait, you know—to a guest, a kid about three years old.

"Handle this here one carefully," Jackie warned the visitor, poking one at him. "This is my favorite."

"Thank you, Mr. Cooper," replied the guest.

"Gee, I like that little guy," Jack confided later. "He's got respect for me."

Katharine Hepburn, the latest movie meteor, continues her daily dip in the Pacific, rain or shine, December, January or June. Usually with Joel McCrea. Joel and his mother are sticking it out for the winter at Joel's tiny beach house, and nearly every day you'll see Joel and Katharine dipping together. And, by the way, it was Katharine who jumped on the publicity department recently when a newspaper quoted her as saying, "I always act natural." "When you put speeches in my mouth," said she, cuttingly, "at least make them grammatical."

Three famous Stars of the Screen



Complexions that fascinate



Snapped by **JOHN BOLES** *at the Cocoanut Grove in Hollywood*

—— even in a snapshot enlargement

Why don't YOU try Hollywood's Beauty Care

THE Hollywood screen stars are lovely *always*. Even a snapshot shows them radiantly fresh—youthful!

Snapshots are not *kind*—every woman knows that. But the stars face even this test fearlessly! How charming is the trio above—Loretta Young, Polly Ann Young, Sally Blane—snapped by John Boles in an informal moment at the popular Cocoanut Grove!

What is the secret these exquisite stars all know? "Above everything else," they say, "we guard complexion beauty. We use Lux Toilet Soap!"

Of the 694 important actresses in Hollywood, including all stars, 686 use this fragrant white soap regularly!

Not only at home in their own luxurious dressing rooms, but in their studio dressing rooms as well. Because the stars' preference is so well known this fragrant white soap has been made official by all the big film studios.

Why don't *you* try the beauty soap of the stars—guard *your* complexion as the world's most beautiful women do! Buy several cakes of this gentle soap. Begin at once to give your skin the care that will keep it always temptingly smooth and fresh.

LUX Toilet Soap

The Beauty Soap of the Stars



Here's Sally Eilers taking little Karal Kay far a plunge in the paal at the Haat Gibsan ranch. Karal did a bit in ane af Sally's pictures, Sally taak a fancy ta her. Sa naw she's a frequent visitar ta the big apen spaces af the Gibsan-Eilers damain.

every time you mention the upkeep, but he goes right on raving over his new daughter's bright sayings. At this moment he's building a nursery addition to his mountain home with every baby gadget known to fond fatherhood. Time was when you washed yourself at the pump and did your home work at the wilderness cabin by coal-oil light: now, due to the chee-ild, we've got electricity, a hot-water heating system and a janitor.

Now, take the case of Barbara Stanwyck and Frank Fay. Just because they adopted one baby, they built a mansion in Brentwood with a three-baby capacity. It sort of goes to their heads, you see. Now that they've got Dion (we're going to find out more about that name yet, don't you worry), they are going to have two more of their very own. No second-hand goods any more. Or maybe the sample was perfect. If they have a boy and girl, their names will be Kathleen and Michael. No, dear, we don't know why, any more than we know why Dion is called Dion, except that Barbara wants it that way and Frank's a nice fellow, too.

Now we will take up the case of the Fredric March adoption racket. Their Penelope, taken from an orphanage, has gone over so well with Freddie and Florence Eldridge, his wife, that they have decided to add three more of the same to their line. They will proceed on a somewhat conservative basis, however, due to a depression and all, and take

IT ONLY TAKES TIME: Peter, the Hermit, an old Hollywood customer, bareheaded and barefoot past the remembrance of the oldest inhabitant, has begun wearing a green beret since Joan Blondell became his next door neighbor.

DOORSTEP JOTTINGS: This Hollywood business of adopting babies looked serious for a time, but the word has gone out that these little strangers carry considerable overhead. Wally Beery says "Ouch!"



Lew Ayres is ane wha daesn't ga hunting at the request af the publicity photographer. He really gaes hunting. And he gets 'em. . . . And if yau've ever had the natian that Lew's gane high hat, wham da you suppase he taak an this trip with him? Well, he taak the "still" man, an electrician and a praperty man, all his pals.

This is Shiela Terry and Mary Daran crassing the Atlantic. This phatagraph was taken an Taluca Lake, near Las Angeles. Persans wha have seen the lake will be surprised to knaw that it is large enough ta flaat a boat. Mr. James Tully—Jim ta himself—lives on this lake, and is mast sensitive to slighting remarks abaut its size. These sneers will cause a huge Tully explasian, which always makes interesting reading. Came an, J-i-m!



The SUPREME ROMANTIC THRILL of all time comes at last to the TALKING SCREEN!



The star of "Son-Daughter" "Farewell to Arms" and "Madelon Claudet" won highest acting honors of the past year! In her new role co-starred with Clark Gable, she challenges the film world for this prize again!



HELEN

HAYES

CLARK

GABLE

IN

The WHITE SISTER



How fitting that M-G-M, producers of the screen's best, should bring to life on the talking screen the thrills, the grandeur, the soul-stabbing romance of F. Marion Crawford's love drama! Helen Hayes, Clark Gable together! A picture to watch for!

With Richard Bennett, Louise Closser Hale, C. Henry Gordon. Screen play by Donald Ogden Stewart, directed by Victor Fleming.

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

Hollywood BANDWAGON



When New Mavie Magazine's photographer asked Pat O'Malley ta pase, Patrick H. O'Malley, Jr.,—far that's he, when he signs checks—plucked a stein fram the mantelpiece and struck a pasitian. He's freelancing nav, and daing very well with it.

Photo by Wide World

on one new one each year. They have no names for them yet but we suppose that will be inevitable. We'd like to suggest mildly, however, that if they are thinking of naming any of them after Pop, would they mind spelling it the way printers spell it? Any day now our typographical union is going to refuse to misspell it any longer.

Mitzi Green came home the other day with her arms full of packages. She'd been shopping for her mother's birthday. "Now don't you dare look at them," she warned.

Pretty soon she asked:

"Mama, can you wait until your birthday to look?"

Mama said she could.

"Well, I can't," confessed Mitzi.

Madame Wanda holds forth at the Assistance League and tells the fortunes of the stars—for charity. She told Charles Starrett he'd be married twice. Whereupon Charles threw up his hands, exclaiming, "Don't let my wife hear of this."

When Wanda told Mrs. Leslie Howard that she would be married twice, Mrs. Howard said, sweetly, "Well, if I ever have another husband I hope he will be exactly like Leslie."

HIPS ARE OUT: SINCE Hollywood has gone zoo minded practically everything has happened, including Hippy. They have been making "Tarzan and His Mate," and everyone was racking his brain for something sensational to feed Johnny Weissmuller to by way of box-office. Some yes-man—so he doesn't get any screen or trade-paper credit—got a book and, lo! he found out about a hippopotamus. (This will be the last time we'll spell *that* word. Hereafter it will be hippo to you.)

After property men had thoroughly scoured Hollywood without finding a hip, or anyone interested in one, not even an agent with an option on one, they sent for the Research Department. According to the Re-



Here is Maureen O'Sullivan playing galf alane. Jimmy Dunn is nat in the picture, but the phatagrapher sends apalagies. Nearly every reparter has tried ta carner the twa inta a definite statement, but they always say: "Really, we're just gaad friends —nathing more."

"Just give me a year," Adrienne Ames caaxed her husband. "If I dan't make gaad in that time, I'll stay at hame and never mentian the subject again." The year isn't up, and it laaks as if the little Ames girl is making gaad. Recently she was barrawed fram Paramaunt by anather campany, and in Hallywaad, that means yau're an the up ond up.




"The BIG CAGE"
with
CLYDE BEATTY
ANITA PAGE ★ ANDY DEVINE
RAYMOND HATTON
VINCE BARNETT
★
No man in history ever threw forty lions and tigers into one cage, then *jumped in* with and *controlled* them. Thus appears CLYDE BEATTY, the world's *greatest* and *bravest* in his line, in UNIVERSAL'S remarkably thrilling picture, "THE BIG CAGE."
There have been many wild-animal pictures, but *never one like this,* in which the wildest of snarling beasts are but the background for extraordinary romance and tragedy. THRILLS? *Just imagine* a terrific storm raging and all these animals breaking loose from their cages. *You* will ask us how such a picture can be filmed.
Presented by
CARL LAEMMLE
Directed by
KURT NEUMANN
Produced by
CARL LAEMMLE, Jr.
IT'S A UNIVERSAL



Hallywaad has just abaut made up its collective mind that wedding bells may ring far Sally Blane and Billy Bakewell. Billy, like his buddies, Russell Gleasan and Ben Alexander, used ta "play the field," dividing his attentians amang Mary Brian, Mary Carlisle, Laretta Yaung, Pally Ann Young, Sally, Anita Page and ather yaung film beauties. Then Billy, Russell and Ben taak a jaunt abraad, and when they returned it was Sally who was at the statian ta meet Billy. And, accarding ta the snaapers, they've been meeting steadily ever since.



Jean Parker is one of M-G-M's best bets far 1933. Her last picture was "Rasputin." She's fram Green Ladge, Mantana, and her real name is Jane Green. Her first picture was "Divarce in the Family."

search Department, hips are nobody to monkey with; their feelings are easily ruffled and they are considered by the Encyclopedia Brittanica as one of the most dangerous beasts in the jungle. So the Research Department recommended getting a kind one.

Finally, two old grandpa hips were found in the Bronx zoo, where they were guaranteed to have mild and sunny dispositions, since nobody had stuck a leg in their mouths lately. The deal was made for one, probably by Bob Ruben and Bill Orr and a crew of lawyers in New York, signing the hip at $100 a day and traveling expenses, and $5,000 to be paid the zoo if Johnny Weissmuller got too rough or anything else fatal happened.

The Bronx zoo people, being hippo wise, thought it might be nice if somebody from the zoo who was well acquainted with this particular hip, went along as company. Knowing very little about hippos, and never having heard about their love and devotion to their valets, Hollywood poohed its biggest poohpooh.

Came the hippo to Hollywood. A swanky truck, the publicity department, several cameramen and a lot of other people who always chisel in on such things, met the hippo at the station, just as you'd welcome a new star. The hippo got his front feet into the truck and hesitated. He left his hind quarters in the freight car. This went on for some time. Freight-handlers started yelling and poking at him, and he went to sleep. Some elephant-men jabbed him as hard as they could with bullhooks, and he snored. Lion tamers began

Haaray! Here's Mae Clark, aut and around again. And after Hallywaad's mast stylish appendicitis aperatian. Because Mae, mind yau, wasn't sewed up like camman folk; she was fastened tagether with gald clips. No stitches at all. A week later she flew ta Palm Springs ta recuperate, and amazed and warried all her friends by going horseback riding every marning. . . . And what a swell operation to talk about.



Hollywood BANDWAGON



For a rainy day save the Colgate way...

"The quarters I save on Colgate's help me weather the storm"

Buy Colgate's the first time *just for economy's sake*—that quarter saved. Then, discover that it cleans teeth better than any preparation you've ever used, at any price. Discover that—though its makers offer no extravagant promises, make no wild claims—it does for you all any toothpaste can do. And—having enjoyed its flavor, its cleansing powers, its low price—just ask your dentist about it. Here's what he'll probably say: "Colgate's? I should say so. Does all any toothpaste can do . . . cleans teeth thoroughly and safely. I've been advising it for years and years." You try Colgate's—once. Feel the fresh, wholesome cleanliness of your teeth and those extra quarters in your pocket, too. You're a Colgate user for life!



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This seal signifies that the composition of the product has been submitted to the Council and that the claims have been found acceptable to the Council.



All of the Alice White fans are happy again—Alice is back on the screen after an absence of two years or so. Watch for her in "Emplayees' Entrance," with Loretta Young, Warren William and Wallace Ford.

Hollywood BANDWAGON

shooting blank cartridges, and the hippo snored louder. Then the studio executives got worried about rental costs for the entire freight yard.

Two and a half days later, after getting a decent sleep, the hip woke up and walked into the truck. Then they got him to the studio amid huzzahs and congratulations. Then another big argument started: did a hippo swim or wade? Five days later, the argument still raging, they took the hippo to a lake to find out. Hippy jumped in with a gleeful shout and gamboled about like a little babe for two days and nights, while every animal man in Hollywood tried to catch him and stop this.

When he got ready he climbed out of the water, stretched himself out on the bank, after the manner of a true star, and died of double pneumonia without even a screen test.

MAJESTY OF THE LAWYER: A four-year-old youngster was working in "Luxury Liner" and the script called for him to cry in a scene. The director, Lothar Mendes, tried; the child's mother tried. The child couldn't or wouldn't cry. Finally the mother told Mr. Mendes that he would have to talk roughly to the child.



With the first sign of winter, Sari Maritza rushed to Palm Springs, the latest film colony resort. "Sun baths and swimming in February," she telephoned. "Something's wrong somewhere. Is this me?"

"I'm going to call up a bad man if you don't cry," the director threatened. "I'm going to have a bad man come and lock your mother up in jail."

A hushed silence followed this dire threat, which seemed to effect the bystanders more than it did the child, who retorted calmly: "You can't put my mother in jail because my daddy is a lawyer."

PAST STARS: Theda Bara and June Caprice, two stars of the dim past, were visitors on the M-G-M lot. When they entered the dining room every eye was focussed on them because many people there had never seen either one of them before and they were curious to see what a star of 1910 looked like.



Bob Montgomery's latest is "Hell Below," directed by Jack Conway, with Walter Hustan, Jimmy Durante and Madge Evans in the cast. What a cambination of troupers! Here you see Directar Conway and Bob doing an off-stage skit for our camerman.

FAOEN has changed Women's Ideas on the Price of *Quality* Beauty Aids



Scientific Tests Prove that Faoen Beauty Aids – in convenient 10¢ sizes – Equal $1 to $3 Brands in Quality

Are you one of the women who still consider it necessary to pay highest prices for the finest face powders, rouges and lip-sticks? If you are, read the story of Faoen!

Face Powders, in Paris-accepted shades, of caressing fineness and softness; rouges and lip-sticks whose fashion-correct indelible colors enhance your natural attractiveness — are *entirely* a question

Approved by The Good Housekeeping Institute

of the *quality* of materials used. And here is what a famous Research Laboratory has to say about Faoen quality:

"every Faoen product tested, is as pure and fine as products of like nature sold for $1, $2 and $3."

Continue to give yourself the captivating charm of the most exquisite beauty aids. But now—instead of paying $1 to $3 for them—ask for Faoen at 10c!

10c each at F. W. Woolworth Co. Stores

PARK & TILFORD'S

FAOEN

(FAY-ON)

Beauty Aids

CLEANSING CREAM • COLD CREAM • SKIN TONIC • LOTION • FACE POWDER • ROUGES • PERFUMES



Janet Gaynar and her directar, Al Santell, are both baak lavers, and lately have been bragging abaut their callections of first editians. Finally, Janet demanded that Al praduce, so he had a truck carry the "Santell editians" ta the studio. They praved ta be specially baund capies af all the 'scripts he'd ever directed. Janet wan. She displayed an amazing callectian of real first editions. And if yau think that Janet is just a sweet little thing with na overstacked brain, yau'd change yaur mind after seeing her library of rare baaks.



Hollywood BANDWAGON

POLLY'S HOUSE: "I thought I was settled for the rest of my life when I bought a nice house at Laguna Beach," said Polly Moran. "I put my son, John, in school there and my mother liked it. Everything was grand—I thought."

But Polly's mother couldn't stand the sea air, so back to Hollywood they came and Polly bought a new house here. The nice new beach house is for sale or for rent.

Jean Harlaw has gone in for golf in a serious way. Just now she's practicing up ta get her score under 120, and she's keeping at it almast every day. . . . Jean's beginning ta come aut af retirement a little naw. We've seen her shapping several times lately. She's comparatively safe fram recognition (we had ta look twice ta be sure it was she) because nearly every schaal-girl in tawn has gone platinum.



Gail Patrick is still a mavie-struck star-fan, and she admits it. "I've been in Hallywaad far six manths," she canfesses, "and I still get a thrill aut af meeting the stars. I find them more exciting than I thaught."

"How are you feeling?" Carmel Myers asked Lupe Velez.

"All right. Why?" replied Lupe.

"Why, I heard you were sick," Carmel explained.

"Seeck!" exclaimed Lupe. "I had sore throat. That's not being seeck. Being seeck is when you break your leg."

(Please turn to page 92)



"KING OF THE JUNGLE"

with

FRANCES DEE • BUSTER CRABBE
SYDNEY TOLER • IRVING PICHEL

Warm romance and grand spectacle spun into a tale of daring thrills—performed by the most perfectly built man on the screen—the Lion-Man—embattled Man-King of Beasts—brought to civilization in a cage only to discover himself a man—in the arms of a woman he learned to love. A picture that swings its action across two continents.

Paramount Pictures

PARAMOUNT PUBLIX CORPORATION, ADOLPH ZUKOR, PRES., PARAMOUNT BLDG., NEW YORK

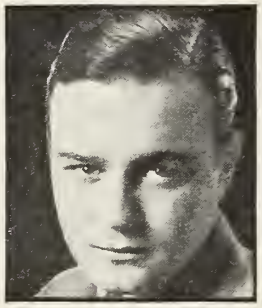
Hollywood's Roll of Honor

AND ALL OF THEM IN

STATE FAIR



JANET GAYNOR
as "Margy Frake" who falls in love with "Pat Gilbert" (Lew Ayres).



LEW AYRES
as "Pat Gilbert," reporter, and Margy's sweetheart.



NORMAN FOSTER
"Wayne Frake," son of Abel, who falls for "Emily Joyce" (Sally Eilers).



FRANK CRAVEN
the storekeeper, a dour country philosopher.



WILL ROGERS
as "Abel Frake" father of Margy and owner of "Blue Boy"



SALLY EILERS
as "Emily Joyce," a performer at the fair.



LOUISE DRESSER
as "Melissa Frake" mother of Margy and Wayne.



VICTOR JORY
Barker for the Hoopla Stand at the "State Fair."

• Another sensational screen treat from FOX. Phil Stong's best seller, "State Fair" —the novel that millions are talking about —with these eight popular screen stars in the leading roles, is already being hailed as one of the outstanding hits of 1933. Whether you read the book or not, here is ONE PICTURE EVERYONE WILL WANT TO SEE!

•

A HENRY KING Production

FOX PICTURE

Hurrell



In Queen Mary's new picture, "Secrets," you'll see a new and sophisticated Mary—and possibly in one of the last pictures she may ever make, because she's threatening to retire soon. And—the pity of it!—just when she has blossomed out into full radiance.

Our FIGHT to

Two Sensational Magazine scoops to start the New Year for New Movie—

Last Month: Beginning—The Real Story of Joan Crawford, By Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

And now: Beginning—The Real Story of Clark Gable, By Josephine Dillon, Clark's first wife



Irving Lippman

Two contrasting pictures of Clark Gable. Above: Clark as he is today, shown in his latest picture, with Carole Lombard; and (at right) in a rented outfit—suit, shoes, tie, even handkerchief—all dressed up for his first movie part.

crash the Studios

BEGINNING

"My Life with Clark Gable"

By JOSEPHINE DILLON

his first wife



"Saturdays and Sundays I posed for Luvena Buchanan Vysekal, who wanted a model for the Fall exhibition." Here is the portrait of Josephine Dillon when she was Mrs. Clark Gable, painted by the noted artist.

CLARK was arriving in Hollywood!

I must hurry home from my studio to meet him. He was driving down from Portland, Oregon, to buck this town of Hollywood. Hollywood! The mecca of his dreams, and of his struggles, his wanderings in a zig-zag of jobs and starving and walking and riding, and stopping and working and going on and then the same old rigamarole. . . .

But now, at last—Clark was arriving in Hollywood!

Not many months ago, Clark Gable was *again* arriving in Hollywood, but how differently! And with what a different meaning. This last time in an airplane, with success and luxury and fame before him. That first time with work and waiting and privation and disappointment before him.

I HAD rented a studio in a fashionable new studio building in the Wilshire district of Los Angeles. I had been coaching the most beautiful woman I have ever taught, that afternoon. She is a famous model of the Italian Madonna type—svelte sleek, exquisite, clean-cut as marble, beautifully colored as a shell—viola! And I was still thinking about her and wondering whether there was acting talent under that beauty, when I arrived at the hotel to meet Clark.

And as I crossed the sidewalk to the entrance, there came Clark,—"Bill," then,—dirty, shaggy, almost ragged, dusty, no hat, hair over his eyes, open shirt, sagging belt, faded gray plaid, baggy knickers, dusty white socks, old brown shoes. But with a personality that lighted up the twilight, and a grin that lighted up the world. I don't remember ever wondering whether or not he had acting talent; I always just knew it.

He and a friend had driven through without stopping to rest, and had rolled over and over and down a grade into a ditch. And Clark's one outfit had been severely damaged—the cuff ripped off one sleeve of the good white shirt, the knickers cut at the knee, and a split in the shoe.

The bruises were not serious; they would grow all right again—but a shirt is a shirt, and shoes—! There was the good blue serge suit in the hand-bag, of course, but it was getting tight in the shoulders and not right around the waistline, since the old health was so much better. And it was shiny on the seat, too.

All this was very serious, but told with huge grins and much laughter. Serious because there was so little money anywhere, and with laughter because it was Clark.

There were not many times through those Hollywood years that we could not laugh. Laughter is one of the big compensations. Do you remember the Irishman who said the good Lord always evened things up: if you had a short leg, the other one was always longer? Well, laughter is something like that, I guess.

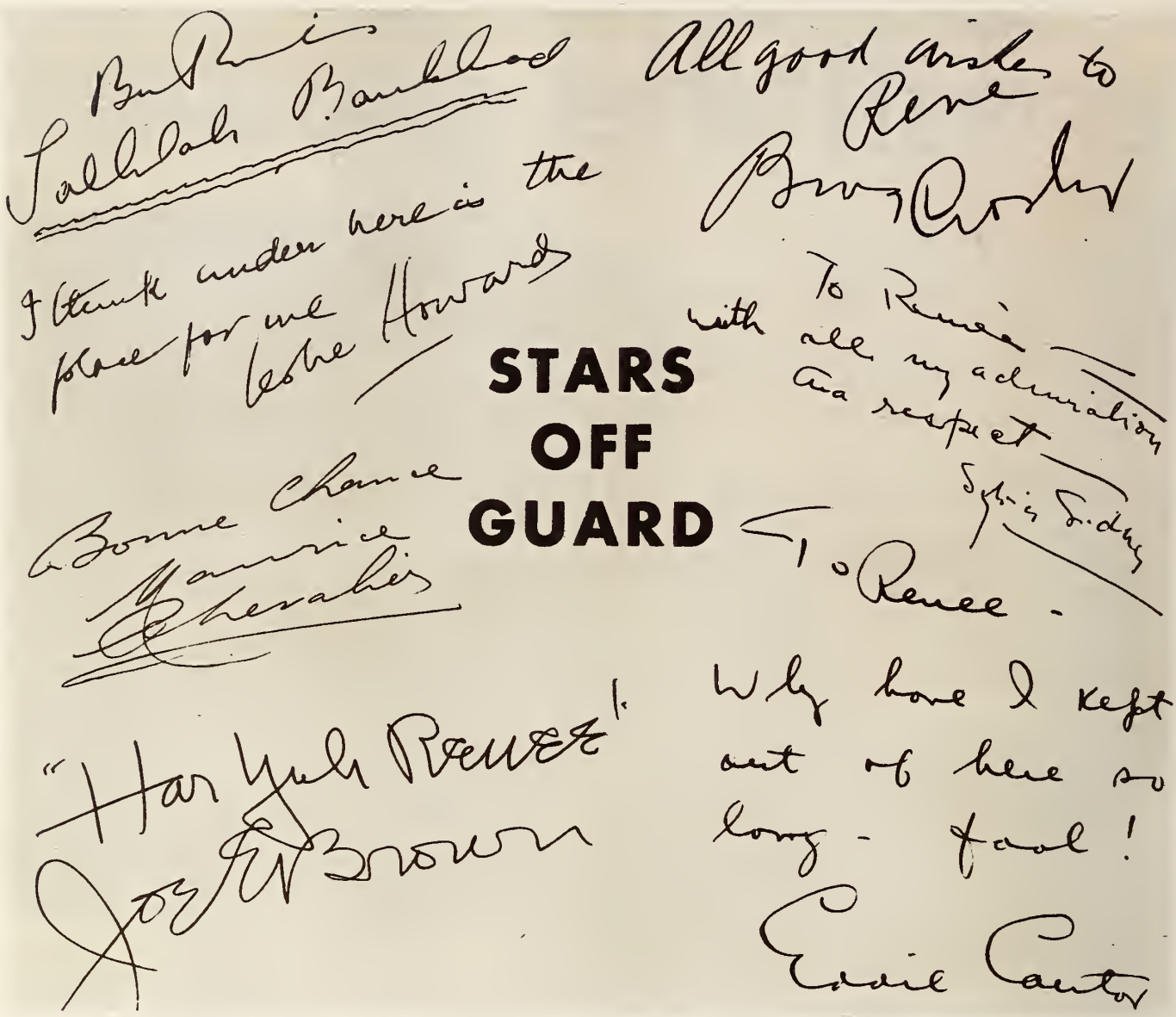
BILL and I had met in Portland, Oregon, where I had gone to organize a studio of acting and do some Little Theater work. He had seen a notice of the new studio in *The Portland Oregonian*, and when a call came into the telephone company from that studio phone he answered it himself. (He was then a telephone company employee, answering repair service calls.) His hours were long, and his pay small, but his ambition to be an actor in Hollywood had never been dimmed by any of his experiences or privations. And he came to my studio to hear about Hollywood and to find a way to get there. I told him about that town—and together we got him there.

We had a long, long talk through dinner there in the studio and late into the night. About acting—all about acting; what it meant, and how it is done—not an exploitation of personality, but a great and exact profession.

"How can I ever learn those things?"

"I'll get a class together in the evenings and teach you."

But the others in the class couldn't keep up with the strides of Clark's starved eagerness. He drank greedily—everything I told him, everything we read, everything we saw together. We saw David Warfield's *Shylock*, and he was converted to Shakespeare and studied *Hamlet* and *Romeo* and *Mercutio*. I was serving on the Portland censorship board for movies, and we saw the pictures together—those days when such pictures as "Scara- (*Please turn to page* 72)



Observations in passing from the Lady-at-the-Door of New York's famous theatrical restaurant

By RENEE CAROL

The hat-check girl at Sardi's

ONCE I handed an autograph book to a famous star and asked him to write something in it. He scratched his head, chewed the end of his pen, then wrote this:

Oh, would that God the gift would give me,
To see myself as Renee sees me.

Of course we both laughed and I thought he was clever to have written the two lines, but in my heart I knew he was serious.

Many a star has felt the same, even to the extent of asking me for my frank opinions, for they know I see them off-guard when they are eating in Sardi's restaurant where I am the hat-check girl.

But I haven't been a hat-check girl at the cross-roads of the professional world, Forty-fourth Street and Broadway, for nothing. I've learned that, though the stars cry for my frank opinions, they don't value them, and I'm too proud to talk just to hear my voice saying nothings.

Do you suppose Marlene Dietrich would like me to remind her of the first time she came to Sardi's? She was unknown, had just arrived in this country, and wore a severely tailored costume. A man whom we both knew introduced us.

"Renee," he said, "some day you will be proud to have met Miss Dietrich."

I'd heard that before, but I had never before seen such a fascinating woman. "Do you know," I said to her, "that you resemble Jeanne Eagels and Greta Garbo?"

To me that was the greatest compliment I could give. Marlene drew herself up and said, "I don't like that. I am individual."

A year later she returned to Sardi's, but she was famous. All eyes turned to watch her but she had eyes for only one person, her little daughter, whom she led by the hand. With her own hands Marlene took off the child's leggings and coat and handed them to me as though she were giving up jewels. Throughout the meal she fed the child, watched her with hungry eyes, and seemed unconscious of the stares of other diners.

This time Marlene was not in tailored clothes. She was conspicuous in a beautiful red coat with a big fur collar and a small, veiled hat.

ONE day I picked up the newspapers and my eyes almost popped out of my head. Maurice Chevalier was suing his wife for (*Please turn to page* 108)

Photo by Irving Lippman



Here's Susan Fleming at the top of the ladder. Symbolic of the ladder of fame, eh? Watch her—because Susan's the girl that Paramount has picked for high places. Just a youngster, but climbing fast. Did you see her in "He Learned About Women"?

Secrets of Poise and

ENTER: THE TALKIE COACH

DO you long to see your name in lights on Broadway?

Would you like to be the belle of the ball? Or are you one of those who prefers to shine for "just one man?"

Any one or all three of these ambitions may be advanced by a careful consideration of the methods employed by three famous dramatic directors in guiding younger players toward stardom.

At the moment, you may not be as fascinating as Marlene Dietrich, as winsome as Janet Gaynor; you may not have the poise of Ann Harding or the grace of Norma Shearer; but don't give up!

Look yourself over. You like your looks, your hair and your clothes. Then what is it?

OLIVER HINSDELL, founder of the Little Theater of Dallas, Texas, is now dramatic director at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Stuart Walker, playwright, producer and director of plays on stage and screen, concentrates his talents at Paramount. And Albert



Stuart Walker, the Paramount director, instructing Adrienne Ames in the correct manner of making her entrance. "Whether you are on or off the stage," he instructs, "the thing to remember implicitly is to move quietly."

Photo by Eugene Robert Richee

By

RUTH M. TILDESLEY

PERSONALITY TIPS

"Poise depends upon the ability to stand quietly and at ease. . . . Keep your hands still. . . . Never bounce or jerk or jump. . . . When sitting, sit squarely on the chair, not on the edge, your body bending from the hips. Your shoulders may droop, but not slouch. . . . The secret of grace is lack of tension. Relax and you're right. . . . Don't be lip-lazy. Don't slur your words. . . . Read aloud to improve your speech. . . . To appear gracious, you must feel gracious. If you wish to be charming, develop the qualities that make for charm."

Grace

AS TAUGHT IN THE STUDIO SCHOOLS FOR STARLETS

Lovejoy, former head of the Cambridge school of the drama at Harvard University, is in charge of younger players at RKO-Pathe.

These dramatic departments are not in any sense schools. They might be considered laboratories to encourage and develop talent in less experienced players. But the aim—the rounding out of an attractive personality—is what we're all seeking.

"Relax!" is Stuart Walker's watchword.

"The most difficult thing to do is to stand still," he declares. "Poise depends on the ability to stand quietly and at ease. In order to do this, you must learn to relax. Lose your tenseness and presently you will find you are standing still. Don't pull at your dress, twist your necklace or play with your hair, if you are a girl; don't rearrange your tie, if you are a boy. Keep your hands still."

FOR Mr. Walker's use, Paramount has erected a practical "set" where plays may be rehearsed with "business" and "properties." There is a real staircase, with a stair rail; there are two French doors, one opening out and one in; two windows, one a casement, the other sliding up and down; two plain doors, opening in opposite directions; a fireplace; and draperies that may be drawn together. Furniture and furnishings are installed according to the requirements of the play.

"We use this set so that players may gain ease in handling properties, in opening doors, descending stairs, closing windows, entering or leaving the scene, etc.," Mr. Walker continued. "Thus they are able to concentrate their attention on the performance they are giving before the camera instead of on the pure mechanical business of the rôle.

"Whether you are on or off the stage, the thing to remember is to move quietly. If you have ever watched a slow motion picture, you know what a very beautiful thing motion can be. Motion is rhythm, if perfectly performed. Never bounce or jerk or jump. Try to move with quiet ease and you will be graceful.

"The girl who walks well does not swing her arms, turn her feet out at right angles, or move her head from side to side, jerkily. She holds herself erect, her head well poised; she swings her legs from the hips, not from the knees; she keep her arms and hands still. She neither minces nor strides but moves with silent and perfect grace.

"She comes downstairs with the same erect carriage and unhurried gait.

When she sits on a chair, she seats herself squarely on it, not on the edge or the side, and lets her body bend from the hips. Her shoulders may droop but not (*Please turn to page* 112)

Three famous talkie coaches discuss personality grooming



Randolph Scott, Kent Taylor and Sari Maritza are being instructed in a comedy scene. "Relax" is the watchword.

Photo by Eugene Robert Richee

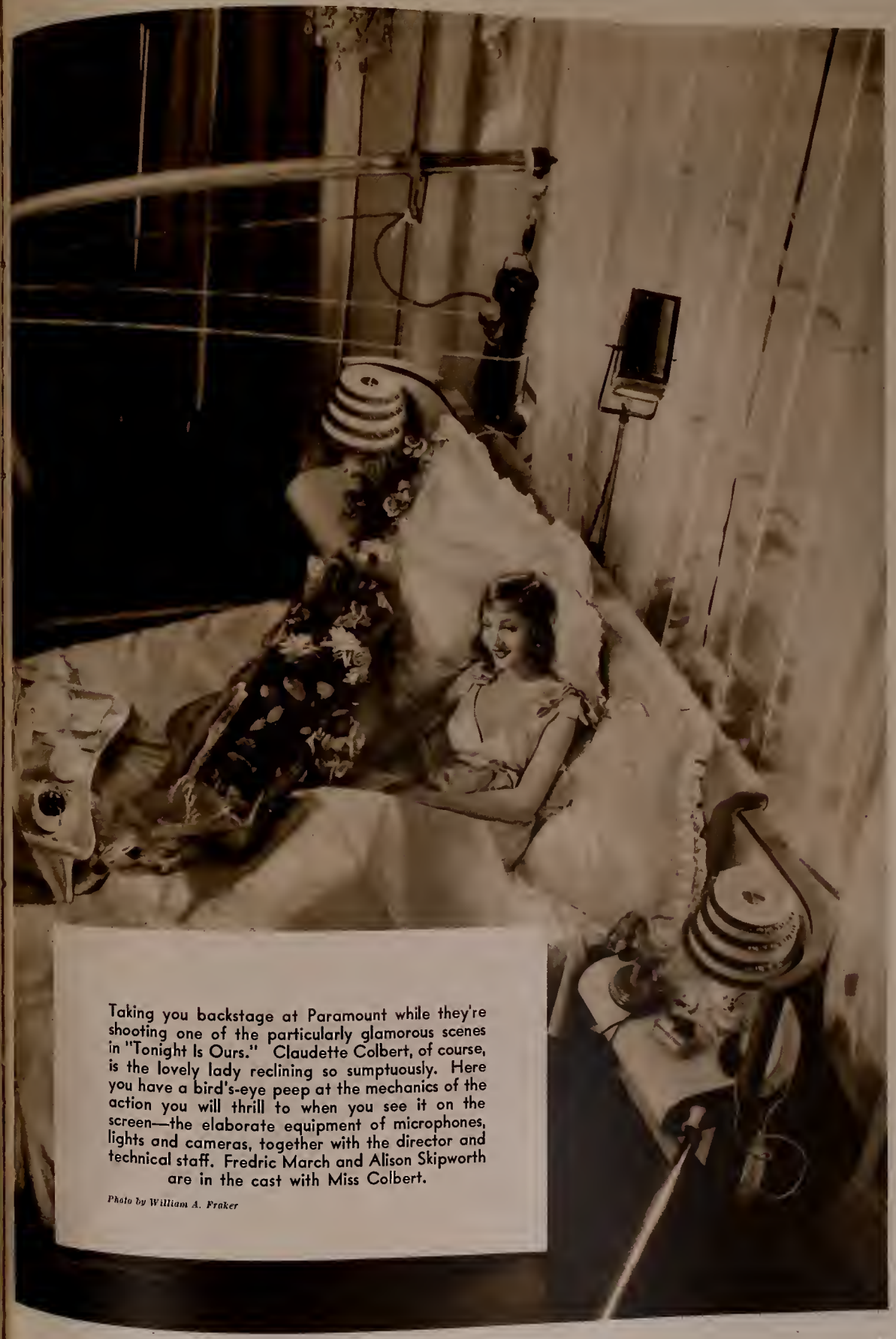

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Taking you backstage at Paramount while they're shooting one of the particularly glamorous scenes in "Tonight Is Ours." Claudette Colbert, of course, is the lovely lady reclining so sumptuously. Here you have a bird's-eye peep at the mechanics of the action you will thrill to when you see it on the screen—the elaborate equipment of microphones, lights and cameras, together with the director and technical staff. Fredric March and Alison Skipworth are in the cast with Miss Colbert.

Photo by William A. Fraker





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Photo by William A. Fraker

HASHIMURA TOGO'S SCREEM PLAY— The LOVE

Re-written, revised, re-edited and completely scrambled under the title of "Let Us Shoot Some Stars."



SCENE 1: Chinese chorus girl who are demented about Edw. G. Robinson, brings in an egg-plant for breakfast before he is electrocuted.



SCENE 2: It are filled with dinnamyte. With happy laugh, Edw. G. Robinson throws it——

By WALLACE IRWIN

To Editor of The Tower, so-call because it contain so many tall stories

DEAREST SIR:

IGNORANCE are a pretty mean curse to have in all human heads. In this it resemble azma, and nothing can be done about that, however you elect a President.

For instancely, my cousin Nogi are so ignoral that he think that famus screem play "The First Year" are the story of Adam & Eve by Rupprt Hughes. Tie that up!

Yestday I go into Thinking Studio of Hon. Geo. F. Ogre, to who I still enslave myself. This great producer & Gen. Boss of Hollywood set at desk, wearing his boots, to make his brain go more faster.

"Pencills!" he holla with eagles in his voice.

I deliver him six (6) sharpened ones, so he could cutt seleries faster. With one (1) fierce strokes he cutt mine again, so now I owe him 60c pr week to work for him.

"Togo," he dib, "question I ask to know is this. What we need in Hollywood? Hon. Boot Tarkington, manufacturer of Jackie Coogan, say we need less Love. Mrs. Franklin de Roosevelt say we need Babies Just Babies. Hel Belle! We got so many babies now (blonds prefurred) that we can't hardly pay for their divorces. No, I say so!"

"Yes," I say so.

"What Hollywood need are a New Note," he grooble.

"Hon. Geo. Gershwin make New Notes plenty," I dictate. "He have manufactured a new species of harmolica or mouth-oggan that can play 3 tunes at same time, all slightly wrong."

"You are talking garbage," snarrel Hon. Geo. F. Ogre with boots. "By New Note I mean we must get away from Love and other wild annimle pixtures. What can you snuggest?"

"Educational flims!!!" I exclam like Columbus.

"TOGO, you have said a face-full," he collapse. "But we must hurry quickly. I have just made a contrack with Hon. Clock Gabble, Hon. Garta Grebo, Hon. Blonde Joanelle, Hon. Ed. Robinson & 40 others. Let us get out a skinario for them before the money burns up! What are a Educational Flim, if anything?"

"It are something showing how a cow gives away milk, how to make dandelions grow and how grasshops brought Prohibition to Kansas," I divuldge. "This sort of Flim are made to bring brains to schools, colledges & other insane sylums."

"Goody!" relate Hon. Geo F. Ogre. "Togo, could you think me up title for a Educational Flim?"

"Could do," I narrate. "The Life of the Egg Plant would be a swelled title for one."

"Not could," he report. "If you wish to star a

LIFE of an EGG PLANT

Egg Plant in Hollywood you must put some Loor into it."

"O. & K," I say so. "Then we shall call our title, Love Life of a Egg Plant."

"What a Japanese!" gollify Hon. Ogre. "If I had a mind like yours I should keep it on ice. O Togo, put all your mentail enerjy to boiling and bring me round a Flim Play tomorrow morning a.m. at 10.36."

I go. He stay.



MR. EDITOR, did you ever write Hamlet or anything else? If you did, you know what brain-power burns inside your ears while you are thinking up originality. All night I work with my head in a friggidare to keep from melting. Then by morning, 10.36 a.m. time, I enrush back to thinking studio of Hon. Geo. F. Ogre, my proprietor. Both my hands was full of a play I had wrote.

And all scrambled together there, like persons awaiting for something, were following list of famous persnalities:

Hon. Clock Gabble, Hon. Garta Grebo, Hon. Blond Joanelle, Hon. Ed Robinson. And among the Xtras was Hon. Mary Pickford, Hon. Normal Shearer, the 4 Marks, the 3 Barrymoores and etc.

"You got play?" requesh Hon. Geo. F. Ogre.

"Got," I pronounce.

"What title?" renig Hon. Clock Gabble.

"Love Life of a Egg Plant," I rejoint.

"That are too tame and homelike," corrode Hon. Gabble. "If you do not change it to Passion in a Vegetable Garden I shall not play."

"Change it," dib Hon. Ogre, "and read what you got."

Therefore I read.

"THIS skinario open on News Reel Farm," I say so, "showing Hon. Jno D. Raskob opening the Eggplant Convention at Keokuk, Alaska. 'What the world need today,' he report with ring in his voice. 'are more Egg Plants and less Republickans.' While he are speeking this narration in walk Hon. Fillup Kettle, the Prize Egg Plant of 1932. 'Jno. D. Raskob,' he snarrel hashly, 'you are a lyre. 88½% of all unhappiness in America today are caused by egg plants.' 'Prove it!' howell Hon. Rascob. 'Folla me,' narrate Hon. Fillup. So he do and they do."

"Who shall play part of Hon. Fillup Kettle, an eggplant?" relect Hon. Ogre.

"Hon. Clock Gabble," I annoint.

"Hay! Hay!" he snork, making his eyes very disgusting.

"Do not look so hotty," dictate Sharpo Marks. "There are rich money in vegitible parts. One time me and my bros acted like 4 kokonutts and got ourselves wealthy."

"What other part you got in this screem play?" snuggest Hon. Ogre.

"There is a Tomato," I manage.

"That are a jewsy part," he say it. "And who is it for?"

(*Please turn to page* 98)

Illustrations by
HERB ROTH



SCENE 4: When next heard about Mr. Robinson are up in Newport, selling opium to the idol rich.

(Left) SCENE 3: ——and hits Warden Lawes.

She Laughs

JIM TULLY at his best—unfolding the story of the woman he regards as one of the greatest actresses ever to throw her shadow on the screen.

SHE represents millions of women in the world. Their defeats and their despairs are carried by her with a sort of breezy nonchalance that is always close to tears. She is one of the greatest actresses ever to throw her shadow on the screen. In real life, Edna May Oliver is a sensitive and lonely woman. Like Chaplin, her screen humor springs from a hurt heart, and like the pathetic little master of mimicry, she is shy and careworn.

More than anything else, the career of Edna May Oliver in Hollywood indicates the limitations of the screen. It is not quite resilient enough for so many-sided a personality. Today there is only one other woman in her



Photo by Robert W. Coburn

(Above) Edna May Oliver in "The Conquerers." (At right) In the living room of her large brick house, surrounded by flowers and shrubs. . . . A lonely woman, she is often melancholy.

to Keep from Crying

class as an actress—Marie Dressler.

Both have grown mellow from much suffering. Where Miss Dressler achieves her dramatic and humorous effects with emotion that often borders on burlesque, Miss Oliver's work is more restrained. A New England woman, she is the product of centuries of fears and inhibitions that curdled the warm milk of human life in her progenitors, and left their mark upon her as well.

THERE is, lurking always by the side of the comedienne in Miss Oliver, a great tragic actress. She will only be able to fulfil her destiny if a big enough story comes along. So far, she has had but one that fitted her talents, "Cimarron." Her work stood far above the usual balderdash in that film.

The producers have constantly endeavored to make of Edna May Oliver a type. It is their limitation, not hers. Miss Oliver is the universal woman. In only one particular does she differ from her millions of sisters—she laughs to keep from crying.

She was born of wealthy parents in Boston. Her lineage can be traced to John Quincy Adams, President of the United States. Her uncle, Freeman Adams Oliver, was a leading member of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The future actress was taught singing and the piano by her uncle. Gifted, without the inclination to pursue these studies, she devoted all the time possible to mimicry, and her dreams of becoming a great actress.

Her father, Charles Edward Nutter, was indulgent with her until his death, when Edna was fourteen.

Financial reverses soon came, and the family was reduced to genteel poverty.

Her uncle, still desirous of a career for her in grand opera, undertook her musical education. He placed her in charge of one of the leading teachers of the period. In two years she joined a small summer opera company which toured the parks of New England. A few weeks of singing in the damp open air, without proper precautions, ruined her voice. Forced to give up her twelve dollars a week salary, she returned home to find her mother in even more destitute circumstances. Her New England pride would not allow her to confide in Edna.

During Edna's girlhood, her hair hung several feet in a thick and beautiful golden braid.

Reading in a Boston (*Please turn to page* 103)





Photo by Ernest Bachrach

"Like Chaplin, her screen humor springs from a hurt heart. And, like the pathetic little master of mimicry, she is shy and careworn."


STATE FAIR
AUG. 25
TO
SEPT. 3
A
WHOLE
WEEK
OF FUN!



Departing radically from customary film practice, Fox is bringing out a down-to-the-earth rural epic, staking an all-star cast on it, and booking it as a super-special. Here are a number of scenes from Phil Stong's "State Fair." In the cast are Will Rogers, Janet Gaynor, Lew Ayres, Sally Eilers.





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Photo by Ernest Bachrach



Irene Dunne gives herself only five years of stardom. We give her a lifetime. Following the sensation she made in "Back Street," she repeats in "No Other Woman." Always building slowly, steadily. No fireworks. Just wonderful acting. Five years? . . . Ridiculous!

Photo by Ernest Bachrach



Here's a grand boy, Joel McCrea, one of the finest in movieland. Quiet, a lover of outdoor sports, preferring to be socially inconspicuous, he is, nevertheless, one of the most popular boys in Hollywood. See him in Constance Bennett's "Rock-a-bye."

ELSIE JANIS confesses:

The real story of the Personality-Plus Girl.



"When Helen announced her engagement to Charlie MacArthur, I thought, 'There's more in this little Hayes girl than meets the eye! Turn on the ears!'" At right: Helen Hayes when Miss Janis first saw her in 1906 . . . then an experienced actress of eight.

Photo from Globe Photos

"For years I stayed away from Helen Hayes because I thought she was just too sweet . . . but

NOW I THINK SHE'S SWELL"

By ELSIE JANIS

DON'T you think Helen Hayes is sweet?" . . . "I've never seen anything sweeter than Helen Hayes in 'Coquette!'" . . . "Hasn't Helen Hayes the sweetest little figure!"

With all the tenacity of an insurance broker, the inadequate and saccharine adjective "sweet" has dogged Helen's small footsteps on the road to fame, but at last that "ole davil" camera which sees all, shows all, and often takes all, has grabbed her out of the bon-bon class.

You don't win the Academy award for the best acting of the year by being sweet! Too many of the judges thrive on spice and acids! Her performance in "The Sin of Madelon Claudet" proved that, though she is a "sweetie," she is like those imported and hard-to-buy foreign ones that you bite into expecting cream and find to your embarrassment or joy, a mouthful of liquid containing a kick!

I SAW our little award winner first in 1906. She was then an experienced actress of eight, having already played two years in the local stock company of her home town, Washington, D. C. She probably only played a few weeks out of each year, because in those days romances were not often written about married couples and heroines did not flaunt children when in doubt, or without benefit of clergy.

I imagine, however, they chose plays with child rôles in them as often as possible, because a local infant prodigy soon becomes a drawing-card in the home town. There are the mothers who think their children could do better, the ones who can't wait until Mary Lou is big enough to try, the ones who are regretting that they didn't put Millicent on the stage before she began to grow so fast. Added to that is the general public which despite its screams of "That child ought to be home in bed!" will laugh at, cry with, and applaud children as long as they exist. At the time of going to press I've heard of no depression in the baby industry!

Helen made her New York début in good company. Lew Fields was the star, the play, "Old Dutch," an operetta with no less distinguished a composer than Victor Herbert, who conducted the orchestra. Among other comparatively unknown members of the cast were Vernon Castle, Ada Lewis and John Bunny.

They have all "gone on," but from the front-row seats which I'm sure they occupy on the other plane, they must get a thrill out of the activities of that "sweet" child they loved and predicted great things for, little Helen Hayes!

Four years she remained with Lew Fields, which brings her, you will find without much calculation, to the age of twelve and facing the uncertain teens.

IT'S odd that last month I should have been writing about how few child wonders ever achieve adult prominence and this month be asked to write about one of the rare exceptions. I find though, (after some super-snooping) that Helen took time out for growing.

It is apparent that she (*Please turn to page* 106)



Photo from Globe Photos

"Helen made her New York début in good company. Lew Fields was the star, the play 'Old Dutch.' . . . In the cast were Vernon Castle, Ada Lewis and John Bunny."

BEGINNING—

Great Mysteries



Photo by Wide World

Theda Bara as "Salome" in those good old days of her tremendous popularity and the first feature-length thrilling silents.

The Mystery of the Vanishing Vampire

or

WHAT HAPPENED TO THEDA BARA?

I WENT to see Theda Bara the other night.

What memories that name brings up! Memories of going to theaters packed with people to see pictures packed with passion; memories of Salomes with bare legs and writhing torsos; memories of Cleopatras in brassieres and asps!

What a woman she was, with her great waves of dark, lustrous hair thrown back from her fine forehead, her eyes set wide and glowing with the hungry fire of "The Tiger Woman," her rounding, generously voluptuous body alive with the vitality of "The She-Devil"!

And now? I know what the story needs. I should show you a poor, wizened old woman—hair thinned and grayed, eyes sunken and lack-luster, body shrivelled and weak—standing on a Hollywood street corner asking for alms. There, I should say, is the once great Theda Bara.

And what have we? A beautifully gowned woman in a beautiful home. The same waving, lustrous hair; the same wide-set, glowing eyes; the same sumptuousness, the same compelling vitality. The same Theda Bara!

"It was nice of you to come to see me," she said, extending a welcoming hand. "I am 'the forgotten woman,' now, you know."

"Nonsense!" I exclaimed, with an abruptness that I fear was not very polite. "Your public will always remember you."

"Perhaps you're right," she laughed, "but *how* will it remember me? For my 'wickedness'?"

That was a good start. It was as if this lovely, gracious woman of the world, her beauty bathed in the lamplight of her own home, her wine-red gown softly blending into the dark paneling of her luxurious living room, was inspired by this meeting—our first in more than a decade—to live over again the breathless years of her cinema triumphs.

"And yet," she philosophized as we settled ourselves comfortably by the open fire, "the 'wickedest' thing I ever did on the screen would seem tame now."

I wonder. There *were* scenes in "A Fool There Was," in "Carmen," in "Du Barry"—but I dismissed as unlikely the thought that Miss Bara's sudden and mysterious retirement from the screen had been due to remorse!

The thought that I could *not* get out of my head was that this woman beside me was still young, still beautiful, still possessed of those vibrant qualities which had lifted her to the movie heights.

Why had she fallen from those heights?

Why should she ever have fallen, this Cleopatra, this Salome, this woman for whom a wicked man would gladly lose an empire or a pious man a head?

What, in short, was the solution to the mystery of Theda Bara?

Well, this is the story. You can judge for yourself.

Her real name was not Theda Bara. It was Theodosia Goodman. Her mother's people, the De

of the MOVIES



Photo from Culver Service

At right: Theda Bara in "A Fool There Was," the first vampire picture; and (below), as she is today, known to Hollywood as Mrs. Charles Brabin.

By FREDERICK L. COLLINS

Photo by Daniel Sheehan



Coppets, were French. The family lived in Cincinnati.

The Goodmans were not rich people. Theodosia is said to have earned her living as a telephone operator. In time she became infected with the movie bug; went on to New York, which was then the movie capital; and landed a job as an extra girl at the Fort Lee Studios.

WINNIE SHEEHAN, then as now, general manager for the Fox organization, picked her out of a mob as a possible candidate for the leading rôle in a Broadway play which he was about to make into a picture. She tested well. She was the type—and she got the part.

The play was "A Fool There Was," by Porter Emerson Browne. Robert Hilliard had starred in it on Broadway. It was based on Rudyard Kipling's poem, "The Vampire":

"A fool there was and he made his prayer,
Even as you and I,
To a rag and a bone and hank of hair. . . ."

It was the first vampire picture. It was an instant success. Clergymen raged against it. Audiences raged about it. Theda Bara, as the vampire, woke up to find herself a theatrical institution.

"Give us more vampires," the people demanded.

"Give us more Theda Bara!"

The way the gang pictures swept the country was as nothing by comparison. The growth of the Gable vogue was a snail's progress compared with the sudden blooming of the Bara.

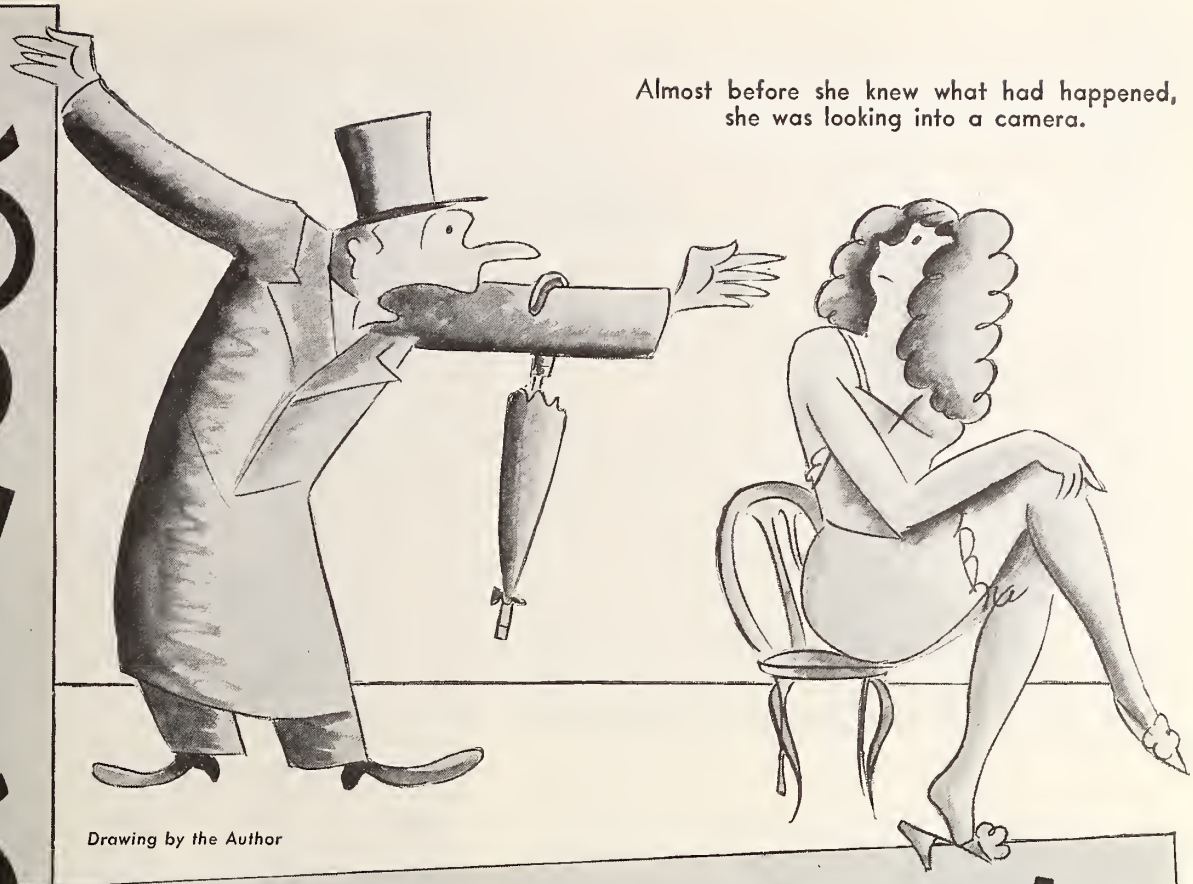
Well, they gave them more vampires, ancient and modern; and more Theda Bara, with and without clothes: "Carmen," "Her Double Life," "When a Woman Sins," "The (*Please turn to page* 76)

William A. Fraker



Raquel Torres, Columbia's dazzling brunette player, in "That's Africa," featuring Wheeler and Woolsey, was born on Armistice Day, just eight years before we called it that. Off screen, she indulges her artistic instinct in making charcoal sketches and her appetite in chicken chow-mein. She's famous throughout Spanish-speaking countries as a star in foreign versions of American films.

COOK'S LOOK



Almost before she knew what had happened, she was looking into a camera.

Drawing by the Author

By TeD CooK

MOST alarming announcement of the month:

"I don't want just to be known as an IT-girl. In the last five days I have read eleven books."—Clara Bow.

Clara, we beg of you, do not let fame
For showing your lingerie bring you to shame!
Let Lady Chatterton faultlessly reflex
Perfect behavior, superior complex.
Clara, beware of profound meditation,
'Twill merely conduct you to woe and frustration.
Your natural bent, your bulge and your dimple
Are very important—and quite pure and simple;
Don't give in now to the self-conscious blush,
Disport in your scanties, carefree and lush.

Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences has been asked to make an award for "the best theater lobby display of the year."

Why stop at that? Why not give a medal to the most bored appearing motion picture usher?

And toss a rose to the costume designer who goes farthest south in cutting a gown for Jean Harlow.

And give a nod to the adaptation writer who hacks deepest into the vitals of a successful novel.

BERT KALMAR ought to get an Academy award for the story he's circulating:

A couple of men were cutting a log with a cross-cut saw. One man was an enormous brute. The other fellow was an emaciated shrimp. An Irishman stood watching them pull and saw back and forth, back and forth. Suddenly the Irishman, his face flushed with anger, stepped up to the big fellow, socked him right on the jaw, and indignantly sputtered:

"If the little guy wants the saw let him have it!"

NICKNAMES OF THE STARS

Joan Blondell is always called "Dearie" by salesgirls. (*Please turn to page* 86)

Our inimitable humorist running wild in Hollywood



Photo by Tower Studios

"If you don't believe that most people think with their eyes," Will Hays remarked to Will Irwin, "why not take a look at our letters from the general public? We have ten years of them stacked away in the vaults."

LETTERS the Public writes to WILL HAYS

Another in the series on Will Hays' Ten Years in the Movies

By WILL IRWIN

THE motion picture," remarked Will Hays, "interests more people more profoundly than anything else in the world."

"Oh, come now!" said I, being that afternoon in an argumentative mood. "You can't mean that literally! What about journalism? Or politics?"

"Probably," he replied, "more people read newspapers than see motion pictures. And yet, when you think of the children—who get nothing out of newspapers except the comic strips—and the vast illiterate populations in backward countries, the difference is not so great after all. But that's mere quantity. For intensity of interest—the comparison is all in favor of the cinema. Most people think with their eyes. If you don't believe this, why not take a look at our letters from the general public? We have ten years of them stacked up in the vaults."

When Hays undertook his duties as head of the movies, he had some idea of encouraging the public to write to him, telling him what was good or bad about the cinema. He found almost at once that the public needed no encouragement.

As every motion picture fan knows, the stars have always received letters by bales and tons. In the nature of things, these effusions are mostly wild paeans of cloying laudation. When they happen to be critical, the star or her secretary sees that they go to the furnace before another eye falls on them.

Even at that, the most indignant citizen somehow hesitates to say it to the face of an offending actor. So before 1922, the kickers and complainants, when moved to put their thoughts on paper, could only write to the producer whose film they found distasteful. The mail clerk at the studio usually dropped such letters, unanswered, into the wastebasket.

The Hays organization, widely advertised in the newspapers, gave the kickers a vent to blow off steam. By tens of thousands, they dipped their pens in vitriol and wrote Hays. And although many of them hated the motion picture on principle, they all did good service to its cause.

By these letters, almost as much as by the opinions and observations of three hundred national organizations represented in their advisory committees, Hays and Joy and Milliken learned what the public will and will not stand for, what offends, and conversely what pleases. For ten years this correspondence—almost all of it critical—has been (*Please turn to page* 95)

Changed

WHAT a different Marlene Dietrich! Out of her shell . . . giving interviews . . . allowing herself to be photographed even in her trousers. Frank. Rebellious. But still the loneliest girl in Hollywood.

"I'm tired of contracts," she says. "Want to make a picture when I want to make it—when I think the story is good. Want to go back to the stage.

"Money doesn't mean anything to me. . . . I'm tired of working so hard. . . . Hollywood is like a resort—home is peaceful. . . .

"Take these pants, for instance." She patted one leg. "I wore them before I went to America. No one in Berlin wondered. I love them. They're so comfortable. And they never go out of style."

The first informal pictures taken of Marlene Dietrich in years for which she willingly posed. One shows her walking down Hollywood Boulevard, the other dining at The Brown Derby.





Photographed for New Movie by Wide World

How GARBO puts

Paris dictates fashions but they don't get across with young America unless some of Hollywood's favorites take them up

By VIRGINIA SCHMITZ



Wide World



Globe Photos



Clothes and personality are all mixed up in the glamour that is Garbo. Here she is (lower left) before she achieved the personal glamour and the clothes glamour that made her famous. Above, left: In a fashion-making square-on hat. Above, right: This is a typical advertisement from Gimbel Brothers, New York.

Glamour into Clothes



Here's what a platinum wig, skillful make-up and the famous Garbo romantic high neck, plus black velvet, will do for a girl. Garbo in a scene from "As You Desire Me." Right: The Garbo look becomes copy in a Saks Fifth Avenue advertisement.



off-for-sweden

For that inscrutable look the Great Garbo made famous, muffle yourself from chin to toe in black velvet and go Out Into the Night. This devastating wrap uses yards and yards of black matt velvet, lined with white satin. All pretty staggering.

AND if you had your choice, whose clothes would you step into?

Not those of a Paris mannequin. Not those of a New York society leader. Not those of a mythical crown princess.

Garbo's!

Maybe you wouldn't want to step into Garbo's shoes. They aren't quite glass-slipper size. But you'd take the shoes along with the rest if that were part of the bargain.

You'd take the Garbo long line, the Garbo clinging velvet, the Garbo romantic high neck, the Garbo low back—but you've taken them. You're wearing Garbo's clothes already.

It's been a gradual invasion of your wardrobe, so gradual that perhaps you haven't realized. Maybe, too, you haven't had time to stop and take notice that at least half of the girls in the advertisements wearing clothes for your approval are modeled after Garbo.

For more than three years now the men and women behind the scenes who draw fascinating pictures of what the stores and shops have to sell you have been using Garbo, consciously or unconsciously, as their model. Look through your newspaper and you'll find as many as ten Garbo heads.

And that isn't all. You are reminded that this long, black velvet evening wrap has the Garbo inscrutable look; that that perky down-in-front hat is the kind that Garbo wears; that these sports pajamas have that Garbo languor; that this ultra evening gown has that Garbo glamour.

PARIS is still the fashion dictator of the world on paper. But Paris must get Hollywood to accept and use its fashions if it wants to make a dent on young America. Garbo, of course, isn't the only actress who sets styles by what she wears.

But the Garbo influence goes deeper and is more comprehensive than that of the rest. Not a copy of one of her dresses nor all of them is the point. It's an attempt to get the same mood that Garbo expresses. You are not offered a "Susan Lennox" dress but a gown will catch for you the glamour that is Garbo. It's more subtle; it's more (*Please turn to page* 84)

Our Hollywood Boulevardier voices an anguished—

"For Shame!"

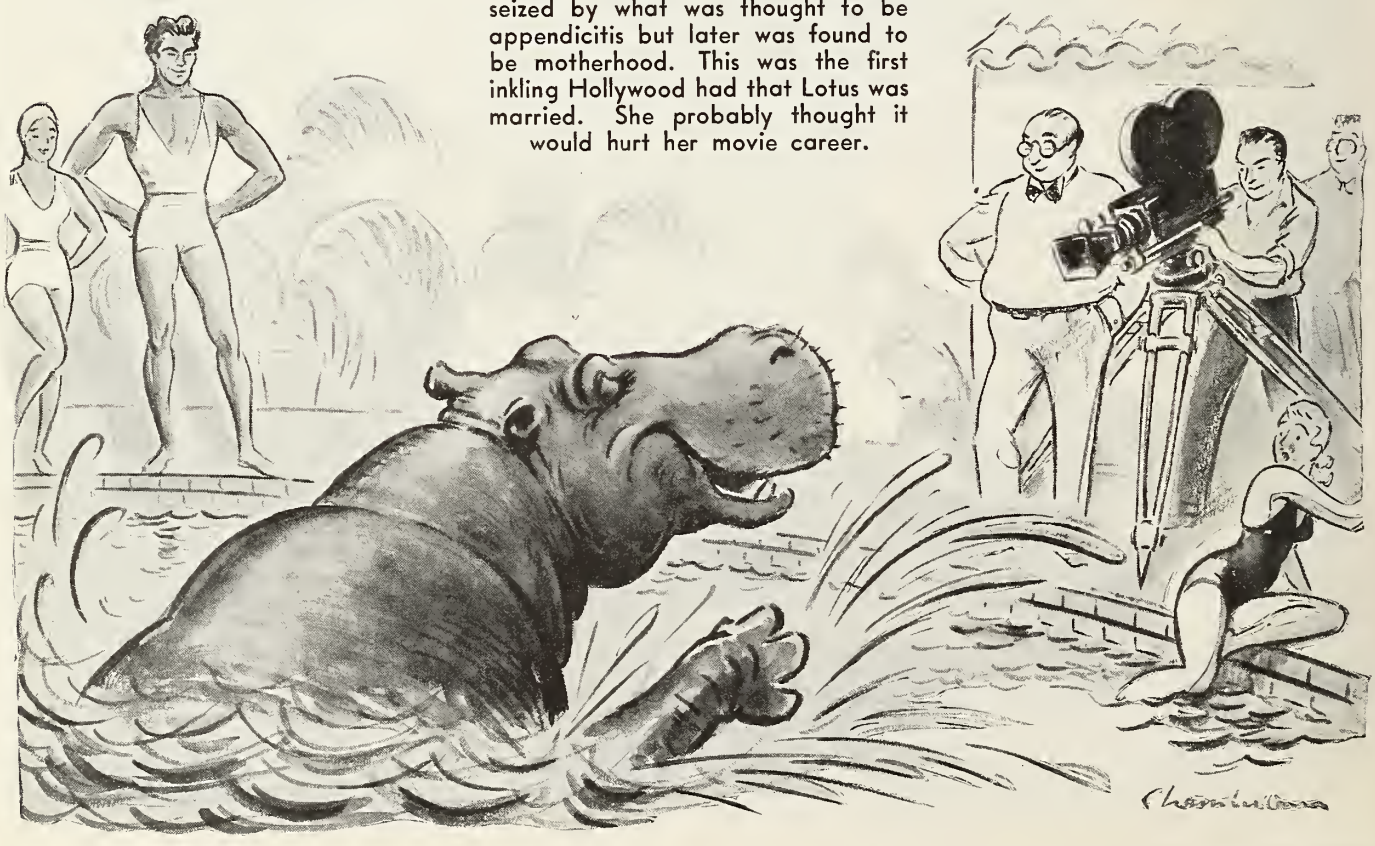
DEAR old Hollywood Boulevard grows to look more and more like *Sadie Thompson*. A frowsy ensemble of gawdy shops, a jangle of scarlet and gilt and aluminum fronts stridently hawking bargains, cut-rates, two for the price of one and what am I offered? Signed star photos, implying indorsement, in every window as come-alongs. Beauté salons screaming special combination offers of croquignole, brow arch, platinum bleach that will make you a Harlow while you wait. Fountain lunch counters slyly tempting the carnal appetite with William Powell parfaits, Bill Haines nut sundaes, Marlene Dietrich delights. Clothing store—no suit over forty dollars—"Wear What the Stars Wear." Nickelodeon lunch—no dish over five cents—"Eat Where the Stars Eat. . . ."

I'M surprised that no Woman's Patriotic Corporation detected the sinister influence of Moscow undermining the piety of dear old Hollywood during the Yuletide. It was the only obvious explanation for this terrible atrocity.

For years now the Boul' has been converted into Santa Claus Lane. Lighted fir trees and pictures of Santa embraced the lamp posts. This season it mysteriously became the Path of Fame. Images of St. Nicholas were displaced by icons of movie idols, just as in Russia, they tell us, the saints have been displaced by unsanctified mortals. But I doubt if the Russians in their maddest militant godlessness ever perpetrated such iniquities as offended our eyes this Hollywood Christmas. Monstrous painted faces, attributed to movie stars, smirked from tin horse collars affixed to the posts. If you hadn't been told that these were film gods and that it was Christmas you'd have thought surely the Minsky Burlesquers had seized the town.

THE older generation, devout in its belief in Santa Claus, was undoubtedly shocked. But godless youth exulted in the pagan spree. Kiddies roamed the Boul', each intent on choosing a star for his new Santa. It was no mean task identifying one's favorite. One plump girlie who stood in adoration before the image of Janet Gaynor got quite a shock when she discovered that the artist intended it to be Jimmy Cagney.

I chose Jean Harlow for my Santa. Santa Jean was appropriately stationed in front of a bank. I wrote her a letter telling her what I wanted and sat up all night waiting for her to come down the chimney. Her failure to make a personal appearance disgusted me with the new order of things. It seems that movie goddesses are just as mythical as the others. And now I don't seem to believe in anything any more.



Lotus' film career has been temporarily retarded. She was suddenly seized by what was thought to be appendicitis but later was found to be motherhood. This was the first inkling Hollywood had that Lotus was married. She probably thought it would hurt her movie career.

HERB HOWE suddenly realizes that his precious Boulevard has become a frowsy ensemble of gaudy shops and a jangle of scarlet and gilt



The cops are now nabbing everyone on the Boulevard after twelve o'clock. That is, pedestrians. If you ride in a car, even a stolen one, you are above suspicion.

Director Van Dyke confesses that he took a bunch of New Movie magazines into the Arctic. He says the Eskimo girls are now trying to dress like movie stars. And no doubt catching flu like them, too.



Illustrations by KEN CHAMBERLAIN

I CAN'T bring myself to blame Santa Jean. I found that most of my buddies had chosen her, and she couldn't possibly have made the rounds. Maybe I'll try once more next Christmas and choose Santa Marlene Dietrich.

Poem:

It was the night before Christmas and all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse. . . .
When Bang! Bang! . . .

Down the chimney came Santa Marlene and her twelve bodyguards. . . . No, I wouldn't care for that either, on second thought.

IN view of the godless carryings on, Cecil DeMille's "The Sign of the Cross" arrived auspiciously. Brother DeMille is, in my opinion, the most persuasive evangelist next to Aimee McPherson. Brother and Sister know how to outwit Satan by putting on a better show.

In "The Sign of the Cross," Brother DeMille shows you Hollywood in Nero's time. We don't seem to have changed much in spite of Will Hays' spiritual guidance. In the very first shot Nero complained of a head. And we've been blaming the bootleggers!

True, we no longer feed Christians to the lions. Lions are awfully expensive. And there aren't many left since Gary Cooper visited Africa. The reason Mr. DeMille didn't show you the lions actually eating the actors is that the lions refused. Actors were ham and cats were kosher.

OLD Maestro DeMille knows how to build suspense as few directors do. I do not refer to the chariots-to-the-rescue, but to the cats lapping Miss Colbert's milk bath. You kept rooting for them. Of course the odds were against them. There should have been more cats.

IF Fredric March had not received the Academy Award for his *Jekyll-Hyde* I feel he should have had it for his Roman prefect in "The Sign of the Cross." The actor who can wear Queen Marie's headdress and Marlene Dietrich's tunic from "Morocco" without once suggesting a female impersonation is certainly entitled to the statue of a man.

CLAUDETTE COLBERT also deserves an award. She was every inch the pagan Empress even after splashing around in that (*Please turn to page* 101)



George Brent's latest photograph—in a pose made especially for the New Movie Magazine. Completing "Forty-Second Street," with its galaxy of stars, he has been rushed into "The Keyhole," with only a brief rest. Apparently he thrives on work.

Photo by Bert Longworth



Exclusive New Movie Magazine photo by Wide World

"JIMINY CRICKETS, FOLKS, Ive Gone Hollywood!"

SEZ CHIC SALE

The Specialist—in this exclusive confession—admits he jes' went too far and overdone it



Well, folks, I've gone Hollywood, and I'll tell you why! When I first come out here I spent the time sorta knockin' around lookin' things over. Didn't see much to amuse me, but one day I run into one of them big Movie men. He sized me up and says, "How'd you like to play a grandpa part in a picture?" Well, I was a little 'sprised, 'cause I really wasn't a grandpa; but, I musta looked it fer they said, "Sign here." When the feller who puts on the whiskers come along, he took one look at me and says, "Boys, here's where we cut down expenses; we won't have to make him up much."



Now, I'll admit I was beginning to feel kinda aged—my back hurt me worse'n ever, I was all bent over, and I sez to myself, "It won't be long now."

I'd heard about the violet ray and what the sun will do to you if it gets a chance, so I made up my mind when this picture was over that what I should do was to get out and soak up some of this sunshine. Well, sir, that's exactly what I did and I don't mind tellin' you right now, that I'm a little bit worried—'cause the sunshine's got me and I'm beginnin' to feel my oats!

One day I felt so good I begin to size things up, and I says to myself that if I'm (*Please turn to page* 94)



Charles (Chic) Sale, the Urbana, Ill., boy who made good in the big movie city, (left) as he is today, gone juvenile, and (all over the page) as you have seen him on the screen.

LIP to LIP

Here's how Hollywood actresses get those luscious curves you've admired





Eleanor Halm (above), Warner Brothers starlet and swimming champion, likes cream rouge. She applies it with a small pledget of cotton.

Adrienne Ames (right), Paramount player, prefers liquid rouge, and applies it with a camel's hair brush. "I find it stays an longer," she says.

Mary Masan (below), RKO starlet, would rather use a lipstick. "I can get a more even effect and don't smear up my hands," she told us.



Evalyn Knapp, wha has been tald she has the handsamest mauth in Hallywaad, carries a lipstick. "It's handier because you can apply it in a jiffy without remaving yaur gloves," she says.





First a lipstick, then a finishing touch with the finger and finally a rolled up piece of tissue to give the Cupid's baw indentation far the upper lip—that's Mary Carlisle's methad. She uses a light shade of rauge.



Julie Haydon prefers a lipstick for any and all accasians. "But I always have ta put the finishing tauch an with my finger." Julie makes up her mouth right ta the very carners, it's that small.



Try to laugh this one off. Jack Oakie laughing at himself, but not professionally. Groucho Marx was helping to take the picture, acting as the birdie. "Take that laugh off," he yelled at the wrong moment. "You look exactly like Wheeler and Woolsey."

Photo by Otto Dyar



Drawing by John Hix himself

HESTER ROBISON MEETS

The Stranger

UNTIL five years ago people were just people and things were just things to John Hix. Then—one bright and profitable morning the editor of the syndicate where John, then twenty years of age, worked called the boy into his office. He harrumphed importantly. He said the syndicate wanted a new cartoon feature that would startle the world.

John went home, sat up all night thinking and drawing and making dollar signs in the air to give him additional inspiration, and the result was—"Strange As It Seems." And since the day he started drawing cartoons of the strangest things that ever were, are or will be in the world, life has changed for John. People are no longer people; they are strange creatures. Things are no longer things and the commonplace is no longer commonplace. Everything moves in an aura of mystery.

"Uncle Carl" Laemmle, who heads Universal Pictures, saw the cartoons and signed John. Now "Uncle Carl" may be found at almost any hour of the day or night hanging around the (*Please turn to page* 100)

STEPPING OUT WITH THE STARS

HOW HOLLYWOOD ENTERTAINS



You can't keep Jack Oakie quiet, even at parties. Here he is at the party Helen Kane and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Irwin gave. He's photographing Johnny Weissmuller and Lupe Velez for New Movie Magazine.



Photo by Wide World

Jean Harlow and Grace Kingsley, New Movie's society reporter, at the Helen Kane-Charles Irwin festivities.

GRACE KINGSLEY, New Movie Magazine's society reporter, takes you on a round of parties

LIGHTS glowing from every window and a garden gate wide open beckoned Jose Crespo, the Spanish actor, and myself into the home of Helen Kane, the Boop-a-Doop Girl, and of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Irwin, where the trio were giving a party, assisted by Max Hoffman, son of Gertrude Hoffman, famous dancer of fifteen years ago.

The huge house simply overflowed with guests. Helen's round little figure was clad in green taffeta, a daring gown, by the way, not low at the neck, but with two slits in front, otherwise tight fitting from top to toe. Mrs. Irwin wore a black velvet dress with ruffles running diagonally around the skirt, and lined with rose-colored silk.

Jean Harlow arrived presently and said hello. Her platinum blondness was set off by a gown, simply made, of black and white, sleeveless, low at the neck, the skirt being black pebbled crêpe, long and clinging, while the waist, attached to the skirt at the waistline, was of white pebbled crêpe.

The only ornament Jean wore was a striking one, a large black onyx cross unrelieved by any stone, worn on a chain. It was, we understood, a present from her late husband, Paul Bern.

The gay Jean of yore is changed. She is quiet, a little sad.

Bruce Cabot was telling her that she had spoiled the golf game of himself and a friend the day before—"because I had to watch you playing just ahead of me—couldn't keep my mind on my game—while my friend couldn't play because he couldn't swear on account of your proximity." Jean came out with her father and mother.

PRETTY, wide-eyed Patricia Ellis was there with Tom Brown. This seems on the way to being a permanent combination. Tom said he had been trying to paint his house, but had got more paint on himself and the dog, not to mention the lawn, than on the house, so he had finally given in and hired a painter.

Tom said that Sally Eilers had pulled (*Please turn to page* 120)

That Certain Something

Why is Melvyn Douglas always cast as the siren's foil?

By DOROTHY DAVIS

WHY is it producers pick Melvyn Douglas whenever they need a leading man for an exotic star? That's what I want to know!

Every time there is a colorful, vivid rôle for a leading man, they say "Melvyn Douglas"—and that's that. There must be a reason for such persistent selection of one man for one type of rôle.

Of course we know he made an overnight sensation opposite Gloria Swanson in "Tonight or Never," as a drunken weakling, and was a most despicable character in Ann Harding's one venture into an exotic locale in "Prestige," (yet we still loved him); that Garbo requested him for her lead in "As You Desire Me"; that he played opposite Claudette Colbert and Lilyan Tashman at Paramount, and opposite the screen's own little spitfire, Lupe Velez, at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, and that when they needed a man to play a dramatic rôle in an exotic locale opposite Tala Birell in "Nagana," Melvyn Douglas was selected forthwith without any hesitation whatever.

Now, let's guess why this is so. . . . I'm going to take a few guesses; see if you think I'm right!

He has that certain restraint, that certain cynical something which experienced ladies of allure need to make their particular brand of appeal more potent. He seems superior, whimsical, amused at women and their capriciousness. He has the ability to form a romantic and intriguing background for the love intrigues of beautiful women.

Perhaps this man's greatest appeal is the feeling one has that no matter what happens it does not surprise him; the feeling that he knows all the answers before a woman approaches him. One instinctively feels that if a woman is going to try and put anything over on this man she will have to be more clever than the average—and that at any moment she may receive just what's coming to her. It is much like watching a fight to death between two well-matched animals.

THE audience feels a certain pity and sympathy for the man who is the average romantic type when a Garbo, a Swanson, or a Birell falls in love with him. They feel it is an unfair match from the very beginning. Their innate sense of fair play resents the very helplessness of her victim. No ordinary man makes a good foil for this sort of woman. . . . Now, with Melvyn—it's altogether (*Please turn to page* 81)

"YOU'D BETTER WATCH OUT, GIRLS!"

"HE HAS THAT CERTAIN RESTRAINT"

"SUPERIOR, AMUSED AT WOMEN"

"BUT HE CAN TAKE CARE OF HIMSELF"





Photo by K. O. Rahmn

Mary Pickford and Leslie Howard in "Secrets," directed by Frank Borzage—a combination difficult to beat.

Nancy Carroll and John Boles in "Child of Manhattan," which reminds you of Nancy's "The Shopworn Angel." You'll see Buck Jones sans his cowboy outfit.

Gloria Swanson and Laurence Olivier in the British-made picture, "Perfect Understanding," in which Gloria's husband plays her screen mate. An almost all-English cast.

NEW PICTURES YOU

The National Digest of the Best Talking Films

THE MASQUERADER — (United Artists)—This rather famous play has been changed somewhat on its voyage to the screen but the changes are unimportant when the main rôle or—rôles, for it is a dual character play—are in the hands of Ronald Colman.

Playing a member of Parliament and his cousin, Mr. Colman adds more laurels to his already crowded crown. Not since "Arrowsmith" has he tackled a rôle that called for the intense feeling displayed in this. One scene calls for his dying the torture-ridden death that comes finally to all drug-addicts. Mr. Colman can do this, and rob it entirely of any gruesome terror that ordinarily it might hold; and he can make the last few moments look to be, as they most certainly are sometimes, a happy surcease from a pain that has grown too great to be borne longer.

There are lighter moments, too. Mr. Colman replaces his dead cousin as a member of Parliament, takes over all his effects and duties and, as a crowning climax, takes over his wife.

Elissa Landi, also an English star like Mr. Colman, plays the leading feminine rôle. They are supported by Halliwell Hobbes, Juliette Compton, David Torrence and Creighton Hale. Richard Wallace directed and the finished production is one that should be placed on everyone's movie list.

SECRETS — (United Artists) — It would be hard to imagine a better or more complete production unit than the one that made "Secrets." First we have Mary Pickford, America's first screen sweetheart, in her first rôle of the year. Second we have Leslie Howard, always a favorite and more so than ever after his excellent work in "The Animal Kingdom" and one or two other recent successes, including "Smilin' Through." Third we have Frank Borzage as director, the man who made "Seventh Heaven," "Bad Boy," and more recently "A Farewell to Arms."



Edmund Lowe, Lupe Velez and Victor McLaglen in a speakeasy comedy called "Hot Pepper."



Sally Eilers and Richard Barthelmess in "Grand Central Airport," sometimes called "Central Airport," planned as a sort of epic of commercial flying.



Claudette Colbert and Fredric March in "Tonight is Ours," once known as "The Queen Was in the Parlor," taken from Noel Coward's play.



Irene Dunne and Phillips Holmes in "The Secret of Mme. Blanche," another picture adding to the laurels of this actress.

SHOULD SEE—and WHY

No one can touch Miss Pickford when it comes to playing the type of rôle that made her famous, there is no better romantic lead than Leslie Howard and the director has been responsible for three of the sweetest, most touchingly human pictures that have ever been made. The answer had to be a success.

It is a different story from any that Mary has done before. Starting in Salem, Mass., where she elopes with Leslie Howard, it carries her through the upgrowth of the Middle West, into California, where her husband begins to show promise in politics. Finally it leaves them in Washington, with a firm place among those who shape the country's destiny and with their own happiness assured.

The picture is not quite in its final form, as yet, and the definite release date has not been decided upon. However, it is well worth waiting for.

ACCORDING TO US THE ONE BEST PICTURE OF THE MONTH IS

THE MASQUERADER—**because the story gives Ronald Colman a chance to combine the rare drama of "Arrowsmith" and the cheerful effrontery of "Devil-May-Care."**

AND YOU SHOULD ALSO SEE

SECRETS—**because Mary Pickford and Leslie Howard, directed by Frank Borzage, are a treat that comes seldom.**

TONIGHT IS OURS—**because Noel Coward's story becomes brilliant entertainment in the hands of Fredric March and Claudette Colbert.**

HELL BELOW—**because M-G-M has a different type of show . . . a swell cast . . . and Schnozzle Durante.**

TONIGHT IS OURS—(Paramount)—This is the second of the Noel Coward stories to be made into pictures this year, the first being "Cavalcade." While "Cavalcade" must probably be ranked as the most important, your reviewer has what he thinks is a shrewd idea that most of the movie goers will like "Tonight is Ours" quite as well.

Probably you've all heard about the little princess who loved a commoner and couldn't marry him because she had to marry the big, bad, prince from a neighboring country. Maybe you know what always happens in the end . . . . But if you do, you can forget all about it, for when Claudette Colbert plays the princess and Fredric March plays the commoner, it's a very different story, especially when the dialogue is by Noel Coward.

In case this isn't enough to persuade you to put this picture on the list of those you've got to see, let us add that Alison Skipworth, Stuart Walker and Arthur Byron are in the supporting rôles.

Remember "Private Lives" . . . then think what Miss Colbert and Mr. March can do with a story that is every bit as good.

HELL BELOW—(M-G-M)—This is the most masculine rôle ever attempted by Robert Montgomery and he is hard pressed to defend his laurels against the histrionic onslaughts of an excellent accompanying cast.

The story, an intensely dramatic one by Commander Ellsberg, concerns the pig-boat, or submarine flotilla, during the war. Montgomery, as a young naval lieutenant, falls in love with his commander's daughter, only to find later that she is already married to a wounded soldier.



Randolph Scott, Charles Grapewin, Kate Smith and Sally Blane in "Hello, Everybody."





Loretta Young and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., in "The Sucker," an exciting story, which bids fair to be one of Doug. Jr's. most successful.

Here we see Zita Johann and George Brent in a scene from Paramount's "Luxury Liner."

Unreasoning, Montgomery comes to hate his Commander, played by Walter Huston, and the tiny confines of the pig-boat turn to a hell of hate and jealousy. Finally, during a skirmish in which the sub is almost sent to the bottom, Montgomery comes to his senses, realizes that there can be a time when duty is more than love of self or even Love . . . and so he stays behind to face certain death, after forcing his commander through the air-lock, in order to make a desperate attempt to trap the enemy fleet.

In spite of the dramatic story there are many laughs, chiefly contributed by Jimmy (Schnozzle) Durante and Eugene Pallette. The submarine scenes are entirely authentic and were taken at the submarine base of the United States Navy in Honolulu.

A fine picture for the whole family.

THE GREAT JASPER — (Radio Pictures)—Fulton Oursler created one of the most rampant characters of recent fiction in his Jasper Horn, the rôle played by Richard Dix in his latest picture.

Jasper is a pagan, a two-fisted Sybarite, who takes his fun and his women where he finds them, and spends most of his life looking. Any woman who has known Jasper never forgets him; even his wife, the one woman he cannot charm, cannot wholly forget him. Richard Dix has never played a rôle of this type before, in fact, nothing quite like it has even been attempted. But the result is certainly quite worth while.

We see Dix from a two-fisted youngster on a street-car line, in the midst of a violent love-affair with the owner's wife, to a lusty manhood in which never a day passes without at least a glimpse of the excitement on which Jasper thrives. Naturally, there are several ladies in the cast, including Florence Eldridge, Wera Engles, Dorothy Wilson and Edna Mae Oliver. Miss Oliver, however, does not contribute to one of Jasper's more romantic moments.

We think you'll like this one.

DON'T MISS:

THE GREAT JASPER—because it contains the meatiest, gaudiest characterization of the year. It's a modern Droll Story.

SHE DONE HIM WRONG—because Mae West fills a long-felt movie need and is better than swell.

HELLO, EVERYBODY—because the Kate Smith fans are legion and they will like their favorite.

PRIVATE JONES—because Lee Tracy is in it . . . and they have given him some wonderful lines.

HOT PEPPER—because Lowe and McLaglen can be funny when they have a good story and Lupe Velez to help them.

THE BLUE MOON MURDER CASE—because it is the best mystery story of the month and will keep you guessing.

PERFECT UNDERSTANDING—because Gloria Swanson is seen too seldom for you to miss her.

THE SUCKER—because a brililant cast makes dandy entertainment out of an exciting story.

SHE DONE HIM WRONG—(Paramount)—Mae West, who, we are willing to bet, is known in every town and hamlet in these more-or-less United States, turned author as well as star on this story and there is certainly no one better qualified to write on the subject.

Directed by Lowell Sherman, who is one of the smarter directors, Mae West brings to the screen a gaudy story of beer-garden life in New York in a manner that only "Diamond Lil" would dare attempt.

Mae West shocked even Broadway, the blase, with her torrid "Sex" some years ago and since then has been looked upon as somewhat of an authority on the subject. In "She Done Him Wrong" Mae sets about the



Walter Huston, Jimmie Durante, Eugene Pallette, John Mahin and Charles Dorian in "Hell Below."



Ronald Colman and Juliette Compton in "The Masquerader," selected as the best picture of the month.

George Arliss and his wife in the latest Arliss film, "The King's Vacation," another delight for his fans.



Mae West in "She Done Him Wrong," a highly amusing film that will make many remember her stage success, "Diamond Lil."

life work of collecting as many diamonds as possible from as many men who will show interest.

You may take your reviewer's word for it that the results are staggering. There is a grand cast in support of Miss West. Noah Beery, Cary Grant, Owen Moore, Marian Marsh and Rochelle Hudson all add considerably to the evening's fun . . . and fun it certainly is. You can be very sure that this picture is something quite new for your movie experiences.

A trifle strong for the weak sisters . . . but rare stuff for any who like brisk entertainment with a kick.

HELLO EVERYBODY — (Paramount)—There is no getting away from the fact that Kate Smith has one of the most pleasing personalities among present day entertainers on stage, screen or radio. In "Hello Everybody" she has no story at all, or at least, as little as a picture can possibly have, yet she makes much of it and manages to grace the rather trite situations with real importance.

Smiling Kate shines, under the direction of William Seiter, as the small town radio star who goes to the big city and makes enough money to come back and save the happiness and fortunes of her small town neighbors. A simple but pleasing enough story that wouldn't mean much if our Kate were not the most popular singer on the radio.

PRIVATE JONES — (Universal) — Lee Tracy, who during the past few months had advanced to a place near the top of the list, saves "Private Jones" from being just another war picture.

Tracy is good for plenty of laughs as the cocky, devil-may-care private who struts through the war with a chip on his shoulder, willing to fight anyone but the Germans.

There is a slightly saccharine ending that might have been tragic, but which becomes human, and funny, in the hands of the capable Mr. Tracy.

This one should entertain anyone who sees it.

HOT PEPPER — (Fox) — Personally, your reviewer liked this story better than any that the famous combination of "Quirt and Flagg" ever had. This time McLaglen appears as a speakeasy owner and Lowe as a slick-article who lives by his wits alone and doesn't have a hard time doing it. The luscious and lively Lupe Velez furnishes the red pepper and ought to be seasoning much to your taste.

El Brendel supplies the comedy and the whole show is much more smartly paced than the past McLaglen-Lowe vehicles have been. In case you haven't seen Miss Velez in any of her latest pictures, I would beg to report that in my opinion, she is



Mary Brian, Glenda Farrell and Lyle Talbot in "The Blue Moon Murder Case," a new mystery thriller—the best of the month.



Joan Blondell and Allen Vincent in "Broadway Bad," in which Joan has both a hectic and a miserable time in the big city.



Chester Morris and Genevieve Tobin in "The Infernal Machine," which sounds serious, but really isn't.



Warner Baxter and Florence Eldridge in "Dangerously Yours," in which the thief falls good and hard for his lovely captor.

the most improved player in Hollywood. . . . At least, so far as looks are concerned.

THE BLUE MOON MURDER CASE—(Warner-First National)—This is from an original story by S. S. Van Dine and is interesting for the unusual story twists it contains.

To tip off the story would spoil the show, but those who care for mystery will find this a dish to their liking in the hands of such capable players as Ben Lyon, Peggy Shannon, Lyle Talbot and Guy Kibbee. Mr. Kibbee has a rôle that he must have enjoyed immensely . . . not quite as much as you will, however.

THE SUCKER—(Warner Brothers)—Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., has not been blessed with very good screen stories of late, but "The Sucker" gives him a much better break. Not only does he get a story, but also one of the swellest supporting casts of the year.

Doug plays a "sucker" fighter with tons of "stuff" and a weakness for the women. Though the story has a boxing background it's far from a fight story and Mr. Fairbanks has plenty of trouble holding the starring position against the onslaughts of a cracker-jack cast. Guy Kibbee, who is fast becoming this reviewer's favorite character actor, and Aline MacMahon who scored smash hits in "Silver Dollar" and "Life Begins," both add more feathers to their caps, while Loretta Young is sweeter than ever and much more competent.

If that isn't enough for you, we also have Fifi Dorsay, Lyle Talbot and Farina, whom you'll want to see more of. There are also some girls, more girls, and then more girls and not one of them that isn't an eye-stopper. Archie Mayo must have enjoyed his job as director.

PERFECT UNDERSTANDING—(United Artists)—Gloria Swanson offers her only picture for the season in "Perfect Understanding," a production made in England with practically an English cast, Genevieve Tobin being the only important exception. Laurence Olivier, whom you may remember as the irresponsible author with Ann Harding in "Westward Passage," plays an important rôle and does better than he did in any of his American efforts.

La Belle Swanson has lost none of her charm. From the days of "The Humming Bird" and "Woman-handled" to "Sadie Thompson" and "The Trespasser," Gloria has remained serenely entrenched in the hearts of her fans.

Probably everyone knows that Michael Farmer, husband of Gloria in real life, plays the same rôle opposite her in "Perfect Understanding." Obviously, Mr. Farmer is taking no chances.

(*Please turn to page* 110)

BY
JOHN EDGAR
WEIR



A scene from M-G-M's new musical revue, "Hollywood Premiere," done in colors.

Music of the Sound Screen

News of some of the latest hits in the talkies and on the records

"HOLLYWOOD PREMIERE" is the first musical picture M-G-M has made for a long time, and to show the importance attached to it the company is making it in colors. It should be well worth waiting for.

And now for the month's best records:

Despite the fact that we review some very excellent records this month, I think most of you will agree that Guy Lombardo and his orchestra rightfully heads the list. "No More Love" is the tune Guy and the boys play for us this time, and take it from me, it's a real Lombardo melody. Smooth, easy going, with plenty of that phrasing that makes this orchestra outstanding. There is no band today so easily recognized as Guy Lombardo's. On the radio, you don't need the services of an announcer to tell you it is the Lombardo orchestra. The vocal in this number is sung by Brother Carmen.

"Just Because You're You," is on the other side, also played by Guy Lombardo. This is just a shade faster than the preceding number, and makes an excellent change. You'll like the vocal by the trio. (This is a Brunswick record.)

"NO MORE LOVE," fox trot—played by Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians (Brunswick)

"THERE'S A RING AROUND THE MOON," fox trot—played by Ray Noble and his New Mayfair Orchestra. Recorded in Europe (Victor)

"SMOKE RINGS," fox trot—played by Baron Lee and his Blue Rhythm Band (Melotone)

"HOW DEEP IS THE OCEAN?" vocal—sung by Ethel Merman. (Victor)

HERE'S one from Europe for us, and it's great, too. Ray Noble and his New Mayfair Orchestra do the recording honors, and they deserve our congratulations. Also, another (*Please turn to page* 85)

Radio Rambles

OF all the performers who commute to their programs, Frank Crummit and Julia Sanderson have, according to our own private bureau of weights and measures, the longest trek. Every week Mr. and Mrs. Crummit have motored to Manhattan from their home near Springfield, Mass.

This has been going on for four years now—ever since they left the stage for radio.

The other day we bumped into florid and genial Frank Crummit in the grill of the Lambs Club—he's just been elected Shepherd—and we temporarily forgot our Blue Points over this one.

Shortly before they took to the ether Julia and Frank were starring on Broadway in "Queen High" with Jack Hazzard. One bit of action in the play required Crummit to spray Hazzard's coat lapel with perfume. Of course, they never had any real perfume in the atomizer. But on the last night of "Queen High's" long run Crummit decided something should be done to liven things up, so before the performance he dropped in at a drug store where he purchased a bottle of liniment and some carbona. These he mixed with loving care in the atomizer. The noxious fumes which struck Hazzard unawares that night as his lapel was sprayed by Crummit stopped the show.

Jack Hazzard, however, had apparently had a premonition. All went smoothly until the next scene when the action called for Julia Sanderson to hand Frank a love letter. As he read the secret missive he was caught by Hazzard, as the jealous husband, at which he quickly stuffed it in his mouth and ran off stage.

"Imagine my chagrin," gurgled Mr. Crummit, "when Julia opened the desk drawer where the property man always left a small sheet of letter paper for me to swallow and instead, through the kind offices of Mr. Hazzard, handed me a yard of blotting paper."

Frank Crummit Gets a Summons: Over week-ends Frank Crummit and Julia Sanderson and the neighbors up at Springfield have been playing Elsa Mayfield's new game—Scavenger. They assembled last week about six o'clock and the list of things they had to get before seven included a cigar butt, a hotel key, a lock of hair from a red-headed woman, a Bible, a red lantern, a red ostrich feather and a traffic ticket from a cop. Frank thinks he would have won if it hadn't been for the traffic ticket.

The genial officer Mr. Crummit asked for a ticket turned out to be a radio fan. When he discovered he was talking to Frank Crummit, he insisted that Frank come to his home first, meet the wife and kids and distribute autographs to the family. Then the cop gave Frank a whole book of traffic summonses. However, Miss Sanderson came in last. She couldn't find her hotel key. Naturally, she couldn't. Frank already had it. As a penalty for the booby prize Miss Sanderson had to wait on tables for the entire crowd.

Who's who among the stars of the air—and what they are doing





Lee Wiley (above) began playing and singing as a child. She comes from Muskogee, Oklahoma. Perhaps this little girl isn't proud to be teamed up with Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt!

Photo by Culver Service

Do you know who owns Radio's "Magic Voice?" She is Elsie Hitz, selected as having the most alluring tones on the air. Veteran of the stage since she was fourteen, she played leads in many plays, and then, in radio, was in "Mysteries in Paris," "Joe Palooka" and other skits.

(Below) Jessica Dragonette, after being featured in "The Miracle," "The Student Prince" and the "Grand Street Follies," and hailed as a musical comedy find, turned her back on the theater and went into radio. Born in Calcutta, India, she was educated in a New Jersey convent. Her voice is one of the best known on the air.



Photo by Wide World



Photo by Wide World

(Above) Irene Taylor is a Texas girl—at least, she calls herself a Texan. But she really comes from St. Louis, where her father was a supreme court judge. She made her first public appearance when she was nine. She has never had any technical musical training. She is on Paul Whiteman's broadcasts.

When it's Springtime in the Roxies: Roxy has a column of stuff named after him in the New York telephone book—starting with "Roxy, delctsn, 621 9th Ave." and ending with the "Roxy Window Cleaning Co." Intervening items include:

1 Roxy Button and Passamenterie (whatever that is) Company.
4 Roxy Laundries
6 Roxy Markets
5 Roxy Clothing Stores
1 Roxy Pants Company
1 Roxy Doughnut Shoppe (2 branches)
1 Ditto Coffee Shoppe

One item, however, must be an error in proof reading—The Roxy Mountain Farm. We imagine it is probably the same farm where they raise those famous Roxy Mountain Goats.

If They Had the Wings of an Angel: One of Nellie Revell's favorite stories these days was told her by the attending physician at a Middle Western penitentiary where lights go out and (*Please turn to page* 83)



Photo by Wide World

Jack Benny and his wife. You know her as Mary Livingstone. Until they were married six years ago she'd never set foot on a stage. But Jack made an actress out of her, just to keep it in the family. George Burns and Gracie Allen are their closest friends.



Crazy!

Jimmy Durante's story of his life
—as told to CHARLES DARNTON

"I been living a sheltered life, in Bowery dumps, Coney Island joints, Broadway night clubs, and New York theayters. And here in Hollywood I get about as much privacy as an extra girl after dark!"

AT last I ups to 'em and says this thing has gotta stop. I just can't stand it no longer, my enemies nagging, nagging, nagging me to tell about my cock-eyed career like I was a canned prize-fighter or a prominent convict.

So here I am in my study where I does all my serious writin'. It's really my dressing room, only I calls it my study 'cause in any place but a study I'm a bust.

To put you wise, I been hangin' back from muscling in on the awthor racket till my horoscope says "Go!" Careful, that's me, feelin' my way and not leaping before I looks in case I lands on some Plymouth Rocks or rusty nails or a mess of biscuits which a bride's husband gives the air when he notices they got hardening of the arteries. I don't do nottin' till my horoscope is sitting pretty with Venus over Mars, and Saturn on the outs with Minneapolis. Night after night I feverishly scans the heavens, stayin' out all hours and tellin' the missus that if I'm goin' to be an awthor she's gotta stand for me bein' a bum.

And now I'm ready to make my life a open book, and if the spellin's lousy you'll fix it, won't you, pal o' mine through rain and shine I'm always thine?

AS I sees it, peeking around my nose, I been livin' a sheltered life in Bowery dumps, Coney Island joints, Broadway night clubs and New York theayters, and here in Hollywood I got as much privacy as an extra girl after dark.

I beats it out to Hollywood for two reasons, viz., which is that my night clubs get closed so reg'lar that I feels like Tex Guinan's long-lost son and whereas and furthermore I wants to play around in front of the camera with Greta Garbo on my face value of a profile which beats Jack Barrymore's by a nose, and in a kissin' contest I keeps my attertude till the stoodio burns down.

If I'm gettin' ahead of myself, stop me, hold me, carry me back to Alabamy where my mammy, my dear old mammy, don't you hear me, mammy, mammy, MAMMY, ain't waitin' for (*Please turn to page* 114)

ST. PATRICK'S DAY

IN HOLLYWOOD



Mary Pickford gives us some Irish recipes from her grandmother's cook book and her own

IF you chance to pass by Pickfair on the morning of the seventeenth of March you might catch a whiff of colcannon cooking in the expansive Pickfair kitchens. It's the favorite St. Patrick's day dish for the Mary Pickford-Douglas Fairbanks menage. And it comes straight out of Mary's grandmother's cook book.

She had the old book out the other day, thumbing over the pages and reading the directions for savory Irish dishes which her mother, too, prepared for the family's St. Patrick's day dinner.

"Of course, in those days," Mary said, "dinner was always served at midday and the evening meal was called 'supper'. One of our favorite dishes was colcannon, and even today at Pickfair it is still the main dish for our Seventeenth-of-March menu. Douglas is as fond of it as I.

"To make it you boil six pounds of potatoes and one pound of new peas, separately, of course. Chop one onion very fine. Mash the potatoes with lots of buttermilk and butter, and add the raw, chopped onion. Then stir in the peas with a fork; add salt and pepper, and eat while it's hot.

"It's really a sort of Irish stew. The delicious flavor makes it one of the most palatable dishes in the entire lexicon of culinary art. And it is so economically made that depression pocket-books will find it a real boon to the household budget.

In Toronto, where Mary spent her early childhood, St. Patrick's day was always one of great significance.

Wearing one of the costumes in which she will be seen in her new picture, "Secrets," Miss Pickford turned the leaves of her grandmother's book.

"I had to have the book rebound," she told me. "It was getting so worn I was afraid it would fall apart. And I have a lot of new Irish recipes which I have added to my collection. Maybe NEW MOVIE readers would like some of them," she said questioningly. Being assured that NEW MOVIE readers *would* like some of Mary's St. Patrick's Day recipes, she added, "Well, I hope they will like them as well as the Pickford family does."

Irish Shenanigan

2 cans tuna
1 cup celery
2 cups bread crumbs
1½ cups milk
1 egg yolk
½ teaspoon salt
Dash of pepper and paprika
½ cup mayonnaise

Combine the celery and (*Please turn to page* 79)

The refrigerator occupies a small room of its own, convenient both to the kitchen and the service entrance.

The small corner near the window makes an inviting spot for breakfast or lunch.



The kitchen of our little Colonial house is bright and cheerful and efficient to the last detail

By BETTY LENAHAN

The Cheerful Kitchen of our Colonial House

IT is just within the last few years that the kitchen has come into its own. Now, as much attention is paid to its color scheme and decorative detail as to any other room in the house. We wanted our kitchen to have the Colonial feeling, but it had to be modern and efficient in every detail. We wanted an unusual color scheme, but it had to be bright and cheerful, so we hit on the idea of a red and yellow kitchen, a modern kitchen which still retained that quaint Colonial atmosphere.

The walls of the room are painted a canary yellow and the doors, cupboards and woodwork are of pine. One wall is occupied by built-in cabinets in the center of which, under the double window, is a shining, metal sink. And the counter provides excellent working space.

The entire floor is covered with inlaid linoleum in a red and black block design.

The curtains are made of red and white checked gingham and are topped by a decorative pine cornice which extends as a trim around the top of the room.

The stove is the very latest model. It contains four gas plates, an oven and broiler and a space below that can be used for pans. The top of the stove when raised provides a shield for the wall.

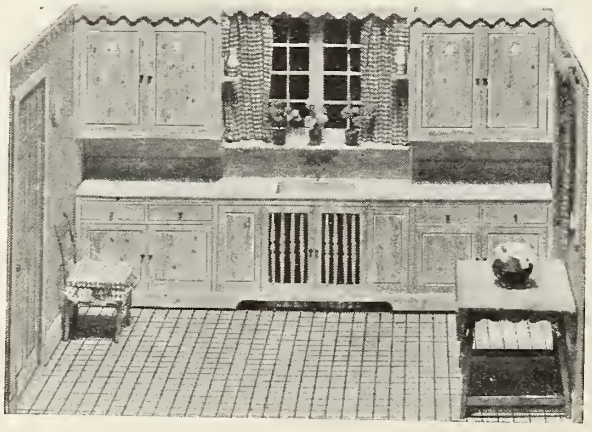
A Colonial drop-leaf table in pine occupies one corner of the room. The two quaint little slat-back chairs are also of pine. The seats of the chairs are upholstered in red and white checked gingham and have the short box-pleated skirts.

Off the kitchen to the right is a small room which serves as an excellent place for the electric refrigerator as well as a service entrance. Above the refrigerator are cupboards for extra supplies.

If you have been following the development of our Colonial house which we are producing in miniature, room by room, you will be glad to know that the large bedroom of the house will be shown in the next issue of this magazine.

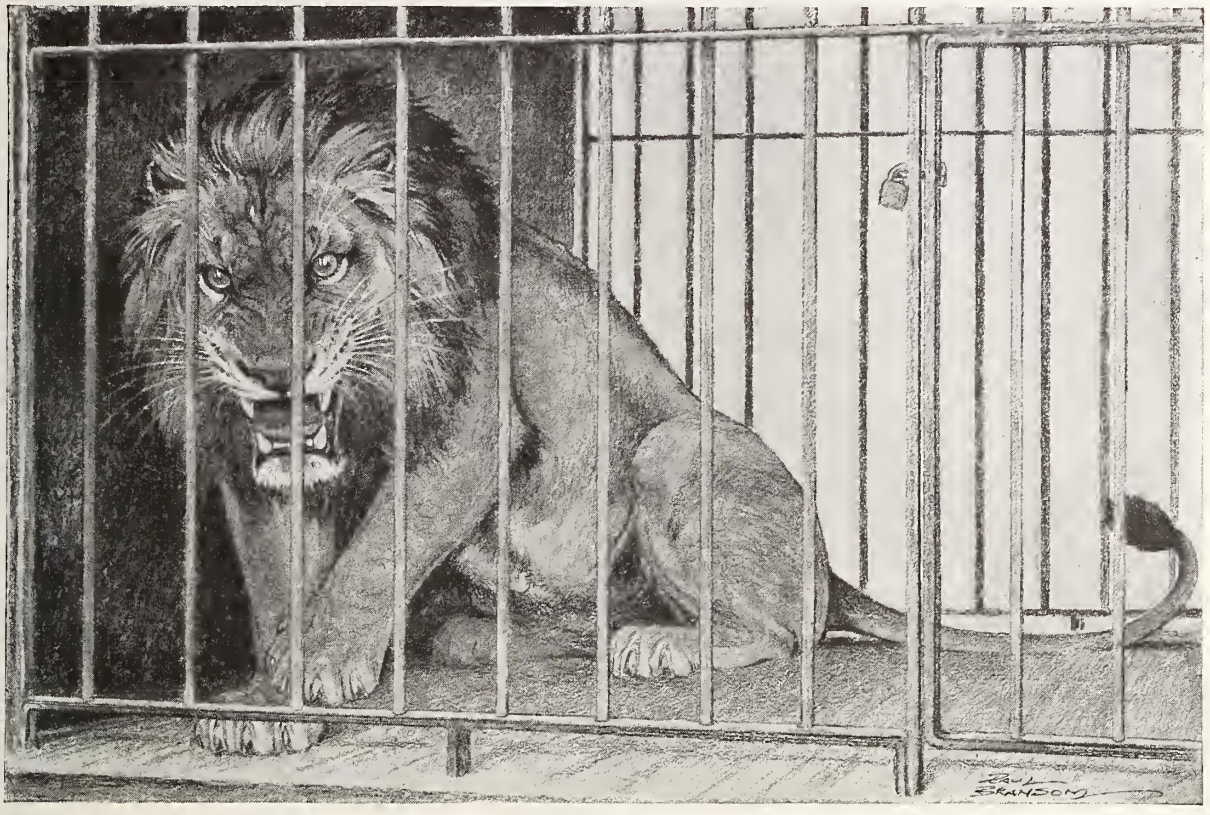
Models by

Herman C. Knebel



The long shelves on either side of the sink provide an excellent working space.

DIABETES—the Lion Caged



DIABETES, under control, might be likened to a safely caged lion. Out of control, it strikes with a lion's speed and crushing power.

The discovery of insulin and its application to the treatment of diabetes is one of the great triumphs of medical science. It has saved many thousands of lives.

Insulin has not only rescued children who would have been doomed without it, but it has enabled them to grow and to live the normal, healthy lives of their playfellows. It has lifted chronic diabetics out of the invalid class, making it possible for them to carry on industrious, useful careers.

Before this great discovery, a victim of diabetes was forced to adhere strictly to a wearing and often spirit-breaking diet—if he would live. Suffering from a constant and almost unbearable craving for rich food and sweets, he struggled to obey his doctor's orders—"No starches, no sugars." The dining room was a dreary place for a diabetic.



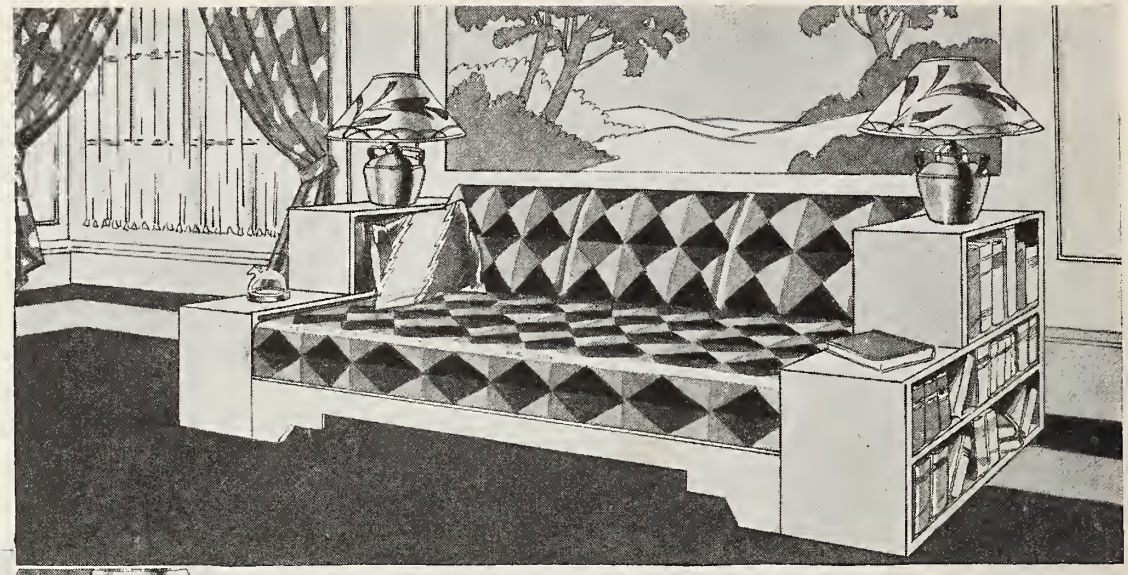
What a contrast between the old, half-starved, hopeless days and the present time when the majority of diabetics are allowed many of the things they like to eat. A goodly percentage of them will live out the expected span of life for their ages.

Diabetes is by far most frequent among overweight persons. It may be largely prevented by correct diet and proper exercise. New cases of diabetes appear with almost mathematical regularity—tens of thousands each year in this country. But a person who showed no trace of the disease last year and now finds unmistakable symptoms has little cause for anxiety. In all probability his case can be fully controlled by proper diet, exercise and the use of insulin.

Still a grave danger remains. Insulin has such a tonic effect on a diabetic that he sometimes makes the mistake of regarding himself as cured. He must be reminded that if he lets his lion, Diabetes, get out of control he runs a risk which may be fatal. As long as he keeps his lion caged he is safe.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT
ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.
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Ma200—This circular tells how to make couch frame and bookcase ends in the modern manner.



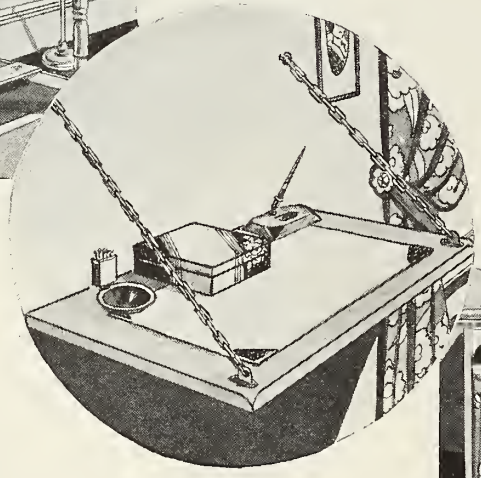
By
FRANCES COWLES

Made from Wood— for Your Home

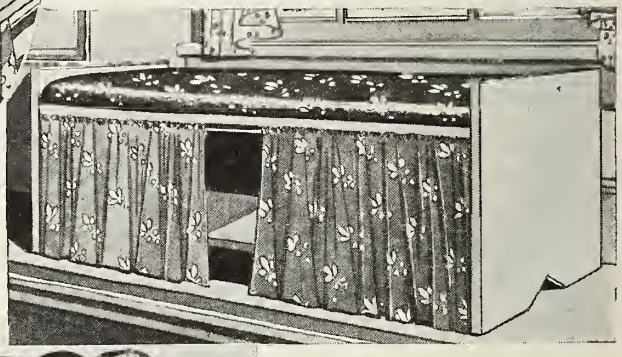
Our New Method Circulars give full directions for constructing and painting these up-to-date pieces of furniture



Ma201—You can make this desk from an old table and specially designed shelves.

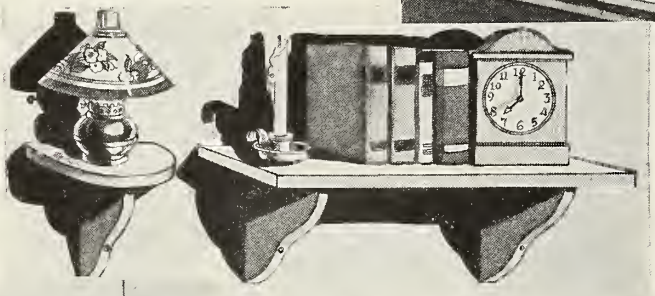


Ma202 — Here you have full directions for making a convenient drop-leaf writing desk.

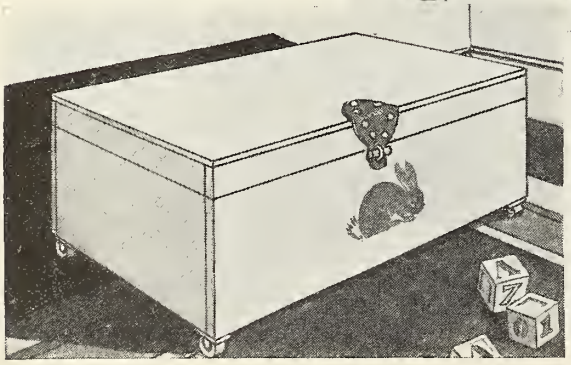


Ma204—Make this window seat with shelves for shoes or boxes.

Ma203—Directions for making useful bracket shelves for every room in the house.



Ma205—A sturdy chest for the children's toys, attractively decorated.



Ma206—A clothes hamper painted or enameled to match the bathroom is made with the help of this circular.

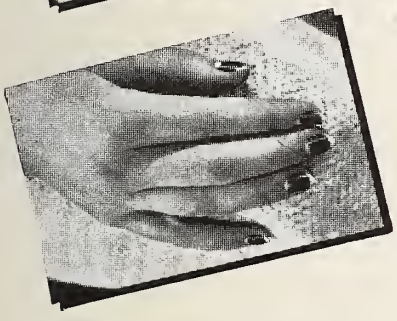


Turn to page 99 for directions for obtaining the various circulars indicated here.

Both tinted nails and natural on the Ile de France









Miss Nancy Morgan in white skirt and brown striped sweater and Coral nails. For this blue and white check Miss Faith Hollins chose Rose nails. Miss Virginia Kernochan wears Ruby with red and white.

Natural just slightly emphasizes the natural pink of your nails. Goes with all costumes, but is best with bright colors—red, blue, bright green, purple, orange and yellow.

Cardinal contrasts excitingly with black, white or any of the pale shades. Good with gray or beige . . . the new blue.

Rose is a shade that you can wear with any color dress, pale or vivid. It is subtle and charming with pastel pinks, lavender blues . . . Smart with dark green, black and brown.

Garnet is smart with frocks in the new tawny shades, cinnamon brown, black, white, beige, pearl gray or burnt orange.

Coral nails are bewilderingly lovely with white, pale pink, beige, gray, "the blues"—either daytime or evening frocks. Smart also with deeper colors if not too intense, black and brown.

Ruby (new) is such a real *red* red, you can wear it with anything when you want to be particularly gay and dashing.

The Smart World which travels on the Ile de France knows all the tricks which make for greater Allure and Excitement.

One of its favorites is Variety in nail tips. In deck chairs . . . curved over the ship's rail . . . in the Salon . . . you'll see Rose, Coral, Cardinal, Garnet and red, red Ruby finger nails. Each tint just the right accent to the frock.

So, if you're planning on slipping off on a cruise, get prepared! Nowhere will you find Competition Keener than on shipboard. And if you want to be in on all the exciting things that happen . . . or the Romantic things that Might . . . see that your nails are as gay and beckoning as butterflies. Those Who Know never travel without their Cutex. For Cutex is made by the World's Manicure Authority. It not only has the most ravishing lot of colors to be found on either side of the Atlantic. But it is one polish which flows on smoothly. And Stays On.

If this isn't your year for traveling on boats, you'll still want Cutex for success in your Home Campaigns. Get the new Cutex tints and see how the right color nails will make even year-before-last dresses take on Parisian chic.

EASY CUTEX MANICURE . . . Scrub nails. Remove old cuticle and cleanse nail tips with Cutex Cuticle Remover & Nail Cleanser. Remove old polish with Cutex Polish Remover. Brush on shade of Cutex Liquid Polish that best suits your costume. Then use Cutex Nail White (Pencil or Cream). Finish with Cutex Cuticle Oil or Cream. After every manicure, and before retiring, massage hands with new Cutex Hand Cream.

Northam Warren
New York · Montreal · London · Paris

Cutex Liquid Polish

Smart . . . Inexpensive

Our Fight to Crash the Studios

(*Continued from page* 72)

galow. We had food; we could laugh. So I started to get our first dinner in the new place. Horrors! There were no pots and pans! Nothing at all to cook in. And it was late, and we had nothing with us that could be eaten without cooking, we only had bacon, flapjack flour, coffee, corn-meal, dried lima beans. We had the food, and the stove, and the gas and no pans. That time I was discouraged.

But it didn't stop Clark. He kept right on grinning. He went exploring and came back from the alley with a kerosene can. He cut it in two and made a kettle out of part of it, and a coffee can out of part of it and a frying pan out of part of it. So we had beans and flapjacks and coffee—and a lot of laughs—for our first meal in our home. Can you stop that kind of chap? I don't believe it can be done. If that kind of chap is ever stopped, he will stop himself.

Then what?

Clark's voice lessons in the early morning. Piano practice. His acting lessons — play reading — work, work, work, but no students, no money coming in—it *must* come in, somehow. And Clark must not go back into an office. This was his big chance. So I got a job.

A friend gave me a job, because he had known me when I was a leading woman on the stage. He was publishing a theatrical magazine. He was also operating a scenario school. He gave me work criticizing first efforts of aspiring movie writers, and I read thousands of story plots that were sent in in answer to an advertisement he printed asking why the old man in the accompanying illustration was picking a carnation out of a garbage can.

HARD work? Yes! But when ambitious youngsters come to my door and ask me to help them, and tell me of their hopes and yearnings, I always try to find out whether or not there is someone standing by to help—someone who can laugh—someone who can "take it"; someone they care enough about to want to make good for so that there will be comfort and satisfaction in attainment. Success is rare in this field of international striving, and it cannot be won alone.

I got sixty-two dollars and fifty cents a month for half a day's work—from eight in the morning until one. And that was a lot of money, it kept me out of the house while Clark did his practicing, and it paid the rent, which was twenty dollars a month, and paid the grocery bill—or some of it. You can count it up.

Then two or three of my old students drifted in and thought it was picturesque, and studied again, and paid me tiny prices to fit the tiny studio. And Saturday afternoons and Sundays I posed for Luvena Buchanan Vysekal who wanted a model for the Fall exhibition. She's a stunning painter. I was fiercely proud of the way she made me look on the canvas. That beautiful work and the fine high talk about real art used to come back down the hill to the little home on the alley, and make it all seem possible—this plan to make a fine actor.

Again there was not enough money coming in, so I rented a typewriter and copied scripts at night. After all, one white shirt, an old pair of knickers and a shiny blue serge suit won't get you far in Hollywood.

ONE of my most vivid memories of Clark in those days is the picture of him working on those clothes. He said I didn't know how to sew on buttons properly—and he was probably right. I know my neighbor had to show me how to wash wool socks after I had ruined one of the precious pairs. She showed me how to iron shirts, but I could never do it right.

So Clark would trim the fringe off the shirt cuffs and sew on the buttons, and rip off the collar and turn it when trimming the fringe would no longer suffice. And as he acquired another shirt here and there, he would have the collars altered to the long pointed ones that Barrymore wore. All of his shirts—all three of them—had patches in the back where the shirt mender had taken off the tail to make the real actor collar. I remember one shirt with a lovely blue patch in the tail, that was particularly conspicuous on our washline.

The cooking went better. We had a grand supply of utensils now. Ella Buchanan, the sculptress who has recently been honored by the French government, discovered our plight and gave us a honeymoon shower of kitchen things. That was a party. She has a huge studio full of fine work, and she had a lot of people come to the party and they all brought things—kettles, frying pans, mixing bowls and a ridiculous collection of "home helpers," consisting of dish towels and dust cloths and such things for Clark, who promptly turned them over to me. He was far too thoroughly Dutch to help in the kitchen, that was woman's work.



Photo by Wide World

Jabyna Ralstan, always athletic, particularly keen an tennis, was farced by the dactar's orders ta abstain fram all forms af strenuous exercise when it became rumored in the family circle that the little stranger yau've heard abaut was saan ta arrive. Jabyna spent her time at Palm Springs, Dick Arlen running dawn far week-ends and between pictures.

THEN it seemed time to start the career.

Dennison Clift was directing at Fox and we had been at Stanford University together. I wrote him a note and he sent for Clark to go over to the studio. And he got his first job. I had tried to interest other friends, but always the same answers—not enough looks, not well enough dressed, not enough experience, no style. Even June Mathis, who wanted to do something about us, couldn't use him, and was very unhappy when she told me he just wouldn't do. But Dennison Clift, clever and kind, said, "Surely, I can use you in the next picture. I'll give you a call. It will be a scene at a party—Tuxedo and everything—three dollars a day."

Three huge shocks in one remark, as Clark told me when he came rushing home. "Hey, honey, I've got a job! Do you hear? I've got into the movies! A *job!* Hurray!" And he whirled me around in the little kitchen, almost knocking the Irish stew off the stove, and shaking the whole house as I beat on the ceiling with the wooden spoon.

Then he set me down suddenly. "But where'll we get a Tuxedo—evening things — shirt, shoes, pants — everything? Gosh! But it's three dollars a a day, and there will be several days, maybe a week!"

Clark found out about a dress suit rental place, and by some means—perhaps just the contagious grin—persuaded the proprietor to let him have a complete outfit. Clark's first day's work in the movies was done in that rented outfit, from the shoes up, even the necktie and the handkerchief in the Tuxedo breast pocket.

At the end of this great first job, of course the rental of the grand outfit ate up most of the twelve dollars—four days' work it turned out to be. But that didn't matter. Now Clark could get other things to do. He was no longer inexperienced. That first job is always the hardest to get. Now he could register at Central Casting Bureau, and now he was a motion picture actor. We were very happy.

Clark Gable had come to Hollywood, he had seen the fight ahead, and he had got a job. That is to say, his foot was on the ladder, but the top was a long, long way ahead.

THE process of barbering, pressing, cleaning, getting make-up and all completely wiped us out financially, so that the morning Clark left for his first job there wasn't any money at all anywhere. But there was food in the house—a can of beans, coffee, bread, no

(*Please turn to page* 76)

Red chapped hands

made smooth and white in 3 days!

Soreness relieved instantly

EVERY TIME you wash dishes, clothes, peel vegetables, clean with harsh alkali cleansers or put your hands in hot water, you dry out the precious protecting oils in your skin.

The skin then roughens and if exposed to winter weather, chaps and cracks open. Hands then become so unsightly they seem fairly to shout "housework!" to all who see them. And often they're so painful you almost want to cry.

But now, with a dainty *chiffon-weight* cream you can instantly put back the natural lubricating oils in your skin—and secure immediate relief from all pain. The moment you apply it, your hands actually feel soft and soothed. It's almost like magic!

And in 3 days the skin is completely healed—without a sign of those rough, ugly cracks, those swollen knuckles, that dry chapped scaliness.

Does not dry the skin

This dainty liquid is called Hinds Honey and Almond Cream. It is not a weak, thinned-out lotion. It is not a thick, gummy jelly. Such preparations often contain excessive drying substances that coarsen and parch the skin. Hinds is entirely different—a delicate, *chiffon-weight* cream that is gratefully absorbed by the dry, thirsty pores. Hinds actually leaves an invisible *"second skin"* that acts as a constant protection to your hands.

Thousands of housewives, business girls, sportsmen and outdoor playing youngsters, from coast to coast, depend on this simple method to keep their hands smooth and comfortable.



***A 7-day trial bottle for you*—FREE**

Try Hinds at our expense. Mail coupon at right for a 7-day trial bottle. Smooth it on after any hand-roughening task, after exposure and *always* before going to bed at night. The very first day should see hands much softer and whiter—hardly a hint of chapping. Next day, still lovelier. The third day, a complete transformation! And to *keep* this new loveliness always, just *continue* using Hinds. Regular use is the secret! An aid in manicuring, too. Fill out and mail coupon *now*.



· TODAY · TOMORROW · NEXT DAY

HINDS

honey and almond **CREAM**

Lehn & Fink, Inc., Sole Distributors
Dept. HO3, Bloomfield, New Jersey

Please send me a generous FREE trial bottle (enough for 18 applications) of Hinds Honey and Almond Cream.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

Our Fight to Crash the Studios

(*Continued from page* 74)

sugar, no milk, no butter. And we had a job and were away on the career.

We had no idea about the lunch period he would have—whether it would be long enough for him to walk home and share the beans—so I had no idea whether to expect him.

That morning, at the office, I had been tempted to borrow some money to help us over until something came in, but the other workers there had razzed me quite a bit about my marriage, as had most of my friends. So, rather than have them know how things were, I took a chance on having it come out right and said nothing.

So at noon when I went home, and found the house locked and quiet, I thought, "He isn't coming; he will go hungry all day." But I had hardly got my hat off, and decided to save the beans and things for evening, in case Clark didn't receive his check for the day, when an old Ford runabout rattled up the alley. There were shouts of laughter back of the house and demands for food. And there was Clark and a cute little girl who is a famous star now, coming home for the can of beans. A beautiful, gay little person, she was, too.

Clark's first great scene in the movies consisted of sitting on the stairs at the far end of the set with a group of extras. He sat there four days. And sitting next to him was this little girl. We call her Janet Gaynor now. She was new to it all, too, so they compared notes, and then when pangs of hunger made themselves felt, they compared notes about prospects for lunch, and found they were both completely without funds.

"But I've got stuff at the house, if we had time to get over there for it," said Clark.

"Oh, I believe we could make it. I've got an old car," said the girl.

So they came home and giggled over the beans and the bread without butter, and the coffee without sugar or cream.

I suppose that neither of these two remembers that lunch now. Both of them have the world waiting to serve them. But I remember it. Perhaps it's because of the fact that I didn't share it, but I enjoyed watching. And that is still true.

(You'll never forgive yourself if you miss the next installment of this remarkable series. This is real, human, authentic. Nothing like it has ever been written about Clark Gable—and probably nothing so revealing will ever be written again. So be sure to get the April New Movie Magazine, *on sale March 10th. Don't fail.)*

Great Mysteries of the Movies

(*Continued from page* 41)

She-Devil." Each was a colossal success.

Theda was a personal success, too. She was well advised. Beginning at a hundred dollars a week, she hiked her salary up until it had reached the unheard-of-figure—for those days—of four thousand dollars a week.

In money and in popularity, she was so far out in front of all the other stars that, with the exception of Mary Pickford, there wasn't any second.

And how she worked!

She made forty pictures in four and a half years. Each picture earned more money than the one before. Each was a record-breaker for its day and age. Her manager, so it is said, offered her a bonus of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars to sign a contract for one more year.

And she quit.

SHE gave up much more than money, much more than movie fame. She was the most discussed, perhaps the best known, woman in the world. Her appearance on the stage of a theater packed the aisles and crowded the rafters. Her appearance on the street called out the reserves.

In 1918, when she was selling Liberty Bonds in competition with Maude Adams and other great favorites of the day, she broke all records by selling five hundred thousand dollars worth to a Wall Street luncheon crowd in just thirty minutes.

She was, as I have said, an institution. She had not only introduced the vampire to the screen; she had introduced it into the common language of her generation. She had made her own name synonymous with it.

She is remembered now—and, as she put it, *how* she is remembered!—for her more daringly naked characterizations; but, as a matter of fact, she it was who introduced the classics to the American screen. She played every rôle that Bernhardt played, and a dozen others besides.

She broke precedents and she made them. She was the biggest box-office "draw" the stage or screen had ever known. She was a personage, a world personage. She had before her a limitless future that beckoned her on to gold and glory.

Then, suddenly and without warning, at the height of her career, she walked out of the Hollywood studios, and never entered them again.

These are the real mysteries of Hollywood—not murders, orgies, divorces. Every town has its quota of such ordinary scandals. Hollywood's may have been more eye-catching, more ear-filling than some, but, with few exceptions, not more interesting, certainly not more mysterious.

Hollywood has mysteries that no other town *can* have.

Why is it, for example, that the greatest actress of the screen cannot get a job?

Why is it that the screen's most famous comedienne, who had the world by the tail, let it wag her the wrong way?

Why is it that the most talked about dancer of her time, "the girl with the wicked wiggle," wiggled her way right out of pictures?

Why is it that the first movie actor to get his name into electric lights suddenly lost his popularity?

Yes, these are the real Hollywood mysteries—these and a dozen others that are more curiosity-pricking, more attention-gripping, more imagination-rousing than any mere newspaper story of drunkenness, perversion and vice.

But the deepest Hollywood mystery of all, the one that has defied solution over the longest period, is this Mystery of the Vanishing Vampire—which is another way of saying that the rise and fall of Theda Bara—if, indeed there was a fall—is the most mystifying, perhaps because it is the most simple story of the screen.

Why did she quit?

It was unlikely, of course, that the woman in front of me would give me the answer to this question, even if she knew it. But there was no harm in trying.

"The fact is," she replied, " I was tired. It amuses me to read of these present-day starring contracts calling for two or three pictures a year. My output was seldom less than ten."

I didn't take much stock in this "tired" theory. After all, strong, healthy, vital persons like Theda Bara don't turn down two hundred and fifty thousand dollar bonuses because they are tired. They simply take a hitch in their diamond and emerald stomachers and a shot of cod liver oil with their breakfasts, and go out seeking new worlds to conquer.

There was, however, the more serious matter of Miss Bara's eyes. They are the kind that seem to look right through you. On the screen they used to reach out into the last row and snare every living soul in the house. But, as a matter of fact, she is today one of the blindest seeing persons I ever knew.

BUT she always has been—and to prove it, she fished out of her bag the tiniest of lorgnettes, and held them up to my perfectly good eyes. The lenses, which she said had not been changed for years, were so strong, I couldn't see anything through them—fairly good evidence that my hostess's trouble with her eyes was due to just plain congenital nearsightedness and not to any sudden affliction of the Kleigs.

So I tried another tack. Her retirement might have been a matter of increasing weight. I didn't raise the avoirdupois question that first evening. But the next day at luncheon—well, one grows brave over a chicken patty and a brandied peach.

"Good, isn't it?" she said, referring to the peach.

"Wonderful!"

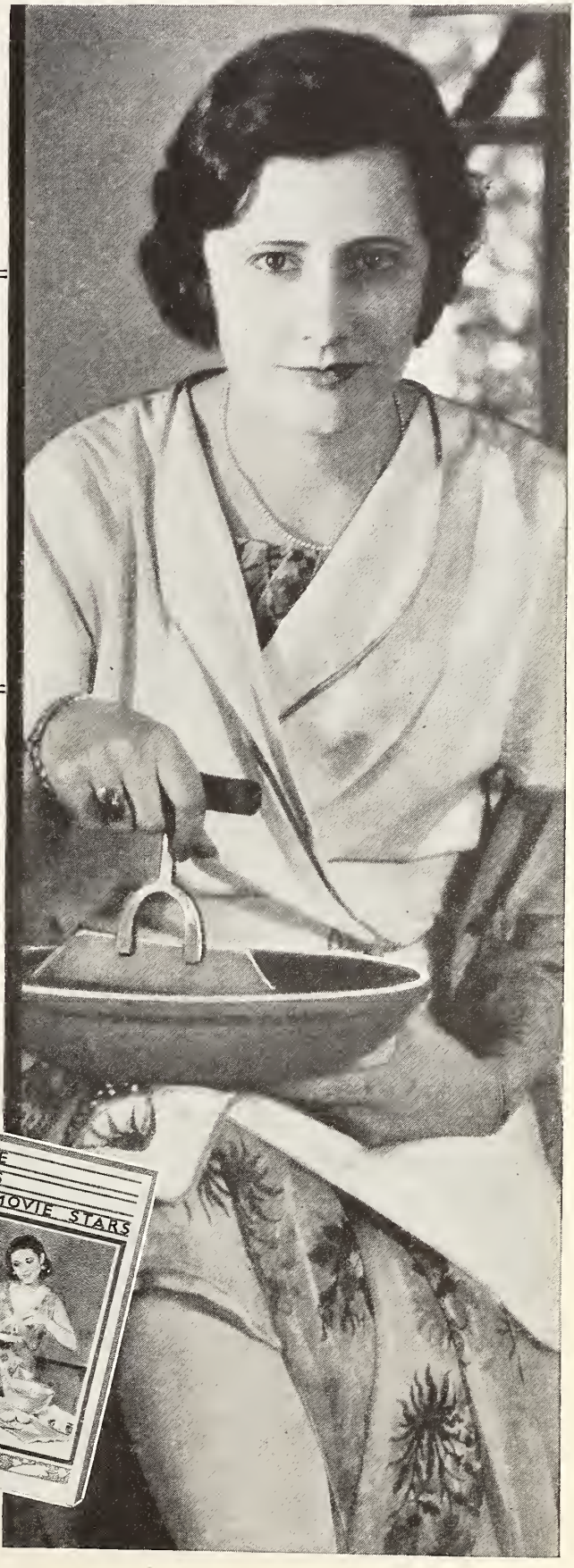
"I have no use for people who don't like food. I enjoy it so much myself."

This was my opportunity.

"Yet," I ventured, "you manage to keep your—" (*Please turn to page* 78)

Your family will like a real

MOVIE DINNER



A HOLLYWOOD SURPRISE MENU

Irene Dunne's Favorite Chicken Broth
Spanish Chicken with Constance Bennett Sauce
Asparagus with Crumbs à la June Collyer
Melba Toast by Marian Nixon
Grace Moore's Orange and Celery Salad
Baked Apple Dessert by Kay Francis

The glamour, the thrill, the fascination of the movies is felt by everyone. We like to know what the famous stars wear. What their homes look like, what their hobbies are. And now, a clever little book, "Favorite Recipes of the Movie Stars" tells you all about their favorite dishes and how to prepare them right in your own home. Give the family a real thrill very soon by announcing that you are going to serve a Hollywood dinner. From the forty-seven recipes described by the stars themselves you can plan a deliciously different menu which will make a simple dinner at home a real event.

"Favorite Recipes of the Movie Stars" **10c**

The Price on Canadian Orders 15c



TOWER BOOKS
INCORPORATED
55 Fifth Avenue
NEW YORK, N. Y.

Great Mysteries of the Movies

(*Continued from page* 76)

"My figure? Yes, I have never had to worry about that except when I diet or exercise. I remember once when I was making 'Salome,' I thought I was a little too fat for the costumes—you remember they weren't very concealing!—so I took a course in Dr. Somebody-or-other's Reducing Exercises. I gained twelve pounds!"

Miss Bara laughed as few professionals of my acquaintance are able to laugh at themselves. She has a nice, detached view on the whole world, including the first great screen vampires.

"Except for that one experience," she concluded, "I have never weighed more than I do now—exactly one hundred and thirty-two pounds."

That disposed of the weight-for-age theory. Obviously, the Mystery of the Vanishing Vampire was not to be solved with a Fairbanks scales. So I led her to talk of lighter matters.

"Things move fast out here in Hollywood," she said. "Life is cinematographic. The average span of a picture star's career, unless she has somebody especially interested in keeping her before the public, is about five years. That's why I stopped mine at four and a half."

At last, I said to myself, a clue! I did not give her credit for thinking out that "five-year plan" idea way back at the time of her movie ascendancy. The industry was too young and too unsettled then to have established any such precedents. But she was, and is, a very clever woman. She may well have sensed the rapid change in public taste, sweeping the country with the war.

THE big woman—and Miss Bara did undeniably photograph big—was going out. The post-war flapper was coming in. Big women casualties were heavy on every front. Virginia Pearson, Valeska Suratt, Betty Blythe, Olga Petrova, Nita Naldi, Clara Kimball Young—all gave way before the bobbed hair and rolled stockings of the little John Held girls of that day.

But there was one flaw in this theory as an explanation of Miss Bara's sudden exit. All of these women—although none of them enjoyed the cinema prestige of the great Theda—remained on the screen and earned big money long after she had become only a glittering memory.

In short, the further I went the more insoluble the mystery became; and I suppose I looked my perplexity. Anyhow, for a moment, I thought she had made up her mind to "come clean."

"The real reason why I left pictures, if you must know," she said, rising from the table, "is that I married an Englishman. Need I say more?"

"As if that," I protested, "would stop Theda Bara—"

"You have no idea!" she said, with mock humility. "He won't even let me have a dog."

It is true that Miss Bara did marry an Englishman—tall, handsome Charles Brabin, director of "Sporting Blood" and "Washington Masquerade"—and it is true, as the neighbors will tell you, that he rules their home with that divine right of British husbands.

But—there always seemed to be a "but!" it was also true that Miss Bara had been married to her Englishman for some time prior to her mysterious retirement; and that he, far from hindering her career, was responsible by his expert direction for many of her most successful pictures.

"I am so glad," she said, with an impish gleam in those great unseeing eyes, as I handed her into her car, "if I've helped you solve your 'mystery.'"

"I would be glad, too, if you *had!*"

I didn't blame her for her elusiveness. After all, she had kept her secret for more than a decade. She doubtless considered it her own. But Hawkshaw in Hollywood was not to be thwarted so merrily. If the lady wouldn't tell, some gentleman might—and, as a matter of fact, several gentlemen, each contributing something out of his knowledge, did tell the true story of the Vanishing Vampire.



Ben Lyon, though making quite a name for himself as an amateur photographer, is in a jam. The movie magazines discovered Ben's pastime and deluged him with requests for pictures. So, rather than discriminate, Ben has been forced to refuse them all. (Note to editor: Exclusive picture of Barbara Bebe Lyon, photographed by Ben, is enclosed herewith.)

THIS is what happened.

Theda was, as she said, tired. Also, as she hadn't said, there were rumblings about a moral clean-up of the screen, the beginning of a reaction against the exploitation of scenes of sin.

At this psychological moment appeared Al Woods, astute Broadway impresario, with a proposal to star Miss Bara in a stage production.

Her film managers were not exactly pleased to have her go. They probably did offer her the quarter of a million to stay. After all, she was still making fortunes for them. But, once she was gone, they were somewhat relieved.

With increasing success, so her employers maintained, she had not been easy to handle. There was, for one thing, the ever sky-rocketing salary. There was also an alleged tendency to play the queen, off as well as on the screen—in other words, to carry the Cleopatra hooey into every day life.

There had been a good deal of trouble, too, about her name. The studio, having christened her with it, claimed to own it. She, having borne it, claimed to own it, too. The Supreme Court of New York State finally decided the matter in her favor. On the surface there was peace. But the fight had left its scars.

But Theda should worry! If the film public was with her, who could be against her? What was a quarter of a million dollars compared with what she might get if she stood pat? She would take her vacation from studio work, clean up in the Woods show, increase her prestige—and come back bigger than ever, to the tune of perhaps *half* a million.

Everything seemed to be going her way. To be sure, some of the critics refused to accept her as an actress. But the audiences hailed her as an attraction. Dispatches from the one-night stands were uniformly cheerful. Even the big city crowds did her homage.

Listen to this from conservative Boston:

"An audience such as is seldom seen in a house at $2.50 top was capacity. Theda got a big reception when she appeared and when she went off stage after her first entrance the lines of those remaining on stage were inaudible because of the constant chatter of her worshippers. Many 'shushes' finally got the house quieted down.

"It was necessary to call for extra police to hold the crowd in check when Theda was due to leave the theater as a crowd jammed the alley where the stage door is located and overflowed."

ALL this sounded good. It was good—except for one thing. Life in Hollywood, as Miss Bara herself said, does move swiftly, cinematographically. Pictures themselves were moving fast in those days, developing, changing over night. Yesterday's technique was old stuff today; a joke tomorrow.

Miss Bara, when she came back to Hollywood, had not changed. But Hollywood had changed. A new type of picture had come in; a new type of direction; a new type of action; and with all these things, a new type of star.

Theda was still able to do the stuff she knew. She was still able to take a ten-twenty-thirty seduction scene in her two strong hands and tear the vitals out of it. But directors, producers, exhibitors and customers were no longer keen to have her do it.

Frankly, they didn't seem to care a darn *what* she did.

So the half million wasn't waiting for Theda, or the quarter million either. She was, as we say in Hollywood today, "all washed up in pictures"—and, as it turned out, all washed up for good.

To make sure, I went to the studio and had them run off one of the old Theda Bara pictures. As an expert witness, I took with me one of the most successful directors, a young man to whom Theda was only a tradition.

Because she *was* a tradition—because she was the best of her kind in a primitive day—we both sat in respectful silence. But as the lights came on at the end of the final reel, my director friend turned to me with the real solution of the Mystery of the Vanishing Vampire.

"Theda Bara didn't leave pictures," he said, "pictures left Theda Bara!"

St. Patrick's Day in Hollywood

(*Continued from page 67*)

tuna. Place a layer of bread crumbs in the bottom of a baking dish, cover with a layer of tuna mixture. Continue, alternating layers of crumbs and tuna until all have been used. Combine milk, egg yolk and seasoning. Pour over tuna. Cover and bake in hot oven, 400 degrees, 20 minutes. Remove cover and bake 20 minutes longer. Fold mayonnaise gently into beaten egg white, spread mixture over top and slip under broiler until delicately browned. Serves 8.

Fairy Fluff

1 box lemon flavored gelatin
1 orange, grated rind and juice
½ lemon, grated rind and juice
1½ cups boiling water
¾ cup sugar
¼ teaspoon salt
1 baked 9-inch pie shell

Combine gelatin with orange and lemon rind. Add boiling water and dissolve. Add sugar, salt, orange and lemon juice. Add orange sections if desired. Chill until firm and cover with:

Three-Minute Meringue

Place 2 egg whites, unbeaten, ½ cup sugar, pinch of salt, 2 teaspoons water and ¼ teaspoon vanilla or almond extract in upper part of double boiler and beat until thoroughly mixed. Place over rapidly boiling water and beat one minute. Remove from fire and continue beating two minutes, or until mixture will stand in peaks.

Frosty Avacado Shamrocks

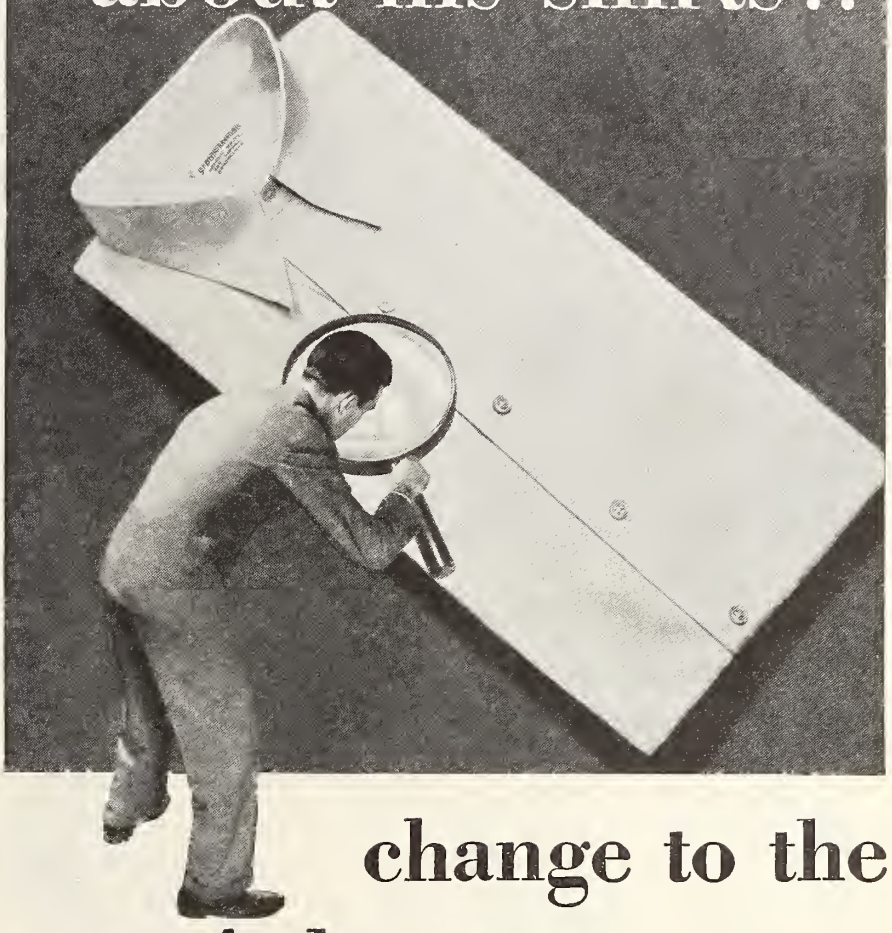
1 Avacado
¼ cup sugar
1 teaspoon gelatin
1 teaspoon lemon juice
½ cup water
1 tablespoon cold water
1 cup cream
3 drops green coloring

Make a syrup of the sugar and water and boil for four minutes. Remove from fire and add the gelatin that has been hydrated in the cold water. Allow to cool. Make a paste by mashing 1 Avacado (or enough to make ½ cup). Add the lemon juice and then add to the syrup. Fold in the cream that has been whipped, add the coloring and place in small shamrock molds, then put in trays of electric refrigerator to freeze for four hours.

Can You Make Suki-Yaki?

Everyone's talking about this famous Oriental dish and clever hostesses are serving it in true Japanese style on their own tables. Turn to page 122 if you want to know how to make it.

If he's a "*crank*" about his shirts..



change to the *extra*-help soap

He'll be the *smilingest* "crank" that ever eyed a shirt—that husband of yours—if you take this hint:

Change to Fels-Naptha—use it. In a few washes—shirts, linens and all your things will take on a brighter, whiter look!

The reason is simple. Fels-Naptha gets *all* the dirt out of clothes—even the stubborn kind. For that big golden bar is more than soap alone. It is unusually good soap combined with *plenty* of naptha. These two helpers, working together, wash clothes cleaner and do it without hard rubbing.

GENTLE!
There's glycerine in it, too!

Another thing. You're being thrifty these days—and Fels-Naptha saves clothes. It saves hands, too, for there's glycerine in every bar.

Ask your grocer for Fels-Naptha today. Try it in tub or machine. In hot, lukewarm or cool water. For soaking or boiling. You'll see nicer washes on your line—and you'll hear no more shirt grouches.

© 1933, FELS & CO.



FELS & COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pa. T.M.-3-33

Some women, I understand, find it a bit easier to chip Fels-Naptha into tub or machine by using one of your handy chippers instead of just an ordinary kitchen knife. I'd like to try the chipper so I enclose 3¢ in stamps to help cover postage. Send the sample bar, too.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

Please print name and address completely

a Laxative must be *Gentle* to be safe for a *Woman!*

IS the laxative you are taking gentle enough for a woman? A laxative that can answer "Yes!" to that question is the ideal laxative for *all.* For the feminine sex must be especially careful.

Ex-Lax is gentleness itself. Ex-Lax follows Nature's way in relieving constipation. Ex-Lax simply "nudges" the intestinal muscles — and so stimulates the bowels to gentle activity. It doesn't affect digestion, nor leave harmful after-effects.

The only medicinal ingredient in Ex-Lax is one that is widely prescribed by physicians in their daily practice. It is combined with delicious chocolate in the special Ex-Lax way.

For more than a generation Ex-Lax has been the choice of young and old. 30,000,000 boxes were used last year.

Get Ex-Lax at any drug store. 10c and 25c. Or we will gladly send a free sample if you write Ex-Lax, Inc., Dept. B 33, P. O. Box 170, Times Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.

A WORD OF CAUTION!

Success breeds envy! Beware of imitations of Ex-Lax! The names of some imitations sound like Ex-Lax! But there is only one genuine Ex-Lax. Watch for the exact spelling—E-X-L-A-X. Insist on getting Ex-Lox to make sure of getting Ex-Lox results!

keep "regular" with

EX-LAX

THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

BOX OFFICE CRITICS



NANCY CARROLL

Oakland, California

Stars may come and stars may go—but Elsie Janis, may she go on forever! She's so human and lovable and as genuinely honest and American as apple pie.

Her chummy articles are so newsy and informal with never a single "meow" in them. A low and sweeping bow to this grand "little feller" whom I'd like to meet grin to grin.

Eva L. Dunbar,
2702 Harrison Blvd.,

Must Like Karen

Swampscott, Mass.

Do you know who has the most expressive, most impressive, most alluring voice on the screen? Who makes me sit in ecstacy through her whole performance, and who puts across her personality with a bang. Of course it's Karen Morley.



MYRNA LOY

She is lovely and glamorous and I hope she goes to the very peak of success. I'll be watching her climb.

Jennie Toothaker,
36 Middlesex Av.

opposite sex, I will endeaver to answer the question.

To me, Joan Crawford is, without a doubt, the best dressed woman on the screen today. She has, in all of her latest pictures, worn the most alluring and gorgeous gowns of any actress I have seen. In "Letty Lynton" and "Possessed" she was in her glory. Her clothes stood out for beauty and distinctiveness. The only modern actress to come near her is Jean Harlow in her best picture "Red-Headed Woman." So I say long live Joan Crawford and her beautiful clothes.

Charles Browne,
3619 Forest Park Dr.



EVELYN BRENT

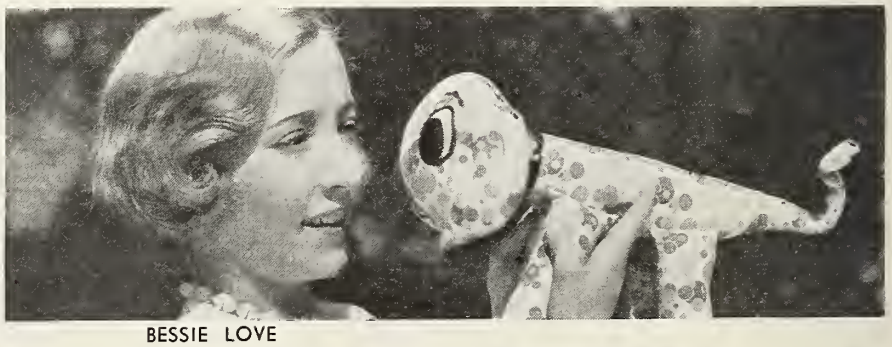
Must She Sing?

St. Louis, Mo.

Can it be true Joan Crawford is to take the leading role in "The Merry Widow?"

Miss Crawford is a splendid actress, but that doesn't mean she can sing. Imagine hearing her low, throaty voice in the title role of this beautiful oper-

(*Please turn to page* 117)



BESSIE LOVE

Do You Agree?

Cincinnati, Ohio

Who is the best dressed woman on the screen?

That is a question that many women have tried to answer. But I have yet to see an article written by a man, pertaining to this subject. And yet why shouldn't a man's opinion be considered even more than that of a woman's? Don't women dress to attract the opposite sex? Therefore since I am of that

THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE poys one dollar for every interesting ond constructive letter published. Address your communicotions to A-Dollor-far-Yaur-Thoughts, THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

That Certain Something

(*Continued from page* 57)

different! One feels he can take care of himself!

Melvyn seems to be sitting back and enjoying the game. He seems to be saying, "Go on, you beautiful darling, I understand your game better than you do . . . but I like to watch your work. I'll let you go so far—and then I'll call your bluff . . . WATCH OUT!"

Every woman feels the challenge this man radiates—and loves it! She is heart and soul with the beautiful, exotic love game on the screen. She feels this girl's final triumph over him almost as her own. She hopes the woman will get burned first, learn her lesson—and then conquer him irrevocably—and, of course, this is the Melvyn Douglas story formula—almost always.

UNDERSTAND, that is just what Melvyn represents to women from the screen! He is not conscious of this quality in himself at all. The producers vaguely feel this quality and realize that it is the best foil for the Garbos, the Swansons, the Birells. I doubt if they have analyzed why they pick Melvyn when they need a powerful, dramatic lead for a woman who knows her screen alluring stuff!

There is something stern and unrelenting about Melvyn, in back of which is a glorious sense of humor. He is tall, broad-shouldered, blond and quite handsome in a very he-man way—all this, even in real life!

He is quiet, self-possessed and cultured. He is a nice young man any woman would be instantly attracted to, because of his quiet, reserved manner, his humorous and genial smile.

He might be quite the same type of man he plays on the screen, but one has the feeling he would not like a lot of foolishness and flippery from a woman. He would have no patience with feminine tricks. He would seek the woman of feminine beauty, the kind who needs to be protected and yet not the hopelessly helpless kind.

He is distinctly intelligent and despises rank stupidity. He gives intelligence and demands intelligence in return. Outside of that I would say he is reasonably ambitious, has no affectations or false pose. In fact, he is altogether delightful, girls, this Melvyn Douglas, believe me he is! . . . Perhaps after all, that's the answer to our original question—"Why do they always pick Melvyn Douglas?"

SPEND YOUR MONEY

If you want to use every nickel of your income to best advantage you should know what proportion to spend for food, shelter, clothing, savings, etc. The Tower Budget Circular gives figures and percentages with explicit help in arranging your own personal budget. To obtain a copy send your request to Mary Marshall, Tower Magazines, 55 Fifth Avenue, enclosing three cents for postage.

ANITA NAMES THE DAY — by Timmins



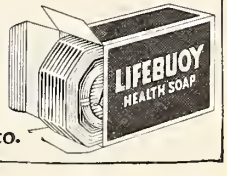


What are YOUR chances of escaping "B.O."? (body odor)

NEVER trifle with "B.O." (*body odor*). Sooner or later, you're almost certain to offend—and pay the penalty! To be safe—bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. You'll notice its abundant lather. Notice, too, how *clean* it smells. This pleasant, quickly-vanishing, hygienic scent tells you Lifebuoy is *different* from ordinary toilet soaps—gives *extra* protection. Its gentle, creamy, searching lather purifies and deodorizes pores—effectively stops "B.O."

Aids complexion

Lifebuoy's bland, penetrating lather *deep-cleanses* face pores—makes dull skins glow with health. Adopt Lifebuoy today.



A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS CO.

You Can Change DARK Colors to LIGHT Colors

—Easy as A-B-C with Tintex Color Remover



Supposing you have a dark dress (or any other dark-colored article) and are pining for a lighter-colored one . . . . .



Tintex Color Remover will safely and speedily take out all trace of color (including black) from any fabric . . . . . .



Then the article or fabric can be redyed or tinted with Tintex Tints and Dyes in any new shade to suit yourself — either light or dark.

On sale at drug stores and notion counters everywhere

Tintex
COLOR REMOVER

The MAKE-UP BOX

YOU'LL be doubly protected from March winds and March misgivings about your loveliness if you are lucky enough to get hold of a new beauty ensemble that's just come on the market.



Here's a beauty ensemble that contoins everything you could need.

Not a thing is missing for your beautification. First there's cold cream and then there's that olive oil face powder, both in large sizes; eye shadow, both cream rouge and dry rouge; lipstick and your choice of perfumes for morning, night or noon. The box is attractive, too, in a purple and silver design.

We were delighted to find on our desk the other morning a nice large sized jar of pink hand lotion, as pretty as you could wish and at as convenient a time as we could wish, for the breezes were none too gentle on our tender paws. This is a thick lotion that refines and bleaches the hands as well as protects them from the damages of wind and weather and too frequent washings.

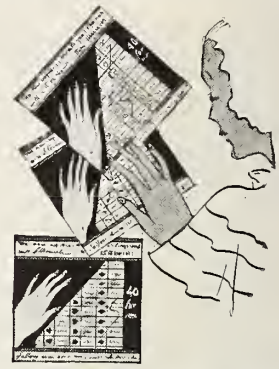
If you're not too sedate or dignified in your ways, you'll have a lot of fun with the new nail pictures. You may have hearts and flowers, your own initials; notes of music, fleur de lis;



Hand lotion thot is pink ond pretty ond does its work efficiently, too.

bridgemarkers —in fact almost anything you might have wanted to draw on your nails in your rather younger days. But the best thing about this new fad is that you won't have to repent at leisure over your choice. The pictures come on cellophane which you fasten to the nail and paint over with polish. They'll stay on as long as the polish stays but you can remove them sooner by using polish remover. In fact you can have a different motif for every day if you feel so minded. The fad is new to America but we understand it has had England by the ears or should we say under its fingertips for some months.

But we don't want to neglect telling you about the new compact and lipstick set. They're both automatic as a bow to this mechanical age and don't we girls love it! The powder gadget is entirely new to me. You move one section of it to the other side of the case, move it back and presto; the right amount of powder for one puffing is there. The stick works from a gadget on one side. You push it up and the doors at the top open and the stick comes out. The one we saw was green and gold but there are other color combinations. The compact comes single or double with a variety of rouge shades in the double.



Nail pictures thot transfer to your finger nails for lighter moods. (They con be removed.)

To make us completely happy about our hands—this is a very handy month, you know, and why not with March winds blowing as they do—we received a tube of the swellest hand cream we've tried yet. For one thing it isn't greasy. It disappears like magic and leaves your hands as soft as anything. It's particularly good for those of us (and we're in the majority) who have dry skin—as a preventive as well as a cure for chapping and redness and all the other ills that dry skins are heir to. It won't overtax your purse, either.

An ottroctive compact ond lipstick, both outomatic, in green ond gold.



If you wish to know the prices of the articles described here, send a stamped envelope to the Beauty Editor, Make-Up Box, Tower Magazines, Inc., 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Radio Rambles

(*Continued from page* 65)

radios are switched off at 9 P. M. pronto. Two of the toughest gangsters at this particular Big House recently petitioned the keeper to let them sit up an extra hour to listen to a program. The two mugs were so urgent in their demands, that the keeper finally sent for the head warden.

"What's the big idea, boys?" asked the warden.

"It's this way, chief," replied the elder of the two—a swarthy gent who in civilian life had received wide comment in the press for his efficiency with the typewriter (Chicago model).

"This Lucky Strike mob is doing one of these here big crime broadcasts tonight. Jack and me just wanted to listen in on how them studio hams play our parts."

Word comes from Variety, *the stage publication, that Ed Wynn and Al Jolson, at a reported salary of $5,000 each, are the two highest paid entertainers on the air.*

Marge, Radio's "It" Girl: At last radio has its "It" Girl. In a recent nation-wide poll Donna (Marge) Damerel of "Myrt and Marge" was voted the winner. Voice, mike personality, and looks were the three primary considerations. At any rate, when it comes to an award before her audience Marge can blush unseen.

Ruth Etting ran a close second.

One of those sudden requests from executives recently threw NBC librarians into a turmoil of activity. The question was:

"Who wrote 'Peck's Bad Boy'?"

The research experts went feverishly to work. A half hour later, somewhat chagrined, they had the executive back on the phone. The author was, as you might imagine, a Mr. Peck.

Marx Remarks: Those two Marxes, Groucho and Chico, in spite of their radio success as the five-star theater attorneys, Beagle, Shyster and Beagle, are, nevertheless, jealous of Harpo, who's been invited by the Soviet Ministry of Education to appear as a guest artist in Moscow.

"Harpo's going to Russia, because he bought his harp on the five-year plan. He's heard about free love out there, so he's going to take steppes," explains Groucho.

"The trouble with Harpo," adds Chico, "dates back to our grandfather Schoenberg who was a magician. He used Harpo's brains in a trick and forgot to return them."

"About our broadcast," Groucho continued, "the play is about Beagle, Shyster and Beagle, but Shyster is not a lawyer at all. He's the guy that ran off with my first wife, and I put his name on the door out of gratitude."

This item still leaves one of the four Marxes to be accounted for.

A Damrosch Mash Note

Lush-voiced Dr. Walter Damrosch is well into the fifth year of his "Music Appreciation Series." Few people on the air get more fan mail than the benign maestro.

Dr. Damrosch was particularly amused this year when he got the fol-

(*Please turn to page* 84)

Tintex Tints and Dyes—the Choice of Millions of Women

—because they make it SO easy to achieve Professional Results on Apparel and Home Decorations



SO SIMPLE TO USE!—Just sprinkle n little Tintex in a basin of wnter and "tint as you rinse." As easy as A-B-C.



LINGERIE MADE NEW!—When underthings fade just use Tintex and restore their fresh chnrm and color-beauty.



DRESSES AND FROCKS!—If faded, Tintex will restore their colors. Or will give them NEW colors, if you wish.



HOME DECORATIONS, TOO!—Curtains, drapes, table-linens, etc., are kept colorfully new with easy Tintex.

Because Tintex is simplest to use—because it gives professional results without muss or fuss—and because it offers the widest choice of fashionable colors—it is the largest selling Tint and Dye in the world. Use it for restoring faded colors—or giving *new* colors—to everything that you wear and home decorations, too. Save time, save disappointment and save money with Tintex!

Tintex
TINTS AND DYES



35 Fashionable Colors
On sale at Drug Stores and Notion Counters Everywhere



SATURDAY NIGHT
Heinz Oven-Baked
BEANS



ONE OF THE 57

EVERY member of your family will enjoy the good old New England custom of having baked beans for dinner Saturday night. Everyone relishes Heinz beans because they are really oven-baked—as the label states—not merely steamed or boiled. Baking makes these beans light and digestible—brings out their full flavor—permits the delicious Heinz sauces and seasonings to penetrate every mealy particle.

Heinz Oven-Baked Beans are now available at your grocer's *in new larger containers.* There are four styles to choose from—all baked. Two varieties in tomato sauce—with and without pork. Then, Boston Style—with pork in a rich sauce flavored with molasses. And lastly, Red Kidney Beans with pork, in a savory sauce, ready to serve. Order a supply of this wholesome, economical food now. Make absolutely sure you get *oven-baked* beans by asking for Heinz.

H. J. HEINZ COMPANY
PITTSBURGH, U. S. A.
TORONTO, CANADA · LONDON, ENGLAND

HEINZ *oven-baked* BEANS

Radio Rambles

(*Continued from page* 83)

lowing letter from a young admirer: My Dear Friend:

I am 8 years old. I like you very much. I have a little boy I got for Christmas and he is Walter just like you. The boy nest door I play with. He says I will marige him when I get big. No I won't cause I have a sea crit. I am going to marige you. We like your music very mush but Walter not too mush. I say your Daddy is playing you must be pulight. I buyd you a Christmas present. It was a mush dash cup. The socer got broker the cup is all right. Pulight people do not drink with a socer so you will be all right.

Good bye my music man Walter and I love you up to Heven.

Naoma.

I teared open my letter cause I told a fib. I did not buy your present. I found it over to granpaz. Naoma is sorry.

Sometimes we feel we just write and write and don't get anywhere. But, as Jack Pearl explains, if we don't get anywhere at least we don't have to come back.

Getting Glamour Into Clothes

(*Continued from page* 47)

intelligent; and it's possibly the greatest compliment that could be paid an actress.

Garbo fans know better than to copy a dress exactly like hers. They are wise enough—and the fashion houses catering to them are ingenious enough—to take this line or that, this material, that draping, this hat angle, and work it into a wearable gown or hat or wrap for them.

The high in front, exposed back gown Garbo wore in the early sequences of "As You Desire Me" made the vogue for that type of gown certain and assured. It had another feature that has been picked up to a wide degree for evening gowns—long gashed sleeves.

BUT before that Garbo had brought back another—and a very different vogue—the polo coat. Sports clothes in the negligent manner have her to thank for their widespread use, too. These two are her specialty—the careless walking costume and the studiedly careless evening ensemble.

Neither of them is the result of chance. When Greta was only the unknown find from Sweden posing in track costumes or evening wraps for publicity pictures she not only lacked the glamorous personality she has since obtained but glamorous clothes as well.

By some magic—and a good deal of it was make-up magic—she cut down the curves to give her face its long inscrutable look. A new eyebrow placing gave her eyes the setting they needed, the wide delicacy of her mouth was accentuated and a careless hair dress did the rest for her face.

For her figure nothing was needed but the insinuating drapery of clothes that spelled languor with a capital L. The low, long look—and the innate personality of a Garbo—did the rest. Now you and I could ask nothing better than to look like Garbo.

Music of the Sound Screen

(*Continued from page 63*)

palm should go to the recording engineers in the European Victor studio where this record was made. You will find in this disc an excellence of recording as to clarity and volume, that leaves the American product far behind. I wonder what the reason for this can be? Aside from this, Ray Noble has one of the best combinations on the other side of the pond that we have heard. The other side is by the same band, this time a novelty tune. "In the Bushes at the Bottom of the Garden," and you should enjoy it. (This is a Victor record.)

BARON LEE and his Blue Rhythm Boys are the next artists on the list, and they deserve a prominent place. Here is a band we have not heard from enough recently. "Smoke Rings," is the tune they play for us, and in my estimation, this melody is on a par with "Stardust," a number that took so long to gain its justly deserved popularity. Listen to "Smoke Rings" and see what you think of it. The other side is also by Baron Lee, a fast hot number, "Jazz Cocktail," a very potent concoction. If you like your musical drinks HOT, you won't go wrong on this. (This is a Melotone record.)

NOW we have a very fine vocal, by a young lady who is familiar to all followers of the musical comedy stage. Ethel Merman is the star of this disc, and I hope we will hear many more records from her. "How Deep Is the Ocean?" is the song she sings for us this time, and on the other side we find "I'll Follow You," also by Miss Merman, and every bit as good. (This is a Victor record.)

HERE is one from that great Broadway success, "Of Thee I Sing" and the title is "Wintergreen for President," strictly a novelty number, and not for dancing. However, it's very well recorded for us by Hal Kemp and his orchestra.

On the other side, we have a very good dance number, also played by Hal Kemp and his orchestra. "Ah, But I've Learned," which should meet with your approval. Skinny Ennis sings the vocal chorus. (This is a Brunswick record.)

LEO REISMAN and his orchestra are the next group to entertain us, and although Leo doesn't always win my vote I know there are plenty to welcome him. "Brother, Can You Spare a Dime?" from "Americana," is the tune Leo and the Boys play for us. The vocal chorus in this is the high spot.

"Whistling for a Kiss," is on the other side, from the same show, and played by the same band, but the less said about this one, the better. (This is a Victor record.)

"IT Don't Mean a Thing" is next on the list, and this time we hear this big hit of Duke Ellington's as a vocal. The Song Fellows are the recording artists and produce a very entertaining and enjoyable vocal.

They are also on the other side in a sweet tune, "So Ashamed." (This is a Melotone record.)

Every Woman's

MAGIC WAND



EVERY woman can add magic to her cooking skill with Heinz Tomato Ketchup. It gives zestful taste and tang to favorite sauces and gravies. Its spicy, appetizing flavor makes humble stew and old-fashioned hash truly delicious dishes. To beans and cold cuts it brings a delicious flavor and a tempting touch of ruddy color. And men relish their steaks and chops far more when a bottle of Heinz Ketchup is at their elbow. Made from the most luscious Heinz-bred tomatoes you ever tasted—seasoned by experts with the Orient's choicest spices—and bottled piping hot on picking day, its marvelous flavor is famous throughout the world . . . Keep it handy when you cook. Bring it to the table daily.

H. J. HEINZ COMPANY
PITTSBURGH, U. S. A.
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HEINZ
TOMATO KETCHUP
THE LARGEST SELLING KETCHUP IN THE WORLD

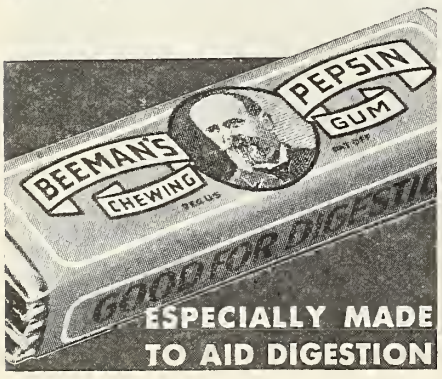


whopper!

Reel in a whale! Fight a horse mackerel with a five-ounce rod. Why not —feeling the way you do when your digestion is right?

Even a touch of indigestion cuts down your pep—and often you don't know what's wrong. That's why it's a good plan to chew Beeman's regularly. It keeps your digestion good. And the flavor is delicious. Try chewing it every day.

Chew
BEEMAN'S
PEPSIN GUM



Coo-Coo Gossip

(*Continued from page* 43)

William Powell is affectionately greeted by truck drivers as "Hey, you!"

Waiters always call Clark Gable "Sir."

Joe E. Brown is invariably "Brother" to guys who want a dime for a cuppa cawffee.

"Time changes everything," says Lupe Velez, "and for that reason I do not believe in marriage."

Which just goes to show that Lupe is oh-so-different.

That time changes everything is the reason most stars believe in marriage so frequently.

Sign in a Hollywood shop window
Wedding Gowns
and
Tuxedos For Rent

JAMES CAGNEY, who popularized a sock on the jaw as the great home remedy for what ails women—

And thumbed his nose at all the Warner brothers—

And who used to be a chorus man himself—

Well, James Cagney is, at heart, a bloomin' highbrow who tries to make you think he's a lowbrow. Jimmy attends debates at the People's Forum in Los Angeles. When Lincoln Steffens lectures on, "Is Capitalism Doomed?" you'll find Master Cagney right there sitting on the edge of his seat, his eyes popping out, lower lip between his teeth, and his perspiring brow puckered in meditation.

For that matter, ever so many ladies and gents of the cinema spend spare time beating their breasts in a demand for social justice and political progress.

In fact, a big film executive recently expounded as follows:

"At a time like this we must all, every one, stand shoulder to shoulder behind the President."

And, incidentally, this same titan observed that "the most prophylactic writers are not always the best."

And when some one suggested "The Pinnacle of Redemption" as a title, the wise tycoon shook his head and replied, "No. There's lots of people don't know whether pinocle is a game or a fish."

THE scene showed a woman, clothed, but asleep on her bed. The husband entered the room. He tenderly put her to bed. The big executive was watching the scene.

"Do you think it is all right?" asked the director.

"Yes," replied the film magnate. "It is so human. I know I would do the same thing myself. A good husband is always salacious for his wife's comfort."

Sign in Santa Monica—
Antiques
And Old Things

And movie stars are seldom gentle
Expressing what is elemental.

DON'T THINK YOU'RE SMART
PROVE IT
Fill in the Blanks and Win Yourself
a Pat on the Back if You
Are Double-jointed

1. Studio cameramen get gray hairs because no gal has more than two ——.
2. —— producers have gone broke trying to give the public what it likes to think it wants.
3. Making a bull fight picture, one studio is planning to get past the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals by having the publicity department double for the ——.

SIDNEY FRANKLIN, son of a Brooklyn cop, and America's one and only matador, will act in a screen version of his own amazing career. His face has just been remodeled at the hands of a surgical sculptor—his sitzer was remodelled two years ago by a bull in Madrid. Perhaps you saw Franklin for a brief but courageous and beautiful moment in Cantor's "Kid From Spain" picture. Fighting bulls before a movie camera is (believe it or nuts) more dangerous than fighting bulls in Madrid, for the simple reason that there must be many retakes. The bulls get too wise. In Spain the law requires that a fighting bull that survives the ring must be butchered—after one matinee it is suicide to try to fool a bull with a cape. When Franklin finished his scenes in "The Kid From Spain" he said he would never again face a bull for motion pictures. But Samuel Goldwyn, by some means or other, got him to change his mind and face.

NEWS item from abroad says Garbo was on the verge of renting a shack on an island in the Mediterranean, "without electricity, telephone, gas or water, and entirely surrounded by cactus."

But it would never be home to Garbo unless the cactus was entirely surrounded by reporters.

And furthermore, it's a mighty poor publicity still that shows neither all a gal's teeth nor all of her legs.

And those who accuse motion picture critics of being psychologically dyspeptic should not confuse the cause with the effect.

ALL youse debutantes, misunderstood waitresses, and poor little rich wenches who feel you ought to be in pitchers, listen to this:

A girl named Patricia O'Roark had tramped wearily day after day, from studio to studio looking for a job as stenographer.

She was sitting in the waiting room at Paramount wondering how long a girl can be expected to go between meals.

All at once a couple of half-familiar men (or perhaps they were very familiar) stood there ogling her, and mumbling to each other.

Suddenly they each grabbed an arm and rushed the young lady through the swinging doors and down the studio street and onto a set. Almost before she knew what had happened, she was looking into a camera. And the screen

test came out so well that Patricia got a part in "Cracked Ice," and the two zaneys who bounced her out of the waiting room were a couple of Marx brothers.

HARPO MARX, bachelor of the family, lives a hectic social life between pictures. He's invited to all the parties, and takes great delight in chasing big blondes, in the manner of a satyr. Or playing his harp, in the manner of an angel. Life of the party—and never took a lesson in his life. A running jump into the lap of a purtoibed grand dame seems to be his particular pleasure. Harpo lives in a luxurious mansion, with swimming pool and tennis courts. Recently Harpo took an airplane ride with Charlie MacArthur—and as they cruised high in the starry sky in the middle of the night, Harpo played his harp.

"Where have you been?" asked Helen Hayes, when her husband returned.

"I've been up in the clouds," replied Charlie, "playing angel with Harpo Marx."

MacARTHUR says he "wrote the jokes" for the Barrymores in "Rasputin." He was on the set week after week, month after month. And Charlie contends there is no truth in all the vicious little stories circulated about the Royal Family while the picture was in production. The gossips were fond of lisping tales to the effect that the Barrymores were in a continuous jealous rage at one another—that they formed a flying wedge to bounce young Tad Alexander every time the child wandered in front of the camera to steal a scene. The stories were amusing enough, but false as Lionel's beard. As a matter of fact, Ethel was so impressed by the boy's splendid acting that she finally persuaded Irving Thalberg to put the chee-ild under contract. And he lies who says Ethel wore puffed sleeves just to hide her brothers' faces.

Of course we aren't worrying about the Barrymores. But thought you might like to.

And when better pictures are made not enough people will go to see them.

Mrs. N. R. Wallace, motion picture censor for Birmingham, Alabama, has written an indignant letter to Will Hays, asking him to "Please watch Jean Harlow" because "when she appears in a picture, sex rears its ugly head."

It might help the picture business if Mrs. Wallace would write an open letter to the public.

New York's censorship board proudly reports that it has made a net profit of $1,356,396 (since 1921) and snipped 1487 scenes out of 1652 miles of film since last June.

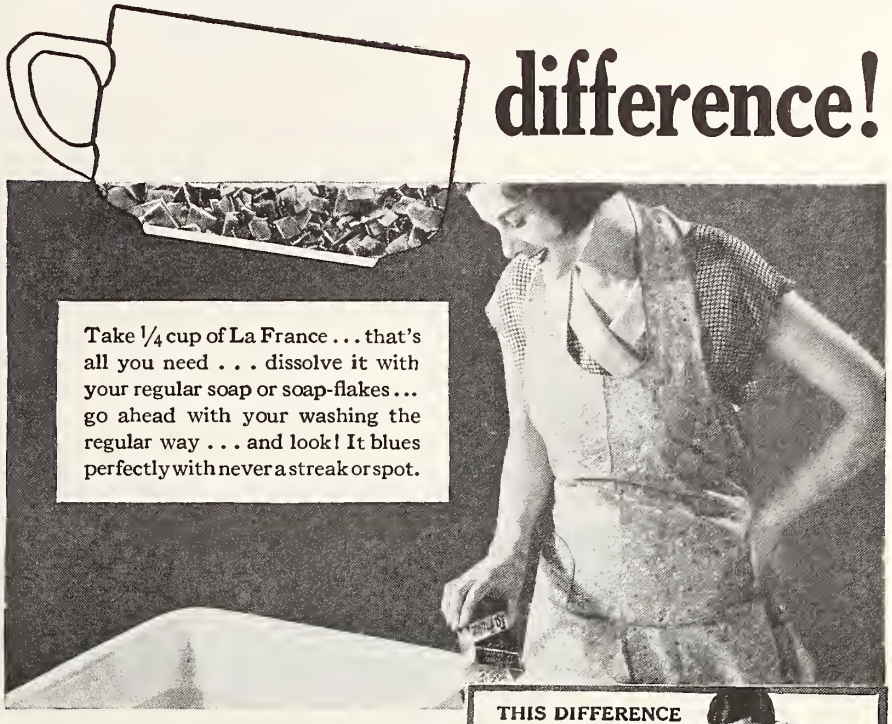
On the other hand, some of us are wondering whether or not pictures will be cleaned before producers are.

Hereafter when Estelle Taylor steps up to a microphone she must be veddy careful wot she says. Radio clucks were all in a dither after Estelle's recent broadcast.

"You look like a million," chirped the announcer, as he introduced Estelle.

"And," she replied, shyly, "just as hard to earn."

Yes, Ma'am . . . ¼ cup of LA FRANCE makes all this difference!

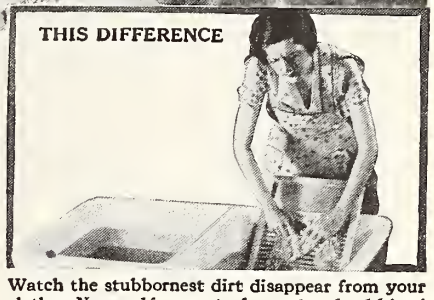


WATCH what happens! The stubbornest dirt disappears from your wash with no hard rubbing at all! If you use a washing-machine, often you'll need to run it only about half the usual time.

You'll be *amazed* that you're through in so much less time than it usually takes!

La France cleans your most delicate silks or your heaviest blankets *perfectly!* Never harms filmy materials . . . never fades colors!

And La France *blues as it cleans!* Blues without streak or spot . . . either in hard or soft water! No more time lost preparing bluing-water! No more lifting heavy, wet clothes in and out of the bluing-tub! Try La France. Your grocer has it.



Watch the stubbornest dirt disappear from your clothes. *No need for you to do any hard rubbing!*



No need for a bluing-rinse! La France blues as it cleans, either in hard or soft water!

Make your ironing easier, too!

Satina, added to boiling starch, takes all the "push" out of your ironing. Use Satina with your starch and your iron will *never* stick! All your starched pieces have a lovely glossy finish and a sweet fragrance. *Satina is never* more than 6 cents!



Never more than 10 cents . . . enough for three washings. Less than 3½ cents for the loveliest wash you ever looked at!

La France and Satina are both products of General Foods.

T. M.3-33

General Foods, Battle Creek, Mich.

Please send me a free test package of La France—enough for a family wash. And please include a free sample of Satina.

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

(Print name and address—fill in completely)

If you live in Canada, address General Foods, Limited, Cobourg, Ontario.

Why pay DOUBLE the price FOR *mouthwash?*



4 OUNCE BOTTLE

MIFFLIN

ANTISEPTIC MOUTH WASH

Contains only the finest ingredients — scientifically compounded. Has the same high antiseptic value as mouth washes costing double the price. Preserves the teeth — removes bad breath — and is an effective gargle for sore throat. Excellent after smoking.



4 OUNCE BOTTLE

MIFFLIN

ASTRINGENT MOUTH WASH

Guaranteed to be the same quality as the most expensive mouth washes of this type. Tightens receding gums — tones and hardens spongy gums — and leaves a clean, refreshing taste in your mouth. You'll like its flavor.

Mifflin Chemical Corporation, Philadelphia

• •

AT LEADING 5 & 10-CENT STORES

Night Club Cinderella

(*Continued from page* 35)

short flight of steps to the house.

The door opened to her ring. She inquired for the prima donna.

"Not home," said the landlady.

"Oh!"

"On the road."

"Oh!"

The door shut. With it, for a moment, the door of opportunity slammed. Lucille sat on the steps to consider the next move on her lean pocket-book and shaken nerve. It was past noon, and she was hungry, which reminded her that less than two dollars wouldn't buy many meals and provide a bed, too. From behind the blinds the landlady of the house peered with a suspicious eye. Passersby stared at her.

DURING their engagement in Springfield, the prima donna had mentioned names of Chicago people in the show business. Who were some of them? Lucille cudgeled her brain.

"Ernie Young."

That was one which stood out most distinctly in her mind. He put on revues.

Leaving the steps, Lucille made her way to the nearest drugstore, consulted a telephone directory, and found Mr. Young listed in the downtown region.

Several of her precious nickels took her there. But nickels had also taken a number of other girls to the same place, and they were all lined up before a door, jealously guarding their turn to go through and pass inspection for a cabaret chorus.

Whispers that the newcomer caught indicated that only about half a dozen were being hired, and between seventy and eighty applicants were in the room.

Lucille's heart sank, but she steeled herself against the black looks and the imprecations of the crowd, and made a dash for the door marked "Private" the next time it was opened, not waiting her proper turn.

"I've got to have a job!" she cried to the little man sitting behind the desk. "Please give me a chance and don't kick me out! I've got to have a job right away, or——"

The manager smiled, and quieted the girl.

"Sit down, kid," he said, "and don't get so excited. Nobody's going to kick you out. What's the excitement?"

Lucille told her tale, while the little man, lighting a fresh cigar, studied her through shrewd eyes. Though the little girl was a bit heavier than he liked his dancers to be, she had many other points in her favor, especially that freshness of youth that cannot be faked, and a vibrant quality that cannot be imitated.

"You're hired," he told her, "and you must be ready to go on to-night. Okay?"

WAS it okay! Those words were as the sweetest music to her ears, and that night she was given a place in the last row of the chorus at Friars' Inn, where she danced so well that they moved her up front before the week was out. Make out that wasn't a thrill! Then the pleased manager picked her, among other of his best dancers, to go to Oklahoma City for a special engagement at a two-weeks convention.

From there, she was sent to join the show at the Oriole Terrace, in Detroit. Miss Fifteen was seeing the world, and having a wonderful time, but there were also hours when she was horribly lonely. Far away from her mother and brother, she missed them more than she would admit even to herself. And the long confidential talks with Ray Sterling—how she longed for them, and his unselfish devotion!

Her isolation seemed all the more poignant when, at the Oriole Terrace, the more professional girls in the chorus decided to treat her as a greenhorn. That meant practically all of them. So Lucille was excluded from their personal confidence and the invaluable "tips" they might have given her as old-timers in the business.

Segregated to a corner behind a curtain, her costume thrown in her lap, the tears falling on it unheeded, she spent the most miserable hour of her dawning career. How could people be so deliberately cruel? In the convent, the boarding-school, the college, she had known its bitter taste, but she had always thought that theatrical men and women had kinder hearts, and were noted for helping others.

Her curtain suddenly stirred. A head was poked in. The face didn't look any too clean, but the grin was friendly. It was the one girl out of the thirty-two there who felt pity for the ostracized newcomer.

"You don't know much about it, do yuh, kid?"

"No."

"Want me to show yuh?"

"Oh, will you, please!"

"Sure, why not?"

AND she did. Hours going through the steps and the routine and giving pointers on the make-up, so that the rehearsals were not a nightmare of clumsiness and sarcastic digs. That poor little chorus girl, who never had any advantages in life, put out the saving hand at a critical juncture of a career that might have ended there instead of mounting to heights of glory. Who knows? It is a fascinating speculation to wonder what might have happened to the future Joan Crawford—what other course she might have taken, had the clique at the Oriole Terrace forced her out.

But they didn't. Depressed as she was—and how profound her melancholy always is!—Lucille LeSueur applied herself with dogged determination to making good in that hostile atmosphere. Reward came in the form of promotion to the position of end girl within eight weeks. Small as it may seem, this move on the chessboard of her destiny proved highly significant. Whirling in a gypsy dance, which was one of the Oriole Terrace's more brilliant ensembles, her skirt accidentally slapped one of the front tables and drew the attention of three men sitting at it.

One of them was no less a personage than J. J. Shubert (the theatrical producer), then in Detroit trying out one of his shows, "Innocent Eyes."

Always on the look-out for material, he watched that end girl in the next number, which was a buck-and-wing in tight-fitting trousers and loose blouses, and though Lucille wasn't any too sure of her steps, and had to fake most of them, the New York producer was

favorably impressed by the way she handled herself.

After the floor show was over he went back to the dressing-rooms with the manager of the cabaret and invited Miss LeSueur to see the matinee of "Innocent Eyes" the next day.

Naturally, such attention from this big theatrical man made her heart beat faster. He personified all that Broadway stood for in her fervid imagination, and to think that he was interested in her made her senses reel a bit.

"Innocent Eyes" was her first glimpse of a real musical comedy, lavishly mounted, and Lucille was enchanted. How she would love to be one of those chorus girls, perfect in technique, gorgeously gowned, with the air of sophisticated charm!

"How did you like it?" asked the smiling J. J. Shubert when the curtain had fallen.

"Oh, it was marvelous, I think!" exclaimed Lucille.

"How would you like to go back to New York with the company, tonight?" he inquired, caught by her naïve enthusiasm.

That was a decisive moment. Now that her long-wished-for opportunity was at hand she was scared. And she was certainly green when it came to theatrical business arrangements for she stammered something about the cost of the trip being prohibitive.

Shubert laughed.

"It won't cost you a cent, Miss LeSueur," he said. "You will be one of the company—traveling expenses paid."

"When—when does the train leave, Mr. Shubert?"

"Two in the morning."

"I'll be there."

"Good!"

THE cabaret show ended at one o'clock which gave her time to pack her scanty belongings and catch the train for New York. Of course, she should have given two weeks notice to the Oriole Terrace management. Jumping out of a job that way wasn't the right thing to do, but again it was ignorance on her part of the ethics involved, and not deliberate desertion.

On the way to New York her brain was in a whirl of feverish speculation. Was she going to realize the dazzling dream of her childhood and dance to the pinnacle of success? Or was she to turn out to be "just another chorus girl?" Seeing "Innocent Eyes" had opened her own as to how far she would have to go to rise above the rank and file. These girls who were to be her associates knew their business, and in a sense she would have to begin at the bottom.

Well, she would! Up to the present she had forged ahead, and there wasn't any reason why she couldn't continue to progress. Of course, it was going to be anything but easy in New York.

However, New York wasn't the hard-boiled, inhospitable place she had been led to expect by those with whom she had talked about her ambition to conquer the Great White Way.

"That big burg eats 'em alive," they had said, or words to that effect.

And she had heard many cynical comments about what girls had to do to get even a small chance on Broadway. But here the great Mr. Shubert had picked her for his chorus in a most matter-of-fact way, without the slight-

(*Please turn to page* 90)

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Maybelline
EYE BEAUTY PREPARATIONS

Night Club Cinderella

(*Continued from page* 89)

est sign of other than business intention.

Surprisingly, too, she found backstage that the girls of musical comedy were more friendly than those of the Detroit cabaret troupe at first meeting. They made her feel at home, put her onto the "ropes," and gave her bits of worldly advice.

Lucille looked around for a cheap and quiet rooming house, in which she was helped by her new friends, and settled down to the serious business of getting to the top in her profession.

IT was now that she caught sight of her first stage-door Johnnies. During her short experience with the show in Springfield, none of the ilk had come to her attention, and at both the Friars' Inn and the Oriole Terrace only the girls' regular beaus had waited for them after the performance.

Lucille had been without a beau since she had turned her back on Ray Sterling. He was still the one man uppermost in her thoughts, and she still missed him poignantly. Though other admirers sought her out, and her girl companions pressed her with invitations, she didn't allow the flattery and the gay times offered her to interfere with her singleness of aim and the hard work it required. At the end of two weeks, without any intimation of what was in the wind, the manager called out to her at rehearsal, after the chorus had gone through one of their routines:

"Hey, there, kid, come here!"

Trembling, she stepped up from the back row, where she had been straining every nerve and sinew to be as good as the next. Evidently, she had missed out.

"Get in the front row, baby—there's where you belong!"

She did.

Elevated to the position of a front row "pony"— a pony is a short girl—in such a brief time! Lucille was then only five feet tall, the four additional inches of her full height coming in the next few years.

Was she thrilled? More so, perhaps, than if she had been told she was heiress to a million dollars. Not six months had passed since she shook the dust of Kansas City from the soles of her shoes and she had arrived at this enviable position in the chorus on Broadway! Surely, she would now be justified in her mother's and her brother's eyes, and Ray would be proud of her.

HECTIC letters were sent off to the West. But in the midst of her triumph she felt somewhat dissatisfied and a bit lonely. Though she loved gayety, and could dance day and night, her zest for life insatiable, Lucille LeSueur had a serious streak in her nature that craved sincerity, purpose and worth-while accomplishment. Delightful and lovable as many of the girls around her were, she also realized that they were shallow, in general; that the glitter of the show game and the adulation it excited were enough to make them happy.

But she wanted more than that. Her old inward urge "to become" was busy. To whom could she express this wordless impulse to achieve something beyond the present round? If she could only talk to Ray. He would understand. Then Jack Oakie came along

as if in answer to a prayer. He was in the same show with her. A couple of eager kids, growing up on the stage together, as it were, both looking at life in the same way, they became that rare combination of the sexes—pals.

Of course, the people who knew them liked to believe it was a love affair, but it wasn't. It was a precious comradeship to the girl who wanted to believe in the better side of humanity, even though she was in the chorus and often forced to see and hear the worst.

Butter-and-egg men did not interest her. Once, when she was a poor little "hayseed" dreaming of the dazzling future, she had thought breathlessly of how grand it would be to have men at her feet, begging for the favor of her company. But it proved a more alluring event in imagination than in reality.

Chorus girls, in the popular conception, are gay and foolish butterflies for the golden nets of rich collectors—dancing all night in their shows, and afterwards at some gilded resort; eating and drinking the worst things they could put in their bodies; sleeping all day in a so-called "love-nest," running up bills for their gentlemen friends; and being showered with furs, flowers and diamonds.

One girl in fifty may have this luck or misfortune — whichever way you wish to look at it—but the majority either live at home in New York (except when on the road), or are married and helping support somebody or share rooms together so as to save expenses; and many of them take more unromantic jobs in between engagements, like those of saleslady or waitress, so as to keep the all-too-familiar wolf from the door—and lucky if they have the door!

When Lucille LeSueur finally got very homesick, and made up her mind that she must see her mother and Ray again, come what may, her carfare to Kansas City presented a problem of extra work. She went to Nils Granlund. "Granny," as he is called, is the friend in need of all chorus girls in New York.

"What can I do to earn a little money so I can go home for Christmas?" Lucille asked him.

"How about a cabaret job after your show?" he asked in return.

That sounded fine. Granlund introduced her to Harry Richman and he engaged her to sing and dance. But she had no evening dress, which was required. Again Granlund came to her assistance, and gave her a signed blank check to use for the purchase of a gown. Keeping the cost down to a minimum, she bought one for fourteen dollars!

As for singing! Lucille had never thought she could sing, but she wasn't afraid to try, again illustrating her curious blend of timidity and courage.

In later years Lucille—as Joan Crawford—has confessed to having an incurable inferiority complex, which causes her intense internal suffering. But her variety of this common affliction appears to be the sort that fights against itself at fateful moments and assumes a livery of bravery to the outside world that it doesn't really possess.

SO Lucille, arming herself, paid visits to the music publishers of Tin Pan Alley, inquired for their latest songs with the air of one accustomed to it, and learned the hits of the hour.

Her carfare to Kansas City was as-

(*Please turn to page* 92)

TO

Young Mothers

FACING THEIR FIRST PROBLEM OF COLDS



TWO generations of mothers have used Vicks VapoRub in the treatment of children's colds. They have proved its worth. Found out, through years of use, how dependable it is. Younger mothers, too, are discovering every day how remarkably effective is this modern, *external* way of treating colds. Here are some of the reasons for its world-wide use:

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Further Solution of Mothers' Problem of Colds

VapoRub is the foundation of the new Vicks Plan for better *Control* of Colds. In clinical tests among thousands last winter—in schools, colleges and homes—Vicks Plan reduced the number and duration of colds by half!—saved almost two-thirds of time lost from school due to colds!—cut the costs of colds more than half!

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"Precious little aids to beauty"

Night Club Cinderella

(*Continued from page* 91)

sured, and she would be home for Christmas. Two days before the time she had planned to get her train, Granlund called up on the phone.

"Say, you ought to see Harry Rapf before you go."

"Why?"

"To take a camera test. He's looking for new movie recruits and you ought to be good."

She pooh-poohed the idea. Almost every girl she knew in the show business had taken such a test, and nothing had come of it except blasted hope. It would be a waste of time on her part, she felt.

"But you might make the grade," insisted Granlund, "and you'd like to get into the movies, wouldn't you?"

"No!"

"Say, kid——"

"I wouldn't."

BUT "Granny" wouldn't take *no* for an answer, and he took her to Harry Rapf, for whom she registered the customary emotions of love and hate, joy and sorrow, for the cold glass eye of the camera.

The first test was a failure. "Granny" persuaded Rapf to take another, which was done. Is it any wonder that Joan Crawford looks upon "Granny" today as her best friend?

Once away from Harry Rapf and his paraphernalia, she forgot all about them. Home was her sole thought now, and the coming reunion with her family. After the holidays, she expected to return to Broadway, and to the round that had begun to pall.

Even if the glory of her chosen career had lost some of its glamour, she had made good in it, and the arrival in Kansas City was a triumphant return for the Prodigal Daughter who, so to speak, had brought the fatted calf back with her!

Then in the midst of all the excitement, came the surprise of her life. A telegram was handed her which read:

"*You have been placed under a five-year contract. Leave immediately for Culver City, California.*"

The message was read a dozen times by herself and her awed family. And if they had any doubt about it, there was the money wired for her transportation.

On New Year's Day, 1925, Lucille LeSueur kissed them good-bye and started for the Golden West. Once more, she hated to leave Ray Sterling, but it was fate, and he understood, as usual.

A thousand times on the way she wondered what was before her? Would she dance for the screen? Would they give her real parts to do? Or would they forget her very existence, as sometimes happened?

Anyway, her foot was on the ladder to fame, and Lucille was going to get there even if it was kicked from under her!

(Next month will appear the most unusual of all these articles—Joan Crawford as the Hollywood play-girl. Don't fail to read it, because it is not only authentic, but it is new. You'll find it in the April New Movie Magazine, *on sale March 10th.)*

Hollywood Bandwagon

(*Continued from page* 16)

ZAT'S RIGHT: At a party recently a cameraman snapped a picture of Mrs. Leftwich and her daughter, Patricia Ellis, and then asked her name. She told him and he spelled it out questioningly.

"That's right," she told him, and then added dryly, "Thanks for leaving off the 'z'"

CAMERA FAD: Hollywood has gone completely mad on the subject of photography. The stars (mostly men) are buying expensive cameras, shooting everything in sight and doing their own developing.

Keen rivalry has developed between Robert Montgomery, Leslie Howard and Chester Morris. Chester, of course, has the jump on the other boys because for more than two years he has owned and operated a small motion picture camera, but now he has gone in for still photography in a big way. These three fellows do their developing and printing at the same shop. Bob will call up the man in charge and ask: "Did Leslie turn in anything decent today?" and if Leslie did, then Bob works that much harder to get something better. Then Leslie calls up. "What do you mean by giving that Montgomery guy special printing paper?" he demands. They all made their own Christmas cards and talk about a bus man's holiday, these actors just can't stay away from a camera!

PUFF FOR MARY: "I think Mary Forbes is the most beautiful woman I've ever seen," remarked a young newspaperman at a party recently. "All young women should look at her and not be afraid of growing older."

Everyone within earshot turned to look at Mrs. Forbes and one by one agreed with the reporter. Mrs. Forbes noticed the attention she was getting so someone told her the reason for it.

"I thought when my hair got white no one would notice me," she said. "Ralph always wanted me to have white hair but it took so long for it to turn that he almost despaired. Now he is very happy about it."

Since Ralph and Ruth Chatterton were divorced, Mrs. Forbes sees more of her son "and it's so nice to be having dinner with him often," she enthused. Mrs. Forbes had just finished working in "Cavalcade" and said she had enjoyed working with the English cast so much, as she is just as English as she can be.

PRESS ERRORS: That giant fifty-foot ape that appears in Radio's "King Kong" has shriveled to twenty-six feet . . . and if we stick around long enough the press department may get the thing down to its actual size.

PHILANTHROPIST: Clarence Muse, the colored actor and composer, has become a charitable institution in him-

self. There's hardly a needy colored case that comes to his door that isn't given help in some way or another. Muse has seen some hungry days himself and knows just how it feels.

And now they're planning to have that refined, quiet and lovely chap, Boris Karloff, play "Bluebeard."

PARKING SAFER: Across the street from Warners' Burbank Studio is a parking station owned by Ernest Van Houten. Van, as he is known to Hollywood, used to be a stunt man in pictures, but now, with many patched up places in his body and a part of one foot gone, he has decided that running a parking station is safer. He still appears in pictures, however, and occasionally can't resist the urge to take part in a risky piece of stunting.

CHANGING TIMES: A few years ago Gary Cooper was just Colleen Moore's leading man in "Lilac Time." Now Gary seems to be doing pretty well, but Colleen is quite worried about her career.

FOOTBALL IN THE PARLOR: Billy Bakewell has two phonograph records of crowds yelling at big sporting events. He also has one of those parlor football games, which he loves to play. But when he plays the game, he also plays the records. He says it makes the game more exciting.

STILL HANGING: Instead of having separate bedrooms in the new family home, Polly Ann Young and Sally Blane have a suite, consisting of bedroom, sitting room, bath and dressing room, together. It is furnished in creamy white.

"That house will never be completely furnished," Billy Bakewell declared. "When I was leaving for Europe they were hanging the drapes in the drawing room. When I returned three months later, the first thing I saw was the drapes in the drawing room being hung."

But that is because Loretta changes her mind so often. And with so many women in one house it must be hard to please all of them.

DICK BOASTS: Richard Cromwell says that Sally Blane, Polly Ann Young and Loretta Young are so popular the boys line up to get into the house. "But Sally's the grandest girl in town," he added. "She's more fun to go places with than any girl I know."

It looks as if Billy Bakewell is head man with Sally just now, however.

NOTES: Mrs. Clark Gable was so worried about her husband when he had a touch of influenza that she went right out and bought him a $100 tablecloth. . . . Pauline Garon paints her nails red clear to the end of her fingernail because, she says, it is the latest fad in Paris. And her nails match her lip stick exactly. . . . Georgie Jessel lunching at the Paramount lunchroom with Charles R. Rogers and without Norma Talmadge. . . . Joan Blondell lunches with George Barnes every day now because he is photographing her picture. . . . She says she lives so high up now that she never hears any gossip. . . .

(*Please turn to page* 94)

The OLD-TIME FLAVOR of her pancakes in YOURS TODAY



Visitors came from miles around to enjoy Aunt Jemima's light, tender pancakes— to watch her make them on the old Higbee plantation. Aunt Jemima legend

Golden-brown, tender pancakes, with the same tempting flavor, the same delicious lightness that made Aunt Jemima's famous! An old plantation secret, a special combination of four flours — that is what you get in ready-mixed Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour. Corn, rice, rye and wheat flours mixed for special lightness and flavor. Simply add milk (or water) to Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour, and bake up the daintiest, tenderest pancakes you ever tasted. The Quaker Oats Company, Chicago.

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MISS ALICE HUGHES, the famous writer and fashion authority, whose advice is heeded by millions of thrifty women, describes Roylace Cloth-lyke Shelf Paper as follows:—

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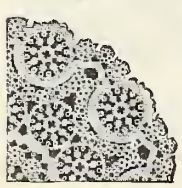
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Roylace



SHELF PAPER AND DOYLIES

Hollywood Bandwagon

(*Continued from page* 93)

BAD WOMAN: "The only picture my mother liked me in was 'The Strange Case of Clara Deane' because I played a good woman in that," Wynne Gibson said. "I don't mind playing bad women, though, only I hate to get thrown out all the time. I'd like to be bad once and get to stay."

Wynne's mother and father have come to Hollywood to make their home with her and she has a new Paramount contract which gives her almost double her previous salary, so everything is gr-a-a-and.

Eleanor Holm has a tiny apartment directly above the Antonio Morenos, who are her official chaperones. When Eleanor wants Mrs. Moreno she pounds on the floor.

WHAT A BET! Billy Bakewell took Sally Blane to a football game but she refused to cheer for his team. One word led to another and they finally made a bet. Sally lost, so Billy took her to lunch every day until her pay day in order to collect his winnings.

One young star who, along with other contract players, was talked into taking part of his salary in the company's stock, remarked the other day that he threw his stock into the fire and it wouldn't even burn.

"Honestly," he said earnestly, "it bounced right out of the fire into my lap."

I've Gone Hollywood

(*Continued from page* 51)

going to have a fling at life I'd better start now. Right here is where I went Hollywood! First thing I knowed I had on one of them Clark Gable turtle-neck sweaters, like I used to wear when I was a kid back home in Urbana. Then I got to borrowin' my wife's car, with a colored boy fer a chaffeur. Next thing I got to minglin' with the folks down at The Brown Derby. There musta been a great change some place, 'cause not a single one a them autograph hounds recognized me, I was lookin' so young. Did feel kinda slighted to sit around eatin' without anybody botherin' me. You see, out here the people gather every noon to collect autographs and watch the actors eat, same as you would watch them feed the animals in a circus.

THE same thing happened next day when I showed up across the street at Al Levy's cafe, in my golf togs. A coupla shoe string producers—nice fellers, too—spotted me and told Mr. Levy they thought they could use me as a leadin' man. When he told them who I was they was knocked flat; said they'd never seen sech a change in their lives—didn't know I had so much sex appeal. Shucks! I knowed that all the time, but then I'm sort of a conservative feller. This made me perk up more'n ever, and I sez to myself, "Doggone it, I've gone Hollywood!"

After takin' in the Cocoanut Grove and a night club called The Frolics, there wasn't no place left to go. Shucks! All this here talk 'bout Hollywood bein' so wild. Why, there ain't enough things goin' on here at night to keep a feller like me a-goin'. Here I was, jest feelin' my oats and steppin' high, and it all ravelled out in a couple nights.

A bunch of us fellers got together and stagged it down to Aggy Calienty in old Mexico, one night. You know, that's about the only place the Hollywood folks can really rear back. Boy! Doc Sale's boy sure did his share, particularly with them gamblin' games. Course I don't like to brag, but I was considered pretty good playin' seven-up and casino with the boys back home, and did I take them slick Calienty boys to a cleanin' on that roulette wheel! And never havin' to put up more'n two-bits at a time during the whole evenin'.

Then I took in a coupla of them Malibou parties, but all they did was sit around and play some game called backgammon. Looked to me as if it was slower'n checkers. So I took myself out on the beach and watched the pretty girls all afternoon. Yes, sir-ree, folks, the real life in Hollywood takes place out of doors. It didn't take me long to find that out!

So I bought myself a membership in a golf club, 'cause I could see right away that most of the big fellers out here wasn't anywhere I was goin'. Didn't care so much fer golf at first, but then as I was growin' younger all the time the derned game got under my skin. Lookin' around I could see ev'rybody in Hollywood plays golf. Why, I even saw John Barrymore himself out there one day tryin' to dig himself out. And, another day, I run into Clara Bow. I had on my golf pants and she sez, "Where you goin', little boy?" Well, sir, I never was so embarrassed in my life—guess she thought I was a caddy.

Next thing I got started to runnin' around to them polo games, watchin' Will Rogers, Jack Holt, Big Boy Williams, Ralph Forbes, Bob Montgomery, and all them boys, tryin' to ride a horse and hit a ball with one a' them long-handled crokay mallets. Why, I got so doggoned enthusiastic over this game that I felt jest like rentin' a horse and tryin' it myself.

WELL, I could see how things was goin' from bad to worse, and I knowed if I kept up they'd soon have me playin' Jackie Cooper parts, so now I've just quieted down and aim to do plenty deep-sea fishin' out in the old Pacific, or some trout fishin' up in the mountains; mebbe some duck and deer huntin', too.

Yes, sir-ree, folks, I went Hollywood and it made a young feller out of me. My advice to everyone comin' out here is, to do things moderately. Look at me—went too far and overdone it!

Letters the Public Writes

(*Continued from page* 44)

read, digested, answered and filed away like a set of government archives.

I TOOK one look at this majestic collection, remembered that my eyes are not as good as they used to be, and decided to confine my researches to the years 1930 and 1931. But these, the Hays office tells me, are typical; a cross section of American opinion on its favorite diversion. As such, they deserve preservation for the historians among our great-grandchildren.

Classifying them mentally after I had finished reading, I experienced one surprise. I had expected that most of them would deal with sex.

That topic, however, holds only second place. The largest class consists of "dry" letters—complaints that the movies are by example encouraging the drink habit and violation of the Eighteenth Amendment.

Since the years 1930 and 1931 marked a great wet tide in our affairs, this struck me as curious. But every editor, judging the popularity of his features by the letters he receives from his subscribers, knows that certain special classes of readers are prone to take their pens in hand.

"Wet propaganda"—this is the most common epithet in this class of letters. "When," asks a correspondent from Texas, "did the motion picture sell out to the liquor interests, and how much are they paying? The public has a right to know."

An American writes all the way from Brazil to note that while this country is notoriously dry by law, the motion pictures do not seem aware of it. "This inconsistency produces a very bad impression here," he adds.

Another correspondent sees a deep wet plot in a film which ridicules the drinking of milk by adults.

A Southern senator forwards a letter from a prominent constituent making the familiar charge that the movies have sold out to the wets. He, however, has a remedy. He wants the senator to introduce a bill prohibiting the interstate circulation of films which show drinking scenes.

"Arrowsmith," which included scenes where—quite in character—the hero drank a glass or two, for some unknown reason brought an especially large number of protests.

So did the episode of Lincoln drinking from a jug in the frontier scenes of "Abraham Lincoln"—that is more comprehensible. Most of the correspondents who wrote about this scene quoted Lincoln's opinions on alcohol as expressed in the last years of his life, and deduced that Father Abraham did not know the taste of liquor.

Another correspondent, after declaring that the movies were subservient to the liquor interests, also polished off the cigarette as follows:

"The smoking done in those pictures was really nothing but advertising for the cigarette manufacturers . . . neither Cagney nor Williams are cigarette smokers, yet the director had to force those two good actors to learn."

Many others take a side-swipe at cigarette smoking by the women of the screen. One reminds Mr. Hays that by the luxury and corruption of its

(*Please turn to page* 96)



No more one-way dentifrices!

USE SQUIBB'S FOR 5-WAY PROTECTION

1 It cleans effectively and *safely*.

2 It polishes well and *safely* — with complete freedom from grit.

3 It prevents bleeding of the gums the *safe* way — by keeping them healthy, and avoids using dangerous astringents. Frequent bleeding of the gums no dentifrice can cure. The dentist should be consulted.

4 It is economical because it gives greatest protection. Squibb Dental Cream is sold at the lowest price manufacturing cost permits. *Its use is true economy.*

5 It combats the germ acids that cause tooth-decay.

When you use a dentifrice that is of benefit in only one or two of these ways, you're actually neglecting your teeth! All-round care of the teeth demands 5-way protection—the protection that Squibb Dental Cream gives.

The clean, refreshing taste of Squibb's makes using it a pleasure. And you can rely on it, as you rely on every Squibb Product, to be effective, pure and safe. Don't risk harm to your teeth by delay. See your dentist regularly, and at least twice a day brush your teeth with Squibb Dental Cream.

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the 5-way dentifrice



Available everywhere in THREE *economical sizes*

Scientific aids to loveliness—
Squibb Toilet Products

You'll find a new delight in using dainty creams and powders made to the high Squibb standard of purity and quality. For effective care of the skin these products are outstanding: Squibb Cold Cream, Squibb Cleansing Cream, Squibb Vanishing Cream, Squibb Lanolin Cream, Squibb Toilet Lanolin, Squibb Talcum and Bath Powders. Sold at all good stores and moderately priced. Look for the name Squibb on the label.

ANNOUNCING
the new
COMBINATION
PACKAGE of

LOTUS
SANITARY
NAPKINS

AND

LOTIRIS

a positive powder deodorant
for dusting on sanitary napkins

●

THE Federal Trade Commission has ruled that no Sanitary Napkin Manufacturer has the right to claim that his napkin has any deodorizing qualities. We are therefore giving Lotus Buyers a positive deodorizing agent, LOTIRIS.

●

FOR personal hygiene for wamen the Lotus & Lotiris cambination package is the last word in Feminine Daintiness at no extra cast to you.

In each package of Lotus Sanitary Napkins there is an envelope of Lotiris Deodorant—sufficient for dusting on sanitary napkins.

Also in each package is a circular giving full particulars of the numeraus uses of Lotiris for Personal Hygiene.

Lotus Sanitary Napkins are the same high quality made under the most sanitary conditians.

With Lotus and Lotiris you have the utmost in sanitary protection.



6 LOTUS SANITARY NAPKINS 10¢

15¢ in the far West and Canada

SOLD BY
F.W. WOOLWORTH CO.

Letters the Public Writes

(*Continued from page* 95)

women, Rome fell.

Another says something pertinent when he remarks:

"If the motion picture would only make drunkenness invariably disgusting, as it does in this film! It is the constant repetition of the scenes where men and women are drinking without apparent harm and in refined surroundings which do most to undermine our respect for the fundamental law of the land."

THE letters about sex are better guides to public opinion than those about prohibition; sex has not yet become a political issue. In the earlier days, when independents or even "regulars" got over some pretty raw plots and episodes, a flood of correspondence often gave the first notice.

And always such letters, taken in bulk, have served the office as an education in what Americans hold to be fair and lovely and of good report.

Hays has commanded a long fight, not yet entirely won, to clean up the advertising of irresponsible local exhibitors; to prevent them from perverting mild or innocent situations and titles into suggestions of "hot stuff." Objections to advertising of this sort form a considerable part of the "sex correspondence."

One indignant citizen grows apoplectic over the motion picture comedian who scratched a match on a nude statue; another objects to the "totally undressed woman" which figures on the bronze ornament of an antique cannon used in "Old Ironsides."

Strict clergymen write in from time to time raking the sex-mad institution of motion pictures from stem to stern and forecasting the time when outraged public opinion will wipe out this iniquity; but in general, the letters from the cloth, even when they object to some specific film, are tolerant and understanding. As for example this one, bearing the letterhead of a rectory in Pennsylvania:

"I set little store by the objection raised on the score of sex appeal. A play without it is, generally, devoid of human interest. But when the appeal verges on the vulgar, the line should be drawn somewhere . . . When sex appeal becomes strident, it ceases to please."

FOR the rest, the correspondence merely illustrates that you cannot put either comedy or villainy on the screen without making some citizen believe that the shot is aimed at his race, trade or class. This, for example, from an Italian-American:

"Stop using Italian names for all your disgusting gangster pictures. Stop biting the hand that has given the world everything that is worth while."

In the file for the same week, a Scandinavian protests against the motion picture maintaining the myth that Columbus discovered America, "when every fair minded person knows that Leif Ericson was here five hundred years before." He feels that this is a piece of Italian propaganda.

Another Nordic, fresh from a film which showed a comedian with a Swedish accent, does not let his eyes close in sleep until he writes to ask:

"Couldn't you speak up and have something done about the film companies throwing ridicule and insults on the Swedish people?"

A Hindu writes to denounce the film "Hunting Tigers in India" as a bit of "dastardly British propaganda." He adds in explanation, "there is no depicting of scenic, architectural, refined and noble India."

A plumber, and later a local association of the craft, writes in to object to "Disappearing Enemies," which built a comic incident on a plumbing job.

A Boston woman who owns up to fifty years asks why the motion picture always make ladies of her age "totter as though they were eighty?"

A patriot grows indignant because he has seen "Abraham Lincoln" on the same program with the film of a local basket-ball game.

"Upper Underworld" was a story of the milk racket in a Middle Western city. A "release" of a press agent announced that in this film "the amazing graft in the milk business is about to be exposed, showing it to be as much a racket as Al Capone's beer-running in Chicago." The local dairymen, quite rightly and naturally, passed and mailed indignant resolutions.

Less reasonably, several icemen wrote in about a film wherein a husband presented his wife with an electric refrigerator. "Free advertising," they called it.

A gas association objected to a suicide by gas.

A street railway company took offence at a film which made comedy of a flat wheel in a trolley car.

A militant atheist demanded to know why, when the motion pictures portray a wedding, the ceremony is always performed "by a clergyman with his collar turned backward."

A billiard association objected to low scenes in poolrooms.

The staff of a municipal institution expressed its indignation over "Godless Girls," in which an inmate of a reformatory meets unjust and cruel treatment.

An advertisement for "Canyon Hawks" mentioned the historic distaste of cattlemen for sheepmen in the frontier West. Thereupon a wool growers' association sent a protest against opening "old wounds, long ago healed."

And a druggist, inspired to just indignation by a comedy film, wrote:

"The drugstore was brought into the picture very prominently and in a very bad light. The drunkard gets off the train, sees the sign 'Drugs' makes a bee line there to buy Jamaica ginger. The druggist whispers to him, produces a bottle of rum and says, 'That will cost you $10.' Why pick on us?"

ALL over the country, people with the stammering habit or teachers who correct that affliction, wrote in about a stammering comedian. Many patients had suffered a relapse after hearing him on the screen. As any psychologist knows, this kick was not moonshine; hence, probably, no more stammering comedians.

Somewhere in the back files there lie together two contrasting letters from citizens of substance from the screen. Let the film show only the brighter side of this burdened world. The other asks Mr. Hays to suppress all comedies. "They prevent people from seeing the

serious side of life," says the writer.

Another believes that the film is striking at the foundations of the family when it shows comedies wherein young married men have differences with their mothers-in-law.

Two women ask Mr. Hays to keep black cats off the screen—one because that animal is unlucky, the other because its appearance in a picture encourages superstition.

Of course, the Hays organization has nothing to do with the purchase of manuscripts for the motion picture companies, and still less with the employment of actors. It has tried by every means at its command to advertise that limitation.

THE screen-struck girl, of course, has been a special nuisance of his job. In three cases out of four, she got that way when a sweetheart, a doting member of the family or a false flatterer told her that she resembled some star.

Usually, her letter began by advertising the resemblance, and calling attention to an enclosed photograph. Some of them expected to leap at once to a salary of $500,000 a year; a few were willing to begin small and work up, if Mr. Hays would place them.

Generally, these letters were monotonously and pathetically alike. The most original variation came from a girl who declared that she had the smallest foot in the United States. She wanted Mr. Hays, on behalf of the industry, to arrange a small-foot contest; the prize an engagement as a motion picture star at the maximum salary. She seemed to have no doubt who would win.

The stage-struck men are often more original. A blood-brother of Merton wrote in from Indiana, dwelling on his inborn talent to be a "hero in the movies," but adding:

"I don't suppose I can be a hero right off the reel, but if you want me, I'll be willing to start as *assistant* hero at whatever salary you think I'm worth."

But stardom, as might be expected, interested the men less than it did the women. Usually, they set forward some peculiar qualification for a character part. Fat men, noting the success of certain obese comedians, wrote in surprising numbers, always with statistics on weight and girth. "And I'm eating a lot and getting fatter every day," boasted one of them. Another wrote:

"Here's the funny part. My dimensions are five feet nothing tall, weight 250 pounds and measure fifty around the waist. I can move freely and have plenty of wind. Not expecting a $1,000 a week job, just common, until we can find what I'm worth."

Another applicant for favor was an inspired weeper. He could draw tears at any time, "without the help of sad music."

THE people of limited experience who believe that writing for the movies is the royal road to wealth, have in the past sent to Hays their scenarios, or descriptions thereof, by the thousands. This is a typical letter, probably no more pathetically innocent than the average:

"I have in mind a sample story which I haven't written yet but will write it if you want to buy it . . . It's one of my own stories that I made. The boys that live around my house want me to tell them a story every night 'cause they are interesting stories, the ones I tell.

(*Please turn to page* 98)

CHEST COLD? break it quick, says WHISPERING JACK SMITH



"They call me 'old doc' Smith, friends, when I talk about Musterole, the finest family remedy ever made to knock the stuffings out of a chest cold—bringing ease in 5 minutes and almost always relieves in 5 hours. Musterole, you know, is just like a mustard plaster, only a whale of a lot better, because it's a pure white ointment, easy to rub on, doesn't make a mess, and won't blister . . .

"You bet it makes your skin tingle, but that's the way you can tell Musterole is breaking congestion and cold. And that's because Musterole is *not* just a salve. On the other hand, it's what doctors call a 'counter-irritant,' which is something that penetrates, stimulates, relieves pain, and gets rid of congestion. And friends, that's what 'old doc' Smith calls breaking a cold . . .





"And for children, of course, mothers will want Children's Musterole, which is good old Musterole made in milder form especially for the little folks. Just rub it on the little tot's chest and throat at night and, while the child sleeps, away go chest cold, croupy cough and sore throat. Sometimes adults like this milder form of Musterole. So you'd better get a supply at your druggist's and keep it handy for every cold emergency."

Tune in
MUSTEROLE FIRESIDE FANTASIES
Starring Whispering Jack Smith, the Hummingbird Trio, and Arnold Johnson's Orchestra.
Monday and Wednesday Evenings, 8:00 to 8:15 E. S. T.
WABC and Columbia Network

MUSTEROLE
BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER
REG U S PAT OFF

FOR CHEST COLDS, SORE THROAT, MUSCULAR RHEUMATIC ACHES, PAINS



BOBBED OR LONG

Compare your hairdress

Can you afford to be less careful than the film stars?

. . . you too, have a constant, critical audience. Can you afford to be less careful of your hairdress than the beautiful actresses of the screen? They know that beautiful coiffures and *properly* "*kept*" coiffures are essential for perfect beauty. That is why they always insist on HOLD-BOBS.

The small, round heads of HOLD-BOBS are invisible in any hairdress; the smooth, round ends cannot scratch the scalp; and the flexible, tapered legs, one side crimped, keep the hair securely in place. HOLD-BOBS are furnished in colors to match all types of beauty.

Bobbed, long or "in-between", your hairdress looks more beautiful and stays that way longer if you use HOLD BOBS. So follow the screen stars . . . use either the curved shape style HOLD-BOB or the straight style . . available everywhere and used everywhere by women who pride themselves in their flawless beauty. Send for FREE sample.

MAIL COUPON FOR FREE SUPPLY

Write today for sample card of HOLD-BOBS (specify color), and new booklet "The Quest for Beauty"... FREE...send coupon.



Gold and Silver Metal Foil cards identify HOLD-BOBS everywhere . . . made in all sizes to meet every requirement. Also sold under these brand names: BOBETTES, CLIP-PERETTES and LOX-THE-LOCKS.

Made Only by
THE HUMP HAIRPIN MFG. COMPANY
(Division of Chain Store Products Corporation)
Sol H. Goldberg, President
1918-36 Prairie Avenue, Dept. G-3, Chicago, Ill.
The Hump Hairpin Mfg. Co. of Canada, Ltd.
St. Hyacinthe, P. Q., Canada

Straight Style HOLD-BOB



Curved Shape Style

Copyright 1933 by The Hump Hairpin Mfg. Company

The Hump Hairpin Mfg. Co
Dept. G-3, Chicago, Ill.

Please send me free sample card of HOLD-BOBS and the new booklet "The Quest for Beauty."

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

☐ Blonde ☐ Gray ☐ Brunette ☐ Gold

Letters the Public Writes

(*Continued from page* 97)

If you want to make a picture out of it, I'll come to Hollywood and one of your men can write it while I tell it to you."

A girl in the South, "while dyeing a white dress navy blue" felt the artistic impulse as a surge of music. "Something rhythmically different from other forms of thinking" urged her on to put into notes an expression of the stories and emotions which haunted her. But she had no training in annotating music.

After her creation was down on paper, she could make nothing of it. Then she decided to translate her musical thoughts into motion pictures. Ever since, she had been writing scenarios; and sending them to producers who either mailed them back at once or let them disappear. She did not know that the motion picture producers, unlike the magazines, the theatrical firms and the book publishers, do not even read unsolicited manuscripts.

She had given up her job in order to write for the screen. "I have been seriously considering knocking over a mail box to try to get into the Federal Penitentiary so that I will not have to be worried any longer about where my next meal will come from," she concluded.

An understanding reader feels that there may be genius in this woman; but that she is an acorn trying to germinate on a cement sidewalk. Her phrase "rhythmically different from ordinary thinking" describes exactly the mood in which a real artist experiences the first impulse of creation.

And finally, a letter which Mr. Hays did not file away in the archives, but keeps among his private papers for its aroma of engaging childhood:

"Dear Will Hays:

"I would like to be in the movies. I am ten years old. My birthday is in April. I live in Denver. I can ride a horse slowly, play the piano, and ride a bicycle. I am not fat but medium. I am not bowlegged. The telephone is ringing so I must close."

Togo in Hollywood

(*Continued from page* 29)

"Hon. Garba Greto," I contuse. "In this part she should appeal to all the fans and umbrellas."

She commence walkout, but Hon. Ogre snatch her backwards.

"LISSEN deery," he report, "maybe this Play will grow better instead of worse. Togo, how much more about vegitibles have you wrote?"

"Scarcely anything," I obstruct. "Next scene show McCormick Harvester laying egg-plants over 60000 akers of Minnesota. Then this educational film stops being educated and becomes passionate.

"Next scene show the throne-room in paliatial bungalow of Henry J. Waterglass, crabapple king of America. It are breakfast. Down to table come Hon. Mary Pickford, looking very sleeplus. 'What ales you, my dotter,' asked Hon Waterglass (acting by Richd. Battlemess). 'I are tired, tired, tired,' she denote. 'Tired of which' he revoke. 'Tired of love,' she expunge. 'No wunner, no wunner,' he say, 'there is so much of it around Hollywood. What do my little dotter want this morning to attempt her appetite? How would a nice, scrambled egg-plant do to make you happy?" 'Are it strickly fresh?' she ask to know. 'Strickly,' he say it, 'for with my own fare hands I gathered it from the nest.' So waiter go fetch egg-plant. O horrus! It explode open and out walk a smallish young egg-plant, peeping saddishly for mother.

"'Yr dotter have stood enough of this and plenty,' holla Hon. Ed Robinson, coming in and shooting him."

"But why did he shoot?" narrate Hon. Gabble.

"If Hon. Ed Robinson must have a reason every time he shoot somebody, then he would stay home and save bullets. Please let me finish Play, which will last only 1½ hrs more, with speed. Noise of that explosion bring in 3 Barrymores, who have been out in the aunty-room, papering the wall with 1000$ bills. 'Did we hear a shot?' they explain. 'Yes, did,' say Mary. 'It were me killing Father with a pickel fork.'"

"JUSSA minnit," negotiate Hon. Geo. F. Ogre. "You tell me this are a educational flim. Where do the education commence to begin coming in?"

"Last scene," I sallify.

"Then cut all else out till last scene. Are this quite a big and strong one?"

"Indeedly it are!" I romp. "Here we dishoover a prison sell so filled with iron and nails that escape are umpossible. And what is in it? Hon. Ed Robinson, that bad man! He got a chain on his legs, on his elbows, on his watch, so nothing can escape. Even his teeth are locked together, so they can't get out. Then income Hon. Morris Shevelear (or if he are busy that week, Hon. Chic Sails will do.) He take a pair of slow step-ins toward Hon. Robinson and say following:

"'You kurr! You yella caddy! In just 3½ seconds the electrical chair will commence to be lit up for you. And what are your last words, if anything?'

"'Egg plant done it,' report Hon. Ed.

"'Ha!!!!' I thought similar to that. And now, for the benefat of the schoolboys & girls setting in our oddience, let me explan that one sq inch of egg-plant contains enough phosfate, magnesia, kilowatts, kalsomine and picnic acid to carry 3 sky-rockets from here to Boston, or Baltimore, as the cass may be. Scientists do not know where the egg-plant first got start from, but some sippose it are the inner tube of the Siberian rain-deer. It were used for sash-weights by anshent Egiptians. If the ladies in our oddience will apply to our Domestick Science Burro they

will resieve (free) a little pamplet entitled '47 Ways to Make Egg Plant Taste Like Something Else.' . . ."

"It should end with a drammatick climb-axe with me in the middle of it," report Hon. Ed. Robinson. "Thusly. Scene flops back to jail. A Chinese corus gal, who is demented about me, bring me in a egg-plant for breakfast, before I are electrified. It are filled with dinnamyte. With happy laugh I throw it and hitt Warden Lawes. When next heard of I are in Newport, selling opium to the idol rich."

"If you will folla my advice," deploy Hon. Clock Gabble, "you will take out the egg-plant entirely. Otherwisely the show are all okay."

"But hacken to me!" I jar. "This entire dramatick are wrote around that vegitible. What could you put in its place?"

"A aviator," he nullify. "If you put in a aviator where that egg-plant is, nobody would know the difference."

"OOUCHES!" I agony. "I got a scene where that egg-plant are scrambled & ate for breakfast. If you do that to aviators——"

"Silences!" comment Hon. Ogre. "Hon. Gabble have got the I. D. which will make the sho-go. We shall change the title to 'Let Us Shoot Some Stars' & start rehussals immejutly on Stage 101."

"Goody, goody!" all decry loudishly, with one (1) exception. That were me.

"Hold uply! Hold uply!" I demount, very excitedly, while choking the door with myself. "If you do that, who will know that this are the show I wrote?"

"Who will care?" require everybody while walking across me & outside to Lott. I tempt to folla, but my head are so grogged that I splunge into a telegram pole and knock down, where I layed otterly obnoxious to my souroundings.

"Are you a Drunk?" require Hollywood Police, approaching up.

"No. I are a Author?" I mone feebly.

"O! I thought you was a humin being," he denote. "Axcuse my mistake."

Therefore he walk away, leaving me quite decomposed.

Hoping you are the same,
Yours truly,
Hashimura Togo.

To obtain circulars described on page 70, write to Miss Frances Cowles, in care of this magazine, enclosing four cents for any one circular, ten cents for three circulars, or fifteen cents for all seven. Please be sure to indicate which circulars you want by the numbers given in the accompanying descriptions.

A Remarkable Offer


OPEN


CLOSED

You will surely want at least *one* of these neat little perfume containers for your own use. And...they are so attractive and useful that you will want *more*...to serve as ideal gifts for your friends. These non-leakable containers may be had in six popular colors ...Get yours *now*...keep it in your purse... and you will always have a ready means of applying a dab of your favorite scent.

Just send your name and address with the top of a LINIT package and 10c (to cover cost of wrapping and postage) for *EACH* perfume container wanted. Use the handy coupon below.

To have a Soft, Smooth Skin

INSTANTLY!

A LINIT Beauty Bath is sensational in immediate results... delightful...no waiting...and at trifling expense!

Merely dissolve half a package or more of LINIT in your tub...bathe in the usual way, using your favorite soap...and then feel your skin! In texture it will be soft and smooth as velvet...as well as perfect in elasticity and suppleness.



Perfumed LINIT is sold by grocery stores, drug and department stores. Unscented LINIT in the familiar blue package is sold only by grocers. Try a LINIT Beauty Bath tonight...you will be delighted with the results.

THE BATHWAY TO A SOFT, SMOOTH SKIN

Corn Products Refining Co., Dept. T-3, P.O. Box 171, Trinity Sta., N.Y.

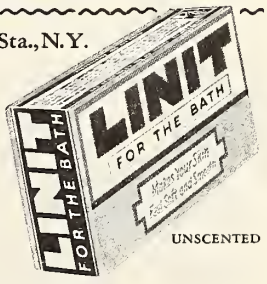
Please send me ..... perfume containers. Color(s) as checked below. I enclose $..... and ..... LINIT package tops.

☐ Black ☐ Brown ☐ Red ☐ Blue ☐ Green ☐ Ivory

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... *State* .....



UNSCENTED

THIS OFFER EXPIRES NOVEMBER 15, 1933

Caught RED HANDED



COLD WINTER WEATHER, household duties and office work quickly rub away the smooth, silken surface of a pretty skin . . . and before you know it, you're "dressed in your best," but caught . . . "*red handed.*"

Humiliated? But you need never suffer this embarrassment again!

Italian Balm, the *original* skin softener, is absolutely guaranteed to banish every trace of rough, red, dry and chapped skin quicker than anything you ever used before.

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TUNE IN—Monday Nights, "Fu Manchu" mystery dramas, Columbia network; Friday nights "First Nighter" plays, N. B. C. coast-to-coast.

The Stranger

(*Continued from page 55*)

studio where John works, getting a kick out of the things and letters that come in his mail and watching the boy get up material for the all-color shorts he makes for the movies. Uncle Carl says that being around John is like getting a new education. For that matter, John says he's got beyond the point where anything startles him. In five years he's seen and heard and read and drawn so many strange things that he thinks anything is possible.

"Sometimes," he told us, his eyes almost popping out of his head, "I think I'll go crazy finding out things about human beings. It scares me. For instance, did you know that the human body can be reduced to a mere speck? Honestly!"—when he saw doubt in our eyes—"if the human body were reduced to its actual material substance, it would be a speck. And you could get most of humanity into a drinking glass.

"Say," he reached for a glass of water, "did you know that tasting is really smelling and that we really taste with our noses? And did you know that the tooth is the only part of the body that cannot repair itself?"

Stop! Stop!

"I guess," he said modestly, speaking with a soft Southern drawl which he got when he lived in Huntsville, Alabama, "I've met almost every freak—or communicated with most of them—in the world. And the same is true of people who have become successful in the face of terrific odds or physical handicaps. And do you know," he was serious and quite in earnest as he spoke, "I've found that the only thing unusual about them is their ability to do things that we, who possess all of our faculties, cannot do. They're normal in their likes and dislikes and their ambitions and their emotions.

"I met a woman sword swallower and she was worrying about the mortgage on her home. And I met Frank Lentina who has three legs and is a regular guy.

"I guess I've heard of practically every world champion in the matter of using things the longest. I mean—like the fellow who has worn one tie for thirty years, and the man who has worn one shirt for fifty years. One fellow wrote that he'd worn one overcoat for forty-eight years and another said he had a hat he'd worn for over thirty years."

THE man with the hat, we thought, has nothing on Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. He has the oldest hat in moviedom. It was a gift from his father years ago—and he still wears it.

"You see," he tried to look quite stern and succeeded in looking more like a kid than ever, "I have to be careful about what I use as strange. If I use something that is already known, I just show my own ignorance. When I'm in doubt, I try the idea out on a lot of people and judge their reaction, of course. I've been a heavy reader all my life—I've always been interested in strange things—and I have a general standard in myself. But you'd be surprised how many people would be tickled to death to prove me a liar. It keeps me on my toes all the time."

He leaned back in his chair and said as calmly as if he was eating some ice cream, "Did you know that the fastest living thing is a fly?"

Huh! As if we believed that! Hadn't we caught up with many a fly and swatted it?

"Sure," he agreed, "but you never swatted a deer-fly. It can travel 816 miles an hour. Try that on your swatter sometime! And say, did you know that people can eat glass and nuts and bolts and all sorts of things, even ground razor blades, without dying? Sure they can," when we made a timid protest. "There have been a lot of cases to prove that. I knew about the glass when I was a kid in Alabama. There was a goofy old professor and we kids used to carry electric light bulbs to him. He'd break them against his teeth, grind the glass in his hands, make it into a neat little ball—and then, if we paid him, he'd eat it before our eyes."

John's brother, Ernest, who had been quietly waiting to get his little say, wedged in, took up the burden of the interview. "You ought to go through John's mail sometimes," he offered politely. We thought it would be nice to go through anybody's mail but said nothing and Ernest went on: "He gets all sorts of queer things. Potatoes and carrots and tomatoes and fruits shaped like people or weighing tremendous amounts. Once he ran a piece about a man in Denver who sold glass eyes by mail and for months John's mail was full of broken glass eyes sent by people who wanted him to match them. Once he got some leaves that didn't need water nor soil to make them grow. We hung the leaves in a curtain ring, kept them warm and they grew into chandelier shapes.

"One man sent John a sieve that holds water. And a fellow in Washington sent him some snow worms that actually live in snow.

"John," brother Ernest went on proudly, "gets all sorts of eggs that have queer writing or shapes on the shell. Some of them," he wrinkled his nose, "smell like the devil, they're so old."

"And sometimes," John decided to speak for himself, "we put a package in water before we open it because it looks suspicious.

"You know," he went on, "people are certainly strange. Every day my cartoon has a serial number that is nothing else in the world but the serial number to keep the editors straight on what day to use it. Well, I got a letter from a man who said, 'Thank you for running the policy number on your cartoon. I played it and won $600. If you will let me know in advance what number you are going to print, I will divide the profits with you." Of course I told him he'd won by sheer accident. He thought I was lying.

"I got a letter from a little girl in Washington who said she wanted me to prove something to her teacher. It seems she had used a statement from one of my cartoons to the effect that George Washington was not born on February 22nd. She had received zero and was heartbroken about it.

"So I wrote to the teacher and explained that Washington was born on February 11th, but later the present calendar was adopted and made a difference of eleven days. The little girl was happy—and I was glad to prove once more that I am not—a liar."

For Shame

(*Continued from page 49*)

milk bath from which I feared she would emerge as dear little Buttercup.

My appreciation of Claudette rose as the milk subsided.

Ah, Claudette *au lait!*

THE ease with which Mr. DeMille secured Amazons for the battle with the pygmies is indicative of the changing fashion in movie females. Ten years ago, during the Pickford reign, no girl over five feet stood any chance of starring. Tall women couldn't get jobs even in leading rôles because the male stars were also *tres petit.* Today we have such stalwart rangers as Garbo, Kay Francis, Marlene Dietrich, Joan Crawford. The pygmies you saw were the male stars of yesteryear.

WHILE on the subject of religion, which seems to be my theme this month: Billy Sunday, millionaire gospel tycoon, paid his first visit to a studio recently. He chose the Paramount studio where Kate Smith, the moon-over-the-mountain girl, is working. Kate is a religious soul. She permits no swearing on the set. She doesn't smoke or use ginger ale. Everyone expected Billy to rush for her. *Mais non,* as we say in pagan Paree, Billy lammed for Mae West, li'l' Diamond Lil.

"Naughty, naughty!" demurred the sparkling Lily, as the sound cameras ground on the historic conclave. "That's not your line. Come right over here on my set and put your foot on the bar's brass rail."

And Billy did. So who's the reformer?

A GREAT girl, Diamond Lil West. No hypocrisy. A good word for everyone. Hollywood's fine. You're my pal. She writes books between scenes. Has done two. Has orders for six more. Padre Will Hays, the pontiff of the industry, objected to the title "Diamond Lil" for her screen play. Approved "She Done Him Wrong." It shocked Mae but she realizes she must be broad minded in Hollywood. A sweet girl. I'd like her in "Little Women."

WHILE our missionaries have been smuggling Bibles into Russia it appears the Reds have been tit-for-tatting in Hollywood. How otherwise can one account for the following:

Lissen to Lupe!

"I'm in love with nobody, but some day I shall meet the man I can love and then I shall be happy . . . I'll mend his socks and sew missing buttons on his clothes . . . If he wants me to settle down and have babies it will be all right with me."

All right with me, too, Lupe.

And lissen to Clara Bow!

"I'm going to lead a quiet life. Just a nice married girl. Of course, I've still got a lot of pep. But I'll take it out in dancing."

Save me a rhumba, Clara!

And Miss Harlow!

"I get up at seven in the morning and I play eighteen holes of golf. I sit around the house. I read. At ten o'clock I go to bed. . . ."

So that's where you were Christmas eve, you bad, bad Santa!

(*Please turn to page* 102)

Those first

STREAKS *of* GRAY



don't they urge you to act TODAY?

AMAZING
New Development Gives
"COLOR CONTROL"

From the laboratory of one of America's leading scientists comes this startling improvement. Now, with the Mary T. Goldman product, you can control the shade and color to a point where results will rival nature's own handiwork. No dangerous dyes. No skin tests. A greatly simplified and ENTIRELY SAFE method. To millions of women, Mary T. Goldman's is the only product *simple* and *safe* enough for SUCCESSFUL *home use.*

IT is so easy to free yourself from gray hair—and so surprisingly simple.

You need only comb a clear colorless liquid (called Mary T. Goldman's) through your hair in order to *comb the gray away.* You need no experience. Alone, at home, you can do it for yourself—with little more trouble than a manicure and at no greater cost than a jar of good face cream.

Regardless of the original shade of your hair, whether black, brown, auburn or blonde, you can match it. So like the natural shade is the color imparted by Mary T. Goldman's that you will think nature herself has placed it there. You need never fear detection.

Entirely safe to use—medical authorities pronounce it harmless. YOU DO NOT NEED A SENSITIVITY TEST BEFORE APPLYING THIS TREATMENT. It will not harm either hair or scalp.

The color will not wash out nor rub off on linens or hat linings.

Your hair can be curled, waved and dressed as usual after using Mary T. Goldman's.

Why not do something about your hair before friends begin to notice—before anyone but yourself knows there are gray strands in your hair?

You can secure Mary T. Goldman's at your drug or department store. Show them the color of your hair and they will give you the correct shade. You'll find, as millions of others have found, that Mary T. Goldman's means FREEDOM FROM GRAY FOREVER.

SINGLE LOCK
TEST-PACKAGE
FREE!

If you prefer to test it before trying it on your hair, we will gladly mail you a sample. Simply sign and mail the coupon.



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For Shame

(*Continued from page* 101)

Further evidence of Hollywood reformation:

In the new version of "Madame Butterfly" the baby will be full-blooded Japanese. . . .

AS one of the up-in-arms taxpayers I'm getting tired of paying for Duncan Renaldo's personal appearances in court. The Government has kept him off the screen a couple of years now because it claims he committed the felony, or whatever the word is, of being born outside the United States.

Our able investigators, after long and expensive research, declare he told a fib when he applied for a passport to Africa to work in "Trader Horn." He said he was an American.

The Government says he is a Roumanian. Can you imagine? The very bulwarks of our government threatened!

During his last appearance in court it was brought out that he served under the American flag in Belgium and France for three years to save our country for democracy and foreign loans. The Government didn't investigate him then.

What it will do to him for that deception is a puzzle. Can't very well shoot him and bury him with military honors in Arlington because he isn't an American and hence not eligible to the B. E. F.

It's just another one of the many problems that the Republicans will have to leave to the Democratic administration.

MY celebration of Hollywood night life was premature. The bulls are nabbing everyone on the Boulevard after twelve o'clock. That is, all pedestrians. If you ride in a car, even a stolen one, you are above suspicion. It seems that Los Angeles has a curfew law. It also has a lot of other laws including an ordinance forbidding you to shoot rabbits from the rear platforms of trolley cars. Los Angeles is the haven for rabbits and Babbits.

HERBERT MARSHALL had this distinction: he's an actor with the authentic mark of a gentleman. He should replace our gangster heroes as a pattern of conduct for young America. I expressed my view at the Paramount studio.

"Oh, we agree with you!" cried a script girl. "But the executives are afraid he hasn't sex appeal, he gets so few fan letters. Why don't you write him some and help out?"

I promised her I would. As soon as I finish this Boulevardier I intend to sit down and write Mr. Marshall a lot of letters signed Ruby, Mazie and Maud.

DIRECTOR W. S. VAN DYKE confesses he took a bunch of NEW MOVIE magazines into the Arctic when he went there to film "Eskimo." He says the Esqimaux girls studied them diligently and now are trying to dress like movie stars.

And no doubt catching the flu like movie stars, too.

CONSTANCE BENNETT seems to be the champ of Hollywood since the retirement of Tiger-Cat Pola and Hurricane Swanson from the local arena. She tells the boys where to get off and they do, knowing their station.

When it was announced that Lilyan Tashman would do "style," La Marquise came right back with "The Best Dressed Woman in the World," a title which means fight anywhere and especially in Hollywood. I believe the League of Nations intervened and stopped what promised to be another earth-shaker. Though I can't appreciate Miss Bennett's style on the screen I am one of her sincerest fight fans. We need more she-girls like the Battling Bennett. What's happened to the spirit of Hollywood womanhood that we have to go outside to get our panther women?

BESSIE LOVE emerges as the leader this nation has been looking for to lead it out of the depression. Bessie's plan is for us to eat our way out. She started it by giving a big luncheon. By gorging them she found that a dollar could be extracted from each quite painlessly. The dollars for charity, you understand. Then she unfolded her plan. It was that each guest give a similar affair with a new set of eaters, these to be instructed, too, to give luncheons. By a series of multiplication which only Bessie or Prof. Einstein could figure out, it would be no time at all before everybody was lunching, including the unemployed. Endless chain luncheons, you'd call 'em. Why don't you try it in your town? It's a huge success here. We're all charitably gorging. It's such a simple solution I wonder no one thought of it before. I mean stuffing to prevent starvation.

IF you can't swim don't come to Hollywood. The first film test now consists of tearing your clothes off you and throwing you into a pool. If you have screen ability you'll get a contract; if you haven't you'll drown. It all started with the unexpected triumph of Tarzan Weissmuller, the champ swimmer. When producers saw the box-office reports on Johnny they said: If it's swimmers the public wants, swimmers we'll give 'em. Among the aquatic stars now working in our pools are Weissmuller, Buster Crabbe, Eleanor Holm, Helene Madison and Lotus the Hippopotamus. Lotus' film career has been temporarily retarded. While working in a Paramount picture she was suddenly seized by an attack of what was thought to be appendicitis but later was found to be motherhood. This was the first inkling Hollywood had that Lotus was married. She probably thought that it would hurt her movie career.

MOST flattering fan letter of the month:

"My dear, dear Mr. Howe," writes a dear, dear flapper of Berkeley, Cal., a seat of learning. "If you are at all as nutty or as cynical as you write, you must get a tremendous kick out of life. Why aren't there more goofy people like you?". . .

I've often wondered too, dear dear. One gets so lonesome. They say genius is a solitary peak. Probably that's why so many go to Matteawan. There's nothing like the companionship of one's own.

She Laughs to Keep from Crying

(*Continued from page* 31)

newspaper of fabulous prices offered for such hair, unknown to her mother, she decided to sell the long strand.

She went to the home of a girl friend and cut the hair off. She then journeyed to the place mentioned in the advertisement.

To her dismay, the wily merchant told her that the hair was worth nothing cut off, that it should have been pulled out, strand by strand. Then he said it would have been priceless.

Not knowing what to do, the girl took three dollars for the hair and returned to her mother.

That proud woman would not accept the money. Instead she wept for days at the loss of her daughter's hair.

SHORTLY after this, Edna had her first beau. Ashamed of the humble house in which she lived, she would meet him in front of a far more pretentious house, a short distance away. The youth wooed and went his way, and never learned how the young New England girl, with the false pride, had played the game of pretense.

In time, with all hope of a singing career gone, she went to work for a dressmaker at three dollars a week, "And I wasn't worth it," she said.

The dressmaker made a light remark one day, "I don't know why I keep you. You can't sew. I guess it's because you're so funny you entertain the other dressmakers."

Edna began to think. If she could entertain women bent with labor—perhaps——

Her dream of the stage, long in the back of her mind, came to life again.

While she pondered over her future, her employer placed her in the hat department. Edna learned to make and sell hats.

"To this day," said the great comedienne, "I go down the street with fear and trembling for fear I'll meet some woman who had the bad luck to buy one of those hats."

At last, one Saturday afternoon, a mild-looking woman walked out of the store wearing one of the hats that Edna had made with her own hands. On top of it was a stuffed bird, three sunflowers, four tulips and a bunch of forget-me-nots.

"That poor woman has a kind face, and she has never harmed me, and I send her out into the world wearing a hat like that—I'll be an actress," she decided. "At least if people don't like me they can leave the theater without a flower garden and a menagerie on their heads."

Edna took her small wage and turned her eyes toward the far horizon.

SHE had learned one thing—that, granting capacity, half the battle is won when one has *definitely* cleared all doubts away.

She went directly to Tom White, who had been stage manager of the summer operas in which she had ruined her voice.

"I've got a part," he said. "It's in 'Mrs. Wiggs of The Cabbage Patch.'"

It was part of a large repertoire.

She stayed with the stock company four years. For half that period she received twenty-five dollars per week.

(*Please turn to page* 104)

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Pour a little Glo-Coat right onto the floor. Then wipe it over the surface with a cloth or mop. That's all you have to do.



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You spread Glo-Coat over the floor — like water — with a cloth or mop. Then go away and leave it for 20 minutes. When you come back again you will find your floors shining brightly — protected from wear by a hard, clear polish.



Remember, Glo-Coat shines as it dries without any assistance from you — no rubbing — no polishing. This remarkable new polish brings protection and beauty to every floor it touches — linoleum, rubber tile, varnished or painted wood.

Send the coupon today for trial size of Glo-Coat.

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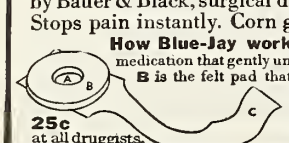
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PAIN STOPS INSTANTLY

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25c at all druggists. *Special sizes for bunions and calluses*

BLUE-JAY BAUER & BLACK'S CORN REMOVER

She Laughs to Keep from Crying

(*Continued from page* 103)

After saving forty dollars in four years, she boarded a train for New York and went directly to Mrs. Martin, the proprietor of a theatrical boarding house on Forty-fifth Street.

FOUR years with a stock company had not cured her of a natural shyness. In the world of the theater in which one must be forward and often brazen, she would go to the offices of managers, remain a short time, and hurry, trembling, to the streets again.

Her few dollars dwindled away. Mrs. Martin allowed her to remain at the boarding house ten weeks without pay.

Afraid of Mr. Martin, when her bill became quite large, she would remain in her bedroom and miss meals rather than face him.

At last Mrs. Martin became cognizant of her absence, and its cause.

"I own the house," she said. "I have faith in you." It was this woman who remained her best friend in New York. She lived to see the girl whom she befriended become famous—but that is ahead of the story.

She received a telephone call from Chamberlin Brown, who had seen her on the stage in Boston.

Through him she was given the rôle opposite Arnold Daly in "The Master."

Following this play she was given a part in Jerome Kern's musical comedy, "Oh, Boy." She played in it, at a nominal salary, for three years.

AFTER five years in New York, she was becoming slightly known to Broadway. She was still shy, and seldom much ahead of her hotel bill.

In her tenth year on the stage, she found herself nearly stranded as the prima donna with a folded musical comedy in Wabash, Indiana.

New York was many miles away. With the help of her understudy, she turned a sheet into a rope and lowered her suitcase to the alley. She heard a wild shout; then a terrific crash, then silence. She walked casually out of the hotel to the end of her rope.

A policeman, his face turned to the sky, his badge shining like the full moon, lay prostrate in the alley. Above him was the broken rope, near him was the suitcase, as wide open as a speakeasy. It had banged him on the head.

Trembling, and shy as usual, Edna saw the officer move slightly, and did not dare go near him.

She longed for her other dress, the one in which she had so often sung the Gilbert and Sullivan ditty, "A Policeman's Lot is Not a Happy One."

The milk train, which also carried passengers, was whistling into the station. Minus clothes, everything, she hurried to the depot. With one dollar left after her fare was paid, she was soon on her journey east.

She still shudders when any thoughtless person sings "On the Banks of the Wabash, Far Away."

When she reached New York, Mrs. Martin loaned her enough money to pay the hotel bill. She bought a certified check and sent it to the hotel proprietor in far away Indiana.

To her consternation and joy, her check was returned within a week. A letter accompanied it, which read:

"It was worth the money you owed to knock that cop out. That was God's vengeance on him for pinchin' me that time for sellin' a little beer on Sunday. I'm expressin' your suitcase today.

Yours truly,
E. J. Cronkwaite,
Prop. Waldorf Hotel, Wabash, Ind.
"On the Banks of the Wabash."

A RAY of light soon came through the leaden skies. She was cast in "Isabelle" along with Margaret Lawrence and Leslie Howard. While she was still in this play George Tyler sent word that he wished her to star in "Ma Pettingill." She was offered a thousand dollars a week to remain in Isabelle. She was receiving $225 at the time, her highest salary to that date. Not being able to resist the lure of being starred on Broadway, she accepted George Tyler's offer.

She stopped in her climb upward. Several rungs were missing in her ladder of success. The play closed in three weeks.

She returned to Mrs. Martin and the hall bedroom which she had occupied nearly a dozen years before. Her hopes, once higher than the cost of living in New York, were now quite low.

When her name was in electric lights on Broadway, destitute old friends and relatives flocked about her—to wish her well and borrow money.

Mrs. Martin, who gave the world away herself, lectured Edna on her generosity.

It helped a great deal at the time as Edna had nothing else to give.

Then the one-time manager of the Terrible Terry McGovern, now the opulent theatrical manager, Sam Harris, sent for her.

He handed her seven pages of dialogue and told her that it was his wish that she play the part they represented in "Ice Bound."

"The rôle will ruin me," she protested to the enigmatic Harris. Her voice raised, "*Why, I have been a star on Broadway.*"

"You'll be one again if you play this part," retorted the one-time fight manager. And he was right.

HER next chance came in "Cradle Snatchers." The part called for a "little mouse-like woman." Sam Harris presented Edna to the authors. Those redoubtable slingers of theatrical hash were horrified.

The tall lady gazed benignly at them.

They confided to Harris that she was not suited to the rôle.

Harris, like all producers, paid no attention to mere writers of the play.

He was right again. She played the part mightily well—for three years.

It was while playing in "Show Boat" that her work attracted the attention of RKO-Radio film officials.

She came to Hollywood.

Secure now in her film world, she lives in a large brick house, surrounded by flowers and shrubs.

A phenomenon out of New England,

she cares but little for material things. They are to her, as to all people of the better grade, the mere by-products of achievement.

Having learned early, with her fellow New Englander, Ralph Waldo Emerson, that the highest price one can pay for anything is to ask for it, she has endeavored to save some money in the afternoon of life.

The first object she bought in Hollywood was a grand piano. Though she can reach no high notes with the voice, ruined on a damp New England evening for twelve dollars per week, she often plays and sings quite low. About the piano hovers the memories of other days and people.

Once, at a gathering of friends, she played and sang, quite low, the songs she loved.

"Edna dear," I said, "I have one favorite I wish you'd sing."

"What is it?" she asked.

"On the Banks of the Wabash."

LIKE all well-known people in the films, Edna May Oliver has, at some time or other, met many of those who knew her in earlier days.

As she prepared to go to the preview of "Cimarron," her doorbell rang.

The maid announced that a lady from Massachusetts would like to see her.

"She would not give her name," said the maid. "She said as how she wanted to surprise you."

"How charming," said Miss Oliver.

She looked out of her window.

Her heart nearly stopped.

There was the woman to whom she had sold the hat with the bird, the tulips, and the forget-me-nots on it so many years before.

Gathering courage, she said weakly to the maid, "Show her in."

Miss Oliver went to meet her caller.

The lady held out her hand.

"I'm so glad to meet you again," she said. "I've always wanted to thank you for selling me that hat. I even went back to the store the next week, and you were gone. I've never had a hat like it. The bird was the cutest thing. I often wished it could sing."

Miss Oliver, befuddled, said quickly, "That would have been nice."

The caller cut in, "I wanted to ask you something. I'm living out here now, and I just wondered if you couldn't get me in the movies. I'd be willing to start at the bottom."

"That's very generous of you," returned Miss Oliver. "It is really the proper spirit. So many people hope to be stars right away."

There followed a distressing half hour before the lady finally left.

Edna, late to the preview, thought again and again.

"Your sins will find you out."

The memories of Massachuetts people are tenacious.

It has now been thirty years since the woman told her that she made the other dressmakers laugh.

An old lady now, she often writes to Edna.

"How I envy you," she wrote in the last letter. "You have done so much in the world."

And Edna, gazing away from the shaking scrawl, said slowly, "I wonder what she means."

I did not reply for some time.

Finally, the letter still in her hand, her tired eyes upon me, I said, without meeting them.

"I don't know."

"I've done no more than she did." She put the letter in the envelope. "We both did our best."



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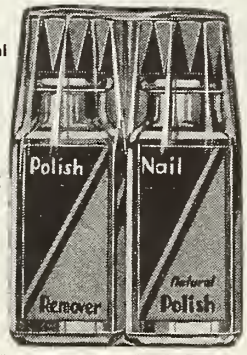
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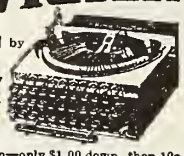
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But Now I Think She's Swell

(*Continued from page* 39)

didn't do much about it—she could still play child parts as far as shape and size are concerned! She will probably choke me for saying that, but after all what an honor to be choked by an Award winner!

While waiting for the body to stretch, bulge, or spread into maturity, her brain was being developed to such an extent that at a little past seventeen Helen found herself complete with white dress and diploma, leaving one of the better preparatory schools of Washington to resume her arrested career.

Her schoolmates were probably being prepared for everything but what they ultimately accomplished, marriage. Little Helen was evidently preparing for anything, and so today we see her, with a highly successful stage career, an utterly charming and likewise successful husband, a perfectly precious daughter, and a well deserved motion picture triumph in the palms of her "sweet" little hands!

I admit in all humility that until Helen married Charley MacArthur, I was not particularly interested in her. I thought she was just too sweet for my taste.

Even as a child I chose bread and butter, slathered in ketchup, rather than jam.

So, in the days when Helen had New York sitting up and gasping approval as she played Bernard Shaw's "Cleopatra" at the Theatre Guild one season and hopped over to prim *Maggie* in Sir James M. Barrie's "What Every Woman Knows" the next, I blush to announce that I was the gal who didn't go to see her.

We met at parties, she was gracious, unspoiled, modest to a degree, but I just didn't care. The more mutual friends told me how sweet she was the more I said, "Pass the pickles!"

Then she up and married the bad boy of the intelligensia, a group of clever, attractive people in New York who write, paint, compose, play brain-testing games and discuss psychoanalysis, fixations, complexes, egos, libidos, etc., as if they were vegetables grown on their own personal farms.

I MADE the MacArthurs' acquaintance at one of their parties. The only one I ever attended, never being given "one more chance." I didn't qualify! Where they each had a collection of complexes, I had only one in their midst—an inferiority!

The MacArthur and I had one thing in common, and quite common, the War. He, by the way, wrote one of the best books written on that author-worn subject. It's called "War Bugs" and in reading it one gleans quickly why Helen and Charley are such a good advertisement for the popular song which advises, "Live, laugh and love." In their case it might even be "Laugh, love and laugh!"

Charley's wit, though slightly Chaucerian in tang, is unfailing. His phrases, punctuated by profanity, are beautifully turned. I wouldn't want them turned on me as an opponent!

He is very good looking to be such a good writer, and he was considered a "bad boy" with the ladies, bad, in that he thought what he thought and said it, which is fine if the "thinkee" is thinking nice things. I got a break, I had been to the "Public war!"

WHEN Helen announced her engagement to him I thought, "There is more in this little Hayes girl than meets the eye! Turn on the ears!"

I learned that Helen was not only an admitted member of the circle my square head couldn't enter, but she was one of its most amusing and active contributors—reversing the old quotation I said, not entirely to myself—"Angels rush in, where fools fear to tread!" And without delay bought seats for a matinee performance of "Coquette!"

If the ushers had not started cleaning up the theater for the evening performance I might still be there, neck deep in my own tears, waiting to see it all over again.

Between admiring her artistry in "Coquette" and her audacity in marrying the "bad boy" I was all but found on street corners yelling "Hey! Hey! Hayes!"

Later when I moved to California and became one of the infinitesimal bits in the Hollywood jigsaw puzzle, I read with interest of the offers Helen Hayes had received and refused. She would stick to the theater where she was safe. She didn't know how she would photograph. She thought she had a funny nose.

All this I swallowed, but felt that eventually she would fall for the quick money. I already had definite proof that she was just a human being!

She justified my belief and with a great fanfare of editorial trumpets, the Hayes admirers were informed that their idol's exquisite art was to be transferred to the silver screen.

To the average picture fan, Helen was just another Broadway star who would have to go some to compete with his particular favorite.

To the heads of the studio who had lured her from her pedestal in the theater, she was a "big shot" that must make remunerative gun fodder or go back to the ammunition dump.

To their subordinates, she was another successful stage actress who wouldn't be "camera wise" and would probably turn out to be, as many stage stars had been before her, an opinionated and hard-to-handle "pain in the neck."

To the MacArthur she was his wife, but outside of that a blankety-blank good actress who had to have everything that was coming to her in this so-and-so picture game. He blazed the trail ahead of her, leapt from house to house until he found what he thought she would like, (not entirely overlooking is own comfort) and moved in.

He also had taken a tumble for the golden lure of the silver screen and had become one of the eighty-odd writers who work on the average script at the average studio before it is pronounced ready for the screen.

HELEN arrived to start her film career, trembling and shaking, a veritable miniature earthquake. She was scared before she made her first camera test, jittery while she was making it and panic-stricken when she saw it on the screen. She wanted to "throw up the sponge" or anything else and cry quits, but the mills of the film gods

had started grinding and no one but a stage star without picture experience knows how "exceeding small" they can grind.

The picture was labelled "Lullaby" when they first started making it, and when released two years later turned out to be "The Sin of Madelon Claudet." It would seem as if they had put the cart before the horse, but then that often happens in pictures. In fact the cart is very apt to be hitched to an airplane if air epics are in demand.

"Lullaby" or "The Sin of Madelon Claudet!" To Helen the agony of conception was just as acute! The "accouchment" took place just before the public decided that the perfect profile was not as important as what went on in the head it was attached to.

Therefore, the pet of the theater had to stand under the merciless lights, waiting to emote, while phrases like, "Swing that thirty-four around and kill those circles under her eyes!" or "Turn your head, please. Yes! The left is your good side!" fell bomb-like on her inexperienced and burning ears!

The school of natural and effortless emotion had not yet triumphed over gestures and vivid facial expressions!

Helen was told, after playing a scene which is today one of the best in the award-winning repressed characterization of *Madelon*, that her chief fault was not knowing picture technique. "You've got to 'take it big'," referring, of course, to the scene, not the award.

They didn't count on Helen's taking anything but the train back to New York! The story was written over and over. The scenes were re-taken and re-taken.

The picture was finally finished and all Hollywood was saying, "Too bad about Helen Hayes. Well! you know the stage and the screen are miles apart! I was afraid she wouldn't photograph!"

Poor Helen, wearing her pride in a sling and her broken heart in an iron cast, which she thought would prevent it from ever missing a beat at the sight of another camera, returned to the stage.

MEANWHILE, tempus fugits and fugits. Acting ceases to be acting. The public demands emotions that are on the inside looking out, not painted on a flawless background. It hails Jimmy Cagney, Edward Robinson, Paul Muni, Spencer Tracy, and others whose thoughts the camera seems to catch. They are able to let you know they are going to leave without a long walk to a door.

The art of acting becomes the art of not being caught acting. Presto! "Where is that Helen Hayes film? Get it down off the shelf, dust it off. Boy! If that's the kind of acting they want, we've got it!"

"The Sin of Madelon Claudet" becomes "The Revenge of Helen Hayes!" When she came out this year under a new contract—and, need I add, a decidedly more advantageous one—she didn't have to worry about which was her good side; even her back was pleasing.

If there were circles under her eyes, what did it matter? Women who suffer are apt to have circles, and Helen is definitely set to suffer in films due to *Claudet's* sin. Besides, the public having done a lot of suffering itself in the last three years seems to enjoy seeing how others take it.

Helen is a delightful comedienne, but

(*Please turn to page* 108)

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The Best **At Any Price**

But Now I Think She's Swell

(*Continued from page* 107)

having "clicked" as a prize-winning sufferer, I presume that the only laughs she will get will be in the home or at the expense of the wise ones who thought she had failed in pictures.

Before I started writing this article I called her up and told her about it.

"Come up to dinner, tomorrow night. I'll ask Ramon," she said.

They were making a picture together. The Hayes-Novarro combination sounded interesting. The play was "The Son-Daughter." Ramon and Helen were both Chinese in this picture, so perhaps I'm wrong about her not getting a chance to laugh!

The MacArthurs have a lovely house hanging on the side of a hill. A tennis court and swimming pool help to hold it in place. Ramon, my much-better-half, the MacArthur, Helen and myself dined.

Miss Mary MacArthur had retired, but her father has a kodak picture of her to go with every course, not so much to put himself over as a parent, but as a photographer.

HELEN'S modesty is unbelievable, her simplicity completely disarming. I think it's on the level, for she radiates sincerity. She told me about what a dreadful time she had trying to make herself what the press and magazines call "good copy."

"It's not my fault if I happen to love my own husband, and my child happens to be his. They are always talking about sex appeal and looking at me as if I thought it was a drive for some new charity. I've had enough of it to stay married to the same man for five years. If we don't stage rows and separations, am I to blame?"

"I'm afraid you are," I said, "and perhaps Charley should take some of the blame. After all, when you had your baby he didn't get much credit. The child was billed as an 'Act of God'."

The MacArthur was not so silent as I may have led you to believe during this last conversation, but this article is about Helen. I'm not selling wisecracks. He's got a good job now in addition to being married to the most talked-of girl in Hollywood.

On all sides I hear praise of her performance in "A Farewell to Arms." The word sweet is most conspicious by its absence. I've heard glorious, splendid, magnificent, moving, wonderful, and more often than any other one word description, my favorite, "swell," which is about as removed from "sweet" as one can get. So I'm happy! Hoping these few lines will find you the same, I remain, etc., etc., etc.

Stars Off Guard

(*Continued from page* 22)

divorce! That brought back memories of the times when Maurice and his wife came to Sardi's. Maurice was very quiet when he was with her. He seemed a different person. He wanted to sit in the back and to be inconspicuous; and he gave me small tips when I handed him his hat.

But when he came in alone or with another man? *What* a change! Then he was the Maurice we know on the screen and stage. He would sign autographs, choose the most conspicuous table, greet everyone and be vivacious and grand so that we all loved him. And when he came for his hat, all smiles and witticisms, he would tip me as much as fifty cents.

Maybe, if I hadn't been so busy checking Maurice's hats, I might have checked on his behavior with his wife and been less startled when I read about the divorce. But that's me all over; my thoughts on your headgear and not on your actions!

It seems to me, even if I am still young—I'm just out of my 'teens—that in the time I've been a hat-check girl at Sardi's I've seen a million romances start, progress and end. I remember when Barbara Stanwyck and Frank Fay were courting. They always met in Sardi's. Both were playing on Broadway then and both were successful. It used to hand me a thrill to see them together. And I always knew when they had quarreled because then they came in separately and dined alone. I used to feel sorry for them, they looked so depressed.

Then I remember when they decided to get married. Frank said he would set his alarm so he would get up in time to be married the next day, before they went on with their performances in the theaters where they were playing. The next day arrived—and passed—and Frank's alarm didn't go off, so they had to postpone the marriage. Finally they did become man and wife—and Frank got a contract with the movies. His failure to find success in pictures and her rise to stardom are old stories.

Frank won't let Barbara use make-up off the screen. Generally he bosses her around. And do you suppose she minds? She loves it. Now that's what I call a regular girl.

MIRIAM HOPKINS and her recent husband—he isn't her husband any more—courted here. One time, when Miriam was playing the lead in "Lysistrata" on Broadway, I told her I was leaving for a vacation. That night she brought me a ten-pound box of candy. After I put on three pounds I couldn't decide whether Miriam had done me a favor or an act of enmity.

The day she got her contract she came rushing in and threw her arms around me.

"Renee," she cried, "I'm going to be rich! I'm going to make more money than there is in the whole world." Then she stopped and the funniest look crossed her face. "There isn't that much money in the world," she said, wistfully, almost as if she believed it. "What am I going to do with it all."

Miriam is one girl who rarely wears a hat. And believe me, she is certainly affectionate. If she likes you she'll be touching you or she'll be kissing you all the time.

NOT long ago I went to see "Scarface" for the third time. You'd think that once was enough, and once should be enough. But I had to go and make sure that it was the Paul Muni I knew so well who was playing the part of the tough gangster.

The Paul I know is a boyish young man with a mop of black hair, who sits for hours over a meal and talks and talks. And all the time he talks his face has a look of sincerity and honesty, and his listeners forget about time and place and are absorbed in what Paul is saying.

The Paul I know is the young man who came in one day and asked me why I was always gone when he came to get his hat after lunch.

"You see," I told him, "I get off from three to five and you hardly get through eating by three."

"Yes, I see," he said. "That means that the three times I've missed you, you've been cheated out of a tip."

And that day he ate fast and came to get his hat before I was gone. And he handed me a dollar tip. "This is for cheating you those other times," he said.

I could have cried. The theatrical profession is so hard-boiled that such acts touch you.

I CAN'T remember how many coats and hats I've checked in all the years I've been at Sardi's. But—and you can believe me this—the oldest hat and coat I've ever checked belonged to Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. He came in with Joan and handed me a hat and coat that I was sure would crumble to dust when I touched them. The surprise I felt must have showed in my face for Douglas said gently:

"Isn't this the oldest hat and coat you've ever checked?"

Flustered isn't the word for it. I turned all colors of the rainbow. After all, I couldn't say yes—and I couldn't very well tell a lie and say no. I didn't have to answer. Douglas read his answer in my stammering and the scarlet red of my face.

"Hooray," he yelled. "Success at last."

He's crazy about old clothes.

ONLY the other day "Buddy" Rogers came in for lunch and no one noticed him. And I remember a day not so far back when we had to call out the police to keep a mob from storming Sardi's to see "Buddy." And then I thought of Clark Gable and the times he dined here when he was unknown, playing with Zita Johann in "Machinal." And I wondered if—when he comes to Sardi's on his first visit to New York in a long time—we'll have to call on the police to keep women from breaking into the restaurant to get a glimpse of their hero.

Then I wondered if Clark would say, as Buddy said long ago, "Renee, it's so nice to be liked."

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Pictures You Should See and Why

(*Continued from page* 62)

John Halliday and a well-known English actress, Norah Swinburne, complete a competent cast that performed under the direction of Cyril Gardner. The story is by Miles Mallison.

Apart from the fact that this is the only chance you will have to see Miss Swanson for some time to come, you will do well to see "Perfect Understanding" for itself alone.

BROADWAY BAD — (Fox) — Your reviewer cannot help thinking that Mae West is more suited to the leading feminine rôle in "Broadway Bad" than is Joan Blondell, who was loaned by Warners for that purpose.

It is the story of a girl who comes to Broadway with high hopes and not much experience. Before she knows what it is all about she is the victim of a wild party that ends in a college boy husband, and another affair with a more mature playboy who is not matrimonially inclined.

Taking it on the chin, as you learn to do on Broadway, Joan sets out to get by on her own. In spite of her disillusionment and reputation, she does it, and having done it, picks out her own husband and lover, and figuratively tells Broadway where to get off.

See it by all means. . . . But remember that it's too well seasoned for conservative tastes.

CHILD OF MANHATTAN—(Columbia)—Do any of you remember Nancy Carroll in "The Shopworn Angel?" To your reviewer, it was one of the best of the early talking pictures and certainly among the best efforts of Miss Carrol.

Well, "Child of Manhattan" is quite reminiscent of that picture and, though a couple of years have passed, the charm of the story lingers.

John Boles, who is far from being a Gary Cooper, does very well with the job of making an honest woman out of Nancy and our old pal Charles ("Buck" to you) Jones takes off his chaps to play the simple but honest suitor from Nevada.

Miss Carroll's latest picture is worth a few hours of your time if the opportunity of seeing it should come your way.

DANGEROUSLY YOURS — (Fox)— Warner Baxter and Miriam Jordan in another story about a jewel thief who comes to love, honor and obey the lady who has him in her power. Only this time the lady also happens to be the detective in the case.

Though it reminds one vaguely of "The Diamond Robbery," it is smooth flowing entertainment with the suave Mr. Baxter doing well enough to make most of the women onlookers willing to make a swap with Miss Jordan.

You should get a pleasant evening out of "Dangerously Yours."

LUXURY LINER — (Paramount) — The most interesting parts of "Luxury Liner" are the shots taken on shipboard showing a modern deluxe steamship from steerage to the most luxurious suites.

An excellent cast, including George Brent, Sari Maritza, Richard Bennett and Irving Pichel, does well.

Rate this one as something that the whole family will enjoy fair-to-middling well.

SMOKE LIGHTNING—(Fox)—This is the latest Zane Grey western starring George O'Brien and for those who like this type of picture it is about the best buy to be had.

It is an up-to-date story of the cattle country with George saving the poor little rich girl from the scheming sheriff. The story may not be anything particularly new, but there is enough action in any one of these George O'Brien shows to satisfy anyone who likes a change from the usual, more polite screen fare.

By the way, does anyone remember George O'Brien's marvelous performance in "Sunrise?"

THE SECRET OF MME. BLANCHE — (M-G-M) — Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer must have been sure of Irene Dunne's ability when they borrowed her from RKO to play in "The Secret of Mme. Blanche," for everything depends upon her.

It is a story of a girl who comes up from the slums with one ambition, to become a lady and the mother of a gentleman. She gets off to a bad start by marrying a man who is definitely a rotter and through hard years she manages to retain some little hope of happiness in the growth and dawning manhood of her son, who finally proves himself the man she hoped that he might be.

It is a perfect rôle for Irene Dunne and the star has made the most of it. Phillips Holmes is excellent as her son and Lionel Atwill must be credited with another super-performance in an unlikeable rôle. Charles Brabin directed.

Your reviewer actually dares to guarantee this picture as being sure fire for the ladies.

THE INFERNAL MACHINE—(Fox)—Someone is supposed to have hidden a bomb in the internal regions of an ocean liner. Chester Morris, having fallen hopelessly in love with Genevieve Tobin, admits that he planted the bomb but refuses to tell of its whereabouts unless Miss Tobin spends one hour with him in the bridal suite.

Well, that is that, and just when you are beginning to feel good and naughty, it all turns out to be a joke. Mr. Morris marries the girl and, we hope, lives happily ever after.

Slightly risque but good enough entertainment if not taken too seriously.

THE BIG CAGE—(Universal) — If you have not seen Clyde Beatty in his circus performances you will get the thrill of your life out of "The Big Cage."

The story is based on his life and contains two or three sequences that, to people who have not seen his act, should rank with the big scenes of the year.

Although only twenty-seven years of age Clyde Beatty is admittedly the

best "cat-man" in the world and there is certainly no other, to the best of your reviewer's knowledge, who is in the habit of getting into a big cage containing forty-four lions, tigers, leopards, etc., of mixed sexes and sizes and making them all sit up and behave. Somehow, you can't help feeling that "this may be the last time" and . . . we are telling you . . . it is a thrill.

This is a picture that the family should agree upon.

THE MIND READER—(First National)—"The Mind Reader" is a rather thankless rôle for Warren William but I suppose Mr. William is getting used to being hissed as the big, bad villian.

This time he is a fake mystic who doesn't care what he does or says so long as the client is satisfied and the checks come through. Naturally, this leaves a trail of misery in its wake and ultimately lands Mr. William in jail, where, nothing daunted, he continues his mind-reading and fake prophesies among the prisoners.

Like every other Warren William picture it is fast, sparkling entertainment with a story just a trifle off the beaten path. Constance Cummings provides the love interest.

GRAND CENTRAL AIRPORT —(Warners-First National)—Richard Barthelmess is doing another "Dawn Patrol" this time as a commercial pilot who will manage to persuade you that peace-time flying is not without its perils.

William A. Wellman, who directed the first great air picture, "Wings," has produced another smoothly directed, fast-moving story that gives Richard the best rôle he has had this year.

There is some remarkable stunt flying and an excellent cast in which Dorothy Peterson, Sally Eilers and Tom Brown shine particularly brightly.

Unless you are tired of aviation pictures, you will find "Grand Central Airport" excellent entertainment.

SAILOR BE GOOD—(RKO-Radio)—"Sailor Be Good" has its moments and is awfully funny every now and then . . . but in between . . . it isn't quite so good. However, Jack Oakie as a gob battler and George E. Stone as his manager are good for a few laughs in anybody's opinion. Vivienne Osborne is the lady-love and is getting quite a lot prettier.

James Cruze, who made "The Covered Wagon," did the directing, and though this is no epic, you might enjoy it quite a lot.

HANDLE WITH CARE—(Fox)—"Handle with Care" is the original story by David Butler in which the two Charlie Chaplin children were scheduled to appear. However, Buster Phelps and George Ernest finally won the rôles.

Though primarily a picture based on the children's rôles, Director Butler was too smart a producer to leave the entire burden upon them so the romance was entrusted to a capable team in Jimmy Dunn and Boots Mallory, while El Brendel does nobly with what laughs were available.

It's a cute little story with some of the best child acting of recent months . . . and you'll enjoy it immensely if you care for the "smile behind a tear" type of entertainment.

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Secret of Poise and Grace

(*Continued from page* 25)

slouch. She may cross her knees, if her gown is cut so that the movement is not ungraceful, but it is wiser for her to cross her feet at the ankle.

"When she opens or closes a door, she takes the handle or knob firmly in her fingers, and quietly operates the door, moving through the doorway without haste. She is careful not to fumble with the fastening or to bang the door.

"If she draws curtains together or rearranges a cushion, she makes sure, definite motions with no sense of rush about them. Think of the slow motion picture and refrain from jerks.

"The secret of grace is lack of tension. Relax and you're right!

"The voice is a problem; but it comes back to the same principle—relax! If you are tense, your voice will be tight in your throat. The muscles of the throat must be relaxed in speaking.

"Voice placement is a matter of the imagination. When you hail Mrs. Beresford, who is sitting on the porch next door, you unconsciously measure the distance with your eye and direct your voice to reach her. It isn't a question of yelling; it's the pitch of your voice.

"There is only one thing that can't be corrected, and that's personality. Physical defects can be overcome. How many people who admired Kyrle Bellew on the stage knew that he was bowlegged? Yet he played *Hamlet* in short doublet and hose. He knew exactly what to do with his body to hide his defects.

"Accents are not desirable and should be eliminated. I believe young people absorb good speech when exposed to it more quickly than it can be taught them."

Mr. Walker asserts that there is no such thing as a hopeless actor.

"No one can tell at first sight whether or not an actor is good. You can't tell even after you have worked with him for some time, for some actors mature late.

"Actors should not imitate; they should develop themselves. We do not want more Dietrichs and Lombards—Marlene and Carole are fascinating girls and we like them, but the new players must give us something different."

MR. WALKER'S "children" include Sari Maritza, Adrienne Ames, Claire Dodd, Frances Dee, Florine McKinney, Randolph Scott, Kent Taylor and Cary Grant.

"As a nation, we are not speech conscious," observes Oliver Hinsdell. "We are inclined to be lip-lazy; we slur our words and seldom finish them. The stage and screen demand good diction.

"At first, when talkies came in, we were *so* speech conscious that we forgot to be natural. We were so desperately determined to finish each word that we ruined many a scene.

"I find the chief fault in women is a high and strident voice. Women get so excited, too; and the more excitable they become the higher go their voices. The way to overcome this is to keep calm. Nervousness is really selfishness. If you weren't concentrated on yourself, you wouldn't be nervous.

"You may notice that many deaf people are thoroughly selfish. Sometimes part of their deafness may be traced to a habit of not listening to anything they don't especially want to hear. So my advice is to put your mind on the other fellow. If you are playing a scene, think of those playing with you; if you are attending a tea at the country club, put your thoughts on your fellow guests; forget yourself.

"A man's chief fault is usually monotony of tone. Are you surprised to hear that most athletes have high feminine voices? Johnny Weissmuller's voice was 'way up in the air when he came to me. And how we worked! Every day, and sometimes at night, we read together, working to bring down his voice pitch. He learned Lincoln's Gettysburg speech until he could almost say it backward. And then he had just four words to speak in "Tarzan!"

"Whether you have screen aspirations or not, you may overcome these voice faults. For monotony, I use the vowels up and down the scale.

"I remember once in Dallas we were staging a play with a large cast, many of whom had had no stage experience. Their voices lacked flexibility. At length I seated the men on one side of the rehearsal hall and the women on the other and for half an hour we asked and answered questions in vowel sounds."

Mr. Hinsdell illustrated with a broad *A* that ran the scale interrogatively, followed by a-e-i-o-u in swift question; and answered with a-e-i-o-u in an amused yet definite reply.

"By the end of half an hour they had gained some flexibility, were all easier on the stage and not so frightened by the sound of their own voices.

"Reading aloud is necessary if you would improve your speech. Deep breathing is essential, of course. No one can expect to control his voice unless he can control his breathing.

"Another thing I am always hammering into the players who come to me: 'You stand as you sit, and you walk as you stand!' If you are inclined to slump when you are sitting, you will notice that you slump when you stand and also when you walk. Watch yourself until you have acquired a graceful, effortless way of moving. Exercises may help you but constant alertness will do more.

"Women players are more at ease in drawing rooms than are men, yet most of them have much to learn about the little things that are, alas, so essential. Arranging flowers gracefully. Serving tea graciously. Moving in and out of the room.

"The average woman who has no thought of the screen would like to do these things well, too, and I believe her best course would be to watch Norma Shearer do them in her pictures. There is an actress who reaches perfection in grace when she pours tea, greets callers, does any of the small social acts that fall daily to many women.

"Practice with your tea cups or flowers until you become unconscious of them, but don't begin to practice until you are sure you are right!

"If you are to pour tea, you should have a tray with the proper tea service before you. You will make the tea there, pour it into the cup and set the cup on a plate, since saucers are not used at present. Consult your guests as to their preference, whether they

like strong or weak tea, cream or lemon.

"Don't hurry. Don't dawdle, either. Concentrate on what you are doing but without seeming to do so. The idea is to serve your guests as expeditiously as possible, without sacrificing ease and grace.

"Don't be consciously graceful. Watch yourself in a mirror, when you are practicing and be sure that you look at ease.

"If someone is brought over to you to be introduced when you are pouring tea, do not rise. If your hands are so occupied that it is awkward to shake hands, smile and nod instead, and ask him how he takes his tea.

"To appear gracious, you must feel gracious. If you wish to seem charming, develop the qualities that make for charm. Rules are a help but they won't do everything. The real charm comes from within.

"I am thrilled with my young people. No one can tell me Hollywood boys and girls are depraved. They are the finest youngsters I've ever met, so earnest, so eager; they read and study all the time.

"Mary Carlisle has unfolded like a flower. When she first came, she had a high voice and her diction wasn't clear. But did you see her tiny scene in "Grand Hotel?" And since then she has played a lead with Will Rogers and am I proud of her reviews?

"Virginia Bruce was just a bit languid when I first saw her—not really so, but that is how her voice came over the mike. There seemed to be not enough life and vitality in her performance. She conquered that.

"Dorothy Jordan's voice was too high. Billy Bakewell was inclined to let emotion get away with him. Nils Asther's accent needed to be corrected.

"I have been using a microphone lately to great advantage. My players speak into it and their voices are recorded on a disc; we play the disc on the victrola and they can study it and find their faults themselves.

" 'Oh, is that *my* voice?' they exclaim.

"I like them to discover their own faults. I want them to be individuals. I shan't turn them out all alike, as if they were so many cookies stamped with the same cutter."

ROCHELLE HUDSON, Julie Haydon, Betty Grable, Harriet Hagman, Mary Mason, Bruce Cabot and Creighton Chaney are working at RKO-Pathé under the direction of Albert Lovejoy.

"My way of working is perhaps a little different from that followed by other dramatic directors," explains Mr. Lovejoy. "I don't believe in getting all my young people together and rehearsing plays. Each one is an individual—what would help one, wouldn't help another. Each is a different problem.

"While I'm working on characterization and tempo, I correct errors in speech, diction and carriage.

"A tight throat is a common fault. Yawn widely and deeply to relax the throat. Always remember to bring the voice to the front of the mouth. Most people speak from the back of the throat. I try to make my youngsters tongue and lip conscious. Westerners have a habit of speaking with the tip of the tongue turned back, especially with the '*er*' sound. " 'Mother', 'Father', they say, with pronounced '*ers*'. This is unpleasant to hear. If they would bring the tip of the tongue to the teeth

(*Please turn to page* 114)

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Secrets of Poise and Grace

(*Continued from page* 113)

in pronouncing these words, the dreadful '*er*' would vanish.

"For the girl who has consciously to learn how to move, sit and behave when on parade, I'd say:

"Don't attach too much importance to a slight slip. No one can expect to attain real ease in anything until the self-consciousness of learning has passed; just as no one is really well-dressed until he has forgotten that he is so. The carelessness of habit is what we hope to achieve.

"A young man may learn that it is correct to rise when a woman enters a room. But he must bring common sense to bear on the custom and not leap to his feet like a jack-in-a-box every time a woman moves about the room.

"Consideration for others is the essence of good manners.

"If a shy or nervous person will interest herself in her surroundings when silent, and in her subject when she speaks, she will go far toward forgetting to be shy.

"I FIND girls much easier to coach than men. They are less self-conscious and take direction better. They are more concerned with what they are doing than how they look.

"Walk on any set and you will find the men between scenes pulling at their neckties, smoothing their hair and patting on powder. The girls are learning their lines and going over scenes. The reason the men are worried over their looks may be because they know the camera picks up every little thing, but the girls have their minds on their jobs and are consequently easier to direct.

"Young people without stage training are best on the screen. They have nothing to unlearn. Too much stage training is a drawback. Stage actors often acquire mannerisms that are picked up by the candid camera; they are inclined to be theatrical; they are accustomed to projecting their voices to the far end of the big theater. The camera is never more than five or ten feet away and the more natural, conversational tone used, the better for screen purposes.

"If you are intrigued with the idea of a screen career, I advise first of all the training of the mind. Think in terms of good acting. Learn to discriminate between good acting and bad.

"Most towns have good talkie theaters even if there are none showing stage productions. Study the films shown. Read the best critics in papers and magazines. Watch the finest actors and actresses—Leslie Howard, Ann Harding, Constance Bennett. Read the best plays, books and all the good fiction you can find.

"You cannot improve your voice by yourself. Go to a good dramatic school and study voice, diction, eurythmics. Poise is one of the most difficult things to obtain and the most necessary, and dramatic school helps gain poise because you are there brought before the public.

"Social contact also will bring you poise; so do not avoid it because you feel awkward or shy. Accept that invitation. Attend that dinner. Be your natural *but* most charming self. Maybe you won't make a big hit the first time, but keep on. Don't be beaten.

"And study all the time."

Crazy!

(*Continued from page* 66)

me at the cabin door 'cause I was born of Eyetalian originals thirty-nine years ago in a vine-covered tenement way down on the lower East Side of New York where the sweet magnolia never grows in the fragrant fields of garlic far away.

My old man owned a barber shop in Catherine Street, where I lathered the customers and he lathered me plenty when I fell down on the job. One of the customers I lathered was Al Smith which is why he comes clean from Assemblyman to Guv'ner.

I goes to school in a poolroom where a lotta bright boys is studyin' to be scientists and doin' research work on innercent bystanders what carries their wallets where a blind man can find 'em without astin' patetic questions. But I don't want to fit myself for a scientifick career, so when I looks at my long slender fingers and my long slender nose I consecrates myself to art, and anyhow I becomes the best two-fingered piano player west of the gas house.

That's how come I bangs the box in a Bowery concert hall where the music lovers look like a jail delivery which ain't met with no serious interference. But one night the strong-arm squad busts in and I'm hidin' behind a beer barrel when a cop who knows me from latherin' him tells me to get to hell outa there and I leaves like a guy what's forgot to pay his check.

NEXT day I romps down to Coney Island and noses into Diamond Tony's which ain't so tony as it sounds but has a rich atmosphere. I gets twelve bucks a week and all I can't eat. I'm fifteen and wearin' short pants which is a lucky break for me 'cause the beer is so deep the waiters oughta be servin' it in rowboats. Tony wears a headlight which looks like the Fast Mail makin' up lost time on a dark night, but when I gets ust to the glare from his shirt front it ain't no harder on my eyes than lookin' a searchlight in the face.

I mauls the piano till the customers is shot at sunrise, then I curls up with the baby grand and sleeps like a blue-eyed golden-haired child till I gets kicked in the pajamas, only I don't wear pajamas. Eddie Cantor is a singin' waiter at Carey Walsh's Elite Cafe, and when the chairs is stacked on the tables we sneaks down to the beach and scares the seagulls with songs we wrote in our sleep.

Eddie escapes to Broadway and he's still got his tonsils, but I keeps up the battle of the ivories at Coney for five years without gettin' a decision for nottin' but speed.

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It's plenty tough down there them days with fights bustin' out right under my nose, but Allah-oop be praised, nobody socks me on the schnozzle 'cause if such is the net result I'm a total loss. I don't get hit with nottin' but pancakes from a big league griddle flipper who puts a stack o' wheats over my plate before you can say please pass the butter. Maybe you sees me throwin' hats at the boys in the orchestra at the theayter—well, that's how I gets the idee.

When I exhausts myself at Tony's I eases back to New York with a stopover at Matines in Brooklyn which is an all-night meetin' place what wouldn't remind nobody of the City of Churches.

Then I jumps the bridge and is carried up to Harlem on the wave of the dance craze. I'm playin' the piano and kiddin' at the Alamo when I meets up with Eddie Jackson, a coon shouter. One of the waiters, Frank Nolan, is tryin' to talk me into openin' a night club of my own, but I think it's nottin' but talk till he says he's kicked in with $500 rent for a room over a garage in West 58th st., so I borries $750 and opens the Durante Club (applause) with Jackson and Harry Harris as partners and Nolan in for his stake. Then Lew Clayton, a hoofer, buys Harris out, and that's the beginning of Clayton, Jackson and Durante (applause and cheers) in their own lunatic asylum.

WHICH reminds me that sometimes when I ain't lookin' a highbrow sneaks up on me and wants the lowdown on my technique. I don't know I got one till he wishes it on me. But as the public has been kept in the dark for years on this important matter I now feels the time has come to throw light on it. Lissen.

This is bugs—yeh, plain everyday bugs what spends their summers in the country and all expenses paid. One day I'm baskin' under a mulberry tree when I gets fascinated watchin' some bugs. They're puttin' on an act that's a smash, but only one's puttin' it over. He has personality and is very vital, and the other bugs is just stallin' till he goes tearin' around and they start chasin' him. Then he ups to a blade of grass and does a giant swing which ends in a flying leap and a grand runaround with all hands joinin' in. When he stops for breath he looks at me and I looks at him, and right away I gets it—this bug's got showmanship and he's tippin' me off to a swell idee. I thanks him profusely, then scrams back to New York where I shows Clayton and Jackson how that star bug on the hick circuit does his stuff and is a genius.

Well, we tries out the bug act on our night club customers and has 'em fallin' off their seats and rollin' on the floor—and that's what made me what I am today, just bugs.

If I sounds like a New York wise guy don't get me wrong 'cause for years I lives in Flushing which is on the dry side of Long Island where the neighbors borries gasoline and raises their own eggs. I goes there to do my sleepin' in daylight, and Flushing is the place to overdo it. The misses is strong for me sleepin' in the garage with the dog but the dog won't stand for it, so I gets me a tent. I lives an unconscious life in the back yard till one day a high wind picks up the tent and turns it into an arioplane which is o. k. with me except I don't have no trainin' as a aviary. Me and the tent

(*Please turn to page* 116)



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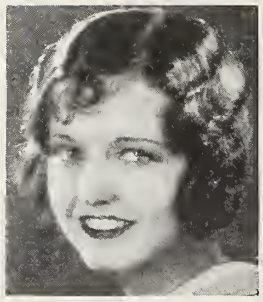


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Crazy!

(*Continued from page* 115)

goes over the fence and lights in a tree which can't shake the big top but shakes me cold. I'm covered with embarrassment, etcetra, when my neighbor comes out and has the sarcasm to ast why I don't fly my kite in my own yard. I says he ain't got no community spirit, and one sock leads to another, and that's how I happens to leave Flushing in a ambulance.

FROM the hospital I goes into "Show Girl" with Clayton and Jackson and gets my first crack at the legitamit theayter and audiences what gives their all to the ticket brokers. Then we mixes in the rough work of "The New Yorkers."

Well, to make a long run short, "The New Yorkers" is strugglin' along with an overhead which would sink a flock of Mexican Oil wells when I hears Hollywood calling me. Out I goes like a shot of gin expecting to be welcomed by a brass band, a hundred beautiful heiresses slinging theirselves at my feet, and Greta Garbo waitin' to lead me around like a trained bear. And whaddo I find? Nottin'.

Out at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer stoodio I gnashes my teeth for buyin' myself an open-work car and a pair of white pants when my animal instinct tells me that I'm as popular as a suspicious character. In the front office nobody knows me, not even by sight—and I'm some sight. What's more humiliatin' they seems satisfied to go right on livin' in condensed ignorance. They takes everything but my finger-prints, but at last when the door with the trick lock clangs open I turns like a tiger at bay and exclaims that if a letter comes for me in Garbo's handwritin' they should rush it to my Swedish interpreter like the dam's busted and heaven help the poor souls down there in the valley.

I'm in solitary confinement for two weeks and three gasoline station openings when they leads me out and turns me loose in a motion pitcher, or maybe I does my own turning when I hears the director yell "Speed!" and I gives myself everything I got till a guy trips me up and says the director means the camera, not me. But the set is swell, with gold stairs and gilt furniture, so I thinks I'll stick around and get me some class, and I'm lookin' my best on a red plush davenport when the director says he ain't ready for me yet and anyhow he's going to use me in an alley scene—me, Park Avnoo's darling, in an alley!

I'm so nonplussed I could sink through the radium floor, but I pulls myself to pieces and sneaks out in the alley to get the lay of the land and says to myself that when the scene comes up they won't ketch me nappin', and anyhow I learned about alleys from experts and you can't teach a new dog old tricks.

I LOOK down my nose, bein' farsighted from birth, and by a strange coincerdense sees a dog chasin' a cat, so everything's like the good old Catherine st. days and I'm at my ease till a ten-ton truck backs into me with great success and the driver wants to know why don't I find myself a busy railroad track and give an express train a break.

But I concertrates on the alley and when I has a blue print of it in my intelleck I goes back to the set and tells the director I'm alley-perfect. He glares at me like I'm a thorn in his foot and says he ain't goin' to shoot the scene in the alley 'cause he's found himself a swell dock down at the harbor.

That's one thing you gotta say for motion pitchers, they're full of surprises. You tosses on your pillar at night over what you're goin' to do next day, then you goes on the set in the morning and is told everything's been changed. There ain't nottin' that gives a director such pride in his work as changing a pitcher so that the actors is like sement in his hands. But the mental strain is so great that even extra girls has nervous collapses on their week-ends.

And right here, with my nose to the ground, I hears you astin' how does we keep it up with all our Hollywood wild parties, and I goes into shrieks of melancholy laughter. Lissen—Hollywood's rioting night begins at seven and dies the death of a dog at nine.

A party in the movie colony is like a conf'rence, only it don't last so long. It's run on a strickly financial basis with million-dollar executives in one bunch, $25,000 stars in a huddle, $10,000 directors in an argument, $1,000 actors posed against the goldfish tank, and so on down the scale of prices. All you gotta do is stand behind the petrified butler and use your lead pencil. Then you strolls through the dress suits, lightly skipping ropes of pearl as you go, and is amazed to discover that the talk covers a wide range of subject—motion pitchers. Anybody what mentions the weather, the growin' danger of radio humor to home-bodies, or the effect of tap dancing on the shoe trade is suddenly shocked to find he's talkin' to himself.

WHEN I first steps out in Hollywood I'm all steamed up for a party that'll make a New York mob scene look like a cold storage celebration, but before the clock in the steeple strikes nine I'm back home readin' a Rover Boys story.

Everybody in Hollywood's got a readin' lamp over the bed and an alarm clock under it. You gotta get up before the fog rises, and the face you takes with you to the stoodio musn't have no tell-tale lines for the camera to grab, which is why Hollywood night life ain't what it's cracked up to be and I don't want to hear of this again.

Speaking for myself—and nobody ain't never taunted me with losin' my voice—I'm up to my nose in pitcher work and nottin' can stop me from pushing through, that is if they don't lose sight of the fact that I'm ultra emotional, 'cause I've got a profile which goes the limit and any minute now I'm liable to cease my wild buffoonery and bust out in my true nature which is stupendously romantic and burns like a basement furnace. So all I asts you to do is wait—just wait till Garbo gets back from her Swedish vacation and then see what guy is breathin' down the back of her neck and making her temperiture rise and her eyelids fall like a store awning!



Some like it **HOT**



Some like it **COLD**

HOW DO YOU LIKE THE

First Course?

The introduction to the menu, the first course, can make or mar your feeling about the whole meal. It can give you a feeling of enjoyable anticipation or complete disappointment. We're interested in delicious first courses here and have a lot of ideas about them for articles in the near future. We'd like to know your vote in the matter, though, so as to give you just the balance of hot or cold dishes you prefer.

REMARKS:

WHAT COLD DISH DO YOU PREFER?

WHAT HOT DISH DO YOU PREFER?

For your courtesy in answering, you may choose any two of these Tower food circulars:

One-Course Refreshments
Fruits for All Meals
Ways of Serving Meats

TOWER MAGAZINES
(INCORPORATED)
55 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK CITY

Box Office Critics

(*Continued from page* 80)

etta. Give Miss Crawford every opportunity in rôles suited to her, let her sing if she must, but do not let her carry the title rôle of an operetta.

Why not give Jeanette MacDonald a thought? Here is an actress who is fitted in every respect to play the title rôle of "The Merry Widow." Those who have seen and heard her in "The Vagabond King," "Monte Carlo," "The Love Parade" and the two latest ones "One Hour With You" and "Love Me Tonight" will agree Jeanette MacDonald is *THE* Merry Widow.

Here's hoping Jeanctte MacDonald gets the title rôle in Lehar's beautiful opera.

Myrtle Yeager,
3917 No. 19th St.

Give Us Don!

Chicago, Ill.

Why don't the producers give Don Dillaway a featured part in a picture? I saw him in "Miss Pinkerton" and "Pack Up Your Troubles." He played such a small part in these pictures. The more you see of him the more you like him. Give us more pictures with Don Dillaway in them. Give him more chances to show what ability he has.

In the two pictures I have seen of him he has done wonderfully. I am waiting for the time when I can see him in a feature picture.

Good luck, Don!

Margaret Reaugh,
5944 S. Maplewood.

Take a Bow, Lee

E. Pittsburgh, Pa.

While I am but an infinitesimal part of the movie-going public. I'm sure many people believe as I do—that Lee Tracy is one of the very finest actors on the screen today.

I was more or less fed up with movies when I saw "Blessed Event," and after that "Washington Merry-Go-Round." It's rather hard to tell whether Mr. Tracy fits the part or the part fits him, because "fit" he certainly does.

Good luck and many more pictures to Mr. Tracy. He deserves them.

Florence Butz,
1245 Lincoln Ave.

Fredrea Speaking

Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

You may have your Gable or Chevalier. I'll take Phillips Holmes, please.

Phillips Holmes gives me the impression of a young man who has seen the high lights and low spots of life and yet remains unaffected and unspoiled. He is not an unsophisticated, empty headed school boy, nor a blase man of the world! He's just a darned good actor who gives me and a lot of others a thrill in seeing him on the screen! Let's have more of Holmes not only on the screen but in fan magazines.

Fredrea Helm,
4 M. Randolph Ave.

Here's Hoping

Portsmouth, N. H.

What has happened to our sweet, little (Irish) lassie, Nancy Carrol? I don't see why we don't see more of her than we do. She has such a striking personality, which, I think, appeals to everyone.

One of her recent pictures, "Hot Saturday," was a knockout.

(*Please turn to page* 118)



Julie Haydon, RKO Star

You can have

ENTICING EYES

● EVERY movie star knows this beauty trick! Dark, heavy lashes give your eyes fascination—allure—appeal. Dark, heavy lashes make eyes look larger and sparkling . . . Winx—the NEW type mascara—gives you such lashes—easily and naturally . . . Without smudging, smearing or smarting.

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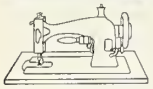
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Any time your sewing machine begins acting *lazy*, it's *clogged*. Then, do this: pick out lint from the working parts and put in 3-in-One. Run the machine. See the old, gummy oil come out! Wipe it off, put in more 3-in-One and see the difference! Use frequently and you'll not have such trouble half so often, for 3-in-One is blended to *clean* and *prevent rust* as it *lubricates*. Handy cans and bottles at all good stores.

From Our Readers

The two comments which we receive most often in letters from our readers are: "I like the good, clean fiction and the nice recipes."

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Hotel GOVERNOR CLINTON New York

1200 Rooms • 7th Ave. at 31st St.

Box Office Critics

(*Continued from page* 117)

Here's hoping to see more of Nancy.

(Miss) Florence B. O'Connell,
71 Kensington Road.

Dorothy and Phillips

Trenton, N. J.

I think "70,000 Witnesses" is a wonderful, never-to-be-forgotten picture.

Why can't Phillips Holmes and Dorothy Jordan be starred together in more pictures? I've never seen anyone act as well as they did.

Alma Prenoski,
41 Virginia Avenue.

Oh, You Gary

Grapevine, Texas

I have been a Gary Cooper fan from the very beginning, and I always make a special effort to see all of his pictures. I am sure many others feel the same as I do about the tall he-man actor, but here is one that I must tell you about for I feel that it is a good one for Gary.

I have a friend who is an old maid, and a man hater—in fact, she thinks that all men are worthless creatures, but Gary Cooper's picture in an expensive sterling silver frame adorns her dressing table. The only man's picture in the house, and she has brothers, too. Now that's what I call making a hit.

Mary M. Waller.

Not Enough

Marion, Iowa

I am a boy of ten years of age. I am very fond of movies. Whenever I have an extra dime I always buy THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE.

I saw the movie called "The Big Broadcast," and it was very good, but Bing Crosby, Kate Smith, The Boswell Sisters, Street Singer and other radio stars didn't sing enough.

Michael Cira, Jr.,
840—7th Ave.

Box-Office Hint

Phillipsburgh, N. J.

What have they Dunn to our wonderful Jimmie?

The team of Dunn and Eilers equals that of Farrel and Gaynor. Dunn and Eilers, when split, are lost, but together they are perfect. Give them to us again and the movie fans will attend to the box office receipts.

A. Kinkaid,
22 Fayette Street,

Defense of Myrna

Winnipeg, Canada

Near the beginning of the talkie era, I saw Myrna Loy playing the part of a drunken half-caste in "Desert Song." I went home thinking that although Miss Loy was very talented, she must always play half-castes or orientals because of her resemblance to an oriental.

Just lately I went to see Chevalier's latest picture "Love Me Tonight," and in it I saw a new Myrna Loy. In this production she played the part of a girl who wished an interesting young man to come her way. Her hair, I noticed was softly waved and she looked like a very beautiful English lady. I thought that after this she would be given a chance to show her beauty as well as her talent.

Next I noticed that she is playing a half-caste in "Thirteen Women," in which she tries to murder her twelve classmates. In the latest edition of this magazine I read that she is next to play Fah So Loo in "The Mask of Fu Manchu."

Is it fair that a beautiful girl like Miss Loy should play such parts which make most people leave the theater disliking her? I think that it is time that these producers wake up and give her parts like the one of Countess Valentine in "Love Me Tonight" in which people will like her and want to see her more.

George Smith,
853 Home Street.

A Face That Lingers

Newfoundland, N. J.

Pauline Frederick's face always lingers with me. Playing in the mystery thriller, "The Phantom of Crestwood," she is superb.

She has enough of "box office pull" to make a success of any play in which she appears. She looks like a high born lady and acts like a princess. She would grace a mansion or preside just as gracefully in a simple cottage. One look at her serene face and you would trust your all to her.

It takes hard work to climb to the place where she now stands, but she will continue to work and inspire other less fortunate ones.

Belle W. Drake,
Idylease Inn.

Forsaking Art?

Beaver, Pa.

Hollywood stealing the "lights" from Broadway! Precious veterans of the legitimate stage forsaking art for the "talkies!" Helen Hayes, George Arliss and even Ethel Barrymore—movie-struck!

Such are the protests of that Privileged Few who claimed to understand and appreciate Real Drama until the "Talkies" interfered.

Now, I am not a Socialist, but I am all for the masses having the opportunity to judge worthwhile talent through the medium of the local movies. I believe the motion picture producers are striving, as never before, to reach a higher standard. By presenting really great actors, even at the expense of the legitimate stage, they will educate the mass of movie fans.

There is such a thing as becoming mentally starved. Many a person in a small town has hungered for the privilege of enjoying a George Arliss—a Helen Hayes.

With all due respect to the Clara Bows, the Jean Harlows, the Clark Gables, who are tempting enough, but not really nourishing to the movie patron who is genuinely starved for real dramatic stimuli.

I repeat—Let Hollywood steal the "Lights" from Broadway!

Mary P. Wilhelm,
248 East End Ave.

Sweet Thirteen

Philadelphia, Pa.

I have been reading your magazine for some months and find it interesting reading especially your critic's column, I would like to express my opinion about Una Merkel. I just love her and wish she would be starred in pictures. Please ask the producers to put her in



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FIVE and TEN CENT STORES

more pictures because my mother always lets me go to see her. She says she is a wonderful character.

Here's hoping to see more of her and best regards from a thirteen-year-old.

Betty McBride,
1608 N. 16th St.

What's This?

San Francisco, Calif.

Our latest hero is a lad,
Who's breezy, fresh and racy,
Continually getting into bad—
You guessed it right—Lee Tracy!

A "Blessed Event" was he,
When Hollywood did get him,
We hope to see a lot of Lee,
And that producers won't forget him.

Frank C. Littlejohn,
1374—18th Avenue.

He Wants Bessie

Harrisburg, Ill.

Where, oh, where is little Bessie, who played in "Broadway Melody?"

Just what has become of Bessie Love and the type of show she played in? Having risen to fame in "Broadway Melody," she has disappeared almost as rapidly. Has she become discouraged and gone to "vaudevilling" again? If so, she is denying her movie admirers much pleasure.

Why can't we have another musical on the "Broadway Melody" type? We have had epidemics of dashing young newspaper reporters, gangsters, and jungle—let's put a quarantine on them for a while. A typical Broadway revue with its dancing chorus, tap dancers, snappy music, and singers would be the thing. The plot with its necessary love interest would be behind the scenes. This would be two shows in one. No, I'm not Scotch.

I've heard that Charles King is back in Hollywood. That is some encouragement at least.

Harry Morris, Jr.,
1318 South McKinley Avenue.

She Wants Evelyn

Excelsior, Minnesota

Not so very many years ago Evelyn Brent was featured in many pictures. Well, then, why isn't she now? She is supposed to be a very good actress and to my notion she is. I would like very much to see her on the screen, again. There aren't many girls with her dark type of beauty and here's hoping that she stages a comeback and soon. I mean a *real* comeback, not the small inconspicuous roles.

Virginia Herkal,
R. R. 2 Box No. 8.

Again and Again

New York City, N. Y.

The cinema public needs your help to prevent the despoilation of "The Merry Widow!"

M-G-M. proposes facetiously or not, to insult our intelligence by giving us a sad-eyed-tragediene for that very delightful, light and gay part of *Sonia.*

There is only one star on the American screen today who is equipped in every way to play that part and she is the Merry Widow—the absolute personification of everything we have ever dreamed and imagined in the part.

That is Jeanette MacDonald!

We want no other!

Will you raise your voice in print and help us get what we want?

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This wonderful new Instant Rit dissolves in 40 seconds, like lump sugar—and dyes perfect, absolutely fast colors! So easy—you simply can't have a failure! A special new ingredient prevents streaking and spotting... gives truer, evener color than any other package dye... lasts much longer. New *concentrated* Rit is more economical—dyes twice the amount of material.

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JOHNSON'S SHI-NUP *for silver*

Stepping Out With the Stars

(*Continued from page 56*)

a funny line on the set the day before. Bride and groom, they were supposed to retire. When they were all snug, Sally said, "Now you can call me Sally, can't you?"

Lupe Velez came in late with Johnny Weissmuller. They had been to the boxing matches, as usual, and Lupe had yelled herself hoarse.

She said that Johnny had bought her a cushion to sit on, but she didn't sit on it. She got excited and hit people around her with it.

Lupe wore a fancy sports suit of black satin and flat crepe, skirt and blouse, with jacket length coat of satin, and a little tippy-tilty black hat.

June Collyer and Stu Erwin were among the early guests, June looking just a little prettier than ever in an after-glow gown of figured silk, with tiny ruffles on the waist, made Empire style, with high waist line.

Stuart said that June let the baby's nurse off two days a week so she could play with the child herself. Jack Oakie came over and said that he was afraid that the sight of his face might kill the Erwin heir, but instead the kid smiled back at him and put up his tiny fists.

"Always on the defensive!" put in the proud papa.

Nena Quartaro arrived with her brother Jack. Nena was lovely in a pink silk taffeta evening frock, made princess and embroidered in pink flowers.

Max Hoffman said that Gertrude Hoffman, his famous dancer-mother, always chose her dancing girls from department store employes. One day a girl came from a department store and asked for a job.

"I'm from Macy's and my name is Blanche Alexander," she said.

And Blanche Alexander is now Blanche Sweet.

Sandra Shaw, Dolores Del Rio's cousin, had arrived with Bruce Cabot.

She said, "We are awfully good friends, nothing more. We confide everything to each other." Which does seem something of a something-or-other, doesn't it? She is a striking girl, and I think will be a sensation when she finally makes her picture debut.

Buddy Rogers, handsomer and more poised than in his boyish days, was a late arrival, and so was Bert Wheeler.

Supper was served on little tables, and was delicious.

Then Helen Kane turned her voice loose, and we were held enthralled for an hour with those clever character songs of hers. Surely she will come back to pictures, for she has more to give than almost anybody I know. She is a trifle plump, but is reducing.

Leo Carrillo arrived late, and gave us some of his stories; and other guests included sweet Ella Wickersham, Hollywood mascot, in her wheel chair, her brother, William, Eddie Buzzell, Eddie Sutherland, who brought Betty Kendall, James C. Morton, George Malinkiwich, football player, H. B. Warner, Lonnie Darcey and others.

"WE hadn't been inside the little church in London, the Holy Trinity Church, since the day we were married, until we went back there last year. We looked it up, Ernest and I, and we sat down quietly, and just gave ourselves up to thought. And, yes, I guess I cried just a little bit."

That does sound a bit sentimental, but when one backs it up, as Ernest Torrence and his wife have, by living together happily for thirty years—well, they have a right to be sentimental.

We were watching those incoming guests at the Town House, where the Torrences were celebrating their thirtieth wedding anniversary; and it did seem as though we must be back in the old days, for everybody was in costume of olden times.

The majority of the women guests wore corsets, I noted. But when we went up to the dressing room an hour later, we found Bessie Love, Fay Wray, Joan Blondell, and some others removing them!

Carole Lombard came as a burlesque queen of 1902. She wore a big hat trimmed with beautiful plumes and, of course, the inevitable tights.

Richard Barthelmess came clad as the well dressed man of 1902 should dress, stepping out for the evening. And he wore a wig.

Ronald Colman was best man, and very properly attired but it is hard to get excited about men's clothes, isn't it?

As Joan Bennett said, "If a man adds an inch to the tail of his coat within ten years, he feels he is making a tremendous change in his fashions."

Joan arrived with Gene Markey, her husband. She looked sweetly old-fashioned in a chiffon gown of the period, lace-trimmed and dainty.

William Powell was dressed as a circus barker of another day, loud clothes, checked coat, striped shirt and huge glass diamond.

Clive Brook was a coster-monger, cap and all, and Mrs. Brook wore a white frock of the period, all its features slyly burlesqued, but very becoming; large sleeves, bustle and the rest.

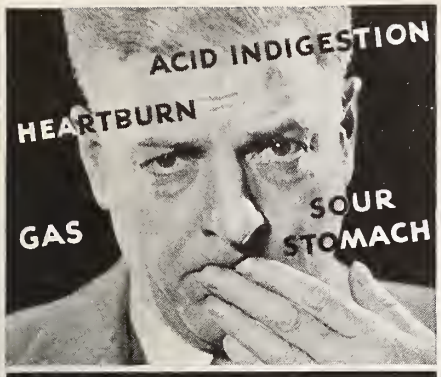
Most of the guests were married couples, but there were a few single young folk. Most of these were the sons or daughters of the married people and came with their parents, so we cannot report the beginning of any new romances, with the possible exception of the fact that Ronald Colman was awfully nice to pretty Jimmie Lloyd, daughter of Mrs. Frank Lloyd, who came with her dad and mother.

Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Richard Barthelmess, Ruth Chatterton and George Brent, Jesse Lasky, Mr. and Mrs. George Fitzmaurice, John Monk Saunders, Mr. and Mrs. Warner Baxter, Lois Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Raoul Walsh, Mr. and Mrs. Henry King, Hector Turnbull, Mr. and Mrs. Louis D. Lighton and Irene Browne, Mr. and Mrs. William Hawks, Col. Tim McCoy, Mr. and Mrs. John Robertson, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Beaumont, Jack Holt, Frank Lawton, Felix Winslow, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Pidgeon, Herbert Brenon and others.

"OH, must there be a reason for a party?" demanded Joan Crawford. "Well, then, let's say it's Doug's unbirthday party!"

"Yes," Doug, Jr., put in, "I dote on un-anything parties!"

Joan was looking beautiful in a white crêpe dress she had copied after the Adrian model she wore in "Letty Lynton." Yes, she declares it was a



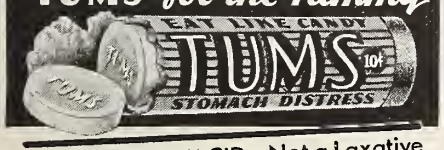
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INC.
55 Fifth Avenue New York

copy and not the original. She is superstitious about wearing a dress in actual everyday life that she has worn on the screen, especially since she had a little automobile accident while wearing a screen costume. Besides, she thinks it is rather bad taste to wear one's screen costumes on the street, "as if you were advertising a rôle," she said. "But of course," she added kindly, "there are times when actresses must do it, from necessity."

Colleen Moore and her husband, Albert Scott, were among those who preferred lingering in the garden, Colleen saying that if she ever wrote a book it was going to be about people's back yards. "They are so much more characteristic than front yards," she explained. "You can find out so much about people! I'd know an artist lived in this house, for instance."

"She means me," said Doug, swelling out his chest.

"Oh, I don't know," put in Joan. "I'm taking music lessons, you know."

Florence Eldridge and Ronald Colman sat together on a garden lounge and talked over the times when both were in a show, "East of Suez," ten years ago, and both were fired. Neither, they said, knew where the next meal was coming from.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Barthelmess were out there, too, and Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg. But Norma had to leave us soon to telephone home about the baby. She always does that.

"She tries to keep that dark," laughed Irving Thalberg. "Playing such sophisticated rôles doesn't go well with such domestic devotion."

Inside, an entertainer was amusing some of the guests, including Fredric March, Carole Lombard, William Powell, Evalyn Knapp, Gene Markey, Joan Bennett and others, but presently the bridge addicts, including Mrs. Richard Barthlemess, Randolph Scott and Mr. and Mrs. Clark Gable, slunk away to the card room, as addicts will, and went into that awful silence. Clark Gable is a crack player, by the way.

Presently we all gathered around the hot-dog wagon, outside, for our refreshments, after which William Powell, Ricardo Cortez, Chester Morris, Ronald Colman, Clark Gable and Fredric March were stimulated to form a sextette, to sing all the old songs they had ever heard. I must say we walked out on the performance, though.

Neil Miller gave some impersonations, afterward, principally of Bing Crosby.

Then Joan and Ricardo Cortez put on an exhibition tango that was well worth anybody's money to see.

Other guests present were Helen Hayes and Charles MacArthur, Mr. and Mrs. Buddy Leighton, Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Howard, Sally Blane, Joel McCrea, Frank Lawton, Gene Raymond, Donald Cook and others.

There was the music of the radio, and Patricia Janss, Joel McCrea, Allan Vincent, Loretta Young and others danced to its strains in an inner room.

OUR "ON SALE" DATE GOES AHEAD!

This month and hereafter, the new issue of this magazine appears at WOOLWORTH'S on the 10th of the month.



At Your Grocer's

When you drop into your favorite grocery store to ask for some of the reliable food products you see in our advertising pages, please mention Tower Magazines. It can help increase our service to you.



Can You Make Suki-Yaki?

IF all the old dishes have grown tiresome and there don't seem to be any new ones; if you're tired of slaving in the kitchen while father reads the paper; or if you're a new young bride who isn't so sure of her culinary skill, here's Suki-yaki just made to your order. You can vary it to suit yourself, leave out any ingredient that you please and nothing disastrous will happen; you can make it at the table while the family looks on—in fact they'll want to assist you; and it will be something new for your palate—easy on your pocketbook—a balanced one-dish meal.

Suki-yaki—it's the national dish of the Japanese and it has been introduced into the country only a short time via a few scattered restaurants here and there. Here's the basic recipe in the right quantity for a generous portion for one person. If your family consists of two adults and three children you won't need to multiply it by more than four.

¼ pound beefsteak
½ large Bermuda onion
½ cup or more spinach
⅓ cup celery sliced fine
¼ cup mushrooms
1½ tablespoons Sho-yu sauce
¼ cup soup stock
1 teaspoon sugar

Heat skillet over electric grill, gas flame or chafing dish (the Japanese use a charcoal flame). Melt suet which comes with steak or use small amount of other shortening. Put in beef, sliced very thin, sear and add onions sliced thin, celery cut in inch lengths and then sliced lengthwise, spinach and finally mushrooms. Add soup stock. Cook fifteen minutes over high flame, add Sho-yu sauce and sugar and cook five minutes longer. Serve with rice.

This is the western Japanese method. The mushrooms and celery are often omitted. A small piece of bean jelly (a Japanese product) may also be added. The Tokio way of making Suki-yaki is just with the meat, onions and seasoning. At a Japanese dinner where Saki is being served, the beef and onions are cooked separately and served with the wine course. After the wine has been removed the regular Suki-yaki mixture is served with rice.

As an entrée before the Suki-yaki, fried shrimps are often served. The shrimps are partially split to clean them, dipped in batter or in flour, then egg, then flour and fried in deep fat for about two minutes. They are served with a side dish of soy sauce mixed with hot stock and grated radish.

An appetizer of pickled onions, and cabbage or celery and radishes is served as first course.



Why not try Suki-yaki? It's new and delicious as well as inexpensive and it's fun to make

Tower Studios



Here's the table set for making Suki-yaki—a skillet on a hot plate, beefsteak, onions, celery, spinach and mushrooms ready on a platter along with soy sauce.

While the aroma of the cooking meat and vegetables sharpens your appetite you can stave off hunger by drinking tea and eating Japanese hors-d'œuvre—pickled turnip and cabbage. (Left).

A CHOCOLATE BIRTHDAY CAKE?

"Why Not!"

MILLIONS OF MEN AND BOYS RISE UP TO ASK

MEN have raised the question: "Why must our birthday cakes always be white and pink or green, and frilly, and—well, feminine?"

And why, indeed! Everybody knows that men like chocolate in any form — and chocolate cakesespecially. Nothingpleases them like the rich, dark, satisfying goodness of a real *chocolaty* chocolate cake.

So make "him" this one for his birthday. How he'll love it (man or boy)! And how he'll love this luscious Creamy Chocolate Frosting, too . . . with its delicious flavor, and creamy-smooth texture that clings to the cake like softest velvet . . .

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SWEET MILK DEVIL'S FOOD

2 cups sifted Swans Down Cake Flour
1 teaspoon soda
½ cup butter or other shortening
1¼ cups brown sugar, firmly packed
2 eggs, unbeaten
3 squares Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate, melted
1 cup sweet milk
1 teaspoon vanilla

Sift flour once, measure, add soda, and sift together three times. Cream butter thoroughly, add sugar gradually, and cream together until light and fluffy. Add eggs, one at a time, beating well after each addition. Add chocolate and beat well. Add flour, alternately with milk, a small amount at a time. Beat after each addition until smooth. Add vanilla. Bake in two greased 10-inch layer pans or three greased 9-inch layer pans in moderate oven (350°F.) 25 minutes. Spread Creamy Chocolate Frosting between layers and on top of cake.

CREAMY CHOCOLATE FROSTING

3 cups sifted confectioner's sugar
4 tablespoons hot water
1 egg white, unbeaten
Dash of salt
1 teaspoon vanilla
3 squares Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate, melted

Combine sugar and hot water. Add egg white and beat until thoroughly mixed. Add remaining ingredients and beat until blended. Makes enough for tops and sides of three 9-inch layers.

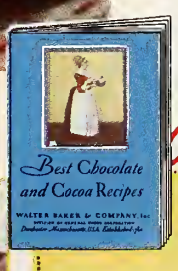
All measurements are level



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APRIL, 1933

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Cleveland Barclay

"I AM THE UNHAPPIEST WOMAN IN THE WORLD"
says GRETA GARBO
in her first authentic story from Sweden

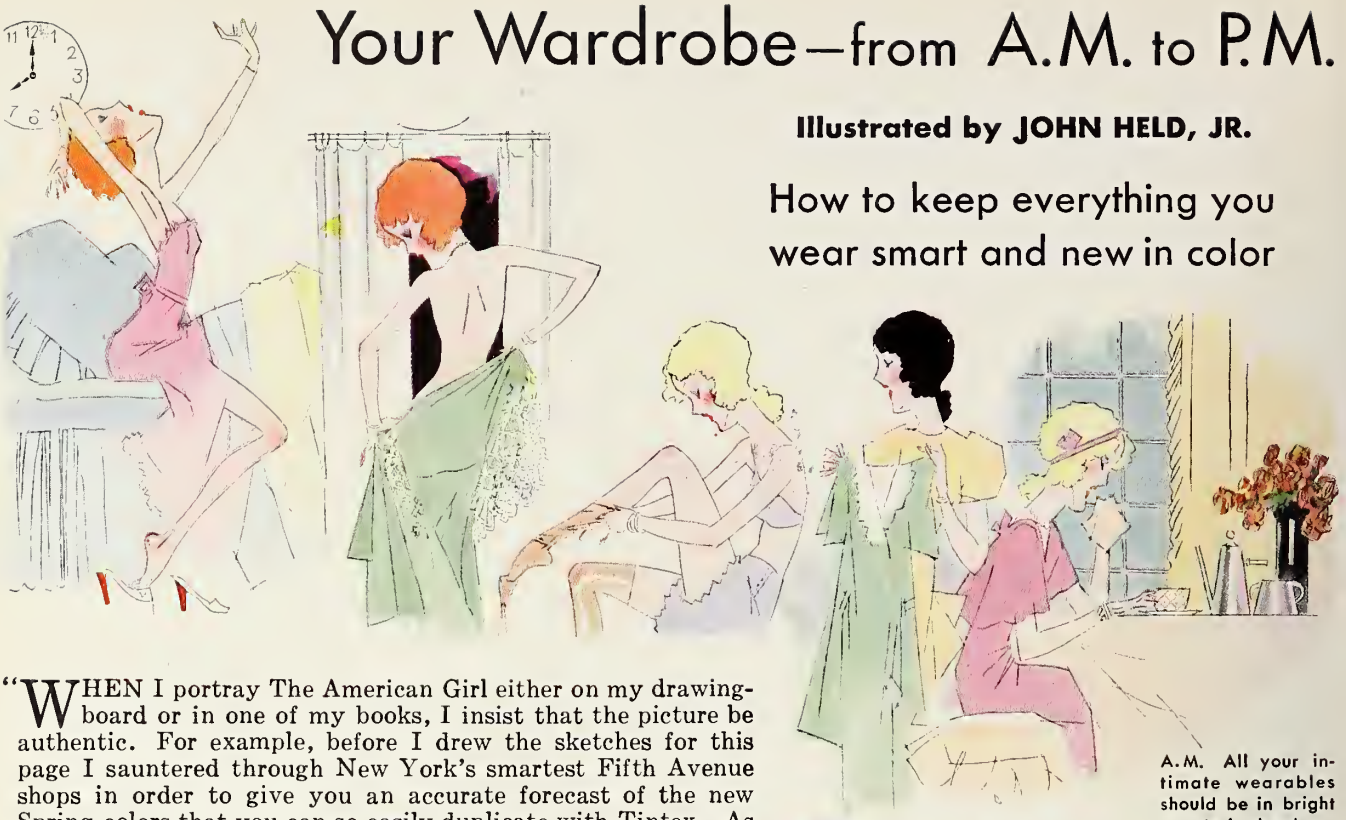
The Real LESLIE HOWARD
by his landlady, ELSIE JANIS

Join the PEOPLE'S ACADEMY of PICTURES of the NEW MOVIE Magazine for 1933!

Your Wardrobe—from A.M. to P.M.

Illustrated by JOHN HELD, JR.

How to keep everything you wear smart and new in color



"WHEN I portray The American Girl either on my drawing-board or in one of my books, I insist that the picture be authentic. For example, before I drew the sketches for this page I sauntered through New York's smartest Fifth Avenue shops in order to give you an accurate forecast of the new Spring colors that you can so easily duplicate with Tintex. As an artist I am naturally appreciative of color—and I am always amazed at the great range of brilliant and fashionable colors that Tintex offers you for everything you wear. It is small wonder to me that Tintex is used by more women than any other tints and dyes in the world."

A.M. All your intimate wearables should be in bright pastel shades. Launderings *will* fade them, of course. But never mind. Tintex will restore their gay color.



P. M. Afternoan and evening attire depends so much on *carrect calar* for its smartness. And I've observed that women who are both smart and thrifty depend on Tintex to give their dresses ond frocks the very colors Paris decrees.

I have drawn the girl ot the left just ta remind yau to use Tintex on hame-decorations; curtains, drapes, slip-cavers, household linens, etc.

See the two young ladies belawl They are shawing yau how simple it is to use Tintex. Just da os they are doing—"tint os you rinse."

How many Tintex colors are there to chaase from? There are 35—and each, I assure you, is up-to-the-minute in Fashion. Where can yau get Tintex? Well, I've naticed you can get Tintex just abaut every place.

WHAT A FOOL SHE IS!



Never fails to use Lipstick— Neglects her Teeth and Gums and she has "pink tooth brush"!

IT HAS never dawned upon this girl that lipstick draws attention to her dull, dingy-looking teeth — or she would take better care of her teeth and gums.

Are *your* teeth dull—or bright? Are your gums firm — or flabby?

If your gums bleed easily — if you have "pink tooth brush"— the soundness of your gums, the brightness of your teeth, and the attractiveness of your smile may be in danger.

"Pink tooth brush" may lead to gum troubles as serious as gingivitis, Vincent's disease, or even pyorrhea. It is a threat to the good-looks of your teeth — and sometimes to the teeth themselves.

Try the Ipana method of keeping your teeth sparkling, and your gums firm and healthy.

Soft modern foods rob your gums of the stimulation they need. To give them this necessary stimulation, massage a little extra Ipana into your gums each time you clean your teeth.

Almost immediately your teeth will brighten. Soon, you'll see an improvement in your gums. Continue with Ipana and massage, and you needn't be bothered about "pink tooth brush."

IPANA



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The New Movie

One of the TOWER MAGAZINES

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VOL. VII. No. 4

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McCELLAND BARCLAY

APRIL 1933

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warns HELEN TWELVETREES

"When a man begins to take you for granted, look out! Capture for yourself glamorous complexion loveliness the way the Screen Stars do. Men are always stirred by lovely skin!"

Helen Twelvetrees





She knows her husband really loves her still, yet she is taken for granted, neglected. Love has grown hum-drum, stale.



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Again she knows the thrill of honeymoon days! Eager eyes search the new, seductive beauty of her face. Now life is glamorous, gay!

"DON'T let love grow hum-drum!" This is the warning Helen Twelvetrees sends to the many perplexed women who write this charming screen star for advice.

"When a man begins to take you for granted," she says, "look out!"

And then she tells Hollywood's secret of winning—and *holding*—adoration. "Capture for yourself glamorous complexion loveliness the way the screen stars do. Men are *always* stirred by lovely skin!"

Of the 694 important Hollywood actresses, actually 686 use Lux Toilet Soap to keep their complexions always lovely. It is the official soap in all the great film studios.

Begin today to use fragrant, white Lux Toilet Soap *regularly*, just as Helen Twelvetrees does!



Let the Beauty Soap of the Stars make your skin Glamorous



Hollywood DAY by DAY

We want a name! New Movie Magazine offers $100 for the best pen name to be used by the anonymous author of this department. Write your suggestions.



Doesn't she look swell? No one can tell us now, after seeing this picture, thot she's going to retire becouse of ill-heolth. Not only looking better, soys Morie, but feeling better. Which news sends three rousing cheers oround the entire world.

HELLO, Hollywood! Hello, everybody! I'm down at Caliente this shining week-end playing the horses, and playing the wrong ones. Wish I were back in Hollywood playing pinocle—or even possum.

Carmel Myers is the luckiest person down here. She's sick in bed. Joe Schenck is kind of sick, too. He's losing—so I'm told—three thousand a week putting on the show. But Joe's lucky, too, if he only knew it. He'd be losing more than that if he were back in the old town making pictures.

THE best break I've had down here was being in at the bar, so to speak, on that famous raw egg and bare back party about which you've heard so many rumors—none of them correct. I didn't see the egg, but I did see the back.

In other words, I am in a position to give you the bare facts. and I intend to do so, let the eggs fall where they may.

It was eventide in the old bar at Agua Caliente. You remember that bar, where the glasses clicked and crashed so romantically in Bill Powell's and Kay Francis' "One Way Passage." Well, there were more than glasses crashing in that bar this springtime evening. There were blondes.

Particularly there was one blonde—"the girl nobody knew"—who insisted on crashing our party right after dinner and staying crashed until midnight. On the stroke of twelve, she suddenly began to scream, and kept right on screaming until it was discovered that someone had slipped a raw egg down her beautiful bare back, and then spanked her right on the egg.

The gentlemanly manager, roused by the clamor, offered The Unknown Blonde a hundred dollar bill and told her to get herself a new dress. She refused. She didn't want a new dress. She didn't want a hundred dollars. She wanted to know who laid that egg!

At this point, a lowering Mexican gentleman appeared in the doorway. The Unknown shouted loudly that it was her husband. It wasn't. It was a policeman. But her tears straightway changed to smiles—and as she exited on the arm of her new boy friend, both Leila Hyams and Buster Collier heard her say to him:

"I like those movie people; they're good——"

Leila couldn't catch the last word. But Buster said he caught it. It was—you guessed it—eggs!"

THE Egg Woman wasn't the only blonde in Caliente Lane that evening, not by a blonde sight. And she wasn't the prettiest. You ought

(*Please turn to page* 8)

ANOTHER SCOOP!

Always the first to offer something new, NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE announces an entirely new kind of movie gossip, a complete departure from the usual stereotyped sort. We have arranged with an internationally-known writer, a resident of Hollywood, socially and personally an intimate friend of the stars and producers, to write for us each month this department, "Hollywood Day by Day." He will keep a diary of each day's events, of all that he sees and hears—the really intimate, inside chatter of Hollywood. We promise that you will find this department not only fresh and new, but also amusingly and exceptionally well written.

★

One doesn't need to ask Ruth Roland if she is happy because one look at her these days tells the story. Not only Ruth but Husband Ben Bard seems to be making good in more than one way. And Ruth is prettier than ever.

"Have you heard Ben on the Domino Club program over the radio?" Ruth asks enthusiastically. "He is master of ceremonies and says everything in rhyme, introductions and everything. He writes beautiful poetry, too," she will tell you.

Now there's a wife for you. She even likes her husband's poetry.

One day each week Ruth devotes to charity and can be found at the Assistance League tea room. If you remember her in her serial thrillers you will have some idea of how she handles a tray. Recently she secured the motion picture rights to a serial which ran in a national magazine, so don't be surprised if you see her on the screen soon.

Good luck, Ruth!

★



Photo by Daniel Sheehan

to have seen Jean Harlow in that simple but, oh, so elegant black evening gown. She was by all odds the most stunning woman in all Agua.

In fact, it was Jean's week-end, sartorially speaking, for all the races the next day, when most of the girls were wearing their very best togs, and looking as if they were attending an afternoon tea, Jean wore a pair of white flannel slacks, a gray sweater, a sports hat, and no make-up at all. When someone joshed her about looking so well without the war-paint, she answered characteristically:

"I can't help it. I'm healthy."

There was a nice story floating around the casino about Jean's secretaries—the old one and the new one. When Jean sent Betty Brown, that little beauty who was first her girlhood friend and later her secretary, away to college, the meanies whispered that Jean didn't care for so much competition in her home work. But the platinum red-head fooled 'em again. Her new secretary's even prettier than Betty.

Goodbye, Jean! Goodbye, Caliente!

BACK in Hollywood today to greet Harold Lloyd and Mildred and the children. They all look like the million dollars they must have left behind them with the starving hotel keepers of Europe. Just think of cruising around in these parlous days to places like St. Moritz and Cannes with a family of five and auxiliary troops consisting of a secretary, a press agent, a nurse, a governess, a brother and a mother-in-law!

Harold says he's fed up putting Europe on its economic feet. It's "Buy American" for him from now on—even if he has to become a Technocrat.

EVERYBODY who didn't go to Agua over the week-end went to the pre-view of Kate Smith's new picture. For Kate, I'm here to tell the world, is one little girl that has made a great big dent in Hollywood. Socially, I mean. And although the moon girl has gone back over the mountain, the hole she's left in our affections won't soon be filled. Not by one person!

For one thing, Kate's weight wasn't the social handicap that it would have been a few months ago. For ever since Joan Crawford let herself out ten pounds, most of the starving ones have been going in for contours in a big way—a contour being, as you know, what Kate Smith has fore and aft.

I'VE been noticing particularly what's been happening to one little girl of my acquaintance, who shall be nameless.

The first picture she did, her legs were so thin they had to stop production and begin all over again with another girl. Today, her legs are almost as Smithsonian as Kate's! And as for the rest of her—well, at the studio preview of a picture in which she recently appeared (let us say for the sake of the story that it was "Her Crowning Glory") a company executive was heard to remark that the production ought to be called "Her Bosom Friend."

But to get back to Kate, the only thing that kept her from being one hundred per cent popular along the Boulevard was not her shape but her radio contract. The crowds were disappointed everywhere she went—in restaurants, you know, and public places—because she couldn't do her stuff. The cigar people she works for on the air

(*Please turn to page* 10)



Henrietta Crosman, beloved stor of the speoking stoge of o generotion ogo, now under controct to Fox films. She's of the some school os Marie Dressler ond Alison Skipworth. You'll probobly heor much of her during the next few months.

(Below) Chorles Loughton, that splendid English charocter octor, vocotioning ot Palm Springs. If you remember him in "Islond of Lost Souls," you'll soy to yourself, "Whot o difference!" Mr. Laughton will be bock from his trip to London soon.



1933 WILL BE FAMED FOR ONE PICTURE!

HELL BELOW



with ROBERT
MONTGOMERY
WALTER HUSTON
MADGE EVANS
JIMMY DURANTE

Directed by
JACK CONWAY

Every year one picture leaps out of the parade of pictures to startle, amaze and thrill the world! For months Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has secretly prepared for you a dramatic spectacle more ambitious than anything yet undertaken by this producing organization. Previewed in Hollywood as this magazine goes to press it is acclaimed as greater than "Hell Divers." Watch for it!

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE



Corl Loemmle, Jr., the youngest producer in pictures, ond one af the most successful, ond Eleanor Holm, the swimming champ, ot the polo gomes. Junior, one of the mast likoble yaung men in Hollywood, seems to be more ottentive ta Eleonor than he ever has been to ony fair star.

wouldn't let her. And you can't blame them. They pay her to sing, and they pay her not to sing; and they pay her plenty.

But it was tough on Kate. I went on a night club tour with her one evening just before she left Hollywood, and if she hadn't already learned to say "No" when she was a good little girl down South, she certainly would have learned that night.

TAI LACHMAN, big, shaggy Director Harry Lachman's Chinese wife, was in the party—and when they couldn't get Kate to sing, they tried Tai.

This Chinese princess, by the way, is the most beautiful woman in Hollywood. I should have said, to be safe, that she is the most beautiful Chinese woman, but I'm in the mood to let the first statement stand. Anyhow, she has the largest and shiningest eyes and the whitest and smoothest skin, and a voice—oh, baby, what a voice!

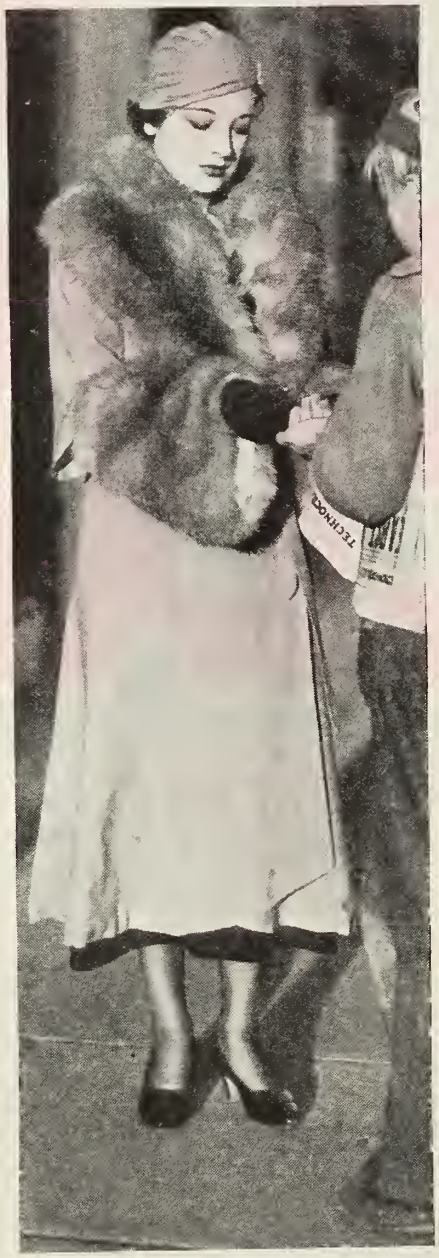
The Princess has a great reputation in Europe as a singer, and could have won another one in Hollywood that night, but she wouldn't. Instead, she pulled a Virginia Bruce.

"I've forgotten that part of my life," she sighed into her fan. "I'm just Mrs. Harry Lachman now."

Someone reminded her that Virginia Bruce's statement that she was "just Mrs. Jack Gilbert now" was followed almost immediately by a blessed event. Even then, Tai wouldn't sing!

AT "The New Yorker," well after midnight, we found another sweet singer of Hollywood, Bebe Daniels, with husband Ben and a gay crowd which included—well, whom do you think?—her mother and her grandmother. The latter, a tiny little woman with Spanish blood in her small veins, was the life of the party. Billie Dove, Carmel Myers, Carole Lombard and other beautiful women were sitting around Bebe's table that night—but the men of the party couldn't keep their eyes off Grandma!

Bebe wouldn't sing either, but she didn't go so far as to say she was "just Mrs. Ben Lyon now." Instead she diverted the crowd's attention to curly haired young Dick Powell, who was stepping out, as per usual, with "the good little girl of Hollywood," Mary Brian. Dick had to admit that he wasn't bothered at the moment by family troubles or contractual ones, so he sang a love song or two in that modest, ingratiating way which is fast making him Hollywood's favorite singing boy.



This is Phyllis Barry, caught by the condid comera while buying a newspaper. Did yau see her in "Cynoro"? Well, onywoy, she made such an impression in the Ronald Colmon picture that M-G-M immediotely grabbed her. Her next picture is the Buster Keoton-Jimmy Durante apus. Incidentally, one of the lotest Hallywood roves.

While Dick was thus occupied, I stole a dance with Mary, who told me she was sick of reading how sweet she was, and wanted the world to know that she was beginning to learn the facts of life. I don't know who's telling them to her, unless it is Glenda Farrell, her new girl friend, who must have done a lot of reading in her time to be able to play the girls she does on the screen.

But anyhow, Mary doesn't care who knows that she's a changed woman. She has even made a personal appearance with George Raft!

I SHOULD think Miriam Hopkins would be a little sore at herself these days, for walking out on Clark Gable that time, especially since Carole Lombard, who walked in, is staging a big come-back on the strength of her performance in the Paramount-Gable opus.

Not that Carole was ever down and out professionally; but physically she's had about everything happen to her that a nice girl could have. Even now, she's not so well. The other day I walked into her dressing-room unannounced — of course, I knocked first, believe it or not, I am always the little gentleman!—and found her lying on the couch, chewing gum like mad and clutching a hot water bottle to her stomach. Five minutes later, she was on the set looking beautifuller and beautifuller.

Between shots, Carole told me of a good line Billie Dove got off not long ago in a picture where it was her unhappy fate to be tipped out of a canoe into about four feet of water. As Billie trudged toward the shore in her bedraggled condition, the sound camera caught these words which were not in the script:

"Well you can't say I'm not a good girl. I walked home from a canoe ride."

IT'S a rare thing for a motion-picture star to walk anywhere, even home from a canoe ride. I had the surprise of my life the other morning when I ran into Mr. George Arliss, accompanied by Mrs. Arliss, climbing over the hills to Burbank on his way to work. I hadn't seen a movie star getting about the country on his own feet

(*Please turn to page* 12)


Lee Tracy
in "Private Jones"
...WITH GLORIA STUART★
DONALD COOK · EMMA DUNN
FRANK McHUGH · RUSSELL GLEASON
PRIVATE Jones was a lovable fool and he couldn't escape the draft. He snarled at patriotism, hated his officers and the men around him. He despised the army and refused to bow to discipline. He was cocky and quick-tempered. He wanted to fight everybody but the enemy. But there came a day when he was forced to the firing-line and in that swirling sea of fire, "PRIVATE JONES" —but see the picture in which LEE TRACY makes the hit of his career.
•
Presented By
CARL LAEMMLE
Story by Richard Schayer.
Directed by
RUSSELL MACK
Produced by
CARL LAEMMLE, Jr.
IT'S A UNIVERSAL



At M. C. Levee's Hollywood party for Elsa Maxwell. Left to right: Groucho Marx, Edgar Allen Woolf, Elsa Maxwell, (wearing Groucho Marx' false moustache), Jesse L. Lasky, Jimmy Durante, Mr. Levee, Maurice Chevalier, Frank Borzage, Leslie Howard and Jean Malin.

since George Cohan visited us so tempestuously. And I admit I was worried.

Hollywood wouldn't accept the other George as an actor, because he arrived at the studio every morning on foot. I am afraid, if the Brothers Warner hear about how their Georgie is cutting up, they may decide he isn't such a great actor, either. Hollywood has its standards, you know—and plenty of Rolls Royced supervisors to see that they are lived up to!

BUT English actors have their standards, too. I was reminded once again of that fact the other night when Clive Brook told me he was still smoking British-made cigarettes, and still paying two dollars a hundred customs duty for the privilege. No one will ever accuse Clive of being the fellow who thought up that "Buy American" slogan. In fact, the only thing Clive owns that isn't strictly British-made is his Great Dane.

Dogs, by the way, are coming back in Hollywood. There was a time not so long ago when adopted babies had the race pretty much to themselves, but the doggies have been gaining steadily until now they have the babies by the seats of their didies—and it looks as if Nature was taking its course.

Don't think I have anything against babies. I really do prefer them to dogs—especially when they come in the regular way along with Old Dr. Stork. I haven't seen anything so sweet in weeks as little Rose McArthur, Helen Hayes' three-year-old daughter, with her tiny red parasol and handkerchief to match.

But this adopted baby thing *was* getting a bit ridiculous. Freddy March had the right idea in his speech at the Academy dinner, when he said he was surprised, in view of the fact that all the Beerys and the Marches had accomplished during 1932 was to adopt a baby, that he and Wallie should be given prizes for the best performances of the year!

Puppies are much more dignified things for actors to adopt than babies, anyway, and almost as absorbing. Mrs. Warren William told me the other day that Warren spends so much time in the back yard improving the housing conditions of his prize Scotties that she has become a "kennel widow."

"He might as well play golf," she said, "for all I see of him."

I had a nice talk about dogs at Edgar Allen Wolff's party. I think it was with Ginger Rogers' mother, but it might have been with Ginger herself. Mervyn LeRoy seems to be the only person on the West Coast who can tell them apart! Anyhow, the Rogers lady and I go in for Sealyhams, and we glory in our shame.



Grant Withers, farmer husband of Loretta Young, and Lilian Band, 1932 Wampus baby star, snapped together at the six-day bicycle races in Hollywood.

EDGAR'S party, by the way, was for Sidney Blackmer, who used to be Miss Leonore Ulrich's little boy Sidney, but has now come back to re-crash the celluloid on his own. And speaking of the Rodgers family, the first person Edgar introduced to his guest of honor happened to be Richard Rodgers, the composer; then Mrs. Rodgers; then Mr. Rodgers' brother, Dr. Rodgers. Next in line came Ginger Rogers, and next to her stood her mother, Mrs. Rogers. By this time Sidney was convinced that the whole thing was a gag; and he was sure of it when Phillip Holmes stepped out of the crowd and said:

"How do you do? I'm Buddy Rogers."

It's a wonder Buddy wasn't there, for he's getting around the old town once more with all his old agility. He doesn't boast of any adopted babies or adopted puppies, but he does admit that there is a sweet little newcomer in his home; to wit, a most remarkable contract with Mary Pickford. This paper calls for twenty-seven weeks of picture work with Mary or with anyone else she may designate, and twenty-five weeks to croon or play the oboe whenever he will.

Pretty soft, I call it, for a young man who can't make up his mind whether he's in the talkies or the singies. Especially when there isn't a leading man in all Hollywood, even the biggest of them, who wouldn't drop everything else for the honor of playing opposite Our Mary. I ran into Leslie Howard the other night at Grace Tibbett's, and he was still declaiming about his good luck in being picked by Mary for her come-back production.

"I never enjoyed working in a picture so much," said Leslie, "and incidentally I never met a more intelligent woman."

(*Please turn to page* 14)

Palmolive now at lowest prices in history

Nothing is changed but the price. The same amount of olive oil goes into every cake . . . the same generous-size cake . . . the same true cosmetic effect that has made Palmolive the voluntary choice of more than 20,000 beauty experts

WITH beauty at stake—you must choose soap bargains carefully. Beware—lest you pay too dearly for so-called bargain soaps which dry, irritate, age the skin. You—and millions—who know Palmolive quality—Palmolive reputation—Palmolive results—will recognize in these new-day prices a genuine, worthwhile beauty bargain.

To be sure there are cheaper soaps—but what are they made from? Do you dare use them on your skin? You know what Palmolive is made from. Below we show you the generous quantity of olive oil we put into every cake. We show you the reason why Palmolive is not just another soap—but a genuine, provable beauty treatment.

A real complexion soap bargain

Palmolive is not an all-purpose household soap. Palmolive makes no claims for laundry purposes. The Palmolive formula embodying time-tested cosmetic oils is too valuable for that. Palmolive is a skin soap—a complexion soap—made to preserve youth—to foster and promote true natural skin beauty. It is the only leading soap that reveals its ingredients.

Now—supply your household with Palmolive generously! Use this fine beauty aid for face—for shampoo—for bath—for the whole family. At these low prices you need never let any soap but Palmolive touch your skin.



THIS EXACT AMOUNT

Actual photograph of the amount of olive oil that goes into each cake of Palmolive.

Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion



This is Mr. and Mrs. George Barnes. On their honeymoon, too. She is Joan Blondell to you. George, one of Hollywood's ace cameramen, has set Hollywood hearts a-flutter for years. But for Joan he fell.

Everybody's pulling for Mary to come back big—or perhaps "praying" is a more accurate description of the Hollywood state of mind.

THE town wouldn't mind seeing Chaplin on the old lot, either. It's getting a little peevish because its most distinguished citizen seems content to sit dreamily in his mauve Rolls Royce outside the Beverly Hills Hotel, while Paulette Goddard, of the once-blond locks, preserves her loveliness with the help of the hotel beauty shop.

She's worth waiting for, Paulette. I saw her the other day in the drug store adjoining the beauty shop with a bath towel around her head and a rubber sheet around her shoulders—she explained that she was having an oil shampoo!—and even then she looked beautiful. But there is such a thing as *noblesse oblige*, which in Hollywood means:

"Please Mr. Chaplin, you ought to make another picture!"

FROM Beverly Hills, I motored over to Pasadena to meet my old friend, Sam Harris, one of the few Broadway managers with enough money left to get to Hollywood. Sam says he's out here to discuss a new stage revue with the Marx Brothers.

Sam was the first big time manager, you know, to see how funny the insane ones were—and are. He murmured something, too, about Palm Springs.

But the real reason he's on the coast, if you ask me, is to sell "Of Thee I Sing" to the highest movie bidder.

I told Sam he ought to have a look at Frank Fay's "Tattle Tales" while he was here. A lot of old Broadway stuff, of course, but a modicum of new stuff, too—*and* Frank Fay. What a trouper he is! And what a man! I don't wonder Barbara likes him. As a matter of record, Frank got his biggest laugh when—after various deprecatory remarks about certain feminine garments he was called upon to wear—he said:

"Miss Stanwyck won't speak to me since she's seen me in these."

The woman who sat behind me got off a good line, too, as she pointed across the aisle to where Lew Cody was sitting with a red-haired, but quiet—believe it or not—girl in a gray coat.

"Just think," she sighed, "it was fifteen years ago that I knew him—and look at him. He's exactly the same. And look at me!"

I DIDN'T. After all, I have my reticences! But before we get too far from the footlights, let me record that Brian Aherne. Ireland's and Katharine Cornell's gift to the American women, was on "The Chief" along with Sam. He was strangely calm about playing opposite Marlene, although it is a well-known fact that she would have no other for her leading man.

Brian said he was going to make only two pictures, one with Dietrich, and the other—well, I gathered it would be with himself. He may be right at that. He has longer legs than Gary Cooper—and that's sumpin'.

THERE were also expectant groups at the station to meet Ann Dvorak and Peggy Joyce, but neither girl got in that night. They're here now, though—Ann with only one husband and Peggy momentarily without any.

Dined late in the evening at the Vine Street Brown Derby with this new Metro dazzler, Franchot Tone. Franchot is his real name. It was his mother's maiden one. And he wouldn't hear of the studio's changing it for a more pronounceable monicker. As a matter of fact, "Franchot" isn't such a mouthful—just a "French" and an "o" with the "t."

And what does it matter, anyhow? If he goes as big with the rest of the girls as he does with the stenographers on the M-G-M lot—not to mention the Theater Guild in New York—it won't be long before the whole world is calling him "Tony."

Al Jolson and his wife, Ruby Keeler, and Daryl Zanuck, who picks winners for First National, were in the next booth busily writing—at least, Daryl was—on the back of a menu card. After a

(*Please turn to page* 16)





Charlie MacArthur, husband of Helen Hayes, and author, among other things, of "Rasputin and the Empress," doing a bit of by-play on the M-G-M lot for the benefit of the New Movie Magazine's cameraman. Charlie is showing Jimmy Durante how it could be done, if necessary.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank W. Gibson and their daughter, Wynne. The actress' parents are having their first view of a motion picture "set." They have moved to Hollywood to live with their famous daughter.

Let CLIVE BROOK TREAT YOU . . .



to his favorite recipe
ENGLISH MEAT PIE

No tea party dish . . . this English Meat Pie. You want a husky appetite to do it justice. It's compounded from all sorts of ingredients which are popular with the men folks . . . sirloin steak, lamb kidneys, peppery spices and pastry.

This is Clive Brook's idea of a good masculine dish. But Ann Harding thinks she can put in a little competition with her Barbequed Meat. And the Gleasons have a pet Hash recipe they'll back any day against the very best of them.

Don't stop here, though . . . there are 46 movie stars clamoring to enlighten you about the recipes they like best. And you'll like them, too!

You'll find them all in the book, "Favorite Recipes of the Movie Stars," on sale in the Woolworth stores or you can get a copy by sending ten cents, plus three cents postage, to:

TOWER BOOKS • Incorporated.

55 FIFTH AVENUE

NEW YORK, N. Y.



(Abave) Many friends af James Gleason's have had their managrams made af gald, silver ar platinum, ar enamel and placed an Jimmy's plain platinum cigarette case. Can yau distinguish Paul Whiteman's face and the "Harry" that stands for Harry Richman? Eddie Cantar, Glaria Swanson and athers have initialed the case.

while, Ruby leaned over and signed her name.

"It's her next contract," Al broadcast to us over the top of the booth.

And it was. I've heard of such things being offered on a silver platter but never before on the back of a menu card!

RESTAURATEUR Winfield Sheehan has done much better with his new murals at the *Cafe de Paris* (which, if you have forgotten, is Fox for studio commissary), but he had a narrow escape from offending his most valued star. Restaurateur Sheehan, who is also General Manager Sheehan, had just returned to his office from a final inspection of the new frescoes, and was still chuckling over the artist's wit in adorning the most prominent road in his landscape with the sign "TO RENO", when he picked up his evening paper and read that Janet Gaynor had at last decided to divorce husband Lydell Peck.

Winnie rushed back to the cafe as fast as his smooth round legs would carry him and found Mr. Artist about to fold up his pail and brush and call it a day. But it is never too late to mend—so, when Janet arrived the next day for luncheon, all traces of the offending sign had disappeared and the road to Reno might well have passed for a thoroughfare in Arcady!

STOPPED by on the way home to get my fan mail. There was a letter from an old friend in New York, an insurance man who used to sell me policies when I could afford to buy any. (The other letter was from the Internal Revenue Department, so I just didn't bother to open that one.) The insurance man's letter wasn't especially interesting, either—just the usual forebodings about my impending demise—until I got to the last paragraph, which read as follows:

"Glad to hear you are doing so well in Hollywood (sic). I have a niece out there working in the movies. You may run across her. She has only appeared in one picture, but her notices seem to have been quite good. Her name is Katharine Hepburn."

I rubbed my eyes. Then I grabbed a telegraph blank.

"Quite good," I wired. "Hell, uncle, they were perfect."

And so — until next month — goodbye, Hollywood! Goodbye, everybody!



Unaware that the candid camera has trained its eagle eye an her, Muriel Evans, this little star-ta-be, makes a charming picture as she lunches at M-G-M.

(Belaw) As yau waald have seen them at a recent Hallywaad apening—fram left ta right: Clark Gable and Mrs. Gable, Helen Hayes and her husband, that literary wild man, Charles MacArthur, wha ca-authored "Front Page," "The Great Magoo," "Twentieth Century," and ather stage plays.



You against the Rest of Womankind

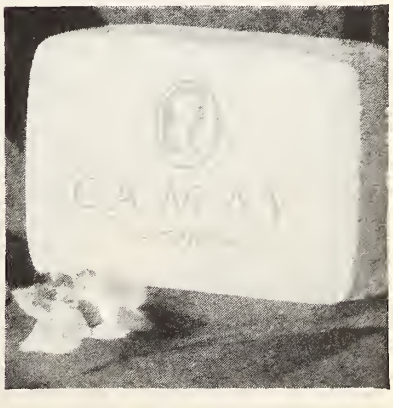
your Beauty · · your Charm · · your Skin!



Alone, your looks may not seem so important to you. But when you must hold your own, in competition with other women, you realize that life is a Beauty Contest. Someone's eyes are forever searching your face, comparing you with other women, judging the beauty of your skin.



• *To have a skin of clear, natural loveliness, apply a lather of Camay and warm water to your face twice a day. Rinse thoroughly with cold water.*



• *Pure, creamy-white Camay is the safe beauty soap for the feminine skin. You'll find Camay's rich, luxuriant lather delightful in your bath, as well!*

Of course, you can mask your thoughts, your feelings. But you cannot mask your skin. It is there for all to see . . . to flatter or criticize, to admire or deplore. In the Beauty Contest of life, in keen rivalry with other women, it's the girl with flawless skin who wins.

THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

Your complexion at its radiant best is a glorious weapon that can help you conquer. And Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women, is your skin's best friend. Camay is mild, pure, safe. Made of delicate oils for delicate skins. And what a rich, copious lather it gives, even in hard water!

THE PRICE IS DOWN

Camay, in its gay new dress, is the outstanding beauty value of the hour that women are flocking to buy. Never has a soap so fine sold at a price so low! Get a dozen cakes today!

Copr. 1933, Procter & Gamble Co.

CAMAY

THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN


"CAVALCADE", "STATE FAIR" and NOW—
FOX FILM presents
A JESSE L. LASKY PRODUCTION
ZOO IN BUDAPEST
Where youth finds love amid the strangest of settings . . .
Where, before the eyes of the curious, is enacted a primitive romance so thrilling, so tender so strange ...that by the very power and uniqueness of its story and the production genius of Jesse L. Lasky, ZOO in BUDAPEST definitely becomes one of the leaders in the Fox Cavalcade of Hits.
JESSE L. LASKY
The genius who made movies the great American entertainment, crowns his career with the year's most thrilling picture.
with
LORETTA YOUNG
GENE RAYMOND
O. P. HEGGIE
Directed by Rowland V. Lee

NEW MOVIE
Magazine's

GALLERY
OF
STARS



CAMEO

Gloria Stuart, the never-worry girl. "Life's too short to bother about things," is her philosophy. Yet with a record of eight pictures in one year to her credit. And a new one—"The Kiss Before the Mirror"—almost ready for your consumption, with Paul Lukas, Frank Morgan and Nancy Carroll. Have you noticed that all of the critics have picked Gloria to be a first-rank star this year? Don't you agree?

Exclusive New Movie photo by Freulich



Exclusive photo for New Movie Magazine by Hurrell

LITERARY?

Robert Montgomery, the ever popular, with the ever ready wit and the ever ready laugh, studying the 'script between scenes in "Hell Below," in which he is co-featured with Walter Huston, Jimmy Durante and the beautiful Madge Evans.



Vilma Banky, famous Viennese star of the golden silent days, is coming back to us again in "The Rebel," made by Universal in Berlin. When Vilma married Rod LaRocque several years ago, she retired. This is a wish for a royal welcome.

RETURNING





PARADOX

Sylvia Sidney, the high-brow low-brow, collects expensive first editions, but likes to shop in the bargain basements; hates to pose for pictures, yet knows she's a splendid subject; reads a lot and laughs a great lot. Her next picture, following the highly successful "Madame Butterfly," is "Pick-up," with George Raft.

Exclusive New Movie Magazine photos by Otto Dyar



METEORIC

Diana Wynyard is probably the biggest hit of the new movie season. Following her successes in "Cavalcade" and "Rasputin," this lovely English girl has completed "What Women Give," and is now featured with John Barrymore in "Reunion in Vienna," the most sought-after rôle in Hollywood.

Exclusive photograph for New Movie Magazine by Clarence Sinclair Bull



BOX-OFFICE

Warner Baxter's next picture, in which he will be starred, is "Trick for Trick," following his successes in "42nd Street" and "Dangerously Yours." One of the greatest box-office magnets in pictures, he is also one of the hardest-working, most conscientious of actors.



Exclusive photograph for New Movie Magazine by D'Gaggeri

Scores of fans who write to us keep complaining, "Why don't they give Myrna Loy better parts?" In "The Man on the Nile," starring Ramon Novarro, and featuring Reginald Denny and Louise Closser Hale, Myrna has an excellent rôle at last.

ALLURING

"I AM THE Unhappiest GIRL

Real facts, collected from the most reliable sources, tell the new and amazing story of the girl who has everything—and yet lives in continual fear of poverty and death

By JACK CAMPBELL

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Mr. Campbell, the author of this article, is a Paris newspaper correspondent.* NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE *assigned to him the work of writing an article on Greta Garbo abroad. We told him we wanted nothing but facts. To get these facts Mr. Campbell found he would have to go to Stockholm when Garbo was there. He remained three months, talked to her family, friends and former associates.*



Mauritz Stiller and Greta—a photograph taken just before they left Sweden to enter American films.

AFTER spending nearly four months in Sweden, returning to Paris and visiting other haunts of Greta Garbo, I am in a position to report:

That Garbo was never married to Mauritz Stiller, the Swedish director who first took her to America, and for whom she has confessed the most ardent passion of her life.

That Garbo's latest trip to her homeland and to the Continent cannot be catalogued as a happy one; that, as a matter of fact, Garbo is not likely to use again the phrase she often repeated, "I tank I go home." Because she is now really a girl without a country.

That Garbo, if one can believe her old-time friends and stage and screen associates, is greatly changed; that she continually complained that she "is the unhappiest girl in the world" and that she is in constant fear of poverty and death.

That countless reports that she had lost the mass of her fortune in the Kreuger-

GARBO TRUTHS

EDITOR'S NOTE: Because so much has been written about Garbo that isn't true, NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, in line with its usual policy, went after the real facts. We went to innumerable friends of Garbo's, both professional and personal, in New York, in Hollywood, in Paris, in Berlin and in Stockholm. Herewith and elsewhere on these pages you will find their statements.

"Why doesn't Garbo give interviews? Because she knows that whether she says anything or not, she'll be quoted anyway. And when she did give interviews, when she first came here, they were so garbled she's been frightened of interviewers ever since.

"Since late in 1927 Garbo has never given an interview or written a story. Yet hundreds have been printed. Garbo doesn't understand that sort of thing—doesn't want to have anything to do with it.

"She suffers terribly from anæmia and, consequently, insomnia. She hasn't the strength, after work, for social Hollywood.

"Now is she a bore? She's brilliant. But she has never learned to make small-talk."

GARBO TRUTHS

"I don't understand all this talk about Greta's big feet," one friend of Garbo's told us. "She wears size six and a half, which any shoe salesman will tell you is average. And Greta is a big girl; there's no reason to expect her to have a tiny foot.

"Greta goes out wherever she pleases. She's not the hide-out girl people would have you believe. When she's in New York, or Paris, she goes to the theater almost every evening. And she does her shopping at the big stores.

"The drama is her weakness. She prefers it heavy, in keeping with her nature. She does not like musical comedy. Problem plays are her favorites. Her favorite actress is Katharine Cornell.

"Greta is the calmest person I've ever known. She has a soothing effect on everyone around her. She's the most relaxed human being I've ever known. Her emotions are always under absolute control. She was born that way—and that's what gives her that slow smile and that gradual change of expression on the screen."



Photo by Wide World

Greta and her mother, photographed during Greta's recent visit.

IN THE WORLD"

– Says GRETA GARBO



Photo by Wide World

(At right) This picture was supposedly taken, while Garbo was abroad recently, on a secluded Mediterranean island. Some experts declare that it was really taken in Sweden.



(At left) Another publicity picture of Greta, made shortly after her arrival in Hollywood for the first time. Here she is shown shaving off Lew Cody's beard. . . . This picture is especialy interesting in view of the changes that have come over the star.

Swedish Match Company collapse are not true; that—and, again, according to her friends—most of her money is invested in Swedish and American government bonds.

NOW when I state all of these facts, and the facts to come, please regard me as simply a reporter repeating, almost parrot-like, for the sake of bald truth, the things I heard. I cannot, in this capacity, take sides, and if some of these reports hurt the feelings of Garbo fans, remember that I am only the medium through which they come, and that I, personally, have not inspired any of them.

For instance, Garbo's old-time friends, many of whom complain that of late she has paid little attention to them, give many and varied reasons for her self-pity and for her odd actions. No one seems to understand why she is so unhappy. For instance, Gosta Ekman told me he believed Garbo had a "suffering complex" brought on by the long fight in Hollywood to preserve a personality carefully built up for her, but one not really hers. Neither could anyone understand why she went to bed at four or five o'clock in the afternoon, had dinner in bed, complained she couldn't sleep and got up at five or six in the dark Swedish mornings to take long walks.

Yet, perhaps, all this could be explained away with one word—anæmia.

When Garbo first went to Sweden on this last trip she retired to the castle of the Count and Countess Wachmeister, some sixty miles from Stockholm. Some said she passed much time at the country place of Victor Seastrom. Anyway, she is credited with having played a lot of tennis and done a lot of swimming, and all that sort of thing, even to reports of revelers



Photo by Wide World

Greta Garbo and the Countess Wachmeister photographed at the Komedi Teater in Stockholm during Garbo's recent visit. Garbo's friendship for the Count and Countess started the gossip that she was seeking to break into Swedish society.

GARBO TRUTHS

"No matter what Greta does, she does it so calmly that she is a relief after being with the average nervous person. . . . I spent three hours with her in her hotel room recently. We talked about plays and books and her plans, but the conversation was interspersed with long, restful silences. And all of the time she was busy doing things.

"She sorted her clothes and packed and repacked them. She arranged flowers and tried on new hats. Constantly moving about, but so calmly that I wasn't aware of it.

"Has she changed? Only in appearance. She's still the same calm, collected, quiet, clear-thinking person.

"Don't believe what you hear—she's not temperamental. She won't work long hours because her health won't permit it. But did you ever hear of her refusing to work with anyone, or leave a production flat, or make a scene on the set?"

returning from the Saltsjobaden summer resort that they had spied her at the wheel of a speedboat.

But Sweden is unlike America. There it was a case of everyone doing everything possible to make her happy, to grant her the seclusion she desired. But, alas, it was not long before rumors began to percolate into Stockholm that the Garbo was dissatisfied with the country. And the next thing we knew she was back in town.

Yet she wasn't happy. Her friends, charging that the last three years had robbed her of her once-charming personality, called her sadness a pose. Others claimed she was one of the world's really tortured souls.

AT a cocktail party I gave for a number of Swedish actors and directors I had known in Hollywood the talk naturally turned to Garbo.

Lars Hansen, who played opposite her in "The Flesh and the Devil," and who has since returned to the Swedish stage, remarked that he hadn't seen her. Yet they were once close friends.

"She doesn't seem to care for her old friends any more," he said. "I haven't seen her in three and a half years. . . . She's changed. She has big ideas now."



Can you imagine the Garbo of today being photographed thus? This was a publicity picture of her made at the studio shortly after Mauritz Stiller brought her to America.

He said this without rancor. I want you to understand that these people were not complaining. It was simply that they couldn't understand the new Garbo.

"She was always a timid girl," broke in his wife, Karin Molander, one of Sweden's great dramatic actresses. "Terribly shy. Even in the old days in Hollywood, she used to go right home from the studio and go to bed. She'd never see anybody. . . . You must admire her for the way she has fought herself upward, all alone, since Stiller died."

Young Knut Martin, the actor, who went to the Royal Dramatic Academy with Garbo, made his comments:

"We were pals then. Greta was a grand person. We could go anywhere with her and have a good time. When she came over three years ago she came up to my house to see my wife and me at least twice a week.

"She went to the theater with us the other night. But what a changed person! She's grown distant and haughty. She places herself above everyone else. It was amusing to see the newspapers the next day, which told of such and such a Prince and Princess being present, and such and such a Count and Countess, and that Greta Garbo was also in the house. She wasn't accustomed to second mention. She has given up all of her old friends."

Remember that these views come from scattered sources. Remember that Garbo is ill—that she can't afford to give away the least particle of her strength. Perhaps she would love to keep up these old friendships. Perhaps, too, many of these old friends are over-sensitive; if this girl were other than the world-famous Garbo they would think nothing—simply consider her busy, tired, or any number of things, and forgive. Remember, too, that Garbo is a very wealthy girl, and that she

(*Please turn to page* 83)

Wandering SON

JIM TULLY at his best—because he's writing about his pal, Pat O'Brien



William O'Brien, once Patrick, and now known to the world as Pat.

HE was born in the Irish colony of German Milwaukee, and given the handle of William O'Brien.

He is an only child, and the whole apple orchard of his parents' eyes.

His father, the owner of a furniture store, is a graying man, with a proud twinkle in his eyes, for his wandering son has returned with a whole herd of fatted calves.

As a consequence, the elder O'Brien finds the world sunlit and even its waters of trouble dappled with silver and gold.

The mother of William O'Brien, whom we will now call Patrick, after the saint who made war on snakes in Ireland, is a woman at whom to marvel. Her face is as strong and well-shaped as the rocks of Killarney.

Full of tenderness, compassion and pity, it is touched now and then with the expression of a child's that doesn't know whether to laugh or cry, as becomes the mother of an actor who touched the shores of hunger. Though he kept all his privations from her, she was a woman of rare intuition, and she *knew* that no actor ate regularly during the first ten years of his apprenticeship, and that only by the kindness of God would he get out of the Valley of Lent after that.

Pat O'Brien, being an honest boy, of all things wanted to become a lawyer. His father, who would lay no stone in the way of his son's chosen career, sent him at once to the Jesuit University, Marquette.

He soon became a leader in amateur theatricals in the university, and gradually forgot his hankering for the law. Given a place on the football team, he was considered likely to be chosen for the All-American. But, alas, he reckoned not with Knute Rockne and the Notre Dame team.

When he left the hospital Patrick decided that he wanted to be neither a member of a law firm or the All-American team.

HE made his decision. The long road stretched ahead, uncertain as a politician's word of honor. Even though it ended with a stock company in a circus tent, he must leave college and follow it.

But how would he break the news to his mother and father? At first as full of evasions as an income tax report, he did the one brave thing—went home and told them.

They received the news in silence. Finally the mother said quietly, looking at the father, "Perhaps our son knows best."

She could not see through the years ahead, when her son would be acclaimed by New York critics as one of the leading actors in America. She could only see that which she had been given to see—a son of hers imitating the woes and joys of the creations of other men.

The O'Briens had always been substantial people. No actors—glory be!—had ever been in the family. But the mind of Mrs. O'Brien went back to the boy's childhood. There was ever the skeleton in the closet. And this (*Please turn to page* 104)



Jim Tully, the author, and Pat O'Brien, photographed during the filming of Tully's latest book, "Laughter in Hell," in the screen version of which Pat was featured.

Photographed exclusively for New Movie Magazine

Gay ELSIE JANIS reveals

My charming tenant,

One of those intimate, I-knew-him-when articles that only our Elsie knows how to write

MOST of the producers are after him.
Most of the feminine stars think he would be ideal as the male love interest in their next pictures.

New York is calling him for a stage production.

London wants him to come home again.

The critics proclaim him as the most brilliant of the new screen raves.

Women are fascinated by that certain different something he has; even the men who are prone to snarl at the sighs of the girl friend, wife or sister who is suffering from "Gableitis," admit that, "This guy Howard is a darned smooth actor!"

"And, I, if you don't mind, or even if you do, I am his landlady!

When Mother and I moved to California we had a rush of real estate to the head and bought two houses, one "swell" one and one small one, for no good reason except that, not unlike a bride, we usually had two of everything.

Needless to say, it is the swell one which Leslie Howard and family are honoring. He has four good reasons for having a large house, namely: Mrs. Leslie Howard, two small Howards and visitors.

I have only one reason for wanting a small house. He is tall, blond, young, and has been married to me for just one year and ten days to date. So far we don't crave many visitors.

This time next year we will probably want to live in Grand Central Station.

Marriage, however, is not my theme, though it might well be with Leslie Howard as my chief character, for he is one of the most married men I know. Married, consistently, successfully, and I would say, happily. He has been running in double harness with the same team mate for over fifteen years.

If he has had any time out for browsings in strange pastures he must have found them far from the highway of public criticism. Of course, with that disarming, shy, ultra-modest and utterly intangible quality which stamps him as "an unusual," if you found him lying in a bed of asphodel and he said he was trying to find a dandelion, you would not only believe him, but would start in trying to help him find one.

MRS. HOWARD (Ruth, from now on) speaks of the stage and screen's foremost actor as if he were a little boy, a very clever little boy of whom she is justifiably proud, but one who, she unconsciously warns you, will, if asked to tell the story of "Snow White," be very apt to narrate "Black Beauty."

Ruth is a gladsome, glowing person with one of those lovely English complexions that make the much-advertised schoolgirl hide her favorite soap.

She carries on an unending campaign against weight. When you see her in action it is puzzling that pounds can ever catch up with her, but when



Women are fascinated by the certain different something he has; even the men admit that, "This guy Howard is a darned smooth actor."

herself as a gay landlady

Mr. Leslie Howard



Exclusively photographed for New Movie Magazine by Tower Studios

Leslie Howard is an ideal husband and father. Here he is in his New York apartment with his daughter.

Mrs. Howard . . . bubbling and joyous.

Photograph by Wide World

they do she battles gaily, dieting, tap dancing, etc. When she has them licked a bit she laughs them back on again, for she has a colossal sense of humor and much as I like Leslie, I'll bet she has needed it many times during the fifteen years.

The goose hangs high now for the Leslie Howards (as they are always referred to), but there were times not so very long ago when Leslie thought that the noose was made for his own neck and was all for sticking his nice wavy blond head into it.

Many film fans to whom the legitimate theater is as unknown as the real meaning of Technocracy are saying today, "Who is that fellow Leslie Howard? Where did he come from?"

I saw him before he came, quietly, unobstrusively, but with unfailing precision knocking off one outstanding performance after another. As if in contrived contrast to many barriers which blocked his way to the coveted electric lights over the legitimate theater, the ball of picture fame started rolling after one or two rather dubious pushes.

Leslie did not think he would be good in films and up to date he is still being difficult to convince.

"I could have done a better job!" he says (gazing at some unseen object of interest on the toe of his shoe) when one starts waving superlatives over his performance in "The Animal Kingdom" or "Smilin' Through."

Perhaps he is skeptical of praise on account of past experience. No one ever made so many personal hits in so many short-lived plays. Five years in and out, from rehearsals to the play, back to more rehearsals for another play. All the time critics and audiences saying that young Howard gave a splendid, amusing, touching (choose your own adjective) portrayal of this and that rôle, and should be given a play worthy of—and so on, through months of mediocrity, the potential star's purgatory.

ALL this was doubly hard to take because Leslie had not said to himself or Ruth, who was already listening, "I'll go out to America and make a fortune!" On the contrary he was quite comfortable in London.

Having sort of drifted into the theater, he was doing nicely. He and Ruth (*Please turn to page* 86)





Billed as the biggest animal picture ever made, and the one with the greatest amount of personal danger packed into it, now comes "The Big Cage." Clyde Beatty, the famous young animal trainer, is featured, with some forty lions and tigers and a black leopard, the most dangerous of all wild animals. The supporting cast includes Anita Page and Andy Devine. Universal, the producer, is ballyhooing "The Big Cage" as the most ambitious—and the most thrilling —animal picture ever screened.

"I Won't Be Any



Continuing the most human story of a movie star ever told—

By the first MRS. CLARK GABLE—Josephine Dillon

IN THIS INSTALLMENT:

Clark's struggles as an extra.
Building up his health.
Their first automobile.
Tricks of the checkbook.
Clark's first pal.
Doubts as to his own ability.
The wife's first hard jolt.
Clark's first real break.

CLARK and I were constantly conscious that the job of getting him into a successful place in Hollywood was a big one, especially as he had not started as young as most of them. We both felt that every move must count. That is why we had always New York and the stage in mind—that was to be a short-cut to Hollywood.

Of course, these first days of ours in Hollywood were before sound came into the pictures, making speech of primary importance—but the skill and manner of the Broadway actor were at a premium then as now, and to get on Broadway meant that his work must be very good. So we worked constantly on the acting and speech, and had long discussions about actors and their history, and their work.

Clark had a deep admiration for Lewis Stone, and for Wallace and Noah Beery, and for Milton Sills, all men who had come from the stage. But the ground work of knowledge of camera must be laid now while we were getting ready for the next step up.

THERE was lots to do. It wasn't merely a matter of getting enough money together to exist on with us, as it is with so many people here in Hollywood who are "waiting for a break." We were not "waiting" for anything—we were "working," knowing well that unless you can deliver good work, no amount of "breaks" will mean much.

Clark was registered at the Central Casting office now, and got a day's work here and there—and then

Good as an Actor!"

through a friend who was a friend of a secretary, he was introduced to B. P. Schulberg, who was at F. B. O. studio, and was hustled into a part—a real part with Alice Joyce—and he was awful.

He looked well, and his uniform was immaculate and carefully fitted—he was an aviator, I think—but he was stiff and unaccustomed to the camera, and they were disappointed in him.

But Schulberg wanted him. He was looking for a juvenile to promote at the time, and he wanted to change Clark's name and do a lot of things that we thought would make him into a personality instead of an actor, and it fell through. Some other chap was groomed instead, but I don't think anyone remembers his name.

But out of that contract Clark got quite a bit of work with a series of comedies that were being made with Alberta Vaughn as star. And sometimes he did extra work with Kit Guard's comedies, and then Central sent him to Universal and he worked a good many days with George Lewis in "The Collegians."

IN those days extra work could be got by calling the studios as well as through Central Casting. And when he was not working, Clark would sit at the telephone many a day from four in the afternoon until the offices closed at seven, calling up one office after another at regular intervals—always with a laugh, "Here's Gable again—anything doing yet?"

And the chap at the other end would laugh and say "No"—but not get annoyed. And, sometimes—finally—would say, "Yes—come out in the morning."

Clark had been beating (*Please turn to page* 88)



Photo by Wide World

Clark Gable and the present Mrs. Gable at a recent Hollywood premiere.



Clark in one of Universal's "Collegian" pictures, during the struggling days when he was an extra.



"I had to learn to walk a tight rope for my last picture in Berlin. It took me four weeks, but I can still do it—and I practice it often when I'm alone just for the fun of it."

Photograph from Miss Harvey's Album

Lilian Harvey AND-

Eighteen trunks of new clothes

HESTER ROBISON falls completely in love with her--and her wardrobe



Photographed exclusively for New Movie Magazine by Wide World

"Let me give you some advice," Clara Bow told Lilian. "Act naturally. Don't put on the dog and don't try to ritz people."

WHEN Lilian Harvey, recently imported from Europe by Fox Films, was still in Germany, she met Clara Bow and her husband, then touring the country.

"I hear you're going to Hollywood," said big-hearted Clara. "Let me give you some advice. Act naturally. Don't put on the dog and don't try to ritz people. Be yourself in everything you do and you'll get along swell in my country. Look at me; when I began being myself again I staged a comeback.

"Another thing," advised Clara, looking very wise, "don't ride across the country from New York to California wearing a lot of jewelry. I see you have some gorgeous diamonds. Don't throw them in people's faces; it's a temptation. And don't forget what I said: don't ritz people and think you're being glamorous."

Tucking that bit of advice into her bonnet, Lilian Harvey set sail from Germany, leaving behind her the record of being the Greta Garbo of Europe and the highest paid star on the Continent, and arrived in New York. She was as anxious to see her old friend, Marlene Dietrich, who had been a star with her in Berlin, as she was to start her American career.

Back in Berlin she and Dietrich used to have grand times together and, because they were entirely different types, there was no opportunity for jealousy to creep in. Now she was in New York and looking forward to her American début; and Dietrich was already established.

"I have so many messages, so many little gifts, to give Marlene when I see her," Lilian said when I met her. "I wonder," she added apprehensively, "if she ever gets homesick." Then she shook her head impatiently as if to scold herself: "How could anyone get lonesome or want to leave a place where beautiful Joan Crawford lives, or stunning Constance Bennett? I have never seen them in person. The only famous American movie star I have met to really know is your Clara Bow." She (*Please turn to page* 114)

Last-minute photographs that tell you what the stars are gossiping about

HOLLYWOOD *Headlines*



The lovely Gwili Andre, posing for New Movie Magazine, in a bower of lovely flowers, symbolic of the spirit of Easter.

Pants



Katharine Hepburn would be different! She wears plain, everyday, husky overalls!

Photo by Wide World





Mae Clarke, at Palm Springs, sporting her idea of feminized masculine attire. (Right.)



Sari Maritza (above) snapped in her everyday slacks.



Photo by Wide World

(Right) Lilian Harvey, the little English girl who made good in Berlin, arrives in New York in full masculine regalia. Her first Fox picture will be "His Majesty's Car."



Photos by Wide World



Two new pictures of Marlene Dietrich. The one above shows her at a recent Hollywood premiere (Yes, she wore trousers, too!), and the one at right an informal photograph made especially for New Movie.

NOW, ALL TOGETHER!

Sweet Adeline



Photo by Wide World

Wallace Beery and Gloria, his young adopted daughter, doing a little private harmonizing. Wally's love for the baby is the talk of Hollywood. She has just about turned the family routine of the Beerys topsy-turvy—and they love it!

"You can't quit! You've got to go on!" . . .



Ronald Colman in a tense scene in "The Masquerader," his latest picture, in which he plays a dual rôle. The picture above emphasizes the perfection that has been reached in trick photography and double exposure. . . . In the cast with Mr. Colman are Elissa Landi, David Torrence, Creighton Hale and Juliette Compton.

When RONALD meets RONALD

HOLLYWOOD

Cook Coos

By TED COOK



Dietrich boiled with unconcealed indignation. Perhaps she didn't want to wear skirts for fear that people would think her just a little effeminate.

Goofy gossip by one of America's foremost humorists

Drawing by the author himself

HISTORIANS, with an eye cocked toward Hollywood —i.e. cock-eyed historians —will always remember 1933 as the year of the international breach over Marlene Dietrich's breeches.

After all is said and done, it was Paramount's pants policy that brought about the split heard round the world.

Pundits who write the text books for the school children of the future will do well to quote from an editorial which appeared recently in the *Hollywood Reporter*, film trade paper, which declared—

"Inasmuch as Miss Dietrich continues to break social customs here in the matter of her dress, appearing at parties in a tuxedo suit, on the Boulevard in full mannish attire, it's our guess that Paramount and the entire industry will not be losers if she returns to Germany and stays there."

Even Svengali Von Sternberg is said to have frowned upon Marlene's manly clothes—and top hat.

Certainly Paramount's public relations experts went into hysterics. They declared the public would lift an unapproving eyebrow and shrug Fraulein Dietrich into oblivion if she didn't hurry home and put on skirts.

Dietrich boiled with indignation. Perhaps she didn't want to wear skirts for fear people would think she was just a little effeminate.

At any rate, she kept her pants on. She appeared at the studio attired in coat (*Please turn to page* 102)

JOIN The People's





The Motion Picture Academy of Hollywood awarded first honors for 1931-32 to "Grand Hotel" as the all-around feature picture (a scene from which is shown above) and to Fredric March (left) for the best performance of an actor in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." Who will win the 1933 award of The People's Academy?

Academy of Pictures

Twelve gold medals will be awarded by The New Movie Magazine for the greatest contributions to American movie entertainment for 1933 determined for the first time by the votes of the people as follows:

1—Best all-around feature picture

2—Best performance (actress)

3—Best performance (actor)

4—Best musical picture

5—Best human interest picture

6—Best mystery picture

7—Best romance

8—Best comedy

9—Best short reel picture

10—Best news reel picture

11—Best direction

12—Best story



Helen Hayes won first honors as the outstanding actress of 1931-32 for her work in "The Sin of Madelon Claudet." How will the People's Academy rank her for 1933?

LET the people be the judges!

If you, as a fan, could pick the pictures, stars, directors, and stories which you would rank as the best for 1933 what would be your choice?

But the fans have never had a chance to do this before in a comprehensive way that would cover all types of motion picture entertainment.

That is the reason for The People's Academy of Motion Pictures of THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE.

In the past, various efforts have been made to determine the best pictures and stars of the year. These have been excellent, notably the work of The Motion Picture Academy of Hollywood, whose announcements of awards have been eagerly awaited each year. But in most cases the results have been determined either by expert judges within the film industry or by professional critics.

And these efforts have not gone far enough to give an adequate conception of the kind of pictures which the people like the best and which they want most to see. It is not enough to select the outstanding all-around production of the year. Obviously only a very few pictures out of the hundreds offered to the public could compete for such a rating. And scores of excellent, meritorious pictures, which you and your friends and neighbors have liked, are left without any chance at all to qualify in a national poll.

Of course, it is important to determine the biggest picture of the year and to give it all honor, but why not give every good picture a chance to register in its particular field? For example, what is the best musical picture, the best comedy, the best thriller, the best human interest picture, the best romance, the best short reel picture, the best news reel scene?

In other words, what are the high spots in your movie entertainment which you remember most vividly? What gives you as a fan the biggest thrill? What tugs at most of your heart strings? What is the kind of picture you would like to see again and that you would put at the top of your special list?

The People's Academy of THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE wants to hear from the fans. It wants to make a national poll of the favorite pictures of the year, the pictures which the people like the most, the pictures which give them the greatest measure of enjoyment.

That is the real test—and only the fans can answer it.

This is the first national opportunity which the people have been given to express their own opinion in a definite, comprehensive way. And it should be invaluable not only to the public but to the motion picture industry—for the people are the most important critics, the final critics. It is they who determine whether a picture is a success or a failure, whether it registers in a big way or fails to click.

It is not Hollywood but America that gives the final acid test.

Join the People's Academy and use your voice to obtain more of the kind of pictures you want to see.

You will find on this page a list of the twelve questions to vote upon. Remember them whenever you go to your favorite theater. Check them off from time to time. And then (*Please turn to page* 107)

When TALKIES Get

To Editor Tower Mag, who know everything yet remane innocent,

By WALLACE IRWIN

DEAREST SIR:

SINCE Hon. Helen Haze & Hon. Gary Cooper (Jackie's small brother) are now act in screemplay of title "Farewell to Arms" all Hollywood are feeling deliciously nervus. Sippose some smart Alex should write skinario of title "Farewell to Legs" what would Hon. Blond Joanelle and 100,000 others do to get photografed with? I ask to know.

When I say this wisedom to Hon. Geo. F. Ogre, Mussolini of Hollywood, who still owns me, he corrode, "Clara Bow Legs still remane fashionable, so I should sadden."

Then he look at me with expression peculiar to Mayor Walker getting used to Franklin de Roosevelt. "Togo," he say so, "I are worrying less about legs than about teeth. Yestdy the goodship P. T. Barnum got himself wrecked near Los Angeles, so I bought him for 18$ with all aboard."

"Who are aboard?" I negotiate.

"44 lions, 88 very wild elefints, 2 zebrews, 101 snaks and 9 gorillas. Therefore, to save money, I decide to put on a Wildy."

"???" I ask it.

"A Wildy," he dictate, "are a gunman story moved to Africa. You mean you never seen 'Tarzan the Ape' or 'Col. Horn' or that Chinese-speaking pixure called 'Chang, the Hot Tiger'?"

"I did too." This from me.

"Very okay then," he snuggest. "This afternoon at 2.41 p.m., we shall begin the recitation of 'Bring 'em Home Dead, or Love in the African Jingle'."

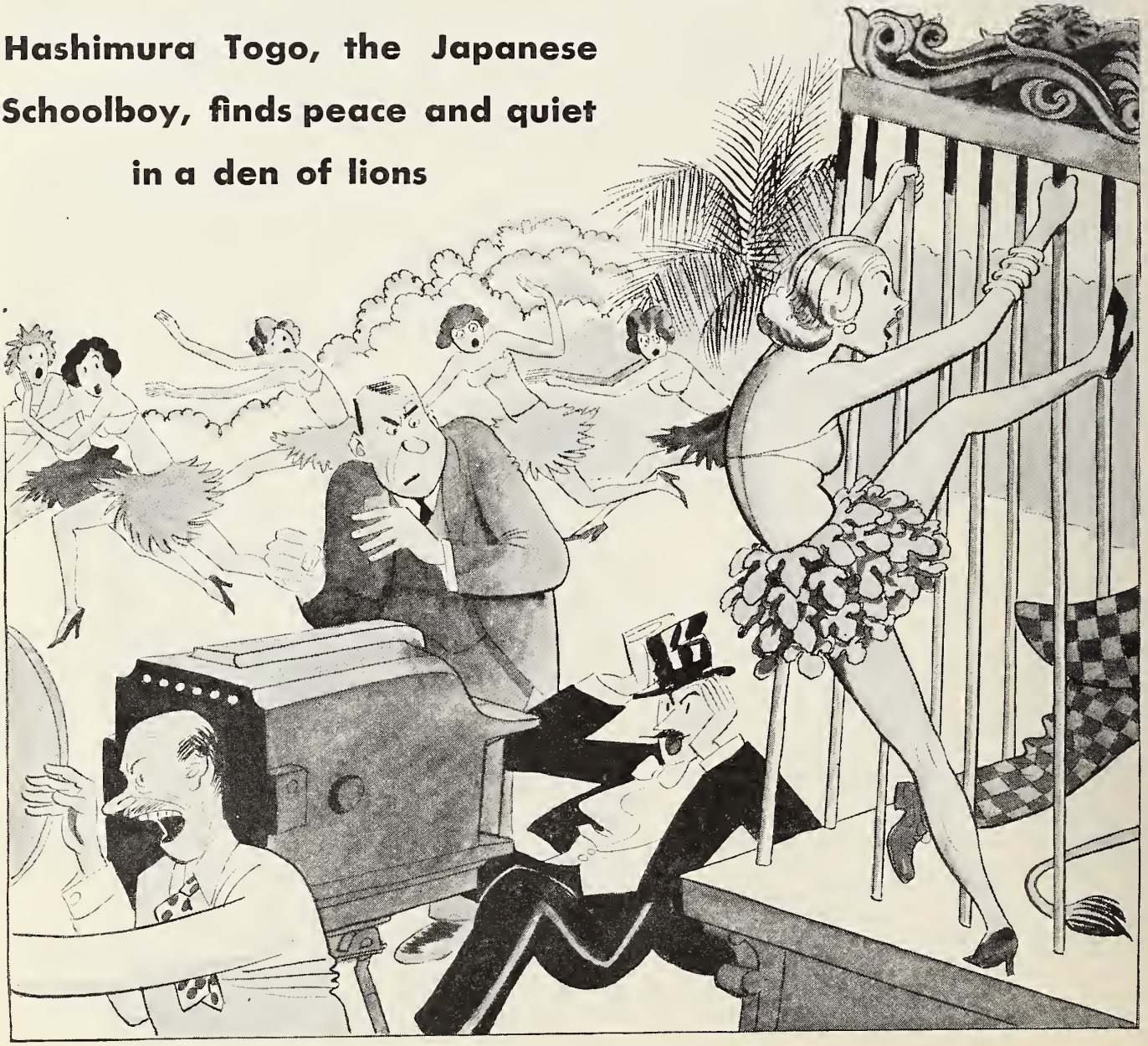
"This will make a swelled part for Hon. Clara Bow," I reject, not mentioning any legs.

"Why should?" he dib.

"Because she make such an enlarged hitt in 'Call Her Savage,'" I abrup.

"Do not say her name again until I mention it," he

Hashimura Togo, the Japanese Schoolboy, finds peace and quiet in a den of lions



to be WILDIES

snarrel. "I have wrote this play specially for my wife, Miss Caramel Sweet."

"Are she not afrade of wild annimles?" I crop out.

"How could she be? She are my wife," he say proudishly. "The story are about a Hero who got lost in Africa, wearing a dress suit."

"This will be very pretty for Jno. Wisemuller," I repose.

"NOT so at all. Who in Hollywood look so good in dress-close like Hon. Alf Menjou?" I could not find any answer to this reply, so he narrate more. "This afternoon we shall rehuss Scene 23 on Stage 24. We are using the rubber-plant scene, left over from 'Grandy Hotel.' It look exackly like a African jingle, without chairs & tables. & Togo, will you do me one (1) favor out of kindness from your heart?"

"1000000," I corrode nervely.

"This Miss Caramel Sweet are a very expensive actoress, so we do not wish that a lion or gorilla should eat her up when something cheap would do just as nicely."

"In time of depression let us ekonomize," I report.

"Ezackly," collapse Hon. Geo. F. Ogre, donating a slap on my back. "Now all I ask you do are this. When a Lion or Gorilla or maybe snaks comes after Miss Caramel Sweet I desire you to stand modishly near and whistle, so you will distrack their attention. You do this for me?"

"I might, but should I?" Thusly I depose.

"I shall never forget it." This from him.

"Neither should I." This from me.

So that afternoon p.m. I go to Lott, stage 23, and observe a forest filled with bamboozle trees, amidst coocoo-nuts and Africa. Up topside, where nothing could bite them, stood 22 scientists with a tar-box full of electricity for making pixures of people talking. Inside that African jingle I see a 2½ size Lion manicuring his nails. Also there were a bamboom, or Gorilla, giving hisself a (*Please turn to page* 92)

Illustrations by HERB ROTH




The first-time-told true story of Joan and the Young Millionaire—and the real facts about the romance of Joan and Doug, Jr.
Photographed exclusively for New Movie Magazine by Hurrell

Continuing—The Three Ages of Joan Crawford

Jazz Madness

By DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR.
and D. E. Wheeler

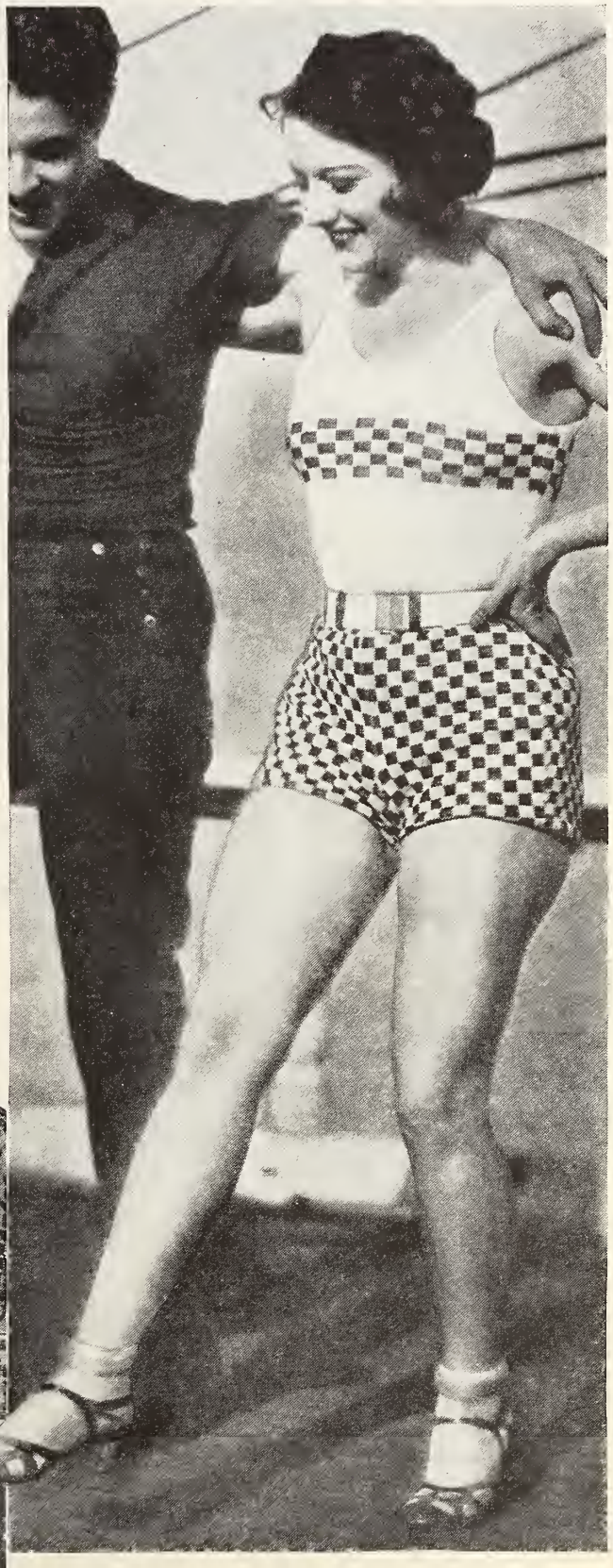
NOTHING is more disheartening than to arrive at a strange railroad terminal, with everybody being greeted by friends around you, and not a soul to meet you. If you are young and impressionable, the feeling is apt to be intensified.

Arriving in Hollywood, Lucille Le Sueur felt more like taking the next train back than pushing on her unknown way into the stronghold of the cinema world. Even the big and supposedly callous city of Chicago had received her with greater warmth in the person of that fellow-traveler who had been kind enough to give her a lift in his taxi.

So far as she could see, Culver City, her ultimate destination, didn't seem to care whether she was there or not. Naturally, her coming was merely a matter of routine business there, though to her it was breathless adventure. To the studio executives and employes she was just another raw recruit like scores of other girls who had to be tried out, worked over, and probably "canned" long before their contracts were up, and a bit of money put in their hands by way of salve for blasted hopes.

None of them dreamed that little Lucille Le Sueur was to go through the grinding mill of the movies (and none more grinding!) and come out the glamorous Joan Crawford. Why should they? She didn't dream it herself, ambitious as she was.

"We don't know when we (*Please turn to page* 108)





Joan (below) in one of her first pictures. Right: Practicing the Charleston with Ramon Novarro when she was being criticized as a hail-fellow-well-met girl.

Intimate glimpses of your unseen entertainers



Radio Rambles

(At top) Ward Wilson, "the man of a thousand voices," who graduated from the University of Pennsylvania, got a job as an NBC plant engineer, and then jumped to radio stardom when his gift for mimicry was discovered.

(Above) Lanny Ross, the Showboat tenor, late of Yale, its track team and its glee club, and now one of the recent hits of the air.

(Right) Frank Crummit and Julia Sanderscn are building a new house near the country club at Springfield, Mass., "so Frank," as Julia tells it, "can be nearer the first tee." And celebrating their fifth year on the same program.

SO much is poured into the radio hopper at the rate of eighteen hours a day that some people are beginning to wonder when the material is going to run dry. This is particularly true of the gag men who supply laugh lines for radio comedians.

These radio comedians, no matter how busy, make it a business always to "catch" each other's acts on the air.

At least one of these radio comedians has time for a collection other than a gag collection. That is Ray Perkins. The Boswell Sisters may collect their most interesting fan letters in an album, but Ray collects stamps. So do Lanny Ross, Frank Munn, and Sigmund Spaeth. Ray claims he's out ahead of the others with 10,000 issues. Lanny Ross assures he's next most important philatelist (we looked that one up) and Doc Spaeth is proud of being last. Blames it all on too much generosity. He gives most of his away to fellow collectors.

Meanwhile the besetting sin of Chief Eskimo Harry Reser is collecting his canceled checks for ten years back. He likes to sit around the old homestead on rainy days just looking them over. Says they bring back memories.

We tried Harry's game with our cancelled stubs the other night and how the past came bouncing back!

Lobo has his fling: The other day we ran into Tune Detective Sig Spaeth for the first time in weeks. We asked after his Eskimo Husky pup, Lobo, whose obstreperous antics Doc Spaeth had described in great detail to us last Summer—and we found we'd missed a story.

Personal paragraphs about the ether stars



All photographs made exclusively for New Movie Magazine by Wide World

(Left) Bing Crosby's just back from Miami Beach with a tan and a new theme song.

(Right) "An apple a day," Eddie Cantor informs us, "to keep Jack Benny away."

(Center) Ken Murray and Helen Charleston, his versatile partner, working out at McGovern's gym.

•

It seems that when Sig moved into town this Winter he sent Lobo to visit friends in Newark. The day after his arrival in Jersey, Lobo disappeared. Spaeth frantically called up his friend, the autnor and dog fancier Albert Payson Terhune, who is also Game Commissioner for New Jersey. Terhune suggested Spaeth announce the loss on his radio program. Two announcements did the trick, and a much chastened Lobo was returned.

It appears that the erring pup had fallen among bootleggers—at least, as we understand, that's Lobo's story. When the bootlegger heard the Tune Detective's announcement it was too much for him. He quickly shipped Lobo to his mother's house. She notified the Newark police. Although Doc Spaeth is still answering letters about stray dogs from Manhattan to Cedar Rapids, Iowa, he says he doesn't mind—Lobo, having learned his lesson about bootleggers, has come out flat for straight repeal.

Fred (Linit) Allen says he would gladly have put his bloodhound on Lobo's trail—but it was already out—giving a transfusion.

So just then the proprietor of the flea circus called.
"Two of my fleas have disappeared."
"Then try the dog show," was Mr. Allen's crisp reply.

Music for Contented Cows: You could have knocked over Don Bestor, maestro of dansapation, the other day with anything from a feather to the Empire State Building.

His new song hit "Contented" was just off the presses when an advertising firm was on the wire. They had to have "Contented" for a theme song for one of their clients—a milk concern.

WHICH reminds us that the pioneer announcer, Phil Carlin—who very seldom gets in front of a mike these days, got a job right after the war as a cow salesman. As a result Phil has sworn not to see "The Kid from Spain." The bull fight sequences would be too much for him, he thinks—and besides, he might have known the little fellows' mothers.

(*Please turn to page* 116)

HEADLINES

Rudy Vallee gives up favorite dish of spaghetti to keep waistline down.

Doctor states unusual vibrato Crosby voice caused by sheath-like growth on larynx.

Aluminum window plates in Radio City would pave Fifth Avenue for sixty blocks.

Approximately eight million letters received by NBC-CBS networks in 1932.

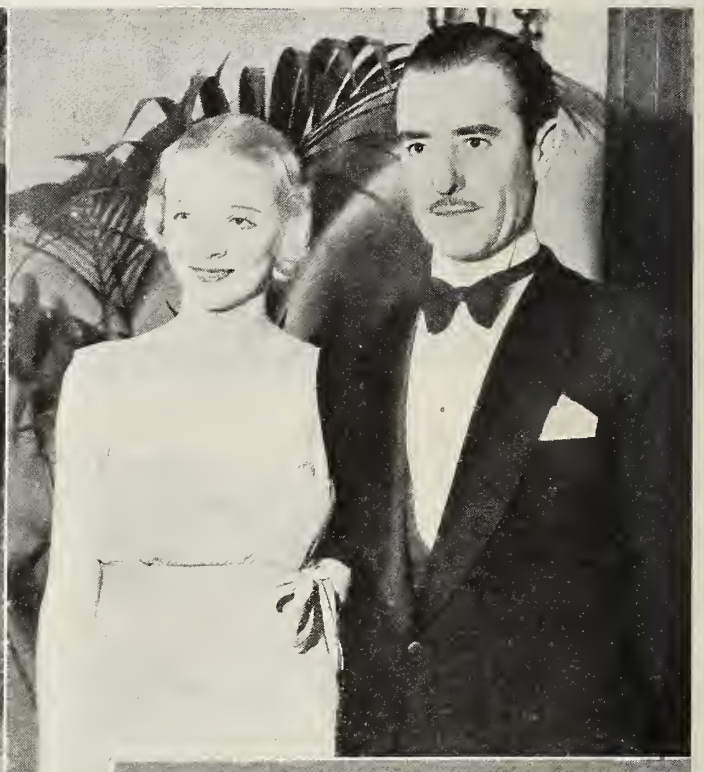
HOLLYWOOD FASHION LETTER

By JANET RICE











Marian Nixon (above, left) in a satin-lined ermine wrap over a dress trimmed with ermine tails, at the Ambassador. Carole Lombard, with her husband, William Powell (both above, center) at the Beverly Wilshire Gold Room opening, wears red and sables. Virginia Bruce and her husband, John Gilbert (above, right) at the same party. She wears blue crepe with a smart square neck. At right, Genevieve Tobin in mink and Diana Wynyard in velvet at the premiere of "Cavalcade". At top, Earl Luick's sketch for Lupe Velez' unusual gown in "Hot Pepper".

New Movie's pick of the fashions we predict will be copied







Here are two new Crawford frocks we believe will make as big a hit as the Letty Lynton frocks. Directly above is shown white crinkly crêpe decorated with cotton piqué bows at shoulder, waist and knee. The bows are massed on the train and on a short shoulder cape worn with the dress. At top, mousseline de soie with an interesting new use of ruffles is accented by black velvet. Joan wears both frocks in "Today We Live," Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer film. (Left) From Norma Shearer's personal wardrobe we select this powder blue ensemble.

Previews of the new movie modes which will influence your own clothes

. . . what Hollywood stars are wearing in their new pictures

YOU won't be wrong if you follow in Hollywood's fashion footsteps—at any rate you'll be in good company. Hollywood itself has just awakened to its position in the fashion world although designers have been copying Garbo, Crawford and Shearer costumes for their customers for close to five years.

But now Hollywood is without a doubt America's fashion capital and even Paris is looking to its laurels. Perhaps your Spring clothes won't be modeled after those worn by Joan Crawford in "Today We Live" or Katharine Hepburn in "Christopher Strong," but they'll have the Crawford-Francis-Shearer-Garbo-etc. influence.

Joan Crawford's two unusual gowns for her new picture look like winners to us. The mousseline de soie she wears, trimmed with vertical rows of ruffles and black velvet will supplant the ruffled Letty Lynton gown and her white crinkly crêpe will set a new vogue for bows.

Katharine Hepburn is another girl to watch. She wears a dress in the manner that makes you want to go right out and get one like it and she's being gowned with great care. And Lilian Harvey didn't bring over eighteen trunks and a designer for nothing—she, too, may be a fashion star.

At present actresses whose clothes are most likely to catch on are in addition to Crawford: Kay Francis for smart and wearable things, suitable for many types; Norma Shearer for tailored street clothes and simple evening things; Greta Garbo for gowns with allure and knockabout sorts; Constance Bennett for rich-young-thing clothes; Carole Lombard, the smart-set type; Ruth Chatterton, the young matron; Marion Davies for nonchalant charm; Lilyan Tashman for ultra-sophistication; Claudette Colbert for occasion gowns; and Marlene Dietrich for anything from feathers to trousers.

Marlene's trousers for street wear and her man's tuxedo for evening are starting a decided vogue—a hang-over from her appearance in men's full dress in "Morocco." Other women are taking to wearing trousers but many more have compromised by wearing mannish sports suits and feminized mess jackets for evening.

Marlene has been setting her mannish fashions

Nancy Carroll's little hat (shown at right), is of Scotch inspiration. She wears it in Paramount's new picture, "The Woman Accused."





Katharine Hepburn (right), a fashion comer, combines black velvet and ermine as suitably expressing the mood of a girl in love—in "Christopher Strong," a Radio picture.



Joan Blondell graces the cream colored velvet wrap (left) in the Fox film, "Broadway Bad." The sleeves are ornamented with little mirrors and rhinestones. Earl Luick designed it.

vogue with her personal wardrobe, a more difficult feat than setting a fashion through a movie although the personal wardrobes of the stars are chosen with as great care as their movie wardrobes.

Virginia Bruce was caught by the photographer at the opening of the new Gold Room in the Beverly Wilshire Hotel wearing an ultra-smart pale blue crêpe gown cut on squarish lines with an extreme square neck and a straight two-inch-wide belt.

The vogue for ermine was illustrated by Marian Nixon, snapped at a party at the Ambassador Hotel in a draped, ripply wrap lined with satin. Her gown was made a part of the ensemble by the addition of ermine tails.

Ruffles are found on many costumes sponsored by Hollywood. Not only on the Crawford dress which uses straight gathered ruffles but a gown worn by Adrienne Ames in "From Hell to Heaven," of yellow corded organdie does nice things with a circular ruffled collar and skirt inset. Myrna Loy uses pleated ruffles on one of her frocks.

Perhaps it's because gloves don't photograph as prettily as hands but Hollywood stars are seldom seen wearing gloves, even with evening gowns. However they always carry them and have as extensive a glove wardrobe as they have a shoe wardrobe.





Black satin with epaulet sleeves and an unusual neckline, gowns Kay Francis (above) in her new Warner Brothers picture. Kay's clothes are usually worth copying. At right, Adrienne Ames wears yellow corded organdie in "From Hell to Heaven." It's reminiscent of a recent Kay Francis dress. Do you remember it?

SIDE LIGHTS ON HOLLYWOOD FASHIONS

Square necklines are new for evening gowns.

Deep square armholes sometimes accompany them.

Ruffles, pleated, circular, and gathered are good.

Gloves are seldom worn, always carried.

Marlene Dietrich is held responsible for the mannish suit vogue.

Katharine Hepburn and Lilian Harvey are the new stars on the fashion horizon.

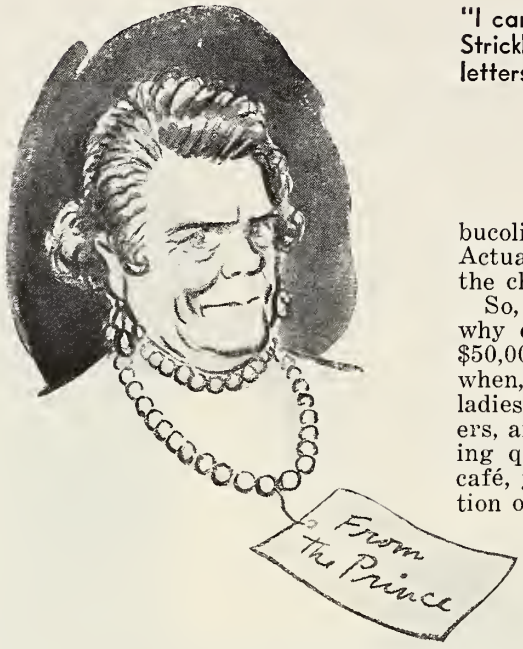
MAKE WAY! Here Comes

WHILE stars have reposed for years in palatial dressing-bungalows equipped with Babylonian baths and bars, our screen writers have groaned in cubicles resembling those Florida sweat boxes.

But a better day has dawned for Hollywood's chain gang. Winnie Sheehan, warden of the Fox plant, is the humane soul. Realizing his authors might be dazed by a too-sudden transfer from box stalls to palaces he erected a French farmhouse in the Norman style replete with pigeons and flower boxes, albeit without the characterizing piles of prosperity beside the door that I always thought so darling.

The dedication on the cornerstone reads: "To the service of the motion picture writers — the supreme story-tellers of the Twentieth Century."

A pretty supreme story in itself.



"I can arrange the interview," said Mr. Strickling stiffly. ". . . she can show you letters and presents from the crowned heads of Europe."

AT the dedication ceremonies Miss Janet Gaynor was presented with the key to the writers' farmhouse. Sly Mr. Sheehan! He knows his writers. He knows every one of them will work far into the night in the hope of hearing that little key scraping softly in the lock.

EVEN if they can keep their thoughts off the little key I doubt if the writers do much work in this pastoral setting. Writers are always yearning for bucolic peace in which to concentrate. Actually they do their best work amid the charivari of cities.

So, if I may suggest, Mr. Sheehan, why don't you let them use this old $50,000 farmhouse for vacations only, when, like Marie Antoinette and her ladies, they can play at being farmers, and build a Paris street for working quarters? A gay little sidewalk café, you know. Possibly a reproduction of St. Germain des Pres with the Deux Magots, though that perhaps is more for the serious type of writer.

Maybe after all we couldn't do better than to reproduce the old Boul' Montparnasse with the Dome and La Coupole. You know how many big ideas have been born at those little tables over little glasses with little *poules* ambling past murmuring their encouraging *Bon soir, bebee—avez-vous une cigarette pour moi?* That's what gives a fellow ideas, Mr. Sheehan.

ANOTHER thing, Mr. Sheehan. . . . Oh, I hope you won't think me obtrusive. . . . You know it means nothing to me because NEW MOVIE allows me an office on any pavement I choose; that's why I'm called a





Hollywood just loves these practical jokes, and Douglas is such a one!

Illustrations by KEN CHAMBERLAIN

the Big Parade!

Our Hollywood Boulevardier finds himself shivery among Hollywood's myriad zoos

By HERB HOWE

Boulevardier. . . . But I'm told you have placed fifty million dollars' worth of literature in the cellar of the farmhouse for the writers' use.

That's hardly what one would expect in a French cellar, Mr. Sheehan, and I doubt very much whether the writers will be sending down for much of it.

If you would care to get in touch with me I could tell you where you could get a more appropriate stock for the *cave—veritable, m'sieu, et bon marché!* (prices slashed in view of the Repeal, *comprenez?*)

Note to My Readers:

In the event of my sudden disappearance from NEW MOVIE do not be alarmed. You may reasonably assume that Paramount has built a farmhouse and given Mae West the key. Mae's a writer, you know. Authoress of "She Done Him Wrong."

(*Please turn to page* 95)



I wonder what Il Duce's reactions would be if told he had a mouth like Joan's?

You know how many big ideas have been born at those little tables over little glasses with little *poules* ambling past. . . . That's what gives a writer ideas, Mr. Sheehan.





NEW PICTURES YOU

THE WHITE SISTER—(M-G-M)—Shows, just like people, seem to grow old, and, growing old, they seem to lose the something that appealed in their youth. No matter how well a "remake" is made it still seems to be just a remake.

"Over the Hill" made box-office history back in the near-forgotten days of silent drama. Not so very long ago it was remade, and a good job it was, yet the result was far below expectations. There have been many more—"Rain," "Madame Butterfly," "The Miracle Man"—and all have fallen below the original.

"The White Sister" was a great show, perhaps one of the few really great, and though, in the capable hands of Helen Hayes, much of the charm is retained, we did not feel towards it as we felt some years ago. . . . And yet we think that Helen Hayes is a better actress than her predecessor. It is just that themes grow old and tastes are changeful. . . . "A Farewell to Arms" gives us the Helen Hayes that we want to like and flock to see. "Son-Daughter" fell short.

Still, the newest queen of the silver screen gives her loyal fans—and if they are not legion, then there is no justice—all that they can possibly ask of her. It is a truly great performance by a truly great star. We heartily recommend that you see "The White Sister."

CHRISTOPHER STRONG—(Radio)—Katharine Hepburn bids fair to follow in the footsteps of Greta Garbo and Joan Crawford, possibly even by a shorter route. "Christopher Strong" is a dramatic story that only a potentially great star could handle; but handle it she does. And into some of the scenes she breathes a power and vehemence that reminds one greatly of the old days when a Garbo-Gilbert picture was an event on the movie calendar.

Radio gave her an excellent cast in support, of whom Colin Clive is likely to be a hit. Billie Burke, Ralph Forbes and Helen Chandler have important rôles and the story by Gilbert Frankau might have been written especially for Miss Hepburn.

It is the poignant story of a girl who devoted her life to the pursuit of fame and found too late that romance must enter every woman's heart. In her case it comes in the shape of Sir Christopher Strong, a man whose life has been a model one, whose home life is exemplary . . . and whose heart, like her own, is now stirred with a real love that through circumstances should not be.

Finally it becomes too strong for them and, risking the total wrecking of each other's lives, they give in to their common love. Disaster threatens them . . . and meeting her tragedy as she has met all dangers throughout a famous life, the girl leaves him with his memories and his home.

According To Us These Ten Are the Best Pictures This Month

THE FIRST FIVE

THE WHITE SISTER—with Helen Hayes in a great story.

CHRISTOPHER STRONG—offering the new fire-brand, Katharine Hepburn.

WHAT! NO BEER?—uproarious comedy with the Keaton-Durante duo.

MEN MUST FIGHT—because it is a worth-while story beautifully done.

SWEEPINGS—Lionel Barrymore in a smashing dramatic triumph.

(Above) Lionel Barrymore in "Sweepings," an epic of America's great mercantile era.

While it is sad, it is also a story that will be long remembered.

WHAT! NO BEER?—(M-G-M)—The originator of this title should be heartily rewarded . . . and given the job of titling future Keaton-Durante comedies; for there certainly should be many more of them.

Those who remembered and enjoyed "The Passionate Plumber" and "Speak Easily," the last in which these widely different comedians capered and cavorted, will find much the same brand of humor in this latest effort . . . and as such, well worth your seeing.

The story doesn't matter in the least, though it does concern a question that has brought about the development of some of our lustiest current humor. It provides several meaty moments when comedy history comes close to being made and a reason for the bringing together of the Messrs Keaton and Durante and their eye-stopping playfellow, Miss Phyllis Barry.

The inimitable "Schnozzle" becomes a village barber for the occasion and the sad-faced Mr. Keaton looks well in the rôle of a soulful taxidermist. Both of them looked much better to us when they mended their ways and undertook the slaking of a legalized national thirst. Starting in a small way, the brainless pair become the owners of a local brewery and with the coming of The Repeal become beer magnates in a big way.

Roscoe Ates and Harry Armeta add to the laughs and John Miljan is entrusted with most of the villainy. There is little enough fun these days, but you are guaranteed some when you see this one.

MEN MUST FIGHT—(M-G-M)—It took courage to undertake the production of "Men Must Fight" and the result is worthy of your support. Edgar Selwyn, of the Broadway Selwyns, directs a well-nigh-perfect cast composed of Diana Wynyard, Phillips Holmes, Lewis Stone, May Robson, Robert Young and Donald Dilloway in a powerful adaptation of the stage play of the same name, by S. K. Lauren. This is one case where the picture is better than the play.

The story is well suited to the screen. It has majesty of action and a powerful theme that can reach outside the confines of photographic shadows and grip and hold. It is the story of Laura Madison and the men who loved her—of a gay young nurse, beautifully played by Diana Wynyard, world-famed since the opening of "Cavalcade," who would not withhold what little she had to offer her lover who left for Flanders in the gray of the morning.

He dies within a few short months with the baby still unborn. Ned Seward, an American, went to her in this hour of doubt and as the years pass by, the war fades into memories and peace grows in the hearts of the little family.

Then the story takes us into the years to come; shows us this peace-loving family with the hounds of war upon the scent again. Once more the old cries, the old dogmas, the flaming patriotism and quick-kindled hate and finally, once more, two men, the men of Laura Madison going off to fight for their loved ones. For it is nature's law, apparently, that "men must fight."

This is a beautiful story, poignant, moving, deftly humorous, not wittingly a preachment; and those who care for a picture that has real merit must give it their attention.

SWEEPINGS — (Radio Pictures) — Perhaps this is the greatest story that the screen has given to Lionel

SHOULD SEE—and WHY



(Below) Joan Crawford—in "Today We Live"—is heartbroken when it comes to parting with her brother, Franchot Tone, and her girlhood sweetheart, Robert Young, as they leave for service in the North Sea.

New Pictures You Should See—and Why



"Cynthia's eyes never widened at danger in the skies, but they had a frightened look when she looked at love." . . . Katharine Hepburn in "Christopher Strong."



Lee Tracy!—that's all one has to say these days to get instant attention. Here he is with Benita Hume, the lately-arrived English actress, and Lya Lys in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's "Clear All Wires."

Barrymore. Certainly it was a grand novel, missing greatness only by a little; and there is something in the story that grows to new splendor on the screen, taking upon itself an intimacy that could never be found in the printed page.

Though "Sweepings" is in no sense a preachment and does not set out to be an American "Cavalcade," it has something of the same appeal. It is the story of the Pardways, giants of American industry and finance, men of iron and steel who passed along their heritage to a litter of broken straws.

Without caring for historical detail, Director Cromwell traced the growth of "The Bazaar," Chicago's greatest department store, an institution that thrived and took its motive power from the soul of the man who owned it.

As Daniel Pardway, Lionel Barrymore is superb. All his life he has brushed obstacles aside. Never has there been a fleeting moment of indecision in his mind.

Then, at the very apex of his career, his dream castle comes tumbling around his ears because the children he has bred lack the stamina to hold up the structure he has fashioned.

With millions at their call, the Pardway brood runs to seed. His daughter becomes a sex-crazed inmate of the divorce courts, one son an accidental murderer, his youngest boy a waster . . . and there is nothing he can do.

It is an evening of grand drama relieved by deft comedy. It is a feast of fine acting that will seldom be seen again. It is a fine example of a dramatic motion picture that should be seen by all, though some may never number it among the great pictures.

Lionel Barrymore heads an excellent cast, including William Gargan, the rough-neck butler of "The Animal Kingdom," Eric Linden, Gregory Ratoff, Nan Sunderland and Alan Dinehart.

It is adapted from the novel by Lester Cohen.

TOPAZE—(Radio)—This is John Barrymore at his finest. "Topaze," the brilliant dramatic farce by Marcel Pagnio, was a blazing success on Broadway with Frank Morgan playing the rôle now done so successfully by Barrymore. It should be just as successful as a motion picture.

Maybe you know the story. It concerns the little schoolmaster who was too honest to pass the son of a wealthy woman when the youngster failed to make the necessary credits. He loses his job and, through stress of circumstances, becomes the tool of crooked politicians who use his known honesty as a front for their illegal operations.

Well, the leopard changes his spots this time, and in the maddest, merriest vein that he has shown of late years, Mr. Barrymore proceeds to show the crooks how crooked a person can be when he really puts his

THE SECOND FIVE

TOPAZE—Brother John in an equally entertaining venture.

TODAY WE LIVE—Joan Crawford and Gary Cooper are worth seeing.

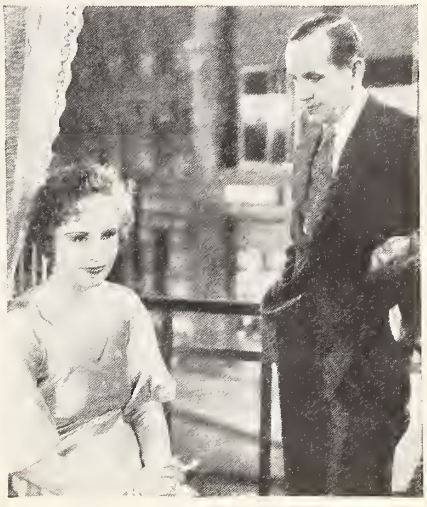
MURDERS IN THE ZOO—a real thriller without too much horror.

THE WOMAN ACCUSED—because it has unusual drama and some novelty.

PICTURE SNATCHER—because Jimmy Cagney is a pleasant change in screen fare.



Phillips Holmes presents his fiancée, Ruth Selwyn, to his father and mother, Lewis Stone and May Robson, in "Men Must Fight."



Al Jolson, as the tramp in Central Park and Madge Evans, in the new screen musical comedy, "Hallelujah, I'm a Bum." (And don't blame us if the title is changed again!)

mind to the job. He takes the business, takes the town, takes everything in sight, including the beautiful mistress (Myrna Loy) of the late boss.

The dialogue is simply swell. Laughs come thick and fast, and in spite of the fact that it is a stage adaptation it moves smoothly and logically without the necessary alterations detracting from its effect.

Alberti Conti and Reginald Mason are also in support. This is one picture that you ought to enjoy. In any case, you can rest assured that it is at least a little different from the average run of films which we've been seeing lately.

TODAY WE LIVE—(M-G-M)—Joan Crawford gets back into her stride in "Today We Live." Perhaps the story is not newer than it should be but the most carping critic should not find fault with the final result. Gary Cooper, who seems to have taken on a new lease of life since "A Farewell to Arms," shares the major honors with the star, and somehow Gary's grave self-possession fits Joan Crawford better than any other leading man we have seen with her.

Joan belongs in pictures of this type; that's what you're going to say when you see her. She can do all that a star is asked to do, and is getting better with each film she does; but when she has a real story, with clever character actors around her, shading her rôle with the sympathy and humor that it needs—then Miss Crawford can supply some of the finest entertainment that is available in motion picture theaters today.

"Today We Live" opens with a childhood romance followed by the war. With the war comes a new and deeper love that unsettles everything. The old love is dead but she cannot tell the boy who loves and trusts her so much. So she takes what is left for her . . . until the war undoes the harm that it has caused.

Robert Young, Louise Closser Hale, Franchot Tone and Tad Alexander complete the cast of a picture that you will find well worth seeing.

MURDERS IN THE ZOO—(Paramount)—Lionel Atwill, who recently completed a fine performance in "Wax Museum," is to be seen here in another grand characterization that definitely proves his worth as an actor even if it probably will make him few fan friends.

The whole story is laid in a zoo, and before Mr. Atwill meets his deserved fate in the coils of an ambitious python he has committed three murders and has several more working out very nicely. Though not a horror picture, in the current sense of the word, "Murders in the Zoo" has enough thrills in it to keep the most hardened addict on the edge of his or her seat.

Charles Ruggles comes near to stealing the picture and Kathleen Burke (Paramount's "Panther Woman") proves that she wasn't just a flash in the pan—or panther, if you'll pardon us this once. Randolph Scott and Gail Patrick perform nobly.



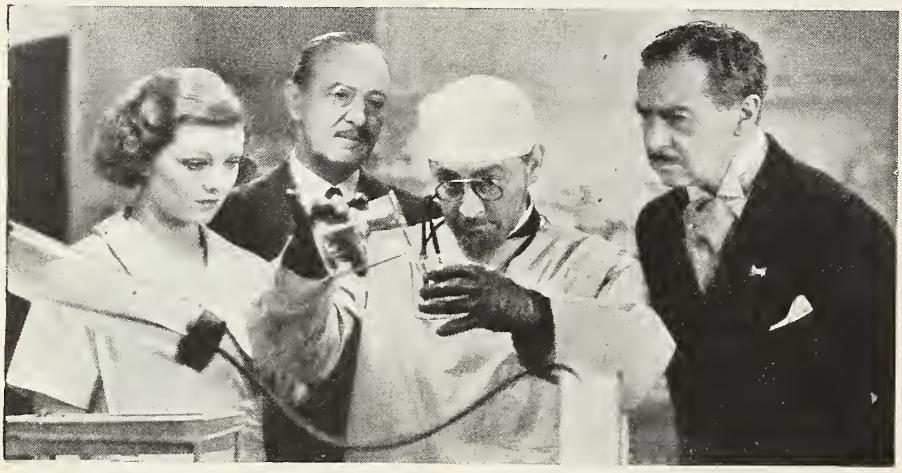
Jean Hersholt and Wynne Gibson in "The Crime of the Century."



James Cagney and Alice White in "Picture Snatcher," said to be from a story that Jimmy read, liked and purchased himself. . . . One of his best.

Jimmy Durante, as the village barber, and Buster Keaton, as the soulful taxidermist, in "Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's "What! No Beer?"





In "Topaze," the stage hit now transferred to the screen: John Barrymore, the scientist, performing an experiment while Myrna Loy, Reginald Mason and Albert Conti look on.

THE WOMAN ACCUSED—(Paramount)—If only for the simple reason that ten of the most popular and talented writers of the day collaborated on this story, you should spend an evening seeing it.

"The Woman Accused" is a startling story of circumstantial evidence, justifiable homicide and miscarriages of justice.

Nancy Carroll, back in the type of rôle that once made her one of the screen's greatest stars, plays the name rôle and Cary Grant does remarkably well as the young attorney who mixes truth, emotion, falsehoods and sheer skill into such an inspired appeal that he wins her freedom.

The moral of the story seems to be that, if you must commit murder, make sure that you have a good lawyer.

However, an excellent cast also includes John Halliday and Irving Pichel. You are assured of a good evening's entertainment.

PICTURE SNATCHER — (Warner Brothers)—"Picture Snatcher," in which the bouncing Mr. Cagney reaches new heights in rough-housing, has absolutely nothing to do with motion pictures, though the title might lead one to think so. Instead, it concerns a young graduate of Sing Sing who decides to legalize his larceny by getting a job on a New York tabloid newspaper where he becomes a star cameraman.

All this sounds swell, but the story falls short somewhat by the wayside and it is only the swashbuckling action offered by Mr. Cagney that makes this picture definitely one of the cinematic treats of the month.

Our hero falls in love with the paper's sob-sister and passes her up when he finds that she is the boss's sweetheart . . . which, if nothing more, is a new treatment of the Cagney feminine troubles. His next fall from grace concerns the sister of the cop who sent him to Sing Sing. And the one real surprise in the picture has to do with the conclusion of the affair.

Alice White, once one of the brightest names on theater billing, plays in support, with Patricia Ellis, Ralph Bellamy and Robert E. O'Connor.

Though stories for Jimmy Cagney must be hard to find, we sometimes feel that the fates have been none too good to the two-fisted youngster since the days of "Public Enemy" and "Smart Money." They were *pictures.*

ELMER, THE GREAT—(First National)—Joe E. Brown brings Ring Lardner's immortal baseball hero to the screen with all the laughs that the rôle has ever held. You know the story—Elmer Kane, the greatest batsman of them all, too lazy to do more than eat and fall in love. Dan Cupid lights ambition's fires and baseball history is made.

Joe E. Brown is better than usual and the baseball scenes are good without obtruding enough to spoil the picture for those who do not follow the national sport. Mervyn Leroy's direction has resulted in an amusing comedy well worthy of your attention. Patricia Ellis presents an alluring eyefull.

BABY FACE—(Warner Brothers)—Some day, probably by accident, Barbara Stanwyck is going to appear in a picture in which she isn't ruined.

This is the sordid tale of a girl who made good in life by any means to hand, taking and giving all there is in life and no questions asked.

This is all right on the stage, but it seems to us that this capable young actress would do much better by herself and her public if the stories by which she has been typed of late were treated to a mild disinfectant—"The Bitter Tea of General Yen" excepted.

George Brent was chosen to make an honest woman out of her and Donald Cooke, John Wayne, Henry Kolker, and Harry Gribbon aided and abetted in one place or another.

THE KEYHOLE—(Warner Brothers)—If you still like the story of a wife whose husband hires a good looking young detective to make love to her so that he can get his divorce, you will be interested in "The Keyhole."

(*Please turn to page* 100)

(Below) Ruth Campbell, assistant in charge of the Women's and Children's division of Central Casting, interviewing three very young hopefuls.





Saturday, children's day at Hollywood's Central Casting agency. Prospective Garbos and Chevaliers waiting in line to be registered.

Some of the things that have been done within Filmland itself to improve conditions

Cleaning up the Movies

Will Hays' Ten Years In the Movies

By WILL IRWIN

One of America's most distinguished authors

WILL HAYS settled himself back in the cushions of his car after one of his long, hard days.

"Whew, what a job!" he sighed. "Arguing and debating with a committee of exhibitors from the Middle West—getting thirty camels, consigned to Hollywood, through the customs—arranging to preserve the Mayo surgical operations for posterity—asking the Navy Department for a naval detachment to play extra in a patriotic film—squelching an exchange which is 'bootlegging' film—"

He ran down, and made a gesture expressing his hopelessness to convey the rest. He had worked ten hours without luncheon that day; and he had quit at midnight the night before.

The Hays organization has not concerned itself solely, during its ten strenuous years, with "public relations"—finding what kind of picture the American public wants and getting that kind out of the managers.

True, happy public relations concern the very foundation of the structure. If our audiences do not like the pictures which Hollywood gives them, or if the puritanical rise up and blind the cinema with censorship, the structure falls.

Yet in its sober, working routine, the organization has probably spent more hours on problems centering within the business than on regulation of excessive "it" in films and scenarios or impending censorship laws.

Further, the average motion picture producer or distributor would probably call this unknown part of the Hays job the (*Please turn to page* 97)



The Registration Office at Central Casting. Dave Allen, in charge, is shown standing in the foreground. At the left, in the rear, you can see girls working at some of the files that contain complete information about thousands of Hollywood extras.

All photographs made exclusively for New Movie Magazine by Wide World

What Are You Doing



Photo by Irving Lippman

Come on out with Grace KINGSLEY, New Movie Magazine's society reporter, to all of Movieland's swankiest affairs

(Above) Adrienne Ames, Randolph Scott and Maurice Chevalier at Adrienne's tea.

THE face cards of filmdom were all present, I reflected, as I looked about me that night at Gary Cooper's party, where everybody was gathered about a big log fire in his spacious living room, or scattered about in little groups, chatting. And everybody is always happy at Gary's.

Charlie Chaplin had brought the beautiful Pauline Goddard—the very prettiest of all Charlie's lovely collection of demoiselles devoted to him in the past and present and certainly one of the most intelligent and attractive girls in Hollywood. Charlie admitted she may be his next leading lady, and I cannot imagine his making a better choice.

She wore a white evening dress and a wide evening cape trimmed with ermine. Charlie seemed devoted to her and she to him.

She told me that Charlie really had kept at his work of writing very well, and that his book is finished. Charlie himself sat down on a footstool beside our sofa and chatted, laughing as he told how tough writing is.

Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford were present, Mary looking very charming in a Hibiscus red velvet gown, cut princess, with puffed shoulder sleeves.

Doug told us about some of his hunting experiences in Indo-China.

"I bagged a couple of tigers and a lion—and I never was a bit scared," he said, "until a wild boar took after me. Then I certainly climbed a tree!"

Fredric March was there with his fascinating wife, Florence Eldridge. Miss Eldridge wore a backless gown—and when I say backless I mean backless. It was of orchid velvet and most becoming. At any rate Miss Eldridge is such a slim, dainty young lady that a backless gown was merely a piquant affair, most attractive.

Fay Wray, beautiful in a white lace blouse and black velvet skirt, was there with her husband, John Monk Saunders.

Sharon Lynn was gorgeous in a peau d'ange gown, with stiffened malines cape, the dress cut princess, low back. Of course she was with her new husband, Barney Glazer.

Bebe Daniels' dress was of silver cloth trimmed with chinchilla, and accompanied with chinchilla muff

Tonight?

HOW HOLLYWOOD ENTERTAINS



(Right) Leslie Howard, Mary Pickford and Fredric March at Gary's lively "At Home."

Photo by Don English

Made exclusively for New Movie Magazine

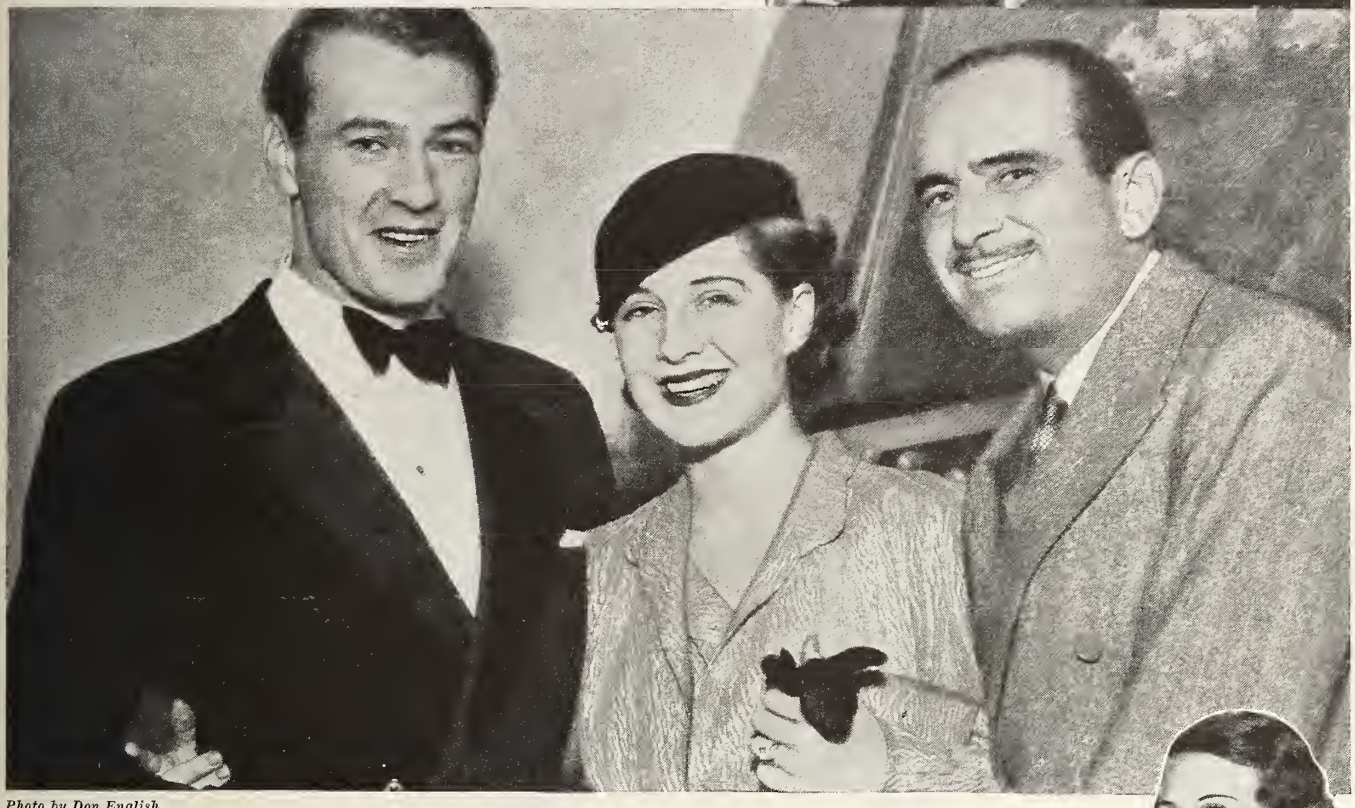


Photo by Don English

(Above) At Gary Cooper's party, New Movie's cameraman snapped Norma Shearer, Douglas Fairbanks and the host.

(Right) Lilyan Tashman, Elsa Maxwell and Mrs. Fredric March.

(Below) John Monk Saunders, the author, and his lovely wife, Fay Wray, "shot" unawares at Gary's.



Photo by Don English

and collarette. Ben Lyon was naturally her escort.

Norma Shearer was a bit daintier and prettier even than usual in a cloth of gold jacket, velvet skirt, with a tiny hat of black velvet.

Buffet supper was served, after which dancing was in order, and we saw Virginia Valli whirling with John Mack Brown, Charlie Farrell with Mary Pickford,. Norma Shearer with Leslie Howard, and Clark Gable with Sharon Lynn. Mrs. Gable danced with Sam Goldwyn, and Mrs. Goldwyn with Barney Glazer.

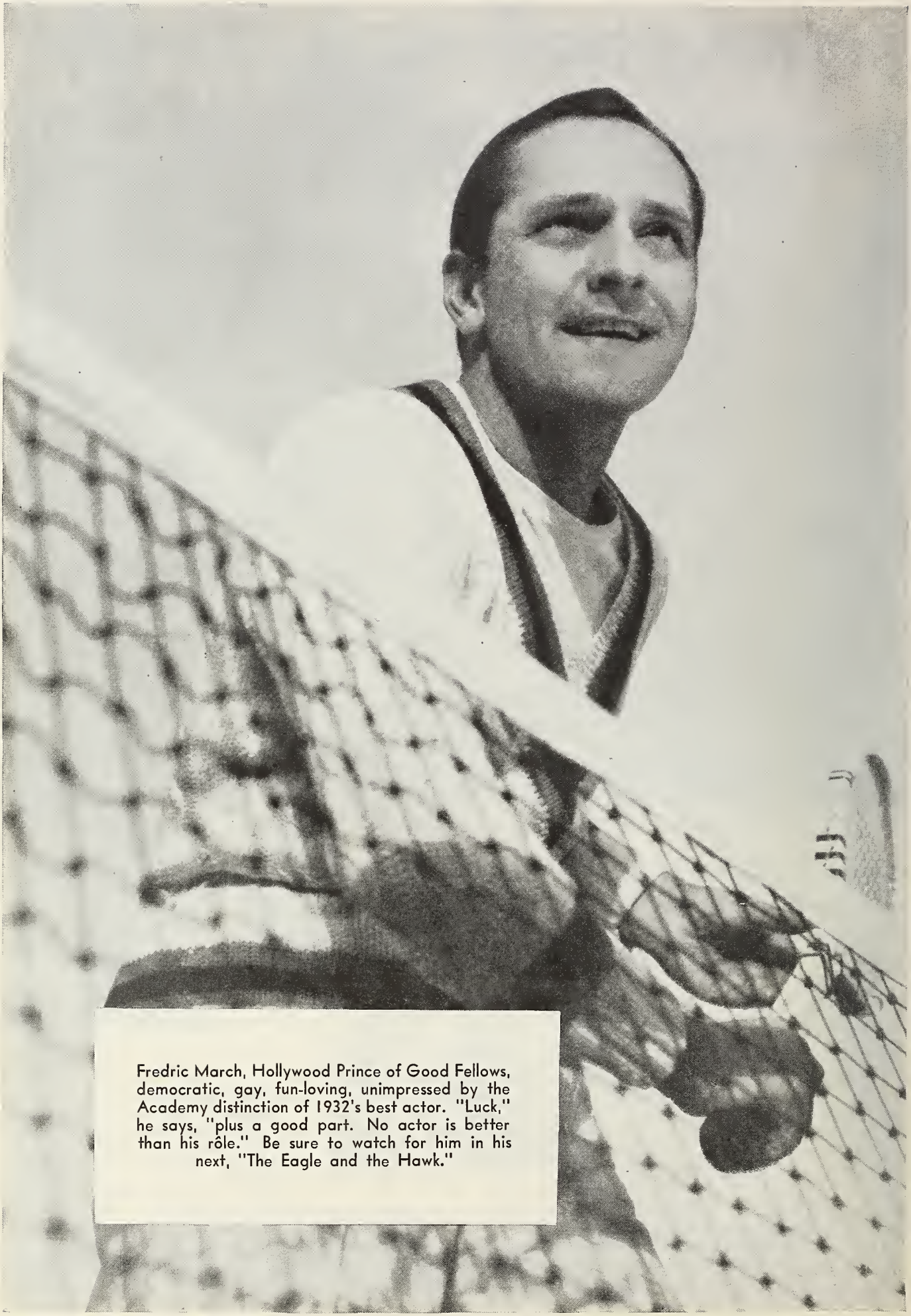


Photo by Don English

Charlie Chaplin and Doug did not dance, but got together in a corner to reminisce, and seemed in terribly earnest conversation.

Jesse Lasky was there, and so was Mrs. John Mack Brown who, by the way, danced with Jose Crespo; and Jose also made himself attentive to the beautiful Mona Maris; and there were Mr. and Mrs. Frank Borzage, Elsa Maxwell, C. K. Steele, Eddie Woods, Irving Thalberg, Countess Frasso, Mr. and Mrs. Lionel Barrymore, Richard Halliburton, Donald Ogden Stewart, and others.

Mae Clarke came late with Leon Waycoff. They were supposed to be rather devoted to each other, although by the time this gets into print the fickle Mae will probably have dis- (*Please turn to page* 119)



Fredric March, Hollywood Prince of Good Fellows, democratic, gay, fun-loving, unimpressed by the Academy distinction of 1932's best actor. "Luck," he says, "plus a good part. No actor is better than his rôle." Be sure to watch for him in his next, "The Eagle and the Hawk."

Exclusive New Movie Magazine photograph by Don English



ILLUSION:

The Oriental girl reclines on a sheet of plate glass supported by two slaves. The magician waves a white sheet . . . pronounces a few magic words . . . Presto! She has *disappeared* in thin air.

EXPLANATION:

One of the "slaves" is a *hollow dummy.* When the magician holds up the sheet the lithe little lady disappears completely—into his empty figure.

IT'S FUN TO BE FOOLED ...IT'S MORE FUN TO KNOW

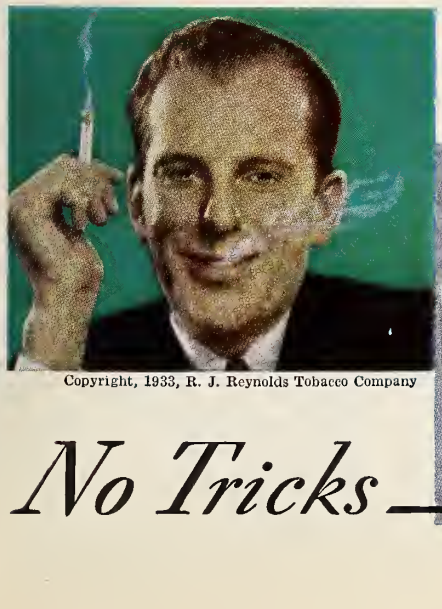
Here's a trick used in cigarette advertising. It is called "Coolness." **EXPLANATION:** Coolness is determined by the speed of burning. *Fresh* cigarettes, retaining their full moisture, burn more slowly ... smoke cooler. *Dried-out* cigarettes taste *hot.*

Camels are cooler because they come in the famous air-tight *welded* Humidor Pack . . . and because they contain *better tobaccos.*

A cigarette blended from choice, ripe tobaccos tastes cooler than one that is harsh and acrid. For coolness, choose a *fresh* cigarette, made from *costlier* tobaccos.

It is a fact, well known by leaf tobacco experts, that Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE tobaccos than any other popular brand.

Smoke Camels...give your taste a chance to sense the difference.



Copyright, 1933, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

Your CAMELS *are always kept fresh in the air-tight, welded Humidor Pack.*

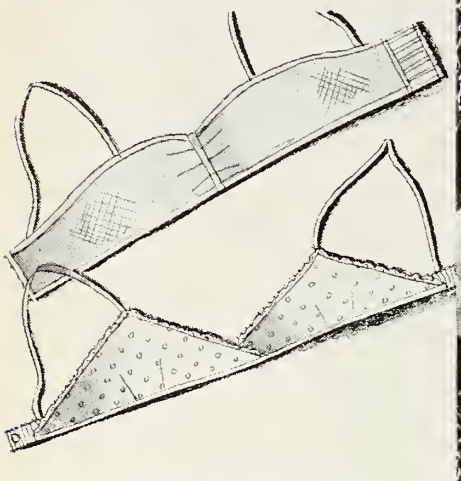


No Tricks — just Costlier Tobaccos

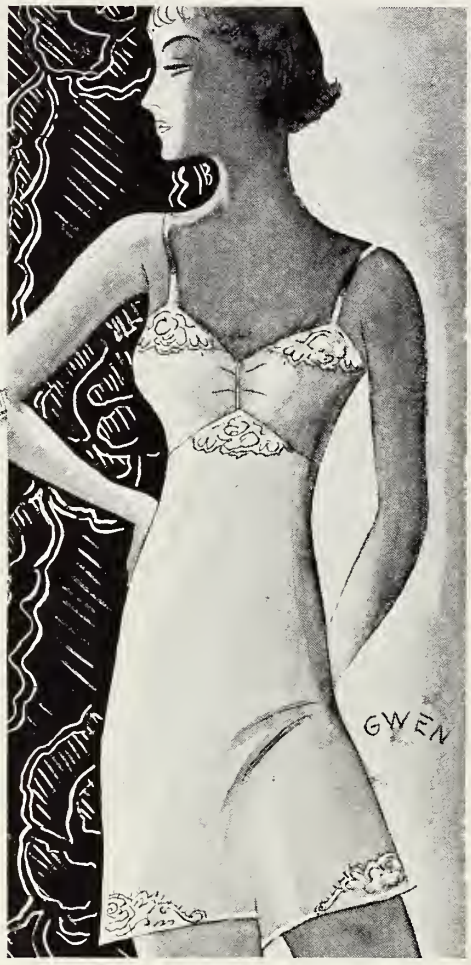
IN A MATCHLESS BLEND

The New Lingerie is Easy to Make

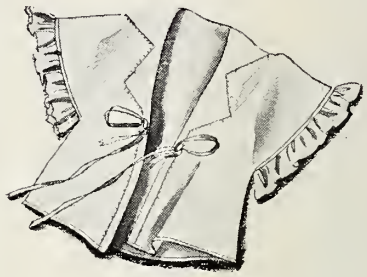
By
FRANCES COWLES



Ap207—Diagram patterns from which you can make the diagonal uplift bandeau or the straight bandeau for fuller figures.



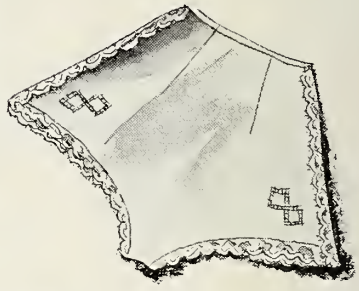
Ap209—New fashions demand well-fitted lines easily achieved in this new, smartly tailored combination.



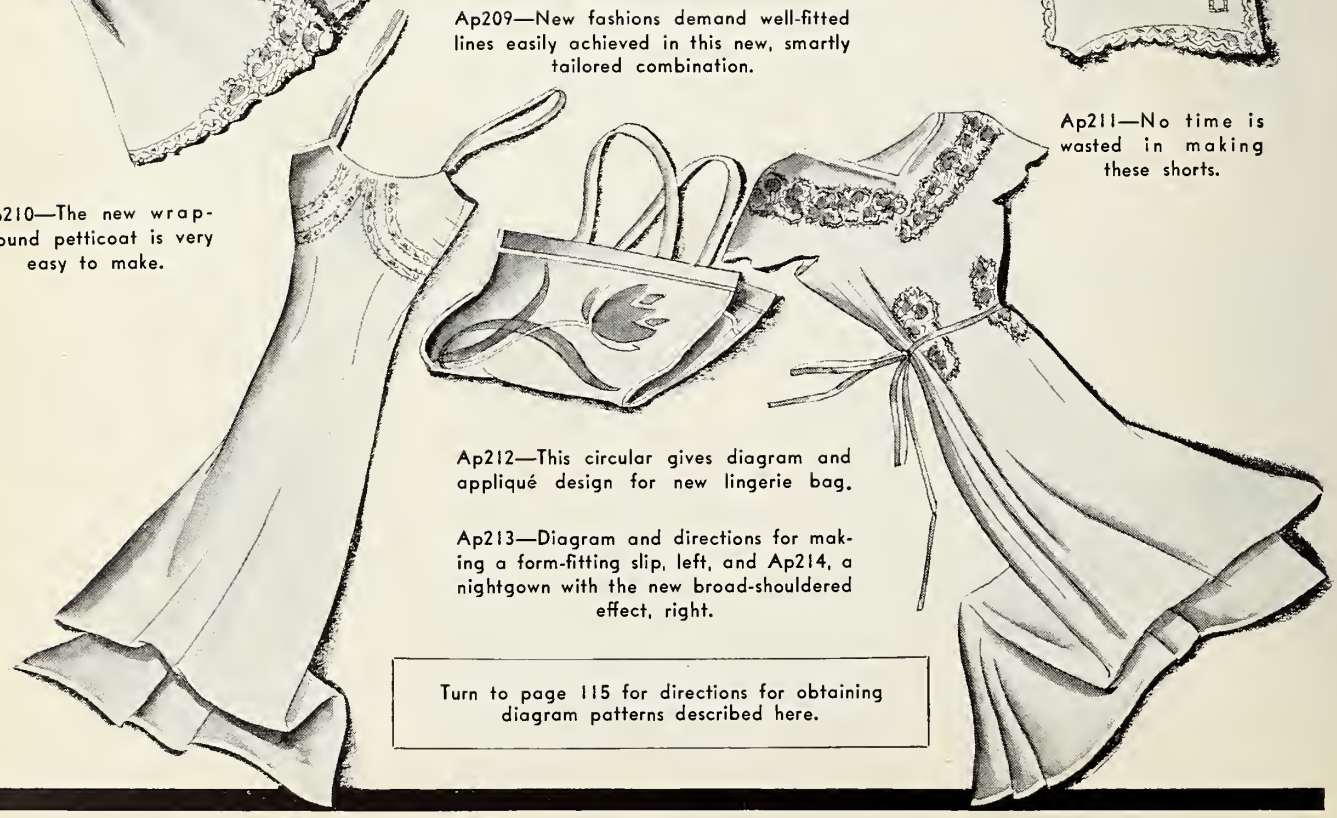
Ap208—With the aid of this circular you can make a negligée or bed jacket of the newest design.



Ap210—The new wrap-around petticoat is very easy to make.



Ap211—No time is wasted in making these shorts.



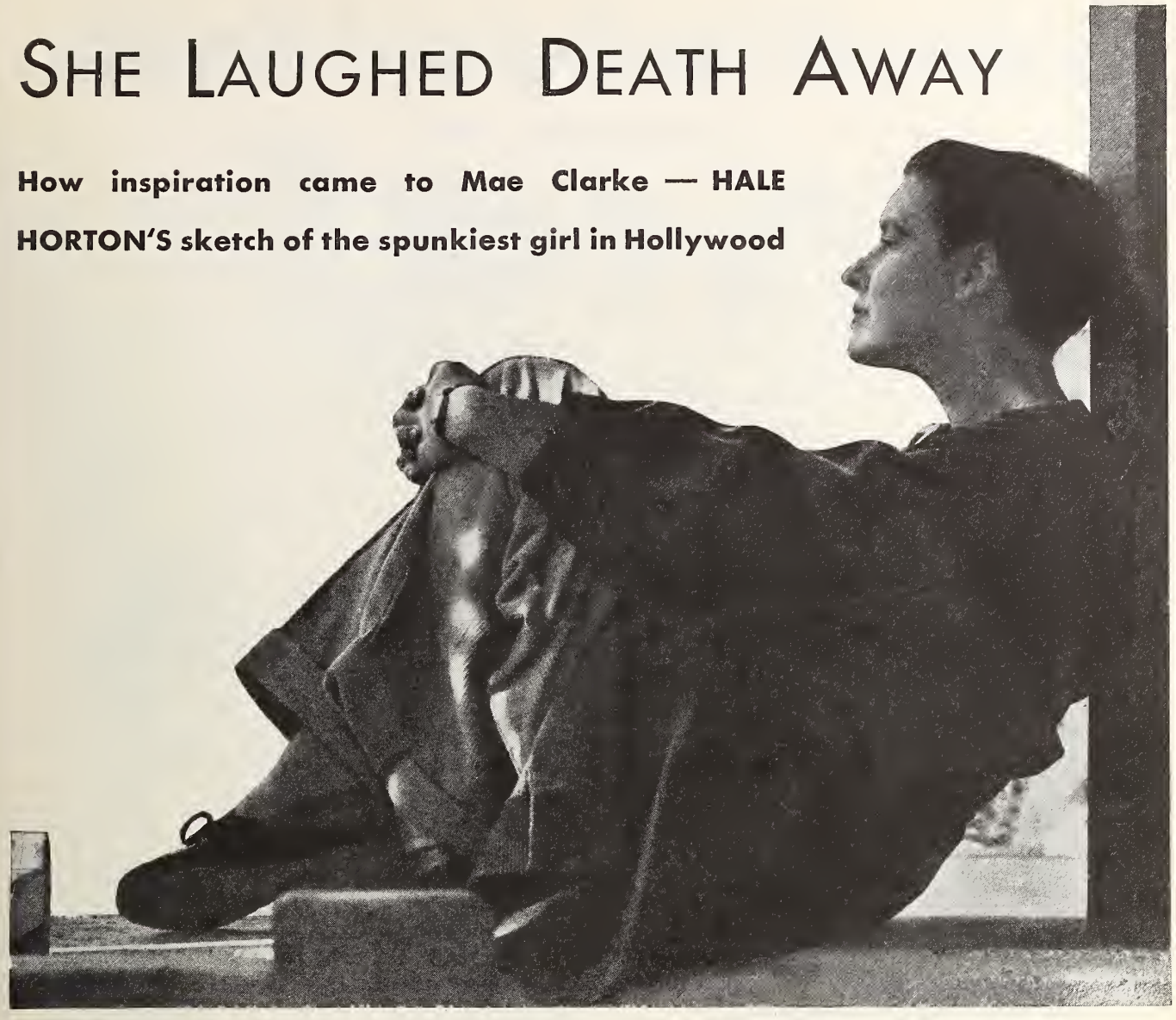
Ap212—This circular gives diagram and appliqué design for new lingerie bag.

Ap213—Diagram and directions for making a form-fitting slip, left, and Ap214, a nightgown with the new broad-shouldered effect, right.

Turn to page 115 for directions for obtaining diagram patterns described here.

SHE LAUGHED DEATH AWAY

How inspiration came to Mae Clarke — HALE HORTON'S sketch of the spunkiest girl in Hollywood



HATS off to Mae Clarke! She's the spunkiest girl in Hollywood.

Every possible misfortune seems to have come to her, in a bunch, but she keeps on laughing and fighting.

First, an illness that kept her flat on her back in a hospital cot for three months. Six times doctors have given up hope of sparing her life.

Then slow recovery; then an operation for appendicitis.

But Mae has come back laughing, and with an astonishing new philosophy of life.

For years a breakdown had been sneaking up on Mae.

It happened one evening after a hard day's grind at the studio. She had returned home feeling blue and depressed. Possessing a wild imagination and a brutal inferiority complex, she usually wore out her depressions by writing poetry, deeply introspective, suppressed and involved with her amazing sense of humor.

Her rather morbid outlook on life can be traced to the fact that subconsciously she felt herself ill-equipped to accept a lasting spiritual and material success even though it should come within her grasp.

A few days later she called in a doctor who discovered that she was suffering from influenza. After a week had passed and Mae had shown no signs of recovery, she motored to Palm Springs, hoping the desert air would prove efficacious. The influenza, however, persisted and her nerves became rapidly worse.

And Mae thrilled to a strange and life-giving ecstasy as she gazed, wide-eyed with wonder, at the glory of those distant peaks.

During this period Mae's nights were filled with horror. Sleep was impossible. The thought of being alone left her terrified.

"I kept my friends around as much as possible," she now recalls, "begging them to amuse me, to make me laugh . . . for I felt that death would pass me by providing I could fight through the dark hours. . . .

"I remember one night in particular that a gray fog crawled around me, up to my very eyes. It seemed as though I were soaring above this fog, as though I were a spirit or a soul, lost.

"For a moment I tried to laugh these fears away. . . . 'I'm all right,' I told myself. 'I'm all right if I can only keep myself talking 'til dawn. . . .'

"Then, I wasn't so sure, so I called to a girl friend. After the two of us had made jokes for a while I managed to calm down. I thought I had conquered my fears . . . when shortly before dawn I felt that gray fog creeping over me again . . . so I pulled on some clothes and rushed (*Please turn to page* 112)

Music of the Sound Screen

By JOHN EDGAR WEIR



Musical films are due to return to popularity. Eddie Cantor and Al Jolson recently starred in screen operettas. Now Warner Brothers announce a spectacular musical. Above is a scene from "Pleasure Island," with Tom Dugar, Richard Powell, Neely Edwards, Winona Love and Eddie Kane.

HERE'S one by a band that may be new to many of you—Jimmy Grier and his orchestra; and I know you're going to like them. Aside from having a top-notch band, Jimmy also has quite a rep as an arranger. "Here Lies Love" is the tune the boys play for us. As you know, this is from the talkie, "The Big Broadcast," and in my opinion it's the best tune from that show. The recording is really first rate, and there is an excellent vocal by Ray Hendriks.

The other side is also by Jimmy and his boys, in a little slower tempo for dancing. It is called, "Cannot Tell You Why," and it surely is in the hit class. Once more we hear the golden voice of Ray Hendriks in the vocal. (This is a Victor record.)

GUY LOMBARDO and his Royal Canadians are the next in line, and they're at their best, too. "I'm Sure of Everything But You" is the name of this one, and you'll go for it in a big way. Everything that has made Lombardo famous is in this record, the smooth saxa and the easy flowing rhythm, combined with the trick trumpet work of Brother Lebert. This is played to medium slow tempo and you'll find it great for dancing. The vocal is by Carmen Lombardo and the trio.

"We'd Better Get Together Again" is the tune on the other side, also by the famous Lombardos. We know this is a hit, too, so why say more? The vocal is by the same combination as on the reverse side. (This is a Brunswick record.)

HERE is one that the followers of Eddie Cantor can't afford to miss. It's a vocal by Eddie, himself, from his new show, "The Kid from Spain," and the title is "Look What You've Done." Eddie sings it as only Eddie can.

This is recorded on one of the new Columbia Blue records, tinted a medium blue shade that not only adds to the appearance of the (*Please turn to page* 93)

THE MONTH'S BIGGEST HITS

"HERE LIES LOVE," fax trat—played by Jimmy Grier and his archestra (Victar)

"I'M SURE OF EVERYTHING BUT YOU," fax trot —played by Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians. (Brunswick)

"LOOK WHAT YOU'VE DONE," vacal—sung by Eddie Cantar. (Columbia)

"DUCKY WUCKY," fax trat—played by Duke Ellingtan and his orchestra (Brunswick)

Keep Them Husky



IF YOUR child nas never been brought into close contact with anyone who has tuberculosis, you can count yourself lucky because boys and girls are more susceptible to the disease than grown people. Most children who pick up tuberculosis germs get them from someone who has an active although often an unrecognized case of the disease.

Whenever a child is found to be infected, there should be an immediate search for the source of the infection. A child may be in daily association with an older person who is entirely unaware of the fact that he or she has tuberculosis which can be transmitted to others. The condition is probably thought to be chronic asthma or bronchitis.

However, why guess about possible infection? You can almost always find out by the simple tuberculin test whether or not your child has picked up any germs of tuberculosis.

If he has become infected, you will surely want to take the next step—have an X-ray examination to learn whether or not any harm has been done or is being done. Even though the germs are lying dormant, an infected child ought to be under medical care and carefully watched.



Many tuberculosis experts are of the opinion that the majority of the active cases of tuberculosis in adult life are partly or largely traceable to infection in childhood.

Despite all the progress that has been made in fighting the disease, it still causes more deaths and more invalidism between the ages of fifteen and forty-five than any other disease. Be on guard. Use all the help afforded by science to protect your children.

If detected in its earliest form, most cases of tuberculosis can easily be controlled and arrested. But if cases are permitted to develop to the point where the familiar first signs appear—loss of weight, lack of appetite, indigestion, fatigue and a persistent cough — there comes a long battle which can be won only with expert medical care, proper food and rest.

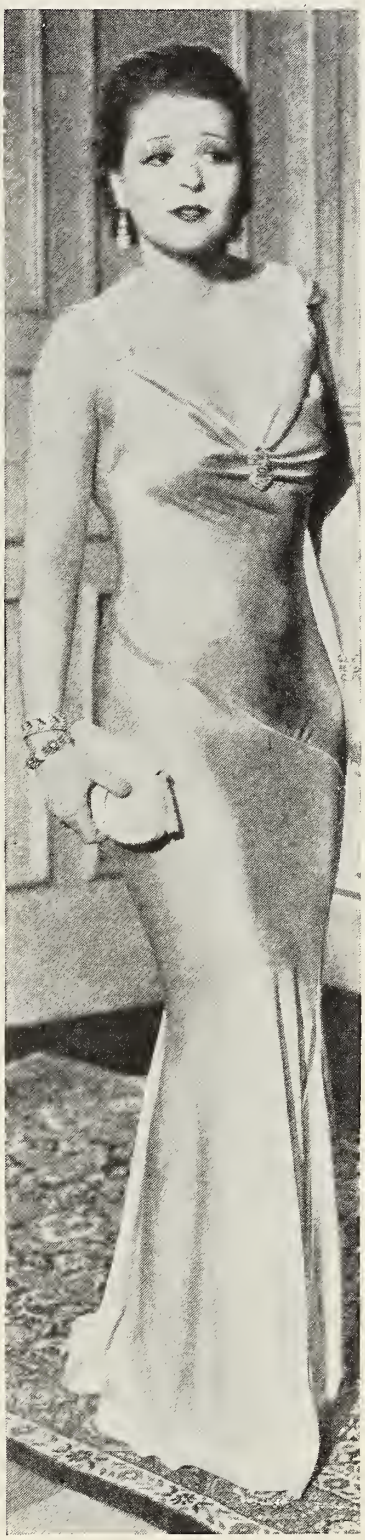
METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT
ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.
© 1933 M.L.I. CO.

BACK TO NORMAL

WITH CLARA BOW

Making the movie weight was Clara's first step in her come-back campaign—she showed a loss of 28 pounds in three months and here is how she did it

By ANN BOYD





I NEVER took such a beating," said Clara Bow, "but I knew I had to do it and I never missed."

It wasn't merely the daily beating Clara got at the hands of an expert masseuse she was thinking of then but the whole reducing routine that made her come-back to the movies possible. It was the hour of exercise every morning, including breathing so deep as to cause dizziness, the cold showers to keep her skin taut and fresh and the regulated meals.

"But I feel so much better, so much happier," she smiled. "It was certainly worth it. And for anyone who doesn't have to lose a few extra pounds for the camera's sake the routine wouldn't be at all bad.

"I don't think anybody should diet unless they're under supervision. Everybody reacts differently to a diet and anyway figures have taken on more curves than they used to have."

Sylvia started Hollywood on the exercise diet and gave them a chance to cut the strenuous food dieting. She believes in exercise along with a sane and sensible diet—a three-meals-a-day routine—recognizing that sweets are particularly helpful because of their quick energy value.

Here are two of Clara's exercises in her own words:

1. "Stand up tall. Stretch your arms over your head. Breathe in as you rise up on your tip toes and breathe out as you go back on your heels. Breathe as deeply as you can.

2. "Bend over and touch the floor. Swing up and bend back as far as possible.

"Do these over and over again until you are warm and perspiring."

Then Rex Bell, Clara's husband, announced he was hungry so Clara fussed until he had a big bowl of soup in front of him.

"You know," he said, between mouthfuls, "Clara learned to cook out at the ranch, and can she make swell chocolate cake!"

"Oh," said Clara, "he likes any cake. good or bad. He eats two pieces anyway but when he eats three I know it's good."

"But about the reducing," she said, "I'm keeping up the routine and I'm not ever going to get so heavy again. Imagine—145 pounds. I'm 117 now."

Ranch life brought Clara up to 145 pounds—witness the photo at the left—but a course in exercise and massage together with a sensible diet brought her back to her best weight—117 pounds with IT in every ounce.

IN 3 DAYS

Red, rough hands

made soft, white, alluring...



Painful chapping relieved instantly

"THAT's the girl I've been looking for all my life!" he thought as she entered the room—beautiful, poised, exquisitely gowned . . .

A murmured introduction . . . he asked her to dance.

Quickly he glanced at her hands to see if she wore a wedding ring. What a shock! Coarse, red hands that cried "Scrubwoman"—not "Romance." He finished the dance—interest gone.

It's tragic, when only 3 days of Hinds care would make those hands soft, white, baby smooth . . . the kind of hands men love.

Why hands get rough, coarse

Housework means putting hands in and out of hot water, using harsh alkali cleansers. This dries out the natural skin oils. Then cold weather roughens, chaps and cracks open skin. Hinds *puts back* these precious oils. And thus ends chapping pain . . . restores youthful softness and smoothness.



Hinds is not a weak, thinned-out lotion. Not a thick, gummy jelly that just goes over the top of the skin. Hinds is an *ultra-penetrating lotion.* Thus is absorbed more *thoroughly.* That is why it can do in *3 days* what other creams *may* do in weeks.

What the "second skin" is

And then, Hinds leaves an invisible *"second skin"* that *protects* hands from chapping. This *"second skin"* is a fine layer of Hinds Cream that has penetrated so deeply through the rough skin that water won't wash it off. There it stays, softening, whitening, *protecting.*

Use Hinds after exposure. After hands have been in water, and *always at night.*

A 7-day trial bottle for you—FREE

(Also special trial sizes of the new Hinds Cleansing Cream and Hinds Texture Cream)

Coupon below brings you a generous trial bottle of Hinds by return mail. The minute the postman hands you your bottle of Hinds open it, smooth this famous lotion on your hands—your children's hands. See how it heals chapping . . . how soft and lovely it makes hands. Fill out and mail coupon NOW!

Women! Here's real beauty news!

Now! A new expensive-type liquefying cleansing cream for only 40c the small jar—65c the large! The kind of cleansing cream women were glad to pay $2.00 for in good times! Ask for Hinds Cleansing Cream.

Copyright, Lehn & Fink, Inc., 1933

HINDS *honey and almond* **CREAM**

Lehn & Fink, Inc., Sole Distributors,
Dept.HO-4,Bloomfield, New Jersey

Please send me a generous FREE trial bottle (enough for 18 or 20 applications) of Hinds Honey and Almond Cream. Also new Hinds Creams.

*Name*_____

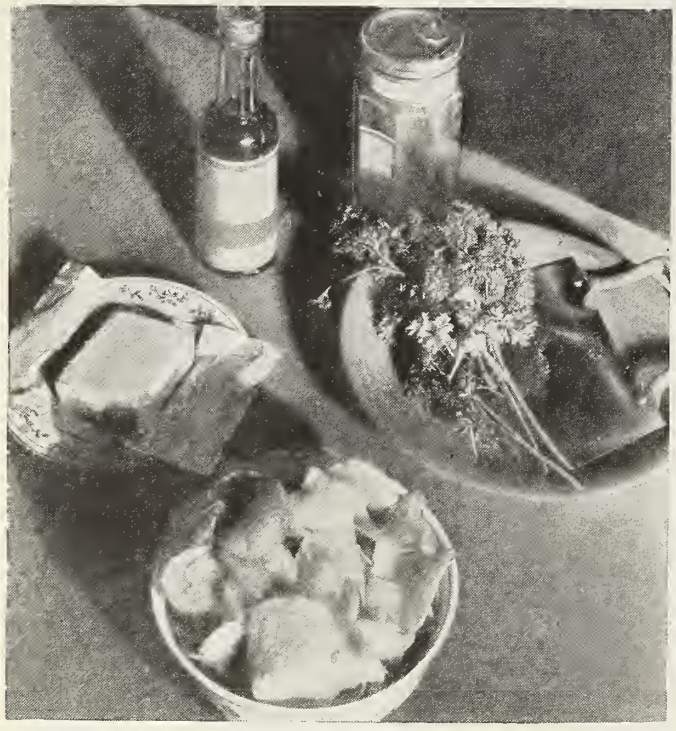
*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____



A shopping tour for a buffet supper brings to light Jeanette MacDonald's favorite raw steak canape recipe

Jeanette discusses supplies with her grocer.



Cream cheese, parsley, Worcestershire sauce and sweet pickles are mixed and eaten on potato chips by Jeanette's guests.



The raw steak canape is masked with a mixture of pearl onions, sweet pickles, anchovy paste, and spread on slices of pumpernickel.

Jeanette Goes Marketing

ISN'T that a beautiful sight?" exclaimed Jeanette MacDonald, as we stopped in front of Ray Griffith's market.

Jeanette was planning a party and, armed with huge market baskets, we were searching for good things to eat.

"I can well imagine the mingled emotions of tourists from the East when they catch their first glimpse of these markets, because I remember the first time I saw them I couldn't believe my eyes," she rattled on. "They must be heaven for a housewife. Let's count the vegetables, just for fun."

When we had counted forty-two different vegetables we decided to give up and just call it fifty. It seems almost unbelievable, doesn't it?

Ray's market is not only stocked with good things to eat, but is also the most beautiful of all the outdoor markets. It is made entirely of corrugated sheet iron and, designed by one of Hollywood's leading architects, is very artistic. At one corner is a tiny flower shop and we learned that one of its owners is Mrs. Griffith, formerly Bertha Mann, the actress. The other partner is an Italian gentleman who was unable to pay his rent, so Miss Mann offered to buy a half interest in the shop.

"How nice," commented Jeanette. "I guess I'll have to go into business. Everyone else is. But I'll buy a beauty parlor for mine so that I can get massages free."

Jeanette bought chives and parsley and lettuce, as she intended to serve a buffet supper and she needed them for canapes and sandwiches. "What are you going to do with the chives?" I asked her.

So she gave me her recipe for a canape, which I am passing on to you:

With a silver knife, scrape the meat from a nice tender steak. Into this mix chives, pearl onions, sweet pickles, all finely chopped. Then season to taste with a little anchovy paste, olive oil, salt, pepper, paprika and Worcestershire sauce. Mix thoroughly until you have a smooth paste, and spread on thin pieces of pumpernickel.

"It's grand!" Jeanette boasted. "It makes the biggest hit at a party. Everyone likes it and asks what it is. Then when I tell them they have been eating raw meat they go into a tail spin. It's lots of fun."

And right then I decided (*Please turn to page* 91)



Those *Marked* days

what will they tell you?

IS THE FEAR OF THEM SHATTERING YOUR HEALTH?

Many eminent physicians have declared that *fear* often acts on the system like a poison, creating a toxic condition that is particularly disturbing to the delicate feminine organism.

When women watch the calendar, month after month, with anxiety and apprehension, this very worry, in itself, often causes feminine irregularities and ill-health.

Why not banish "CALENDAR FEAR"? Why not follow the lead of millions of women who are safeguarding health, youth and feminine daintiness by practicing correct and sensible hygiene?

They use the "Lysol" method of feminine antisepsis that has been approved by leading doctors throughout the world, for more than forty years.

"Lysol" is mild and healing. It contains no free caustic alkali, commonly found in chlorine-type antiseptics, which deadens sensitive tissues and inflames tender membranes.

"Lysol" is dependable and effective. It destroys germ-life in the actual presence of organic matter . . . Under similar conditions, certain chlorine compounds lose 95% of their laboratory efficiency.

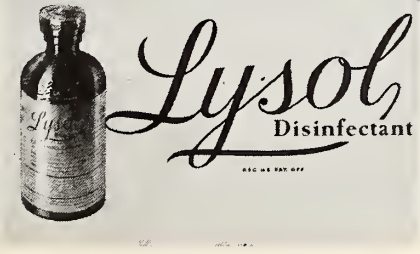
Don't let "CALENDAR FEAR" run away with your good looks . . . and your good health. Practice intimate feminine cleanliness. Use "Lysol" according to directions. Your druggist has it. Your doctor recommends it . . . And be sure to send for the new, *free* "Lysol" booklet, "Marriage Hygiene—the important part it plays in the ideal marriage." It will come to you in a plain envelope. Please use the coupon below.

●

WRITTEN BY WOMEN FOR WOMEN

A new feminine health-booklet prepared exclusively by women for women . . . World-famous gynecologists offer their professional and personal advice in simple, frank English . . . Send today for "Marriage Hygiene—the important part it plays in the ideal marriage."

"Lysol" is economical . . . a treatment costs less than one cent. "Lysol" is safe . . . it contains no free caustic alkali. "Lysol" is effective . . . it destroys hidden germ-life. "Lysol" has enjoyed the full confidence of the medical profession for over 40 years.



LEHN & FINK, Inc.
Bloomfield, N. J., *Dept. LO-4*
Sole distributors of "Lysol" disinfectant

Please send me free, postpaid, a copy of your new booklet, "Marriage Hygiene," with articles by three internationally famous women physicians.

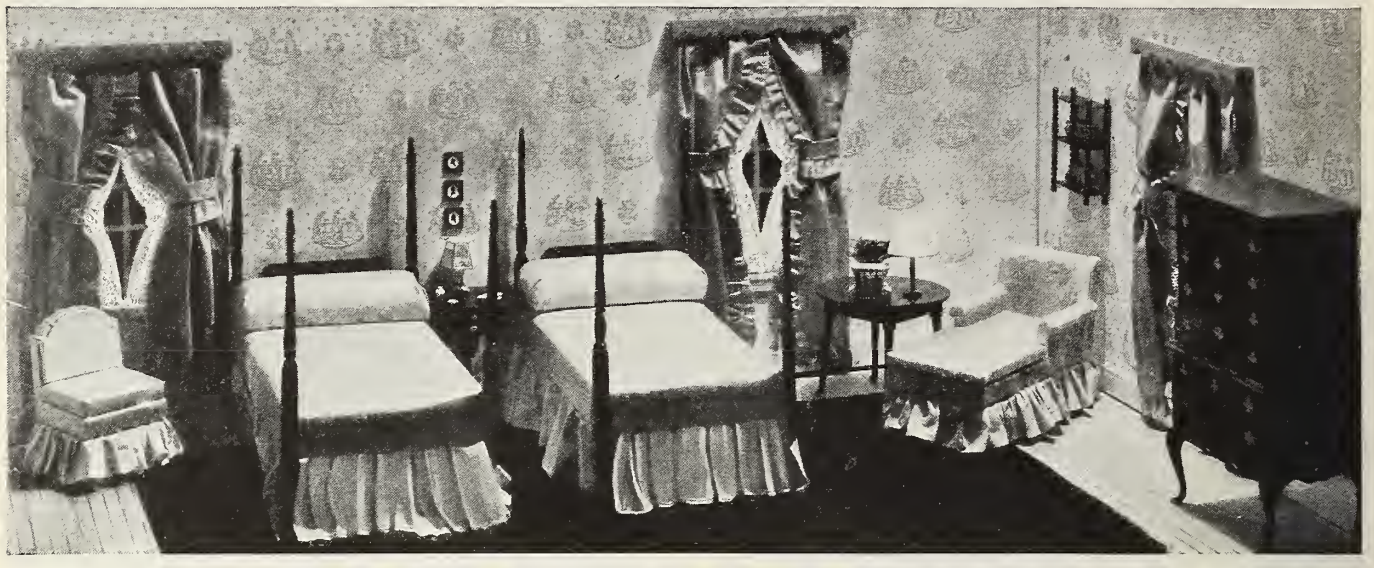
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© Lehn & Fink, Inc., 1933

Here's Our Colonial Bedroom



Fine reproductions of Colonial four-posters are not hard to find.

Up-to-date convenience is achieved in a bedroom rich with Old Colonial charm

By BETTY LENAHAN

THE principal bedroom of our little Colonial house is exceptionally large and presents an interesting decorating problem. The room occupies one whole side of the house extending from the front to the rear.

The simple fireplace gives a touch of coziness to the room; it is Georgian in design, painted ivory, with the facing and hearth of red brick.

For the walls we selected a *toile de Jouy* paper with the design worked in shades of rose on a cream background. The woodwork is painted ivory.

The floor is polished hard wood, partly covered by a plain blue 9 x 18 rug.

The furniture is mahogany. The beds have the high, gracefully turned posts with the low headboard and no footboard and are covered with tailored bedspreads made of plain peach color glazed chintz. Between the beds is a small night table. The highboy and chest are excellent reproductions of eighteenth century pieces. The wing chair by the fireplace is upholstered in chintz with a small floral design in rose and green on a pale blue background. Placed near this chair is a little tripod table. A comfortable chaise (*Please turn to page* 93)



The space between two closets provides a charming little vanity alcove.



Models by Herman C. Knebel

Unusual coziness is obtained by a simple Georgian fireplace.

COLGATE DOLLAR VALUE

ALL FOR 49¢



THESE ARE THE THREE ARTICLES INCLUDED IN THE SANITARY PACKAGE

AT ALL dealers' now . . . as long as they last . . . 2 full-size tubes of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream, a tooth brush guaranteed equal in value to any 50-cent tooth brush on the market . . . all three for 49c!

Economy on strictly standard merchandise—two packages of the world's largest-selling tooth paste—a guaranteed 50-cent tooth brush all at less than half price.

Get a package for each member of the family *now*.

Two 25c Tubes COLGATE'S RIBBON DENTAL CREAM 50c

★ A Real 50c Colgate Tooth Brush—Quality Guaranteed . . . 50c

VALUE . . $1.00



★ This tooth brush guaranteed the finest bristles, the best handle material that can be put into a tooth brush . . . equal in value to any 50-cent tooth brush on the market. Your choice of 5 pastel shades. Colgate's reputation is back of this guarantee.

This is how this bargain comes to you—in a sanitary, Cellophane-wrapped package.

BOX OFFICE CRITICS

THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE pays one dollar for every interesting ond constructive letter published. Make them short ond snappy—ond tell why you do not like someone or something. Address your communicotions to A-Dollor-for-Your-Thoughts, THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

MR. PRODUCER, listen to these:

James Gillen, 6336 No. Claremont Avenue Chicago, Ill.: "Now that 'Babe' Didrickson has turned 'pro' I suggest that you star her in a picture called 'The Olympic Girl.' It certainly would prove popular to the number of fans throughout the country who were interested in her achievements in the Olympic games."



"Wolly Beery is my crush. He makes me cry, then he makes me lough."

Hazel E. Lee, 2016 Cass Street, Omaha, Nebraska: "Paul Lukas, such a romantic looking man—and could he make love if he got the chance! I am a 'night hostess' at the Y. W. C. A. residence. The movies mean so much to me and the majority of the girls who live here. The greater number of movies are good, wholesome entertainment. A love story on the screen is good for any woman, old or young or middle-aged. A comedy we need for diversion. I am a regular weekly attendant at the movies. Some of the criticism we hear is not altogether just."

H. Piehl, 5512 W. Washington Blvd., Milwaukee, Wis.: "This remark is often made by those who seldom, if ever, go to the movies: 'Pictures make me sick; can't people see those things could never happen to them?' And the answer to this argument is, 'Of course, we know movie incidents will perhaps never happen to us. But, it's lots of fun imagining.' Who wouldn't like to get a letter saying our Aunt Hetty, whoever she is, has left us a million dollars? What fellow wouldn't like to be invited to his boss's summer home, only to have the employer's daughter fall madly in love with him? Yes, and what girl



"I think Janet Goynor is os sweet as a Spring morning."

wouldn't like to be driven to work each morning in a twelve cylinder foreign-made car? Some of us fellows would like to punch a certain guy on the nose. Most of us don't; the hero in the picture does. He's not afraid of anyone. Yes, sir, it's lots of fun imagining."

Earl J. Kingsley, 500 East 37th Street, Portland, Ore.: "A short criticism of today's films: When I go to a picture show I like to know who the actors are. I have been to five shows this week and not one of them listed



"Do you know who I think will be the great Lon Choney's successor? None other thon his son, Creighton."

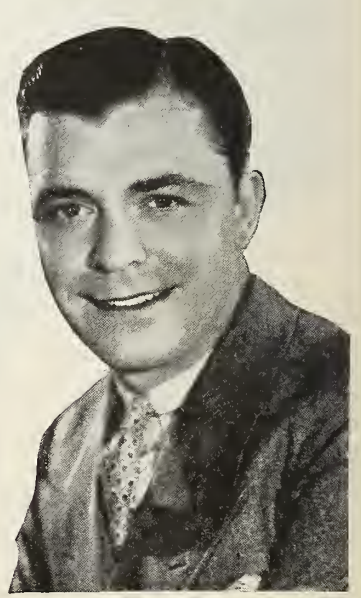
the characters opposite the player's names. It is true, they all ran a list of the players but left us to guess who they were, a mighty unsatisfactory thing to do. About two months ago a Paramount picture was run at the neighborhood theater which had a clever way of introducing the characters. In the place of the usual list of players, a short section of the picture was run showing the player in character, the name of the character and the name of the player. This left absolutely no doubt about who was who. If this method should be adopted by all the picture companies how nice it would be for the patrons."

Wally Johnson, 7337 Perry Avenue, Chicago, Ill.: "I firmly believe in motion pictures for the church. Being connected wth a church I believe the showing of movies in these places would bring the young folks into church and keep them attending steadily. Special movies of a religious type could be adopted for this purpose, and besides being educational to church-going folk in everyway, it would prove another outlet for the movie trade. Having talked to many young people on this subject, they have heartily agreed with me. Movies can be both entertaining and educational, and I believe will be used freely by churches in the very near future if given the proper publicity, and it should keep the pews of any church on a Sunday filled to capacity. This would not hurt theaters in any way as the churches would only use a religious type of motion picture."

Miss E. Kraft, 2681 Leland Street, Detroit, Mich.: "Constance Cummings: Here's an actress that deserves a big hand for her wonderful performances in 'Attorney for the Defense,' and 'American Madness.' I wouldn't miss one of her pictures for anything. Let's also read more of her in 'The New Movie.'"

(*Please turn to page* 78)

(Below) "Lyle Tolbot hos the loveliest smile ond looks, ever."





The christening dress shown in the illustration was graciously loaned by Mrs. Frank Black, 115 Husson Street, Grant City, Staten Island, N.Y. It was made by her mother in 1887 and has served at the christenings of 11 children of her family.

A reproduction of this illustration, suitable for framing, free on request. Address Dept. 69R, Box 551, Newark, N.J. • Tune in on "Threads of Happiness," broadcast every Tuesday night at 9:15, New York time, over the Columbia Network.

From Generation unto Generation

Such a dignified dress for a chubby baby to wear . . . How its quaintness recalls the prim names bestowed on children of long ago. Many things change between christenings. But for every new baby in the family this little dress comes out of its rose leaves as regal as ever—every precious stitch intact. For, seams sewed with Clark's O. N. T. or J. & P. Coats thread outlast the garment itself! From generation unto generation these smooth, even, elastic threads keep alive all the joys of beautiful sewing done with love.

J. & P. COATS 

CLARK'S O.N.T.

The Two Great Names in Thread

Box Office Critics

(*Continued from page* 76)

Gene Berridge, 1066 East 168th Street, Cleveland, O.: "Janet Gaynor's sweet wistfulness far outdoes the sophistication of some of the other actresses. There is something appealing in her voice, and when she laughs, I feel like laughing with her."

Dorothy Lavine, 2194 Barnes Avenue, Bronx, New York: "Maybe I'm just another echo from the hundreds gone wild, but give me more of the new and charming Constance Cummings."

Jean Pierce, 335 Bush Street, San Francisco: "'Me and My Gal,' the most entertaining and thrilling picture produced this year. Who could help liking that grand picture with Spencer Tracy's wisecracks offset by Joan Bennett's flippy remarks and her fresh, sweet manner?"

RAVES

June Zorzoli, 418 W. 43rd Street, New York City: "Three cheers for Nils Asther. After seeing Nils' remarkable performance in 'The Bitter Tea of General Yen,' showing that not only can he act, but that he can steal a picture from a great little trouper like Barbara Stanwyck. He's grand!"

Jeanne Day, 1214 North Summit Street, Arkansas City, Kansas: "We want more of Marie Dressler; she is the type that can make you laugh and cry. She did her part perfectly in 'Prosperity.' I thought I would die laughing and could not stop crying."

Alice A. Lacouese, 134 Paris Street, Manchester, N. H.: "The audience is sick of actresses with smiles and tears in their eyes at the same time, flappers and gold diggers at the extreme. Actress that are so, just for the salary they are receiving. One is not considered a 'find' that laughs and cries for money, but does so by vocation. Thanks to our lucky stars, there really is a 'find' in Janet Gaynor, the real actress. She has a vocation, not merely a position. Gets right into her picture and accomplishes her part without impersonating anyone. Tears that come in her simple but beautiful eyes, seem so true that they put tears in ours."

Frances Grady, 11 West Street, Bangor, Maine: "Cary Grant, with his glowing personality, dark hair and fascinating smile, to say nothing of his fine acting ability, will surely reach the top of the ladder this year."

Therese Sukatsh, 227 N. Cicott Street, Logansport, Ind.: "In your NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE I would like you to put a picture of Fredric March, Leslie Howard and Dickie Moore. I am writing for my friends here in my neighborhood and myself who get the NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE. They requested me to write to you for them and myself. We will be watching for the pictures."

Louise Ireland, R. F. D. 1, Lake George, N. Y.: "Everyone in the United States owes congratulations to the charming, beautiful screen star, Norma Shearer. She was as charming as a rose in 'Smilin' Through,' the best picture I have seen this year, and I have seen many."

Thomas Yancey, 600 Wolfe Street, Little Rock, Arkansas: "Yes, sir, let's lift our hats to Clark Gable. The man of all men. The next picture we will see him in is 'No Man of Her Own.' He loved 'em and left 'em, until he met a girl he couldn't get. He plays with those dazzling blondes, Carole Lombard and Dorothy Mackaill. We will have to give them a hand, too. Mr. Gable reminds me of Rudolph Valentino a great deal. So let us insist on more pictures by Mr. Gable. You know *he* has a crush on his audience."

Mary Kay Drueding, 605 Vernon Road, Mt. Airy, Philadelphia, Pa.: "Warner Baxter is getting to be my favorite. Please give us a story of 'Handsome Warner.' But Gaynor and Farrell still remain my favorite team. Three cheers for NEW MOVIE."

Eilene Graves, 100 Dyke Street, Wellsville, New York: "I just saw Will Rogers in "Too Busy to Work." I liked this picture much better than the other pictures in which he played, because I think that he makes a better tramp than a society man. I think that Mr. Rogers should continue to play this type of rôle."

Joan Thomas, 1524 Monroe, Gary, Indiana: "Ralph Bellamy has the most understanding smile and looks ever. Please, give us more of Ralph Bellamy, please."

Mary Greiner Kelly, 1402 Crown Avenue, Medford, Oregon: "A handsome visage, voice of enviable resonance, charming personality and a well of unsounded potentialities prompt me to rise in nomination of Arthur Pierson, newcomer to the talkies, for a future place in the hall of fame. His work in 'Bachelor's Affairs' and 'Hat Check

(*Please turn to page* 80)



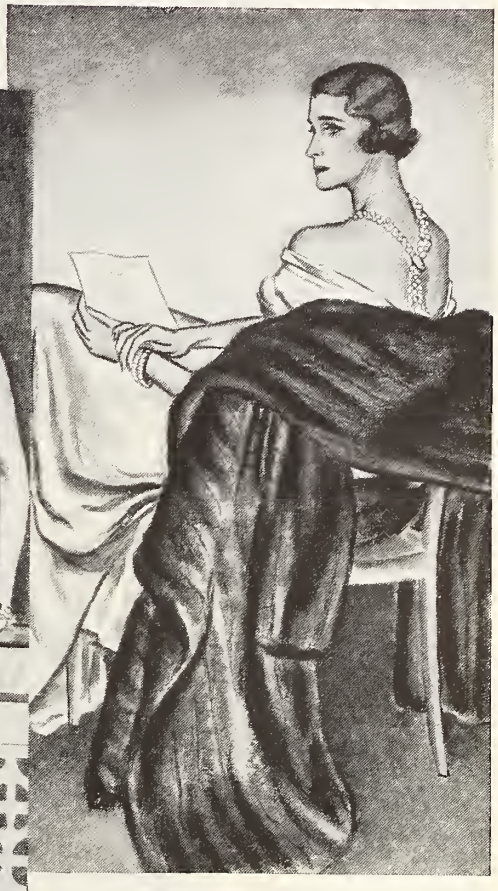
The latest and one of the mast charming infarmal pictures of Jean Harlow. A Jean that is coming out af mourning and is being seen out in public occasionally now. Her next picture is to be "Bombshell."

Tinted nails or Natural at the Opera?

ALL COLORS ___







Miss Georgette Whelan, in black and white—Rose nails. Miss Margaret Lanier Lawrance, in salmon pink crêpe—Cardinal nails. In a box, Mrs. Francis McAdoo, aquamarine satin—Coral nails.

Natural goes with all costumes, but best with bright colors—red, blue, bright green, purple, orange and yellow.

Rose is a lovely feminine shade you can wear with any color dress, pale or vivid. Charming with pastel pinks, lavender blues ... Smart with dark green, black and brown.

Coral nails are bewilderingly lovely with white, pale pink, beige, gray, "the blues," black and dark brown. Smart also with deeper colors if not too intense.

Cardinal is deep and exotic. It contrasts excitingly with black, white or any of the pastel shades. Good with gray or beige ... very smart with the new blue. Wear Cardinal in your festive moods!

Garnet a rich wine red, smart with the new tawny shades, cinnamon brown, black, white, beige, gray or burnt orange.

Ruby (new) is such a real *red* red that you can wear it with anything when you want to be gay and dashing.

PLENTY of people go to the Opera just as much to see the grand styles as to hear the music.

And if you're one of them, you'll notice this year that variety in nail tints is absolutely correct and accepted.

All shades! From delicate Natural to red, red Ruby. Positively vying with the heirloom jewels in radiance!

Miss Georgette Whelan looks very chic in black and white and silver fox—with Rose nails. Miss Margaret Lanier Lawrance has used bright Cardinal nails with her gown of dull salmon pink.

And Mrs. Francis McAdoo, in one of the center Parterre boxes, wears Coral nails with a sheath-like gown of aquamarine satin and a sable cloak!

And no reason why *you* shouldn't be just as effective. *If you choose your polish intelligently.*

Women who have tried all the known polishes now use none but Cutex. For Cutex Liquid Polish is made in 7 grand shades by the world's manicure authority. It literally flows on—and stays on without cracking or peeling.

With spring in the air there's no better time to add to your collection of fascinating wiles—especially as Cutex is one of the least expensive aids to allure. So put Cutex on your do-or-die list. See if it doesn't add a large dash of excitement to your young life! All the stores have it.

PERFECT CUTEX MANICURE . . . Scrub nails. Remove the old cuticle and cleanse nail tips with Cutex Cuticle Remover & Nail Cleanser. Remove old polish with Cutex Polish Remover. Brush on the shade of Cutex Liquid Polish that best suits your costume. Then use Cutex Nail White (Pencil or Cream) and finish with Cutex Cuticle Oil or Cream. After every manicure, and each night before retiring, massage hands with the new Cutex Hand Cream.

NORTHAM WARREN, New York, Montreal, London, Paris

Cutex Liquid Polish ___ smart . . . inexpensive

Box Office Critics

(*Continued from page* 78)

Girl' was undisputably outstanding. Directors, give this little boy a big hand!"

M. J. Stubbard, 5024 N. Bernard, Chicago, Ill.: "Paul Muni: His marvelous acting in 'I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang' is something to be well remembered. His heart and soul must be in every move he makes, or it never would be so gripping."

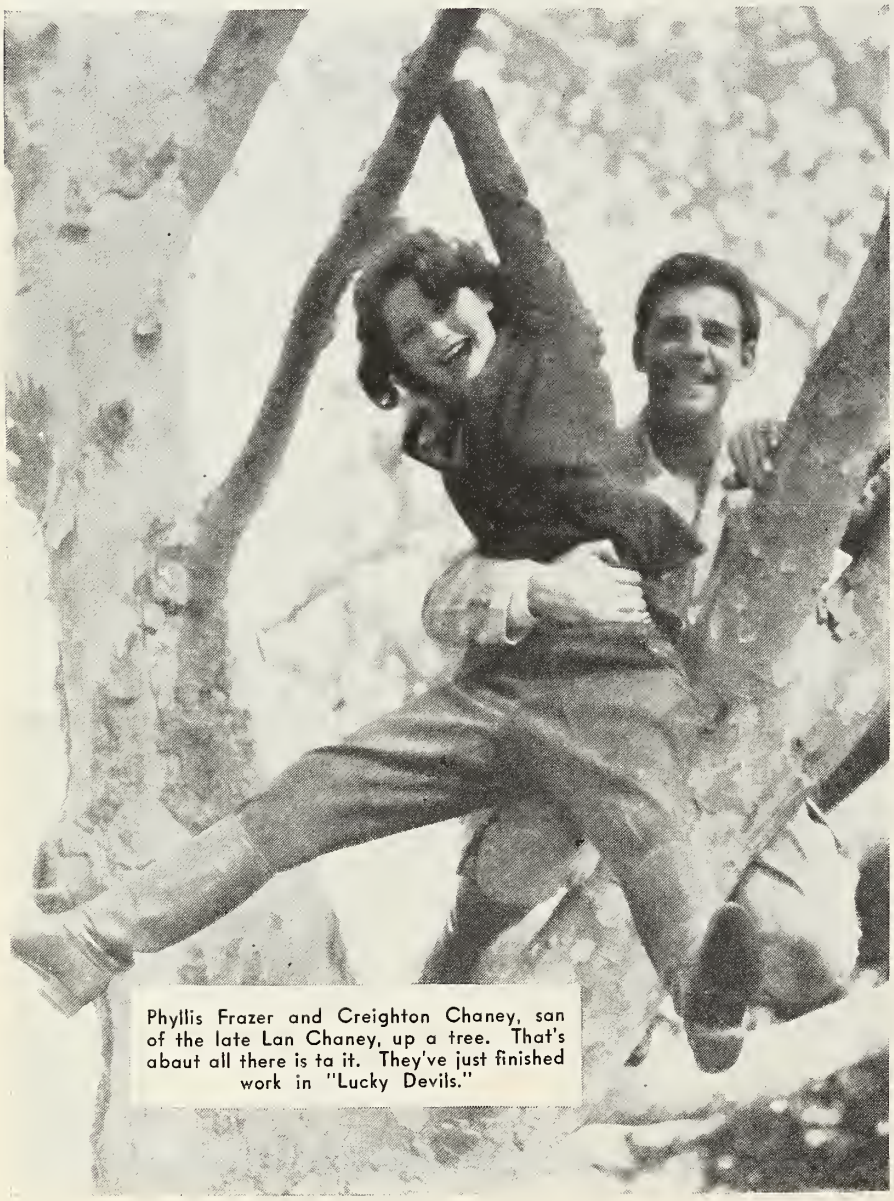
Mrs. H. Anderson, 3040 Knox, Chicago, Ill.: "Constance Cummings: A real honest-to-goodness intelligent actress who is dramatically perfect and lovely. But there is one thing wrong, and that is we do not see enough of this charming star. So let's have lots more of her."

H. J. Johnston, 751 E. 92nd Street, Cleveland, Ohio: "The acting of Herbert Marshall in 'Trouble in Paradise' left nothing to be desired. However he would look about 50% better if he would straighten up and throw back his shoulders."

Mearle Beadel, Box 165, Lenox, Iowa: "Warner Baxter: No star in movies could take the part, and act it, as well as Warner Baxter can, in 'Six Hours to Live.' May we see more of him?"

Marie Schulz, 206 16th Street, West New York, New Jersey: "Bing Crosby: Not only is he a great radio crooner but also a great actor. He certainly surprised me in 'The Big Broadcast.' He has everything that makes a great actor, if given the right chance. Here's hoping against hope that a director will stumble soon and bring us this great star in some good pictures."

Bernice Wicklund, 4048 44th Avenue South, Minneapolis, Minn.: "Barbara Stanwyck: A star who can enact anger, sadness, humor and happiness with such genuine feeling and vividness certainly deserves all the praise she has coming to her. Miss Stanwyck possesses these qualities which go to make her one of the two or three great actresses on the screen today. Her performances in 'So Big,' 'Illicit' and 'Purchase Price' are proof enough."



Phyllis Frazer and Creighton Chaney, son of the late Lon Chaney, up a tree. That's about all there is to it. They've just finished work in "Lucky Devils."

Betty Townsend, 210 Dobson Avenue, Canton, Miss.: "As a radiant rose bursts forth from an unnoticed bud, Dorothy Jordan, who once was just a pretty girl in the movies has changed into an actress of ability, charm and allure. If she was only given a break, she would ascend the heights of fame as did Joan Crawford and many others. Give her a real picture with a good leading man and see what Dorothy will do! She'll click, and how!"

S. F. Currie, Merry Point, Va.: "The passing of the plot: Good old plot, that most essential thing of the story—in fact, the foundation of all fiction—is fast vanishing from the screen. The producer has everything with which to make an excellent picture, but instead of the superb article that we have a right to expect we are given a few episodes depicting tiresome, tedious scenes, without any story at all. We are lured to the theater by such magic names as Gable, Garbo, Raft, Bennett, Harlowe, and find that these magnificent actors have been thrown into a picture that is a perfect muddle—just a series of animated photographs, and nothing more. Give them a chance, Mr. Producer, and try reviving the old plot once more. Try giving us some good old melodrama once more, and watch us 'eat it up.' But whatever you do, please give us some honest-to-goodness stories once more."

Mrs. Arthur Hart, 102 Madison Street, Syracuse, N. Y.: "Aline MacMahon! Gosh, isn't she swell! Funny but always natural, gay, but underneath it sober, sad but happy, she goes through all these emotions grand. I liked her the first time I saw her."

Arnold Morley, 210 Laurel Street, Buffalo, N. Y.: "In my opinion Walter Huston's recent pictures prove that he will soon be America's greatest character actor. He has the power and ability to top them all."

W. R. Drake, 509 Bellevue, N. Seattle, Wash.: "In my opinion, Richard Cromwell has a screen personality and a sincerity and enthusiasm about him, combined with a natural instinct for acting which places him supreme among the younger film stars of today. Watch him! I, too, predict a remarkable career for this young actor."

Blanche Marsalek, 2525 S. Central Park Avenue, Chicago, Ill.: "Norma Shearer: A talented and attractive actress. With her beauty and ability combined we should be prepared to see more good pictures in the future such as 'Smilin' Through,' and 'Strange Interlude.' Here's hoping her present success continues throughout the years."

K. L. Greene, 357 East Roosevelt Boulevard, Philadelphia, Pa.: "My personal nomination for unusual film success is John Marston, who appeared as the district attorney in 'Cabin in the Cotton' and who quite eclipsed the so-called star in genuine acting ability.

(*Please turn to page* 94)

Free Yourself FOREVER *from the dread of* GRAYING HAIR



IT IS EASY. A very simple treatment will give back to your hair its lustrous, youthful color.

You can do it alone at home. No expert beauty operator will be needed. Nor do you need experience. It will be no greater trouble than a manicure—no more costly than a jar of good face cream.

Just comb a clear, colorless liquid (called Mary T. Goldman's) through your hair. It works a marvelous transformation. Where gray strands show, the color of youth will come. So like nature's own shade will this color be, that detection is never to be feared.

For nearly half a century, this precious fluid of Mary T. Goldman has been restoring beauty to fading hair. Millions of women have used it—to find new happiness in the freedom from gray which it assures. It is not a radical nor a dangerous preparation. Medical authorities have pronounced it harmless to hair or scalp. YOU NEED NO SKIN TEST BEFORE USING. It is entirely safe.

The color which Mary T. Goldman's imparts will not wash out nor rub off on linens or hat linings. Nor will it fade with age. And you can wave or curl your hair just as always.

See your druggist or go to your favorite department store today. Give the original color of your hair and they will provide the proper bottle of Mary T. Goldman's. All dread of gray, and its effect on the beauty of your hair, can then be put aside forever. Not a single gray strand need ever show in your hair again.

AMAZING *New Development Gives* "COLOR CONTROL"

From the laboratory of one of America's leading scientists comes this startling improvement. Now, with the Mary T. Goldman product, you can control the shade and color to a point where your results will rival nature's own handiwork. No dangerous dyes. No skin tests. A greatly simplified and ENTIRELY SAFE method. To millions of women, Mary T. Goldman's is the only product *simple* and *safe* enough for SUCCESSFUL *home use.*

MARY T. GOLDMAN'S
COLOR FOR GRAY HAIR

Over Ten Million Bottles Sold

SINGLE LOCK TEST-PACKAGE FREE!

Mary T. Goldman's guarantees results. You can purchase a regular bottle at almost any drug or department store. If you prefer to test it before trying it on your hair, however, we will gladly mail you a sample. Simply sign and mail the coupon.



FOR *FREE* TEST PACKAGE

MARY T. GOLDMAN,
954 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

✓ CHECK COLOR OF HAIR ✓

☐ LIGHT BROWN ☐ MEDIUM BROWN ☐ DARK BROWN
☐ BLACK ☐ LIGHT RED ☐ DARK RED ☐ BLONDE

What every Woman should know about

REDUCING!

You have to be careful *how* you take off weight. Watch out! Only a physician can give you competent, unprejudiced advice on reducing.

There are a number of violent laxatives on the market that pose under the guise of "quick reducing treatments". The directions often tell you to take the "treatment" twice *every day*. Think of that!

The Government has issued many warnings against such treatments. It has analyzed them — and the Government knows. The only time to take a laxative is when you need it. And then, only as a laxative — not as a quick reducing treatment.

It's important that you take *a safe* laxative — one that is gentle — that leaves no harmful after-effects.

Such a laxative is Ex-Lax! It is so *safe* that for 27 years mothers have given it to their children. So scientific that doctors use it in their own families. So effective that powerful athletes use it when they need a laxative.

Get Ex-Lax at any drug store — in 10c and 25c sizes.

A WORD OF CAUTION!

Success breeds envy! Beware of imitations of Ex-Lax! The names of same imitations sound like Ex-Lax! But there is only one genuine Ex-Lax. Watch for the exact spelling—E-X-L-A-X. Insist on getting Ex-Lax to make sure of getting Ex-Lax results!

keep "regular" with

EX-LAX

THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

The MAKE-UP BOX



An attractive powder jar with o magnifying mirror under the lid —and a new three-in-ane latian far yaur skin.

IF you can look facts in the face without whimpering and you want to be beautiful, by all means get yourself a magnifying mirror. True, it confirms your worst fears, but it also shows the way out. We've found one disguised as a cover for a charming new glass powder box. The top of the lid is a quaint old-fashioned garden scene, but lift up the handle and there you see yourself without benefit of indirect lighting.

Then here's what you can do about it. Chase right out and get yourself a bottle of the new rosy lotion that's recommended as combined cleanser, toner and powder base. It cleans. It tingles. And leaves your skin as smooth as smooth and is meant for both oily and dry skins because, while it clears away the oil, it leaves in its place a soft, slightly oily film. It gives your skin a glowing youth and radiance.

If it's the stray ends that bother you — the ones that weren't long enough when you had your permanent or that straighten out right after you've had a finger wave — try grandmother's remedy in a new form—kid curlers—that look for all the world like an oversize needle with a slit down it. You draw the ends of the hair through the slit, roll the hair and hold in place by putting the point through the eye.

It isn't news any more if a lipstick is merely indelible. It has to be more than that to fill our demands. Here's one that in addition to that feature has a fine fruity perfume and an interesting gunmetal case with a trimming strip to identify the various shades.



Kid curlers are back! But they're different.

And now you can buy lipstick tissues—in little cases like matches. Carry them in your purse, and keep some on your dressing table. They are a handy aid in shaping lipstick strokes.

If you wish to know the names and prices of the articles described here write to the Beauty Editor, Make-Up Box, Tower Magazines, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y., enclosing a stamped envelope.



Here's a new indelible lipstick with a nice flavar and lipstick tissues, naw easily avoilable.

I'm the Unhappiest Girl in the World

(*Continued from page* 28)

must continually be subject to all of the disillusionments that go with wealth.

I personally feel that Garbo has not changed so much, but simply that she has been hurt so many times that she has retired more and more into her shell, become more cautious of outside contacts, and that one of the main reasons she is so unhappy and so seemingly friendless is because she has become afraid to trust anyone—that she can't draw the line between her real friends and her false ones, and so, perhaps, avoids all.

ALTHOUGH I had interviewed the glamorous lady in 1926 for a Los Angeles newspaper, I do not claim to have talked to her in Stockholm. By chance at the Komedi Teater on August 29, my place was only a few seats away from Garbo and whenever the Swedish became too complicated on the stage I passed the time looking at her. That was nearer than *any other American newspaperman came to her in Stockholm.*

Hotel keepers, newspapermen and the American consul in Stockholm were among those who were relieved that Garbo went away. She was forever being rumored in one hostelry or another and journalists had a standing order for one Garbo story a day. She twice figured at the American consulate and both times threw the organization into an uproar.

The legal department heard a case in August to settle the nationality of Mauritz Stiller. The star was expected to testify along with Victor Seastrom, who since coming back from Hollywood has returned to acting on the stage. But neither showed up and this strengthened stories around Stockholm that Garbo and Stiller may have been married in Constantinople in 1924. But like other stories about the pair, nothing could be adduced from the evidence and the case closed most unsatisfactorily.

During her stay the only overt act Garbo did to perpetuate the association of her name with that of her benefactor was when she placed a wreath of flowers on his grave just after arriving.

THE next time Garbo perplexed our consular service was when she decided to get a visa in September to facilitate her return to this country.

It might have been all right if she had not insisted that she would send in a friend to have the document stamped and avoid the publicity of an appearance. She was furious when politely told that she must appear in person and also take the physical examination required of all foreigners entering the United States.

Over her indignant protests that she was not an immigrant she was told that only President Hoover could make an exception of her case. She hung up the telephone before the vice-consul could add that the examining American doctors were leaving in two days and would not return to Stockholm for another month. So she waited until December to get her visa.

(*Please turn to page* 84)





"Why bird alive! . . . There's no secret to that!"

No little bird ever told them—but millions of women know that Fels-Naptha gives clothes a fresher, breezier fragrance. And they know there's nothing mysterious about Fels-Naptha's ability to do it.

The reason is that Fels-Naptha gets *all the dirt* out of clothes. It removes every trace of greasy grime as well as the loose surface soil. It makes things look clean and *smell clean!*

Fels-Naptha does this because it brings *two* helpers to the washing task—unusually good golden soap and naptha, combined by the special Fels-Naptha method. And that means *plenty* of naptha in every big bar—so much, in fact, you can smell it plainly.

Working together, briskly but gently, these two helpers roll the dirt out of clothes. The work is done quickly. And it is done easily, without hard rubbing. Without wear-and-tear on clothes.

There's glycerine in Fels-Naptha, too—and that's good news to hands. For glycerine, you know, is the soothing base of many hand-lotions.

Another nice thing about Fels-Naptha—it works beautifully under all conditions. It will give you a sweet, white-clean wash any way you use it—in tub or machine; in hot, lukewarm, or cool water; whether you soak or boil.

Change to Fels-Naptha



Ask your grocer for a few bars of Fels-Naptha today—try its *extra* help. And as you take your wash from the line, bury your face in the clothes and see if you, too, don't say: "Um-m-m! these clothes smell nice and sweet!"

THREE IMPORTANT POINTS ABOUT FELS-NAPTHA

1—It's fine for boiling or soaking clothes
2—It's gentle to hands
3—*Naturally golden*, it makes clothes beautifully white

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FELS & COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pa. T.M. 4-33

Some women, I understand, find it a bit easier to chip Fels-Naptha into tub or machine by using one of your handy chippers instead of just an ordinary kitchen knife. I'd like to try the chipper, so I enclose 3¢ in stamps to help cover postage. Send the sample bar, too.

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(Please print name and address completely)



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If you want your silk stockings to do their best for you, use Ivory Snow suds. Ivory Snow is the speedy dissolving form of Ivory Soap. Silk stockings couldn't ask a nicer bath than Ivory—the pure soap doctors advise for bathing little babies!

Dissolves completely without hot water. Ivory Snow is made in the most modern way—not cut into sharp, flat flakes, but BLOWN. Its soft *round* bits turn to suds at the touch of *lukewarm* water. Not a flat particle anywhere to flatten onto stocking mesh in an undissolved soap spot!

Ideal for all silks and woolens. Washing tests made by manufacturers of silks and woolens have convinced them of the safety of Ivory Snow. "*A perfect soap for silks*" say Mallinson, Cheney Brothers, and Truhu, and "*ideal for woolens*" agree the weavers of fine Biltmore Handwoven Homespuns, the makers of downy Mariposa Blankets, and the Botany Worsted Mills. There's this happy point to remember, too—the BIG box of Ivory Snow costs only 15c!



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99 44/100 % PURE

I'm the Unhappiest Girl in the World

(*Continued from page* 83)

OTHERS who were somewhat upset by the visit of *la* Garbo were the members of the Royal Family of Sweden. They try to ignore any and all attempts to associate the unmarried princelings or nephews with her, but the press is continually finding some new royal admirer of the star.

Any association with the screen personality is frowned upon by the palace, which created a most amusing situation during the visit of the Prince of Wales and Prince George to Stockholm.

They decided one bleak morning to take a Turkish bath at the Sturebad, where the Swedish massage is given its finest demonstration. The same idea appealed to Garbo and she appeared simultaneously with the royal visitors. Naturally the public linked the three names, business in massages jumped and every Stockholm social matron wanted to know just why Garbo had found it necessary to come in for a treatment. The Royal Family, however, was left again to share the headlines with the actress.

Among those who benefited by the visit of Garbo were the tourist companies of the city who now include in their *charabanc* tours a visit to the house in which the star was born, the shop where she worked as a lather girl in one of the poorer sections of the city and where her mother now lives. Visitors prefer these sights to museums and churches and some of the tours also include visits to Bergstrom's department store where Garbo once worked, and the Royal Dramatiska Teater, where she played as a student on the stage for an entire season.

I asked Mr. Olson, the manager of the theater, to go back and find the records of Garbo's activities. She is listed as a "student" under the season of 1924 and played bits in "Dr. Knock," a Benaventi comedy and two other pieces of the repertory.

"She was an ambitious youngster," he told me. "We didn't think she had so much talent but she was a hard worker and anxious to get ahead. She played small bits, usually as aged characters."

Also in that interesting record, I found Nils Asther's name under the 1923 season as having appeared in "The Admirable Crichton."

THE Swedes are a proud people and Sweden is a small country. That a girl of Garbo's humble beginning should rise to such an important part of the news of the day fills her countrymen with pride and admiration. But first of all she is admired for being Swedish. After that she may be a genius, a good actress or just an interesting looking girl.

The Swede tries to forget that in her own country Greta went unrecognized. And he tries to guard her primarily as a Swedish girl.

Swedish talkies are notoriously poor and when Garbo was quoted as interested in producing films in her native country, the Swedes were naturally enthusiastic. But despite a long-avowed hate of Hollywood, the actress thought kindly of the Culver City studios when

she had one look at the native equipment. And so no more was heard of her production activities. A change of heart which her countrymen resented, as they did her announcement to appear on the Stockholm stage, which was quickly retracted, but which disappointed thousands who hoped to see their idol in person.

Gosta Egman, who played with her in the first film she ever made and who is now the greatest legitimate actor in Scandinavia offered her the rôle of *Grusinskaya* in "Grand Hotel," which had not as yet been done on the Swedish stage. After thinking the matter over, she declined.

"Naturally I would love to have Greta with me on the stage," he told me one evening. "And I would do everything in my power to make her reappearance before the footlights as easy as possible. But Greta will have to come down to earth if she wants to work on the stage again. She'll have to forget some of her poses and decide what she wants to do. Temperament is all right—all right in its place—but we can't afford to have much of it on the legitimate stage."

Few persons in Stockholm believe the story that Greta was interested in the late Ivar Kreuger or that she even lost a fortune in his stocks. It was believed, however, that she took home a trunkful of dollars at a time when the Swedish crown was at its lowest.

Greta may champion her seclusion but if she dined out it was at the Kastenof, one of the most prominent restaurants. And if she went to the theater she sat in the middle of the front row in her familiar brown sports outfit.

In Paris she stopped at a small hotel in the very center of things, off the Rue Royale. And she was quoted as seeking a quiet spot in Majorca, which is now the center of American Bohemian life in Europe. Dr. Axel Munthe, the Swedish author of "The Story of San Michele," told me that Garbo could have gone down to Anacapri and be forgotten in a few months. Several papers showed photos of her there but a closer inspection of the photos revealed the background to be Sweden.

Coming down from Stockholm to Hamburg I traveled with Karl Gerhart at whose revue I had seen Greta. He said that from the stage, he believed he had once "caught" the Garbo of three years ago in the comedy sketches, when she laughed like a little girl and applauded his parody of her. But that the arrival of photographers spoiled this mood and changed her into the moody personality of today.

One attitude about Garbo was briefly expressed by Harold Lloyd when he arrived in Stockholm in November.

"Are you going to see Garbo?" he was asked.

"Why should I?" he inquired. "I've been living in Hollywood ever since she came out there and I haven't seen her yet."

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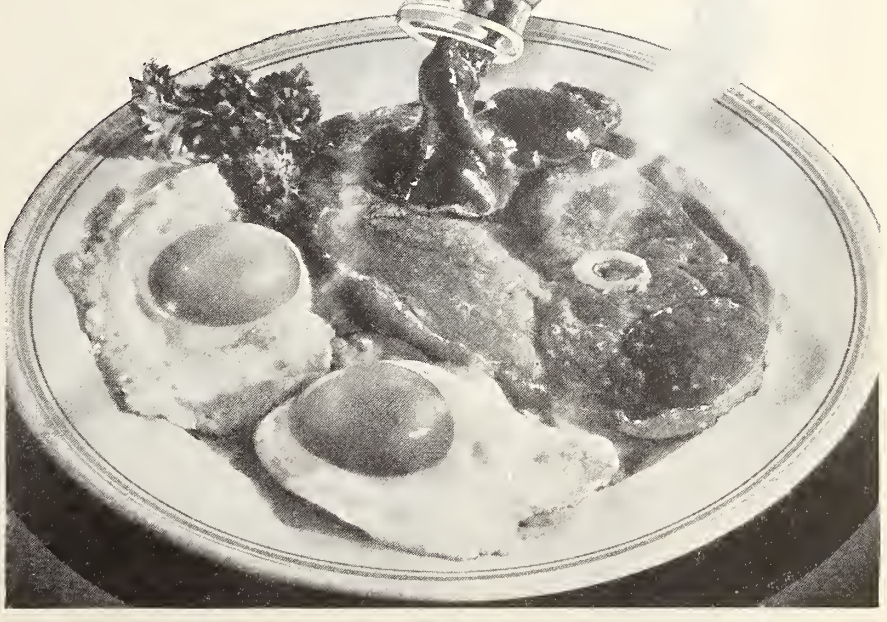
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My Charming Tenant

(*Continued from page* 31)

were still in the newlywed class.

Leslie had a part in a play, a small one to be sure, but he had already started that certain outstanding-performance habit of his and an American manager caught him at it. So he didn't come to America, he was brought, along with two other unsuspecting Britishers who have since given American audiences much joy on the stage and screen, that grand old "scene-stealer," Frederick Kerr, and his son Geoffrey. The play was called "Just Suppose," but the public refused to suppose, they definitely thought not. The three visiting sons of Britain all made personal hits.

Ruth, meanwhile, had remained in England.

The play was a failure. Leslie, despite many invitations to remain, returned to England with the idea of picking up life where he had left it. No sooner did he get well dug in than another offer from America upset the continuity. Again he left Ruth, again he made a great impression against the background of a fairly successful play, and again he sailed back to Ruth. But, this time, he had a faraway look when he told her about America. Not such a bad place! In fact, he thought she would like it. Yes! he was sure she would.

Poor Ruth jolly well had to, because the next offer from New York brought the Leslie Howards, baby, bags and baggage.

Leslie was receiving what would be considered big money in London, and good money in America—but how could the young Howards know that in the land of the free you have to pay as much rent for a four-room apartment as you do for a house complete with garden on the fringe of London? They soon found out, and then began the five years of struggle.

I don't see how they could have loved America then. I couldn't love anything I couldn't get away from; and that was the situation. Leslie, Ruth, Winkie (the man child) and his nurse, not poverty stricken, fairly comfortable but nevertheless "sunk" because when Leslie would get enough money to transport his "production" back to the Motherland, the Dollarland would offer him an inducement to remain. Rehearsals, and the transportation money going out, the play opens and perhaps doesn't last as long as the rehearsals did, but Mr. Howard had scored another success.

I WISH you might hear Leslie talk about all this with an amused twinkle playing hide-and-seek in his very blue eyes. I have known him a long time but have never delved into his past, being quite satisfied to get in on his present now and then.

When I knew I was going to write about him, I asked him to lunch. He said he would love to come, but knowing how vague he is about most things and certainly not hoping to prove any exception, I called Ruth in the morning of the day we had set and said, "Leslie hasn't forgotten he is lunching with me, has he?"

"No, my dear, but he doesn't seem sure about where he is to meet you!" Ruth's tone was anxious.

"Right here in my own house," I said.

"Oh! Right you are, my dear. I'll see that he gets there." He did.

IF I have given you the impression that Leslie is really like a little boy, let me grab it back, or, better still, let me add a few more impressions, beginning with a one word description—Charm!

When Leslie says, "Hello, my dear, how are you?" his inflection makes you think that you are a dear, and that he really is greatly interested in how you feel.

It's a terrible temptation. I always want to hang on to his hand and make up troubles, just to hear him say, "I'm so sorry!"

Luck was with me this time because I was just getting over the flu, so I received my quota of beautifully modulated sympathy before lunch and then proceeded to try and get Leslie to talk about himself. Believe me, Mary Pickford picked the right man when she chose him for the lead in "Secrets." Not that he doesn't talk and talk well, but he dodges the first person singular as most people do a subpoena!

I finally caught him by saying, "What a great night the opening of 'The Cardboard Lover' was in New York!"

I really didn't realize what a turning point it had been in his life. I knew that the audience had cheered him and that though Jeanne Eagels very sweetly brought him out for call after call with her, the public demanded that he come out alone. But I didn't know that Leslie had decided that he was never going to "arrive" and was so discouraged that he didn't much care whether he did or not. He had played the same part in London with Tallulah Bankhead but here Jeanne Eagels was the star and of course it would be her great night. That's what he thought and I've told you what happened. Next day Leslie was the talk of New York.

This is the way he sums up his reactions: "Wasn't it amazing, Elsie? You know I couldn't realize what was happening. At first I thought they were sort of being sorry for me and wanted to show me they were glad I had landed in a success. Then when they kept on calling for me, even after I'd gone to my dressing-room, I thought, 'Well, maybe they really like me,' and then, Elsie, I suddenly had a feeling that I was moving into a new cycle. By the time the show was over I was sure of it! The funny thing is that I was right. I've had the most marvelous luck ever since!"

LUCK, he calls it! He doesn't know that he is destined to be different, but there is just another proof of it. When this country was starting into its "tail spin" Leslie was "taking off" for great heights. He and the depression passed one another.

He entered into the business of producing plays when most managers were putting them back in the desk drawer, waiting until things got better. He produced "The Animal Kingdom" in New York when more than half of the theaters there were closed. And it was a great success.

It was subsequently bought for the talking pictures and when Radio Pictures were ready to make the film, who should be out here in Hollywood already established as a film personality but the young man who first saw the play's possibilities?

Perhaps he's right, and it is luck, because most stage stars see the rôles which they have created played on the screen by someone as utterly the opposite to them as the Movie Moguls can find.

Now he is in for another bit of luck. He is to play "Berkeley Square" in the films. This is a play that he produced and acted both in England and America.

Decidedly he is in another cycle and he's riding it well! He is torn between the stage and screen, between the sunshine of California, the fog and fidelity of dear old London, the rush and risk of New York production. In fact, the lad is sort of stuck in a good old-fashioned quandary. I tried to sell him California and films (with a little plug for my house on the side) by reminding him of how many more people got to see him and like him in pictures than in the theater.

"MY dear," he said, "I like pictures enormously, but one must think ahead a bit. I'm doing well now, but it may be just a transient thing. In the theater one can get old and have all the lines one likes and if one can still act, there is a public. Whereas, in pictures, age is an important factor and——"

"And you," I interrupted, "apparently aren't ever going to show a sign of any. After all, you can't have been married fifteen years without at least starting to show some evidence; don't mention children—I mean in your face."

He was very apologetic. "I've got a funny face. I was playing school boys after Winkie was born."

"And you'll probably still be playing them when he is in college," I said.

"No, I don't think so," he said softly. "I'm looking forward to writing, later on. You know, that's what I wanted to do before I went on the stage, but I got married and I had to make money, and writers, you know——"

"Are you telling me?" I said.

"May I use the phone?" he said. I told him where it was and then I heard him call the studio. Yes! I always listen to all telephone conversations. Bad manners, but as I usually do most of the talking in my house it's a nice change for me.

"Look here," I heard him saying. "There's a chap out on one of the sound stages. I'm not sure which one and I don't remember his name. I'm supposed to have a photograph taken with him. Will you tell him I'm on my way to the studio? Thanks so much!"

He came back and sat down again. We talked another ten minutes about everything but Leslie Howard. When he was leaving he said, "I'm afraid I haven't been much help. I'm awfully bad about this interview business."

I tee-ed up my dignity and said, "I do not do interviews, old dear. I merely write a few facts about my friends."

"Oh, well, that's splendid. But if there is anything you want to know, just ask me."

I wanted to say, "Well, tell me which are you really, *Peter Pan* or the *Old Man of the Mountains?*" but I said, "Thanks, you're a dear!" And if he isn't, marriage has dulled my perspective!

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I Won't Be Any Good as an Actor

(*Continued from page 35*)

rides, and walking, and catching busses. I've known him to walk home from Universal to bring his three dollars back intact. Claire Windsor gave him a lift once—she reminded me of it a few days ago here in my little studio.

It was just about impossible to get around, so we acquired our first car. There was an old touring car standing in the alley near us, and Clark looked it over and worked on it a bit, and finally found that the boy who owned it had asked his mother to sell it, and he made a bargain of five dollars down and five a month, fifty dollars in all. That was some buy. And when I say an old car, I mean *old*—it was a 1917, with plenty of things wrong with it; but the essentials were there.

Clark did things to its insides—he always could make any old engine revive and start up again—and I patched the old leather seats where the excelsior was sticking out, with leather cut from the back of an old armchair in our house. He found a set of tires for twelve dollars, and with a gadget here and there that he got some way from this garage or that, the old bus went.

How glad I was about that car. Clark wasn't in the robust health that his pictures show now, and it seemed to me that he needed exercise and recreation badly. He must never acquire this Hollywood habit of sitting around and gossiping, or sauntering up and down the Boulevard; he must never acquire that dragged out, despondent Hollywood look that marks the faces that come here so very, very quickly. The only other place that I have seen that same expression is in news reels of starving peoples. Those faces also show a long, steady deprivation of what they most long for.

A JOB had come my way of training the chorus of the Grand Opera Association for the coming season. I was to show them something about walking and acting, and put them through their parts, so I took it on.

There was no pay for it, but the idea was that there would be students for private work. That didn't happen to amount to anything, but this did—we made a friend, Hilda Romaine, and she invited us to come to her cabin in the mountains week-ends; and it was like heaven to get a breath of escape.

There were no actors there ever, just a bunch of grand people, and the men played la crosse. Clark loved it. At last we had found an outlet.

There was an outdoor cooking place, and a comfortable cabin, and lots of camp food, and it was wonderful.

That was about the first fun Clark had in Hollywood. We would go up on Friday and come home Monday morning. We went more than once when we hadn't a dollar between us, but we would take along the check book and give out small "bum" checks for gas along the road, hoping we could cover them before they caught up with us. We always did.

At least with the help of "Red" Scovall, we did.

Ray Scovall had—and still has—an oil station on the Boulevard near our little home. He used to want Clark to go into business with him.

And Ray—they call him "Red" because the boys there wear red shirts—would cash checks for us and hold them until they were good.

I've often wondered if he really got all of his money on them. I suspect there were a few that he never did turn in.

So, after giving out "bum" checks along the road to the camp we would give Red a couple more so that we could put our earnings in the bank to cover the outside checks—and then catch up with Red's checks later.

It wasn't dishonest—Clark had to get out and protect his health, or what was the use of all we were going through?

ANOTHER of Clark's big needs was filled about then—a pal to go around with. I can't remember now just where he and Frank Hotaling met, but they became real friends.

Frank had many of the things that Clark felt the lack of so keenly. He was a University graduate, from a cultured background—his father was a writer—and yet the two men had the same aim—to be actors.

I used to wonder at their enjoyment together. They argued together, drove the old car together, swam together, and then Frank would talk books and Clark would listen, or Clark would talk cars and Frank would listen, or I would talk acting and they would both listen.

Then the golf started. We were too poor for Clark to buy an outfit of clubs, so he rented them at first out at the Griffith Park course, and then acquired, stick by stick, a conglomerate collection from the pawnbroker's shop on Cahuenga—a place that was only too familiar to us.

You see, the golf course was only twenty-five cents, so it was possible to go out there and have a great day for just about nothing.

I had learned by then that Dutch wives were not expected to join the men in their activities—they were to sit on the side-lines and admire, or remain home and have food ready for the returning hero. I didn't mind—I was so busy and so tired, staying home was a good bit of resting or working time.

And always there was Clark's health to watch. He used to try different diets, and we had days and days of tomatoes—sliced, whole, juiced, with lettuce, with olive oil, with lemon. And days and days of oranges, in about the same variations. And setting-up exercises, lots of them, to keep the shoulders big and the waist-line small; the "tummy" mustn't "pooch" out. And always the appearance was improving.

Money was needed for dentistry, and for tailoring, and such things, but they were far beyond our reach at that time. And so the things that were possible were concentrated on. There was that gorgeous machine—better perfect it.

THE wide open spaces of the long pointed Barrymore collars disappeared, and a higher collar with a

trimly pinned tie and a sweater came along. I liked it so very much better, but I knew Clark was finding his way by absorbing everything around him. So instead of advising him, I tried to provide contacts that would give him models of copy; then he would change things himself and show the changes to me with a sort of boyish delight.

I imagine that Clark Gable still gets a real thrill out of acquiring new pieces of jewelry, or ties, or cars, or just new things of any sort. If a person gets a real "boot" out of a new tie pin, that characteristic rarely changes just because of the change in the amount he can pay for it.

I WANGLED invitations to the homes of old friends of my university days, or to the homes of old friends of my family, and Clark would watch the men there and when we got home he would imitate their manner of lighting a cigarette or passing the case, or sitting, or acknowledging an introduction; and he improved enormously.

He had sometimes mentioned being doubtful of his own attractiveness. Once he said to me after having been almost silent for several days, as Dutchmen are when there is something troubling them, "Gosh, honey, I don't believe I have any of this sex appeal that everyone is squawking about. No one follows me on the street, or sends me mash notes. I won't be any good as an actor."

And he added that there must be something the matter with him, as I wasn't jealous.

But that was all so easy to explain: "You'll find, my dear, that the Hollywood idea of sex appeal is in exact proportion to the amount of money you can spend. If you are eighty-three, with a wooden leg and a glass eye, and can spend—you have plenty of appeal, and I'll not worry about you till you get a salary that will interest the women here. And the type of women who will be interested in you will vary also in an exact proportion to your income."

I WONDER if he remembers that. I could wish that all the boys and also the girls who come here to Hollywood would remember that. But it is so much nicer to believe those press agents, and those fan letters, and those crowds of honey-tongued "friends."

I had been doubling up on work. The trips down to the opera rehearsals came between the three other jobs, and often I was too tired to eat, sometimes too broke, and the washing and cooking, and the rent and the groceries, and trying to make a few flowers grow in that awful, dreary lot out in front of us, got a bit heavy; and right when it seemed as though we needed every effort to push along to the next step, I broke down.

At that time I was teaching three daughters of the same family—and their kind and understanding mother came, and saw, and was kind, and went away, and I found a hundred-dollar bill under my pillow.

So things got paid up, a bit—but I felt rotten for a long time.

I was getting pretty ragged, and hadn't thought about that at all. But a good hard jolt woke me up—not that the waking meant much, but I watched myself a bit more afterwards.

WE went one night to the Egyptian theater to see a picture. And standing in line, waiting for the second

(*Please turn to page* 90)



NO "ONE-WAY" dentifrice can keep your teeth sound and attractive. They need the balanced, 5-way protection of Squibb Dental Cream.

1 It cleans effectively and *safely.*

2 It polishes well and *safely*—with complete freedom from grit.

3 It prevents bleeding of the gums the *safe way*—by keeping them healthy, and avoids using dangerous astringents. Frequent bleeding of the gums no dentifrice can cure. The dentist should be consulted.

4 It is economical because it gives greatest protection. Squibb Dental Cream is sold at the lowest price manufacturing cost permits. *Its use is true economy.*

5 It combats the germ acids that cause tooth-decay.

You can trust the welfare of your teeth to Squibb Dental Cream. Like every product made by Squibb it is pure, effective, thoroughly reliable. You'll enjoy its pleasant taste, and the clean, refreshed feeling it leaves in the mouth. See your dentist regularly. And at least twice a day, brush your teeth with Squibb Dental Cream.

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the 5-way dentifrice



Available everywhere in **THREE** *economical sizes*

Scientific aids to loveliness—
Squibb Toilet Products

It's a delight to use dainty creams and powders made to the high Squibb standard of purity and quality. For effective care of the skin these products are outstanding: Squibb Cold Cream, Squibb Cleansing Cream, Squibb Vanishing Cream, Squibb Lanolin Cream, Squibb Toilet Lanolin, Squibb Talcum and Bath Powders. Sold at all good stores and moderately priced. Look for the name Squibb on the label.

Good News for

Colds-Susceptibles



If you are forever "catching cold," specialists say you're a Colds-Susceptible, and should be especially careful now. The coming of Spring—with its uncertain weather and quick changes of temperature—always means more colds. And these miserable Spring colds so often pave the way for bronchitis and pneumonia.

But here's welcome news for Colds-Susceptibles and their families—a way to avoid many colds altogether. At the first sign of "catching cold," use Vicks Nose & Throat Drops—the new aid in *preventing* colds. They promptly soothe irritation, and help Nature throw off the infection that threatens.

VICKS Nose & Throat DROPS

VICKS COLDS-CONTROL PLAN

Of course, you have Vicks VapoRub—the family standby for *treating* colds. Now get Vicks Nose Drops—the new aid in *preventing* colds—and follow Vicks Plan for better *Control* of Colds . . . to reduce their *number, severity* and *costs*. The Plan is fully explained in each Vicks package.

I Won't Be Any Good as an Actor

(*Continued from page* 89)

show, just ahead of us was Norma Talmadge with an escort. What a beautiful woman she was! I remember that she was wearing a smart sports outfit, and was lovely, as always.

We had been standing some time, moving gradually up to the door, when Clark nudged me and whispered, "See, honey? That's how a woman should look."

Miss Talmadge was wearing some sort of perfume that night, I don't know the name of it—but whenever I smell it, I feel that same faintness and utter weariness sweep over me that came over me that night. I've never been able to remember what the picture was—and I generally remember them—but I knew then, and have known ever since that moment, that nothing weighs in the balance with a beautiful, warm, perfumed, exquisitely dressed, expensively groomed "woman."

Only a few weeks ago, I was sitting in the office of the Sam Goldwyn Studio, to discuss with them a girl they wanted me to train and Bob MacIntyre, the casting director, came in. He looked at me rather curiously, as though he were trying to remember me, so I smiled and said, "You should remember me, Mr. MacIntyre. I'm one of the women you supported. Of course, he was startled, so I laughed and said, "Don't you remember hiring a chap for extra work in 'The Merry Widow' picture for three-fifty a day, then raising him to five, then to seven-fifty and then at last—ten dollars a day?"

"Clark Gable! Good Lord, yes! Do I remember it? I'll never forget fighting for that fellow, and getting him along the best I could. He would come to the casting office day after day, and I told the fellows he had something, but they couldn't see it. He used to wear a blue shirt."

"Yes, I know. I used to wash it every night so he could go down there looking right. It was a good shirt."

JUST about the hardest thing in Hollywood is to introduce a new type. A new type is nearly always created by public demand, and often quite unexpectedly to the producer.

So, no matter how much Bob MacIntyre, or any other casting director interested himself in putting this new chap forward, those were the days when romantic leading men were in demand, and you couldn't sell anyone else.

Another big mistake here in Hollywood is the belief that an actor can only learn the screen acting business by studying his own type. All that does is to make lesser imitators of the successful star. The fundamental requirements of acting are the same for everyone, and the young hopeful should study—not the star's mannerisms and personal peculiarities, but the technique that lies underneath all that.

He shouldn't pick out Fredric March, or Leslie Howard, or Lionel Barrymore, or Clark to imitate—he should study them all to find out what it is they do that makes their work so outstanding.

That's what Clark and I did. We saw numberless pictures, often sitting through them twice so as not to be fooled by the interesting story into missing the acting, and he spent hours and hours alone sitting in theaters, studying pictures, and then coming home and discussing them, and trying different effects that were good.

It was not chance that made Clark Gable a good actor.

"What was the matter with that, honey?"

"Too fast—you couldn't see the eyes turn first."

"Oh, like this, eh?"

"Yes. But just a little more with the eyes and not quite so far with the face. Let the body follow—that's just it."

"How does this look?"

"Fine, but let the front knee bend a bit so the line is better from the shoulder to the heel. Turn your hands in a bit; that will roll your shoulders forward and show your back muscles on the side shots—Yes, just like that. Never mind the high chest—all that does is to make you look muscle-bound. Show the back and shoulders."

Oh, those endless "don'ts." I couldn't help but realize that taking lessons from a coach and being married to one were very different things.

BUT with New York ahead as the big stop on the loop back to Hollywood, the work must be right.

Clark was getting tired of extra work and all of its attending difficulties and unavoidable humiliations, so when we read in the papers that Jane Cowl was coming with her production of "Romeo and Juliet," we were quite excited. Shakespearean productions almost always pick up ensemble and bit actors in each town. And he knew that play by heart.

It wasn't easy to get Clark to drive down there that day and ask for something in the production. He was hesitant about being able to get anything. He was pretty sensitive just then about the way things were going.

But he went, driving off in the old car, looking very low.

BUT he drove up the alley and turned into the backyard later with gravel flying in every direction, and the horn tooting, and his own broad grin back on his face where it belonged.

"Bow to the first high 'What Ho!' of the Jane Cowl troupe, Mrs. Gable."

He had asked Louis Macloon if there was any possible opening. Macloon had taken him back onto the stage, thinking he was a good size for that work. The director had asked him to walk across the stage, turn, bow and come down to him, and had commented on his knowledge of the correct action, had introduced him to Miss Cowl, and she had had him read lines from the play, and had engaged him. Clark Gable was to have his first work with a good company in a real show.

Clark was to be on at the opening of the first act, and be in the skirmish between the men of Montague and the men of Capulet, and he was to say, "Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?" and laugh.

And we laughed too, and bit our thumbs at the world. The gods were with us. Gable was to the fore, and the good old career was zooming.

(*To be continued*)

Jeanette Goes Marketing

(*Continued from page 72*)

to inspect carefully every canape I ate and to stay away from the raw meat.

"Another thing I have that the crowd goes wild over is a mixture of cream cheese, Worcestershire sauce, chopped parsley and sweet pickles. I put this mixture in a little dish and let the guests scoop it up with potato chips. Some people spread it on the chips in advance, but it makes them soggy. I like this way better."

From the Griffith market we went over to the Gotham which is a combination delicatessen and restaurant. At this store all Hollywood buys fine foods, for no matter what your native land is, your favorite delicacy from home can be purchased here. Hans Kraly goes there for Cheese Blitzes, which is just another cheese; while Marlene Dietrich buys Hungarian salami and Bel Paese cheese which comes from Italy.

"What else are you going to serve?" I asked Jeanette, as I saw her picking out jars of pearl onions, caviar, sardines, antipasto and a bottle of white cooking wine!

She bought sardines from Norway, France and Portugal; olives stuffed with anchovies; olives in creme de menthe; tiny glass jars on which the labels said "Bar-le-duc," but listen: it's just plain jam from France. Then, just for fun she bought candy from every country: Holland, Hungary, Switzerland, France, Italy, even from Louis Sherry's in New York. Most of it is wrapped in colored tin foil and she chose a variety of colors, "because I like everything gay at my parties," she explained.

The proprietor told us that he numbers almost every star in Hollywood among his customers. Joseph Schenck delights in a special Nova Scotia salmon, which is smoked but not salted; Harry D'Arrast buys lots of fresh caviar; Lilyan Tashman buys little pots of Pate de Fois Gras at five dollars a pot.

Mary Pickford, who serves *tea* at her tea parties, buys English crackers. These are really little cakes or sweetened crackers. Joseph Von Sternberg buys lebkuchen. Norma Talmadge buys little caraway seed crackers to serve with her cheese and caviar. They come in fancy gilded tins at $1.25 for a 14-ounce tin.

"But one of my very best customers," he said, "is Mrs. John Ford, wife of the director. She comes in and buys from $85 to $90 worth of food at one time. She buys things that keep, like olives, fancy canned fruits, caviar, anchovies, pickles. She knows just what she wants and has her shopping done and is gone in five minutes."

Jeanette's reaction to that statement was instantaneous. "I suppose she does not talk as much as we do," she said.

The proprietor threw up his hands in an apologetic gesture. "Oh, no—no—no, don't misunderstand me!" Then he smiled. "You never stay long enough to suit me, Miss MacDonald."

"That'll do, Harry," laughed Jeanette. We gathered up our packages as she continued, "I'm going to have cold turkey and other cold meats, sandwiches, cake and ice-cream, but my chef is taking care of those things."



Held back by Coffee . .

this boy never had a fair chance

"DUNCE" they call him . . . "a sluggard" they say. But Science lifts a hand in his behalf and says "You're wrong!"

Pin the blame on the real culprit . . . pin the blame on coffee. Yes—*coffee!* For thousands of parents are giving their children coffee, and coffee harms children mentally—and physically!

Why coffee harms children

Coffee contains caffein—a drug stimulant. A single cup often contains as much as *three grains* of this drug—20% more than a physician would give an adult as a medicinal dose.

Coffee can make quiet children more listless and sluggish. It can make active children nervous and irritable. It can keep children from getting the restful sleep they should have.

More serious still—by crowding milk out of the diet of children, coffee is a cause of *undernourishment*. It robs children of their rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes. It lowers their vitality, lessens their resistance to disease, and hampers development and growth.

Read this amazing proof!

Studies made by responsible institutions among America's school children not only disclosed the fact than an alarming number of these children of grade and high-school age drink coffee—*but that children who drink coffee get poorer marks than those who do not drink it.*

A survey conducted by a famous Research Institution among 80,000 school children proved that those drinking coffee were harmed mentally as well as physically. *Less than 16%* of those who drank coffee attained good marks! Over 45% of those who did not drink coffee attained good marks.

Another survey, conducted among large groups of undernourished children, brought to light this fact—*over 85% of the undernourished children received coffee once or more daily!*

No wonder medical authorities warn parents against giving children coffee!

A hot, nourishing drink is important

"But" many parents say, "my youngsters need a hot drink in the morning." Of course they do. But why one that tears down? Why not one that builds up? Give them Postum made with hot milk. It contains no caffein.

It is rich in proteins, in fats, in carbohydrates, in minerals—rich in the body building elements that children should have. What a contrast to coffee! What a difference to the child!

Postum is made only from whole wheat and bran, roasted and slightly sweetened. Get it—at your grocer's. Or mail the coupon for a week's supply free. Postum is a product of General Foods.

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Please send me, without cost or obligation, a week's supply of Postum.

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Fill in completely—print name and address.

If you live in Canada, address *General Foods, Limited*, Cobourg, Ontario.

WORKING HANDS *all day long*



How will they look TONIGHT?

DRY, CHAPPED, red and rough skin can add ten years to your appeoronce. Haw old do your hands say you are?

Remember that premature skin-aging is easily avoided. Use Italian Balm, the original skin-softener. It banishes the aging effects of housework, officework and weather — *quicker*, ot trifling cost! No hame-made or store-made lotion is so thorough, so long-lasting or so economical!

Itolian Balm won its laurels in winter-loving Canada over 30 years ago. Today its sale exceeds that of any other lotion in thousands of cities in the States! Safe. No caustic astringents; no irritating bleaches. Only 5% alcohol; it cannot dry the skin. At drug and department stores in 35c, 60c and $1.00 bottles. Campana Corporotion, Batavia, Illinois.

Campana's

ITALIAN BALM

THE ORIGINAL SKIN SOFTENER



New Package

Sparkling fresh in a green and white cellaphane-wrapped package, Italian Balm greets yau this seasan in a fashianable new cartan and battle.

TUNE IN—Manday nights, "Fu Manchu" mystery dramas, Columbia netwark; Friday nights "First Nighter" plays, N. B. C. coast-ta-coast.

When Talkies Get to Be Wildies

(*Continued from page* 47)

dry shampoo. Like me, they seem completely confused.

"Should I get in and set with them?" I asked from Hon. Geo. F. Ogre.

"They are in a glass cage," dictate Hon. Ogre. "You merely clime on edge of that and whistle when I say it."

I DO so. With one (1) leg in free America I set there, and other leg in wild Africa.

Then Hon Ogre holla "Shoot," and all electricity commence doing so. Out from a corner come Miss Caramel.

"Lost, lost in the middle of Oofa," she scram, while tumbling over a lily.

"No, my pritty one (1)," ollicute Hon. George M. Cohan, who was a villain, "You are now alone with me, 3000 miles removed from Atlantic City. I have you in my pawr."

"Bringlehorn Mudgard," she snagger, "rather would I be clawed by wild beests, including birds, than give you more than ½ scornfull glance."

"Brinklehorn Mudgard," she corrode, "you have pussued me far enough to——"

"You are too late to elope away from me now, little gil," decompose Hon. Geo. M. Cohan with hat. "Over yander in the jingle I got 800 cannibles awaiting to sleigh you with knives and forks."

"Yaw!" she shreech.

HON. LION and Gorilla get up, smelling for that noise. But just then who enrush in to stage? Hon, Alf Menjou, by golly, all in dress close while shooting off his opera hat.

"I just come to this corner of Africa, looking for a taxi," he snork, "when I heard Chicago noises and come running to the reskew. Miss Brilliantine Moosehead, I recognize you as the little gil who once saved me from a football rally in Indianapolis. And what can I do for you now?"

"Tell this depestible villin to uphand me!" she shreech. "I are alone in Africa where men are worse than beests! Aw! Awk"

"Bowrie-who!" dictate Hon. Lion, listening at the noise. "Boola-boola yow!" holla Hon. Gorilla, knocking himself on the front of his chest. Together they set there singing like a train of carrs. When I start whistle "Happy Daze Has Came Perhaps" they pay no tension to me.

Miss Caramel Sweet, dropping Hon. Al Menjou where she held him, turn round to Hon. Geo. F. Ogre, who was directing that show with a meggyphone.

"Listen at me," she yellup. "How you expect me make passion-talk & love-kiss ceremony with all those kritters going like a statick?"

"But, dolling," he snuggest, "they are also actors. Respect them as such."

"If that enlarged monkie over there are a actor," she scrape out, "what he mean by killing my lines? Do he think he are a star?"

"Pussibly. Everybody in Hollywood this same," actuate Hon. Ogre.

"Togo, I tell you what let's do," pronounce Hon. Ogre like nice kittens. "In odor that this play go on without any more interrupts, sippose you get into that glass box with the other annimiles. That will keep their tension off from Miss Caramel Sweet while she finish her love-scenery."

"O yay?" I poke. "And what you do in the meanwhiles to keep their tension off from me?"

"Get in, and we shall think about it."

MR. EDITOR, you are use to meeting all sorts of people. But did you ever set in the same office with a Lion and Gorilla, trying to entertane them while a dear lady stand outside breaking her heart? I did, and I tell you what. All my hair stood edgewise & they was 4½ feet off from me, wondering which end of me to start eating from. I try to think up some game they should like without getting madd. All their eyes contained blazes while they set there, aiming their fingernails at me. They come crolling at me!

But Miss Caramel Sweet were acting very nice now.

"O Eggbert, Eggbert," she were saying to Hon. Menjou. "If you had not came, what I should have did?"

"My brave little gil," he say it.

"Ah, my hero. Pumit me to cry on your shirt. Oh, boo & hoo! I so happy."

AT those sound of sob-cry Lion and Gorilla forget to eat me and look at Miss Caramel Sweet. "Owlie-howlie-boom-boom," they bellus like a pair of subways. "Hush it!" I dement, yet they didn't.

Just then Miss Caramel Sweet got pretty darnly madd. With one (1) swept of hand she knockout Hon. Geo. F. Ogre, Hon. Alf. Menjou, Hon. Geo. M. Cohan and 44 famus Hollywood blonds who was there as Xtras.

"Of all the outrajus behavior!" she yall. "I never played with such a ruff company. Get away from me & come here. Who are blame for this outrag?"

"Dolling, lissen," smother Hon. Geo. F. Ogre. She knock him again, so he was silent.

"I know who started those annimles whooping to spoil my love," she clabber. "Hashimura Togo, you are blame for it all. Come out of that cage & face me, you poor varmick!"

"No, mam, thank you not to do," I revoke while Lion and Gorilla ran away to a Den to be far from her.

"Coward!" she shilly.

"Yes, please," I shally.

"Then if you not came out I shall came after you!" she calliope while commencing to clime up cage with all her feet and elbows. I look around like a serchlight, trying to find place where I could hid myself. Ah, there it were! I see that neat den where Lion and Gorilla was in huddle, thinking.

"Move overly!" I holla, making swiftish spring into den. While smiling with enlarged teeth, Hon. Gorilla slamm door & lock. So there we was, out of danger for the time being, just 3 wild beests together, getting away from Hollywood's Sweetheart.

I are entirely snug tonight, sleeping with a Gorilla.

Hoping you are the same,

Yours truly,

HASHIMURA TOGO.

Here's Our Colonial Bedroom

(*Continued from page* 74)

longue occupies one corner of the room, it is upholstered in chintz with a peach color background with a large floral design in shades of blue.

The dressing table is built into the vanity alcove. The top of it is painted blue and it is draped with a plain glazed chintz of a lighter blue.

The draperies are made of pale blue glazed chintz edged with wide pleated ruffles and topped by decorative wood cornices painted a darker blue.

If you have been following the development of our little Colonial house which we are producing in miniature room by room, you will be glad to know that the guest room will be shown in the next issue of this magazine.

Music of the Sound Screen

(*Continued from page* 68)

disc, but incorporates a new process in record making that makes the life of the record at least twice as long as the old style. There is also a minimum of needle noise and scratch.

By all means try out this new disc and enjoy the improved performance of your phonograph. The other side is also by Eddie Cantor, another song from his new show. It is called "What a Perfect Combination." I think you'll like it. (This is a Columbia record.)

DUKE ELLINGTON, the High Prince of Hot Rhythms, is next on the list, and we all know the Duke doesn't give us any duds. "Ducky Wucky" is the somewhat misleading title of his latest effort, and it's a wow. This was written by the Duke and Albany Bigard, that wizard of a clarinet player, and as this is the same combination that turned out "Mood Indigo," you'll know the tune is good.

The other side is by the Duke, too, a faster tune, "Swing Low," played in the good old jig-time tempo. If you want a good dance tune don't miss this one. (This is a Brunswick record.)

OUR old friend, Bing Crosby, is still turning out good records, and here is one of his latest efforts, "I'll Follow You." If you like Bing, you won't go wrong on this one.

The other side is also by Bing, and more of a ballad, "Some Day We'll Meet Again." It's good, but not equal to the reverse side. (This is a Brunswick record.)

WARING'S Pennsylvanians are next on the list, and I'm always glad to hear from these boys. "Here It Is Monday and I've Still Got a Dollar" is the title of this one, and there is some outstanding instrumental work played as only Waring's men can do it. The vocal work is very good, also.

The other side, "Anybody's College Song," is a real Waring novelty. This is played to 6-8 march rhythm, and you'll like the variety of vocal choruses. (This is a Victor record.)

HOW IS YOUR FIGURE *in a modern gown?*

CURRENT styles emphasize gentle curves. Women whose measurements are a bit generous are sharply restricted in the things they can select.

So, many of us hasten to reduce. Diet and exercise are both necessary. Meals should contain adequate "bulk" to prevent faulty elimination. Otherwise eyes may lose their sparkle. Skins become sallow. Wrinkles appear.

Laboratory tests show that Kellogg's ALL-BRAN supplies "bulk"— as well as vitamin B and food-iron. This "bulk" is similar to that of leafy vegetables.





Two tablespoonfuls of ALL-BRAN daily are usually sufficient. Isn't this much pleasanter, much safer than taking patent medicines?

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN is not fattening. Recommended by dietitians. Sold by all grocers in the red-and-green package. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

WRITE FOR FREE BOOKLET

"CHARM"



Filled with valuable beauty-hints, and advice on charm and health. With special menus for reducing wisely. In addition, leading motion-picture actresses are shown in "fashion close-ups," wearing the costumes that millions of critical eyes will see on the screen. Free upon request.

KELLOGG COMPANY
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Please send me a free copy of your booklet, "CHARM."

*Name*_____

*Address*_____



LUPE VELEZ, *fiery little screen star, is stunning in these entirely different costumes: silver fox, most precious of furs, on an afternoon ensemble; and the severest of tailleurs for country or morning in town.*

Now!

IN 10c SIZES — THE FAMOUS MAYBELLINE EYE BEAUTY AIDS — FOR THE

Complete Eye Make-up



With these three exquisite cosmetic creations and the famous Maybelline Eyelash Darkener, truly alluring eye-beauty is within the easy reach of every girl and woman.

First, apply the pure, fragrant Maybelline Eye Shadow to your eyelids. Blend its smooth, creamy substance to just the degree of shadow most becoming to your eyes. This will give the appearance of deeper color and greater sparkle to your eyes. Maybelline Eye Shadow comes in Blue, Brown, Blue-Gray, Violet and Green.

Next, form graceful, expressive eyebrows with the clean-marking, easy-to-use Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil. You'll love this new pencil. It is pure and harmless in every respect and comes in Black and Brown.

Third, apply the wonderful new Maybelline Eyelash Darkener to your lashes, and see how they instantly appear darker, longer, and more luxuriant. This mascara is the choice of particular women everywhere because it is absolutely harmless, non-smarting, tear-proof, and very easy to use. The fact that Maybelline is the largest selling mascara in the world *speaks for itself*, and when you apply the famous Maybelline to your lashes, you'll be delighted with the way your eyes *speak for themselves!*

Fourth, apply Maybelline Eyelash Grower to your lashes nightly before retiring, and allow it to remain on while you sleep. It is composed of pure and beneficial ingredients that stimulate and nourish the growth of the lashes. You will find it delightfully effective.

Acquaint yourself with the high quality of these wonderful Maybelline eye beauty preparations, and you'll never want to be without any one of them for complete and fascinating eye make-up. They are obtainable at all leading 10c stores.

MAYBELLINE CO., CHICAGO

Maybelline

EYE BEAUTY AIDS



THE *perfect* MASCARA

Box Office Critics

(*Continued from page* 94)

Mr. Marston has sincerity, personality, and that indefinable something which distinguishes the talented few from the mediocre many. Given the right chance, this clever newcomer undoubtedly has a brilliant future."

Natalie Turnock, 127 Hinman Avenue, Evanston, Ill.: "Leslie Howard, the darlingest thing I've seen in my life. My eyes grow bigger and bigger, like a balloon, when I see him on the screen. I could sit through his pictures ten times. He's so charming, suave, romantic and perfect, his manners are perfect—just bea-u-teeful. I'd love to be Mrs. Howard. I'd attempt it if he didn't have a wife."

H. W. Jarand, 56 Willowdale Avenue, Montreal: "Norma Shearer is as popular as ever, and lives up to the expectations of her Montreal public. Keep up the good work, Miss Shearer."

Lenore E. Drake, Lake Placid Club, Essex County, N. Y.: "Who could resist this fascinating blonde girl (Boots Mallory) from New Orleans, with all her charm and self-possession? She was born for it. How easily she carries off the honors, and how they become her."

Marie Farrington, Box 596, Pampa, Tex.: "Say you big directors, please give us more pictures starring Boots Mallory. She is just the kind of girl I would like to be."

Dorothy Jennings, 1007 Greanleaf Avenue, Evanston, Ill.: "You can make a picture without plot, with terrible dialogue, a cast that would make a Western proud of itself, and no photography to speak of—I won't care, if you'll let Charles Ruggles loose in it, preferably with the opportunity to get a little tight. We'll all go to see it—and like it."

Herman Presser, 1083 E. 97th Street, Cleveland, O.: "Constance Cummings—a beautiful actress with a beautiful future. With the right kind of part I doubt if any can surpass her as 'the crave of 1933.'"

Jenni Pietryk, 261 Nassau Avenue, Brooklyn: "Lyda Roberti, vivacious and brilliant is this clever actress. She surely is 'sweet and hot.'"

Kenneth Ricker, 1107 Main Street, Stillwater, Okla.: "After seeing Norma Shearer's brilliant acting in 'Strange Interlude,' I am more than convinced there are no actresses in Hollywood who can surpass her in beauty and ability."

Irene Clarke, 4102 Maryland Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.; "Joan Crawford, keep climbing. Show the world you can take it after the left-handed compliments you have been handed."

Pan Duckworth, 5215 So. 50 Street, Omaha: "We knew you'd make the grade, Lyle (Talbot), boy—and the old home town is with you till the heights of glory are yours, forever and ever. . . . A great, big, grand boy."

Virginia Kinter, Chambersville, Pa.: "I think Janet Gaynor is as sweet as a Spring morning—my favorite."

Mary Herbert, Box 61, Three Rivers, Mass.: "Girls, have you seen the new leading man? I think he could set any feminine heart beating faster. He is Joel McCrea. Did you ever see such wonderful piercing eyes? He should be king of the movies."

Here Comes the Big Parade

(*Continued from page* 57)

Ah, to be wronged by Mae! 'Twould be the making of any writer!

FRANCES MARION, with the Face of a Madonna, is the Hot Mamma of screen literature. Frances conjures ideas with the speed of a magician. She recently made a lightning pass and converted her "Happy Ending" for Mary Pickford into "Sex Appeal" for Jean Harlow.

Protean!

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS returned from his trip around the world with two tigers and a Dowager Duchess. The skins of the former will provide little Mary with a nice warm coat. Doug would have brought back a porcupine too if a leech hadn't bit his arm just as he took aim. He didn't say what use he had in mind for it. Surely not a pillow for little Mary, probably a cushion for a guest chair. Can you fawncy some noble old gent coming in contact with a porcupine suddenly! Hollywood just loves these practical jokes and Douglas is such a one!

N. B. Douglas didn't shoot the Dowager Duchess. She came of her own accord.

I NEVER seem to get over being disillusioned in finding players so unlike their screen selves. After "Anna Christie" I pestered Howard Strickling to date me with Marie Dressler. I had a child's eager vision of me and Marie sitting around sloshing beer and thumping each other on the back whoopingly.

"I can arrange the interview," said Mr. Strickling stiffly. "But get it out of your head she's a souse. She can show you letters and presents from the crowned heads of Europe."

A Peggy Joyce!

But this was a gloved caress compared to the sock I received on reading a story about Jim Cagney in an authoritative weekly. The author, *sans reproche*, declared that Jimmy, the old grapefruit masseur and dame-buster, would bite off his hand in real life rather than strike a woman.

A sissy!

AND here I've been losing friends for championing this socko Salvini. Here's a recent note from Bill Thomas of Georgia:

"You an' me's been budding a long time, Herbit, and I was of the opinion that nuthin' you could do would ever make me resentful-like. Oh, of course, there's been things now and again that irritated a little, but they didn't matter in the long run. However, this here last one has jest yanked the very last rag off'n the gooseberry bush. And you kin take it from your nephew what's tellin' you, Uncle Herb, the noble beauties of our Spartan friendship is doomed to extinction if you continue to blurb about that there 'engaging' cuss, Messer Cagney.

"I've done took your word for lots of things—even when you said mon Ramon looked like an el Greco don (yuh must have meant only his face, for Mister Theotokopoulos never indulged in no dimpled knees like them 'uns!)

(*Please turn to page* 96)



You can save lots of money this way!

BE WISE! Stop scrubbing clothes threadbare. Let Rinso's lively suds *soak* them 4 or 5 shades whiter. They'll last twice—*three times*—as long! Women say they save $100 and more on clothes this "scrubless" way.

Rinso is safe for the finest cottons and linens. The home-making experts of 316 leading newspapers—the makers of 40 famous washing machines—recommend it. Great for dishes, too; *so easy on the hands.*

Cup for cup, Rinso gives twice as much suds as lightweight, puffed-up soaps. It's all that's needed, even in the *hardest* water. Most women buy the BIG package.

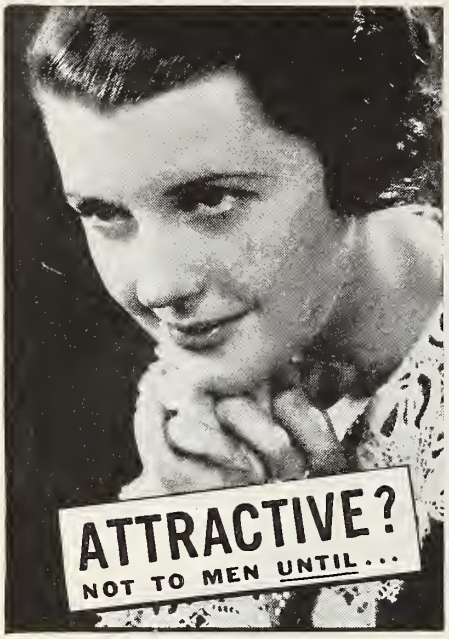
A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROS. CO.

It's safe for your finest cottons and linens —white or colors

Rinso

2 sizes most women buy the large package

The biggest-selling package soap in America



She DISCOVERED the Beauty of being Natural!

NICE EYES. Nice teeth. Nice everything. But somehow men didn't take to her. They said her mouth was conspicuous. *"Couldn't see her lips for the paint!"* ... Then, as good luck would have it, she tried a different lipstick. A lipstick that accents her natural coloring...ending that painted look!

Flatters lips with natural color!

No man will tell you to your face that you have a painted look. Yet, without doubt, a painted look comes from all ordinary lipsticks. Tangee, however, isn't ordinary. It isn't paint. Tangee brings out the natural color hidden in your own lips...yet never paints them!

In the stick, it's orange. On the lips, *your* natural coloring! For Tangee changes instantly to *your* shade of blush rose!

Use Tangee for youthful lips...glowing with natural color all day long! Costs no more than ordinary lipsticks. At drug stores and cosmetic counters.



New Refillable Rouge Compact

Tangee Rouge, too, changes to your natural shade *instantly.* It blends beautifully ...heightens natural coloring...never makes cheeks look painted. Comes in refillable compact. Buy Tangee Rouge Refill at a saving! Fits compact perfectly.

Keller, Sargent & Ross! A Personality Trio that tickled the high-hats of Europe! Tues. and Thurs. 7:30 P. M. (E. S. T.) Columbia Network.

TANGEE
World's Most Famous Lipstick
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

▶ ONLY 10c! FOR MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET! ◀

★ The George W. Luft Co., Inc. TG4
417 Fifth Ave., New York

I enclose 10c. Send Miracle Make-up Set containing trial-size { Tangee Lipstick / Tangee Rouge Compact

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

Here Comes the Big Parade

(*Continued from page* 95)

"I could even accept from you words of praise directed at a burly truck driver yclept Gable. But Cagney! Corpo di Baccho!

"So, Herby Boy, you just remember that in future, will ya? Of course you won't want that red-headed roughneck to come between you and me, wouldja now? That's the boy! I knew you'd see it my way. God bless you, my son. Go and sin no more!"

I done gone, Willyum. I'm abandonin' Babe Cagney to his fate ($3500 a week according to last report). I can't admire a weaklin'.

I GUESS Beverly will be pretty upset over this about Jimmy too. Beverly writes a very flattering letter. Why did you cross out your last name, Bev., and write "heh! heh!"?

Bev. writes amid other things:

"I agree with you on James Cagney ... I get so beastly sick of these pansy-pure men who can go through fire and water, literally, and emerge looking like Adolphe Menjou on his night out. And I *do* like a little rough handling on occasion—not *too* rough, though, being as how I only weigh 98 and and a slight tap sends me hurtling through space and a pat on the back leaves a black and blue mark on my chest.

"Well, anyhoo, I think you're—" (modesty deletes)—"and I'm probably the only girl at large who agrees emphatically with any one man. I must 'off'. I'm trying to keep up my record of one jump ahead of the dear old sheriff for which I hope to get the Olympic prize in 1933 . . .

"Jestingly Yours,
"Beverly—(heh! heh!)"

OH, I hope not too jestingly heh! heh! Beverly. You *do* mean some of the things you said, don't you? Of course if you're not serious about Bebe Cagney it's just as well in view of his prefering biting the hand to hitting the lady. Me, I'd strike any woman weighing ninety-eight and never feel the worse for it.

THE reason for those thick obdurate lips Joan Crawford affected for a time is now revealed. Willy Pogany had told her she had a mouth like Mussolini and Joan wanted the world to note.

I wonder what Il Duce's reaction would be if told he had a mouth like Joan's.

HOLLYWOOD grows zooier and zooier. It's just a big menagerie. I know you'll crack it always was. Well, the place for big animal crackers is in Hollywood writing gags.

"Zoo in Budapest," "Murder in the Zoo," "Jungle Man," "Tarzan and His Mate," "Island of Lost Souls"—these are a few of the quadruped films that have converted the new Athens into a roaring jungle.

In "Island of Lost Souls" you saw old Doc Laughton, late Nero of Rome, busily converting animals into human beings. In Hollywood you would see producers just as busily converting human beings into animals: ape boys, lion men, panther women, stallion sheiks, pullet sirens, bovine dowagers and hog heavies . . .

A FEW years ago the local jahbberers were printing anecdotes about Pola Negri's temperament. Recently they've been uttering malicious stories about Blue Boy the big pig from Iowa, who is said to have terrified Will Rogers as much as any club lady has.

Already Blue Boy is being freely predicted as winner of the next Academy Award.

LUPE VELEZ, who sets the style in romance as Lil Tashman does in clothes, recently declared she was through with men and was seen swinging through Cocoanut Grove with Ape Weissmuller.

Whataman today must have a mane and bulging biceps. Sleek hair and padded shoulders are out. *Tarzan* has replaced the old sheik in romantic terminology.

"Be a Tarzan!" cry the gals. "Be a Tarzan! Tree me, ape boy!"

SOMEONE over at Paramount tried to tell me that Tarzan Weissmuller's jungle yell was actually a synthesis of resin, string, tin cans and broken glass. If that's true all I can say is that Weissmuller can give a very pretty imitation of resin, string, tin cans and broken glass because he emitted the scream for me and when I was revived in the infirmary the sound men said I had given them some of the best monkey chattering they'd ever captured. Hurrah, I'm a *Tarzan* Here's where I strip and go screaming off into the jungle at a salary of heaven knows how much. Oh. to play *Tarzan* with a tree and Jean Harlow!

Don't Be Late! **Your favorite magazines are on sale five days earlier now and we're warning you that lots of other women want copies, too . . . so hurry.**

Buy your copy of:

- **HOME MAGAZINE**
- **THE NEW MOVIE**
- **ILLUSTRATED LOVE**
- **MYSTERY**

_____ on the 10th of every month now instead of the _____ 15th . . . you have five days less to wait!

Cleaning Up the Movies

(*Continued from page* 63)

more important to the business.

WHEN Hays took hold in 1922, the American motion picture was still a bonanza industry. With a speed beyond precedent, it had grown from penny peepshows to Broadway productions.

Men with the gambling temperament risked on a feature film four or five thousand dollars in cash and one or two hundred thousand dollars in borrowings, promises and jugglery; pulled through, heaven knows how, to distribution and rich returns; took their seats with the mighty of Hollywood.

Really, the business of production had no foundation—it just floated.

In the first month of its existence, the Hays office encountered two cases typical of the way things were running. First, accident revealed that an exhibitor in the Middle West, renting films for three days, kept them—with nobody minding—for two weeks. During that time, he "duped" them at leisure and sent the reprints to his partner on the Pacific Coast, who did a flourishing business in exporting them to the Orient.

Second, someone picked up two films, most undoubtedly stolen.

THE shrewd and far-seeing among the big producers realized by 1921 that the business must grow up if it expected to expand any further. It must get the backing of capital, must systematize distribution, must eliminate waste.

Loudly, as is its wont, and somewhat unsystematically, the industry moved on into the new era. The bankers, skeptical at first of an industry which violated so many conventional rules, found themselves convinced by its enormous profits. Money, stable money, came into the business. In the boom year of 1929, for example, more than $200,000,000 was invested in motion pictures.

NOT even the most fervent admirer of the Hays organization gives it the credit for all this. Well done or badly done, it would have happened. But the job was well done; and for that, perhaps, the Hays organization deserves most of the thanks. If it has not furnished the motive-power, it has served at least for a steering wheel.

Busy with a thousand details, mostly legal, of this reorganization period, Hays found time to do his own organizing.

What the business needed, as much as anything else was respectability, standing, traditions. It needed just as much some machinery of cooperation, by which the various elements might act together for good of the industry, and deal with each other directly.

The Film Boards of Trade, lacing the whole United States under the direction of C. C. Pettijohn, furnished the machinery by which this purpose might be accomplished, and now it was put to work on a project more important than the general public know.

What the producer sells to the distributor is a film—a piece of

(*Please turn to page* 98)



OF COURSE you're lovely when you leave your dressing table! But how long do you stay that way? How many times in an evening do you have to look in a mirror to be sure that you're even presentable?

For certainly few things are more disconcerting than a nose that has shed its powder, and stands out from a beautiful face like an unkind and ugly beacon light. Can you even count the number of times you have to powder during the day?

All that is over now. Pompeian has created a powder that will cling, not for minutes, but for hours! It doesn't coat the face, as old-fashioned "clinging" powders do. Soft and fine, it gives the skin a smooth, even perfection.... No more stolen glances in passing mirrors. With this new Pompeian powder you can be serene and confident of your beauty for hours.

It comes in a variety of flattering skin tones, expressly created to complement and enhance every complexion type. It has a refreshing and very feminine perfume. And a box you'll be proud to have on your dressing table.



AT TODAY'S REASONABLE PRICE

All that we can save in manufacturing costs by long experience and present economies we pass on to you. Which is the reason this remarkably fine powder can be bought for so little! Pompeian products can be purchased at stores everywhere. Convenient and attractive sizes of Pompeian Beauty Powder are obtainable at almost all stores of F. W. Woolworth Co., and other of the better class five-and-ten-cent stores.

The Pompeian Company, Bloomfield, N. J.
Sales Representatives: Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Inc., 40 E. 34th St., New York, N. Y.

SIXTY-FIVE CENTS THE BOX

NEW YORK PARIS LONDON

THE *Witchery*
OF A SOFT SMOOTH SKIN CAN BE YOURS



with this marvelous *Olive Oil* Face Powder

IT is so easy for a woman's skin to become red and rough. Particularly at this season . . . Sharp cold and biting winds attack the face. Destroy its smoothness and charm . . . Indoor heat saps the natural oils from your skin. Leaves it dry and old-looking.

Protect your complexion from these harsh extremes. If your face has a tendency toward redness . . . if it often feels dry and rough . . . begin using OUTDOOR GIRL Face Powder *at once*. Dust it on every day before going out. And again when you come in.

OUTDOOR GIRL is the only face powder made with an *Olive Oil* base. It is soft and fluffy in look and feel, yet it clings longer than any other powder. With the first application you'll notice a distinct improvement in your complexion.

Try this *different* face powder today. In 7 smart shades to blend naturally with any complexion. The Good Housekeeping "Seal of Approval" is your guarantee of quality.

OUTDOOR GIRL Face Powder and other *Olive Oil* Beauty Products are sold by leading drug, department and chain stores in 3 sizes —10c, 25c and $1.00. If you want to sample five of the most popular preparations, mail the coupon.

OUTDOOR GIRL
OLIVE OIL FACE POWDER

Tested and Approved by Bureau of Foods, Sanitation and Health 4711 GOOD HOUSEKEEPING MAGAZINE

Crystal Corporation,
Dept. 874
130 Willis Ave., New York

I enclose 10c to cover postage and handling. Please send me your OUTDOOR GIRL "Introductory Sampler" containing liberal trial packages of Olive Oil Face Powder—Lightex Face Powder—Olive Oil Cream—Liquefying Cleansing Cream and Lip-and-Cheek Rouge.

*Name*_____
*Address*_____
*City*_____ *State*_____

Cleaning Up the Movies

(*Continued from page 97*)

physical property. What the distributor sells to the exhibitor is time; an intangible thing. Exhibitors, especially those somewhat new to the business, behave only humanly when they fail sharply to perceive the difference between the three days for which they have rented a film and the four or five days during which they may want to exhibit it.

Moreover, in 1922, when Hays took hold, there were fly-by-night distributors and irresponsible exhibitors in the field. The relation between these two elements has always been the troublesome and creaky joint in the complicated machinery of the motion picture business.

When Hays took hold, four thousand suits between exhibitor and producer were dragging their slow, expensive course through the courts.

"And," Hays has said since, "no matter who won or lost these lawsuits, the value of the picture in question was faded out long before the award, with inevitable bad feeling."

In six years, the Hays arbitrators settled without hearing—by reason and conciliation—some 51,000 claims. More than 36,000 came before them for formal award.

And only eight dissenters appealed to the courts. The claims which they settled, "peacefully and effectively," amounted to $27,197,596.

This sensationally successful plan in the motion picture industry became the star example for the American Arbitration Society. Hays pointed with pride; business reformers viewed with admiration.

The distributor of motion pictures does not sell; he rents. "Time" is the essence of his revenue. By trade custom, he gets a higher rental from the first-run houses than from the second-run, from the palaces which charge two dollars a seat than from the humble establishments that charge a quarter.

In the archaic days, as I have said before, small exhibitors would often rent a picture for three days and show it for four or five. This little stretching of a contract—known in trade slang as "holding over" scarcely troubled the consciences of many who perpetrated it. Custom had inured them.

But two other sharp practices crossed the line of downright, conscious dishonesty. One was "bicycling." An exhibitor owning two houses, or having arrangements with another house, would rent a film and show it three or four times a day. The moment its run had finished, he would send it to the other house, run it, return it to house number one for its next appearance—and so on. A boy on a bicycle usually furnished the transportation—hence the name for the process.

The other dishonest violation is "switching." That means renting a film at a low price for a third-class house, and exhibiting it at a first-class house.

Early in his term of office, Hays realized that these three practices were costing the distributors real money. Further, they were a most disturbing influence. It was unfair to expect the honest exhibitors—who of course represent the vast majority—to face such competition. But the business was then in a state of flux, and he was still busy with fundamentals.

THE Copyright Protection Bureau, organized after this dip into the turgid bottom of the motion picture business, more than pays for itself in the arrears which it collects from detected hold-overs, bicyclers and switchers.

But the excess revenue is not the important thing; rather the protection of the honest majority of exhibitors against unfair competition. From time to time it has found and stopped other methods, more original, of cheating the film.

Hays installed a Conservation Department. This supervises and promotes, as a matter of course, the measures which must be adopted by the theaters themselves if they are to insure safety. But it goes further: it imposes scientific regulation of film-storage and film-handling.

The Association maintains country-wide inspection, encourages competitions in new methods for assuring safety, carefully supervises the handling of scrap film. As a result, film fires have for the past four years amounted almost to nothing. The Pathe fire in New York is not an exception. It started in a drop curtain, and the fire had passed control before it reached an inch of exposed film.

A FEW paragraphs of miscellany. Along with the fight to regulate and "purify" the films, has gone a struggle to clean up the advertising.

In many instances, local censors have barred a film from a city, without ever seeing it, on the strength of the advertising alone. In these cases, the Hays organization can sometimes bring a little pressure through the distributors; but mostly it can merely admonish and educate. It has crimped this process a good deal, but the war still goes on.

The Hays measures to "elevate the film," to insure and improve its standing and higher usefulness, are worth more space than I can give it here. He has worked to encourage the use of motion pictures for educational purposes. He has cooperated with the government in preserving, for historic purposes, the most worthy films of these times and the news reel records of important current events.

He has collaborated with the American College of Surgeons to record the technique of great masters in their art.

ALL that outside of the business. Inside, Hollywood has witnessed a series of moves to give the motion picture a status with the other artistic industries.

It was this growing consciousness of artistic responsibility which culminated two years ago in the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences.

A year or so after Hays took office, he asked the Russell Sage Foundation to make a survey of Hollywood with regard to working conditions. The Foundation pronounced everything ideal—with one conspicuous exception. Conditions as regards the extra people were bad.

The ballyhoo for Hollywood had produced one unfortunate result. All over the country, handsome and ambitious or merely silly youth had streamed westward to that bonanza where girls

from the glove counter and grocer's delivery boys found themselves in a year or so transmogrified to world figures with salaries of hundreds of thousands a year.

In those days, Venus served your luncheons in the cheap restaurants of Hollywood, and Apollo washed, greased and filled your car with gasoline. These were the ones who acknowledged failure.

The rest thronged at the studio gates, appealing for jobs as extras. To each opening there were from ten to twenty applicants. Certain schools of motion picture acting, certain scenario schools and some agents, made the situation worse; if for no other reason because they were helping to spread the impression that any good-looking moron could jump into easy money at Hollywood.

Hays, working with and through the Better Business Bureau, was already taking measures to discredit the fakes among the schools. Carrying on, he used every medium of publicity he could command to exploit the true situation at Hollywood, and to stop the rush.

Then finally he established the Casting Bureau, run cooperatively by all the studios. With it, all people wanting jobs as extras must register, setting down not only their names and addresses but their physical make-up, their experience, their special qualifications. If a man is a cross-eyed Lithuanian waiter who can juggle plates, if a girl is a petite blonde who can dance, plain and fancy, ride and drive —there are the data.

AT the same time, Hays moved to help the men and women in other ranks of the profession. The actors who are neither extras nor stars under contract to some one company, frequently work through agents. These middlemen get them jobs on a commission basis.

Some of these agents, Hays found, were good and some were almost racketeers.

To correct this, the companies, on Hays' recommendation, established the Call Bureau. With it the directors communicate when they want any actor or actress. It keeps direct touch with them, knows if they are available, can deliver them at the studio, usually, in an hour or so. And it charges no commission.

I MUST stop lest I ramble. Hays wouldn't be Hays were he not a busy man. Except for a little social intercourse, his job is his recreation. For ten years he has worked like a dynamo not only upon the activities which I have merely sketched in eight articles, but a thousand miscellaneous jams, tangles and mix-ups which were everybody's business and yet no one's business in particular.

Ten years! The motion picture business, when he plunged impulsively into it, was an overgrown infant industry. It just bawled when it was hurt, it couldn't focus its eyes, it couldn't coordinate its parts. It has grown to twice its 1922 bulk and to lusty adolescence.

Perhaps it would not have grown at all, but have been carried away by an attack of censor colic, if the heads of the great companies had not possessed the foresight to organize and to pick for the head of their organization that combination of lawyer, statesman, business man, politician and conciliator which is Will Hays.

How to have *beautiful floors with* 10 MINUTES WORK!

NO RUBBING! NO POLISHING!

Do this Pour a little Glo-Coat right onto your clean floor. (An ounce or two at a time is best.)

..then this Spread Glo-Coat over floor with the Glo-Coat Applier or a soft cloth. You don't have to rub or polish it.





And your floors will look LIKE THIS..



● You'll never believe how beautiful your floors can look until you try Glo-Coat! This amazing new polish goes on the floor like water. You simply wipe it over the surface with the Glo-Coat Applier or a cloth. In 20 minutes Glo-Coat dries with a bright, hard polish, making linoleum, rubber tile, varnished and painted floors lovely as new.

● Send 10c for a trial can—enough for small kitchen or bathroom.

GLO-COAT

BY THE MAKERS OF JOHNSON'S WAX

Special SALE at your dealers

1 large 16 oz. can Glo-Coat . . . . 75¢
1 longhandled Glo-Coat applier . . 75¢
~~$1.50~~

BOTH FOR ONLY 98¢



S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc., Dept. TM 4, Racine, Wis

Enclosed is 10c. Please send me a generous trial can of your new easy-to-use floor polish, GLO-COAT.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY AND STATE_____



MOTHER: My baby has a terrible croupy cold. What can I give him?

DRUGGIST: Ma'am, just rub on Children's Musterole. It's a "counter-irritant," and the surest thing I know.



MOTHER: What do you mean by "counter-irritant?"

DRUGGIST: It's something that penetrates, goes right to the seat of congestion and breaks a cold in no time.

MOTHERS!

Watch that cold in children!

● Children's colds can bring on serious illness. At the slightest sign of a cold, rub on Children's Musterole, once every hour for 5 hours. This pure white ointment is just good old Musterole in milder form. Used for 20 years by millions, recommended by doctors and nurses—Musterole is a famous blend of mustard, menthol, camphor and other valuable ingredients. It gets action and results because it's NOT just a salve. It's a "counter-irritant." It penetrates, stimulates blood circulation, breaks congestion, draws out pain and infection—pleasant and convenient to use on babies and small children. Keep full strength Musterole on hand for adults, and milder Children's Musterole for little folks. All druggists'.

CHILDREN'S MUSTEROLE

BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

MILD

Pictures You Should See and Why

(*Continued from page* 62)

Kay Francis is the playful young wife married to Monroe Owsley, her antedated husband, who finally proves himself to be a gentleman after all by falling off a balcony and conveniently dying so that she can marry her detective sweetheart.

Yet it takes more than such a story to eliminate the entertainment value from a picture in which Miss Francis appears. George Brent plays the detective and you'll also see Glenda Farrell, Monroe Owsley and Helen Ware.

Not particularly well suited for children.

PALS—(Universal)—"Chic" Sale, in a comedy-drama, without character make-up and with a dog for his major support, is a film surprise.

The result is entertaining, however, and Buster, a mongrel dog, is good for lots of sympathy on anybody's screen. Advance publicity has the dog understanding at least one thousand words, and though this is more than the average vocabulary of the man in the street, we'll be darned if we're not inclined to agree.

Zion Myers did a smooth job of direction with the material to hand and thanks are due him for most of the entertainment, particularly for the deft manner in which most of the Sale laughs are handled.

ZOO IN BUDAPEST—(Fox)—There has been no depression in the animal actor ranks of Hollywood, and from all accounts they are still going strong. However, we give any producing company the privilege of using all the animals it likes just so long as it includes Loretta Young and gives her something that is worth doing.

She and Gene Raymond, a likable newcomer, appear here in a charming little story that, as hinted in the title, concerns the Zoo in Budapest. Gene is an orphan who works around the zoo and Loretta, another little waif who finds her first hope and courage in his companionship.

Under the skilful and understanding direction of Roland Lee their friendship ripens into love and final happiness against the strange background of the beast-pits in the Budapest Zoo. Despite the strange background, we beg to report that Miss Young is still a steadily improving actress who still has to see her greatest day.

I AM GUILTY OF LOVE—(Fox)—Alexander Kirkland does rather nobly with the rôle of a confused young doctor in Fox's "I Am Guilty of Love." Apparently the author, a certain Mr. Harry Fried, feels that the lightest passion has no place in the life of a medico, or that if it has to be, a doctor should consider his clientele carefully before making the fatal choice.

This young example falls head over heels—and pocketbook—in love with a flashy, fast-stepping society matron, in this case the rather lovely Irene Ware. In order to keep pace with her demands he undertakes a few experiments that border along the thin edge of the law and the final result is a near disaster averted in the nick of time by his pretty and loyal nurse, the buoyant Boots Mallory.

In return for all this, he marries her, as he should have done in the first reel . . . and they start afresh and, also, a little afraid. Ralph Morgan and Christian Rub are well cast.

THE CRIME OF THE CENTURY—(Paramount)—We would have liked to see Lionel Barrymore play the rôle of the slightly crazed hypnotist-physician played by Jean Hersholt in "The Crime of the Century." As it is, there is something of the earthworm about the Hersholt characterization that tends to rob it of the sympathy invariably gained by Barrymore. However, lest this tends to make you believe there is something wrong with the picture, let us inform you now that it is one of the most intriguing stories of the year, with a mystery motive that is well nigh perfect.

As to the story, we'll tell you this much: Hersholt sets out to commit the perfect crime, then, relenting, he asks the police to prevent his doing it, to guard him continually. In spite of all precautions, in the very presence of the police, the man and his wife are murdered. For further details we suggest that you patronize your local theatre.

Wynne Gibson, Frances Dee and Stuart Erwin shine in their respective rôles.

EX-LADY — (Warner Brothers) — "Ex-Lady" may undo some of the nice things that have been done for Bette Davis in her last few pictures.

The story concerns Bette, an ultra-modern artist, who refuses to be tied down by any marital arrangements. She loves Gene Raymond without bene-

Clark Gable and Helen Hayes in the talking versian of "The White Sister," made as a silent picture years ago by Lillian Gish.



fit of clergy and all is happy until convention forces her into a distasteful marriage arrangement.

According to Bette, "marriage is a sure cure for love," and the rest of the picture sets out to prove it isn't so.

OUR BETTERS—(Radio)—It is a lucky, lucky thing for Connie Bennett that she drew George Cukor as her director in this movie version of "Our Betters," by Somerset Maugham. Mr. Cukor's shrewd direction robs a story, that probably would never have been made otherwise, of most of its objectionable material.

As in her last show, Connie sets out to make a "horrible example" of herself, waiting until the last few feet of the film before it is definitely proved that her heart is "golden after all." However, ladies and gentlemen, mostly the ladies, Miss Bennett gets an excellent chance to wear any amount of gowns in a story that should hold anyone's interest, even if it lacks probability.

Connie marries an English Lord and after marriage finds that he has no intention of being faithful to her. So she pays him back in his own coin . . . and pays and pays and pays until she finds that she is horrifying her younger sister, neatly played by Anita Louise, and deserts her current South American gigolo for the straight and narrow.

It sounds a wee mite involved but thanks to the knowing direction of the aforementioned Mr. Cukor, the result is all that any Connie Bennett fan can ask for.

SHE HAD TO SAY YES—(First National)—"She Had To Say Yes" goes rather a long way to prove very little but it certainly results in some brisk entertainment. It seems that the girls of the Sol Glass Cloak and Suit Company are supposed to work on a twenty-four hour shift and nothing must ever stand in the way of dear old Sol Glass & Company. . . .

When Winnie Lightner and Loretta Young are the girls in question, it makes a difference. The Misses Young and Lightner are expected to step out with all out-of-town buyers and encourage orders. For Miss Lightner it is a throw-back to the old days of "Gold Diggers of Broadway" and she is funnier than she has been of late. Miss Young is delightful.

An excellent cast, including Lyle Talbot, Regis Toomey, Hugh Herbert and Helen Ware, deserves your thanks for furnishing an entertaining evening.

WHISTLING IN THE DARK—(M-G-M)—"Whistling in the Dark" probably introduces a new screen favorite in Ernest Truex who has been popular these many moons on the legitimate stage where "Whistling in the Dark" enjoyed a successful run.

It is the yarn about the famous author of crook stories, who, with his sweetheart, walks into a crook's hideout and is forced to concoct the setting for a perfect crime to earn his release.

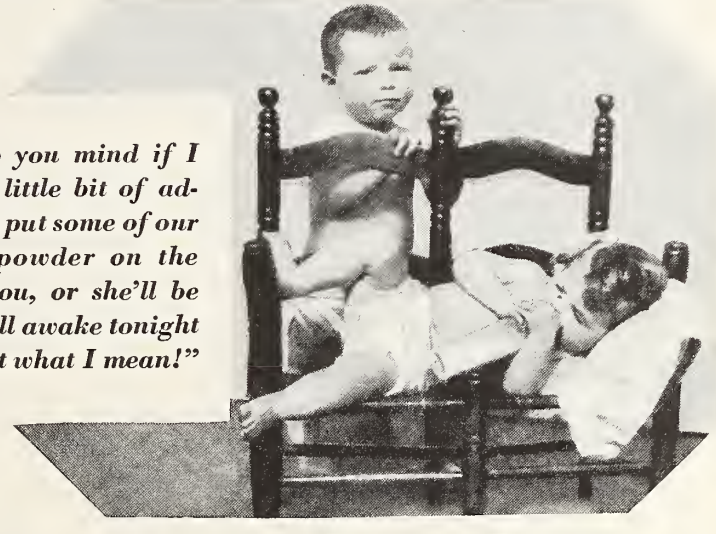
Though the story is dramatic enough, it is the comedy that gives it its chief appeal. Mr. Truex has a light and funny brand that should appeal to audiences from North Carolina to Honolulu and part of the way back again.

Joe Cawthorne, who is supposed to be the victim of the perfect crime, scores heavily in his own scenes and Una Merkel is more likable than ever.

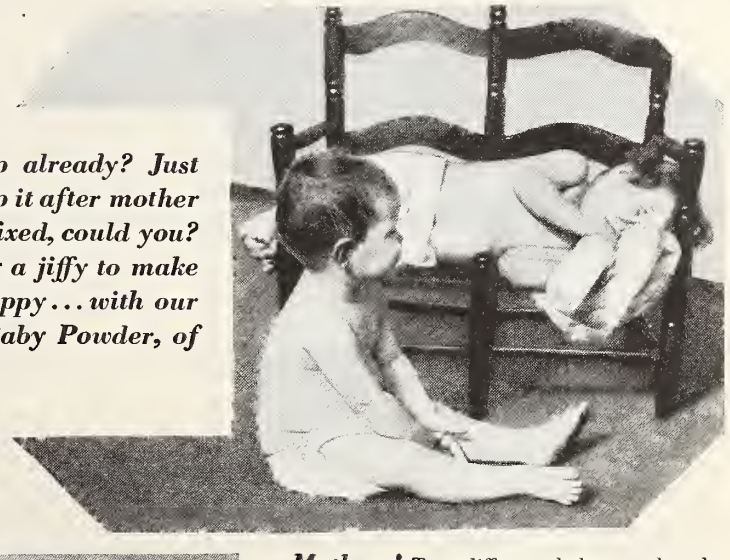
There is little enough comedy in the usual year's list of motion pictures and we believe you will thank us for telling you that you'll enjoy this picture.



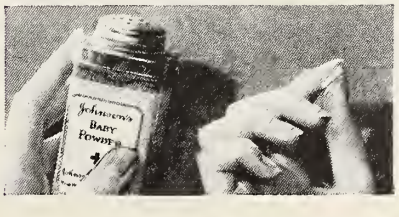
"My goodness! Where on earth have you been? Somebody certainly used the wrong baby powder on you! Your skin looks something terrible . . . all red and rough! Guess I'd better send out an S.O.S.!"



"Mother, do you mind if I give you a little bit of advice? Please put some of our nice baby powder on the lady, will you, or she'll be keeping us all awake tonight . . . if you get what I mean!"



"Fast asleep already? Just couldn't help it after mother got you all fixed, could you? It takes only a jiffy to make us babies happy . . . with our Johnson's Baby Powder, of course!"



Mothers! Test different baby powders by rubbing between thumb and finger. Feel how much softer Johnson's is? Made of finest Italian talc—while the inferior talc used in some powders contains gritty particles. Johnson's Baby Powder contains *no zinc stearate* . . . no orris root. Ask your dealer for Johnson's Baby Soap and Baby Cream, too. Johnson & Johnson NEW BRUNSWICK, NEW JERSEY

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"Feel the edge"—that's the test thousands of smart women have made. It's paper—beautifully designed, beautifully embossed. Yes, paper—but it's twice as thick as ordinary shelf paper and feels like cloth.

Your own fingers can tell you it *won't* curl . . . it *will* wear longer. Then see it on your kitchen shelves. So pretty, so colorful, and it stays as you hang it—clean, neat, cheerful, never messy.

Go to your nearest 5-and-10c store and look over the gay color combinations in Roylace Cloth-lyke Paper—10 feet for 5c. You'll recognize Cloth-lyke by the round seal that tells you to "feel the edge." Other Roylace Shelf Papers in numerous patterns, quaint or modern, are also 5c in convenient lengths.

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Clever hostesses find that Roylace doylies add charm and *thrift* to their table sets and tray service. They're delicately effective, exquisite as real lace, and only 5c a package.



Any size from 3½ to 12 inches, square, round and scalloped effects in pastels and white.

For the greatest value in paper doylies, be sure to select packages marked "Roylace."

The Royal Lace Paper Works, Inc., 842 Lorimer St., Brooklyn, N. Y.



Hollywood Cook-Coos

(*Continued from page* 43)

and trousers—and wore a tuxedo when she made occasional appearance, at social affairs.

We do not pretend to know much about such things but anyone can see how all this upset the silk hosiery manufacturers! The gal with the most beautiful legs in the world was concealing them in trousers.

And how would Japan feel when she suddenly realized that the Western world no longer had a yen for silk?

Smart shops soon began to display severely tailored clothes for women.

Dietrich sat tight. In her men's pants, of course. She would rather be tight than resident. In Hollywood.

As a matter of fact, Dietrich wore men's clothes most of the time in Germany before she ever came to America.

On arriving here she first refrained from wearing trousers because she did not want to appear to be imitating tweedy Garbo.

But when Garbo tank she go home to Sweden, Dietrich began appearing everywhere in breeches.

If Paramount didn't like her in pants, she said she was willing to return to Germany.

"Why not?" she reasoned, in her low-pitched, deliberate manner. "I'd rather have comfort than fame. The money isn't worth all the trouble and bickering. I could live for a month in Germany for what it costs me for detectives here in one week."

The tired and weary William Powell
Does not quite sneer, does not quite scowl;
Which makes him look most enigmatic
And also just a little static.
But still (three cheers) what great ability
It takes to act in immobility!

ACCORDING to Benita Hume, a recent English import, "In Hollywood, your manicurist or your waitress usually is a girl who could have won a beauty contest in her home town."

And the funny part of it is, Benita, she's usually a girl who did.

ELSA MAXWELL, another visiting English woman, was asked by *The Hollywood Reporter* to write some of her Hollywood impressions. In so doing she incidentally included the following paragraph:

"The last time I saw Charlie Chaplin was in Biarritz in the Pyrenees, respectfully but solemnly admonishing the heir to the throne of England to 'look out for the bankers,' and whimsically beseeching the Prince to make a study of the ways of the so-called technocrats."

This is surprising because it indicates that Chaplin was aware of the Technocrats and their studies almost a year before anything was printed about them.

And it recalls how, years ago, when Chaplin was receiving his first decorations in custard, he used to go from the film colony to his home in the Los Angeles Athletic Club, after a hard day's work, box a few rounds, and then go for a taxicab ride with anyone who would listen to him discuss economics.

Elsa Maxwell also made this observation about Joan Crawford—

"I first saw her at a cocktail party given by Noel Coward in London in a background of delicate biege and brown; she sat seemingly attired in flame, but actually gowned in black! She was like a philosopher without a philosophy—more baffled than baffling, but there was something naïve and childlike in her sophistication. It wasn't real sophistication at all."

JOAN CRAWFORD, as a matter of record, has a philosophical sense of fundamental decency. Recently she overheard someone talking about two destitute youngsters who were washing restaurant dishes to get food, and sleeping in blankets in the Hollywood hills. She had her secretary investigate. The boys had hitch-hiked from the Middle West, planning to work their way through law school in California. Joan then instructed her secretary to pay tuition, board and room for the youths. Now they're in college.

Why hasn't some studio turned over last year's financial statement to the scenario department to be dialogued for a horror film?

"THE price of fame is drivin' me mad," sputters Jimmy Durante. "I goes into a cigar store, incognito, to buy me two ten-cent Admirations and the clerk recognizes me. He says, 'Hello, Jimmy!' So I has to buy myself two sixty-cent Corona Coronas and appear nonchalant. But all the time I'm bitter."

Female stars are always putting out static
About wanting parts that are much more dramatic.

ERNEST HEMINGWAY'S gallant nose-thumbing at Hollywood should receive an award from the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences.

Hemingway was duck hunting in Piggot, Arkansas, when he received a telegram from Paramount announcing that a special print of his tragic story, "A Farewell to Arms," was on the way. Hemingway was told he could invite the entire town of Piggot to see the picture, of which Paramount and Director Borzage were mighty proud, and how are you?

Now everyone who read "A Farewell to Arms" knows the tragic sweep of the story—how it flows toward an inevitable tragic end.

But Paramount first filmed a happy ending—which is just about a new low for Paramount. Later an unhappy ending was concocted—with pigeons. And exhibitors were told they could have their choice—vanilla or bittersweet.

Hemingway, however, had only heard about the happy ending. So when he received the telegram, offering the print, he wired right back, thus:

"If you have an extra print of the Borzage version of 'A Farewell to Arms' I hope you have imagination enough to know what to do with it."

"GETTING drunk affords a temporary means of escape for a person who is tired," says Prof. H. W. Bohlman of Drake University, "and the movies offer a similar escape."

But the main trouble at present, is that half the population is tired of going to movies—and the other half is tired of getting drunk.

Universal is threatening to revive "The Perils of Pauline" in a 1933 edition.

Instead of falling off cliffs, they'll probably have Pauline fall off the wagon.

STUDIO executives have decided that Clark Gable has been overworked, so he will appear in just half as many pictures in 1933.

From here, it looks like a mighty dangerous precedent. If they start cutting down on everything they've overworked, what will America do with its evenings?

Hooray and hurrah for Mister Clive Brook
He sins with a bored and respectable look.

BARBARA STANWYCK'S fierce devotion to her red-headed husband, Frank Fay, is not a mere legend.

Cornered by autograph pests in full cry, she signed—

"Barbara Stanwyck Fay."

"That signature won't be correct in a year or two when you get a divorce," piped the autograph hunter.

(If we weren't an old hair-splitter for accuracy we would like to dramatize the episode and declare that Dame Fay flushed, then turned ash white, and opening her handbag extracted a black jack with which she knocked the fellow cold. As a matter of fact, she did nothing of the sort. But she did snatch the autograph book, rip out the page and tear it up.)

"IF an actor behaves like a human being," reports John Barrymore, "he needn't worry about acting."

No. He needn't worry about anything—except where his next meal is coming from.

TRADE paper item says Walt Disney and United Artists executives are thinking of changing the title of Silly Symphonies. They don't think the title does justice to the series and are considering "Super Sympanies."

Which is not bad for a beginning. But "Colossal Smyphanies" would be still sillier.

WITH what subtle power do Helen Hayes, Marie Dressler and Lionel Barrymore stir the souls of millions—and win immortality from the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences?

What is the secret of their wizardry?

Some contend it is the tender sincerity of Helen Hayes' voice—the courageous humanity of Dressler.

And as for Lionel, consider the following indelicate evidence, dug from a trade paper review—

"The best audience reaction came when Lionel Barrymore portraying Rasputin, repeated his 'Grand Hotel' belch."

Perhaps it made everyone feel better.

And a lotta stars seem convinced there are only two kinds of publicity—undesirable and unfounded.

STEP IN before you STEP OUT





In presenting the new Charis Step-In as 'the foundation of a successful evening', we repeat the opinion of every young woman who wears it.

This ten-ounce miracle of figure improvement is as soft and pliant as the lovely, young figures for which it was created. Only Charis designers could embody proper control and firm support in such a wisp of tea rose cloth and net.

The Step-In makes you *look* a different person in evening dress. Your gown will fit as it really should—sheathing a symphony of lovely, sculptured lines.

And you'll *feel* different. The end of the longest evening will find you fresh and smiling — because Charis gives the support that even firm, young muscles need.

You can see the Step-In at a nearby Charis Establishment (listed in your 'phone book under Charis). Or, mail the coupon below and a trained woman will show you the garment at home. In either case you will receive an expert fitting at no extra cost.

The back of the Step-In is cut to meet the most extreme requirements of decollete.

Winged bandeau design creates smart, 'snugged-in' waistline without discomfort.



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PRICES *on all Charis models substantially* **REDUCED**
Many improvements made in exclusive, adjustable design.

Hear Dorothy Chase, with Ed Nell, Gladys Baxter, and Vincent Sorey's Orchestra, over coast-to-coast N.B.C. Network, Wednesdays, at 4:45 P.M., E.S.T.

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Please have your representative arrange a showing of the new Charis Step-In at my home. Also send me free copy of Dorothy Chase's Individual Figure Chart.

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NEW party favors for kiddies, growing-ups and grown-ups! NEW paper party plates with matching table cover and napkins. NEW bridge sets. Exquisite spring shades that contribute so much to your Easter color scheme.

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For party plans, menus and table settings for Easter. Enclose 3¢ stamp for postage.

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WILLIAMSPORT, PA.

Wandering Son

(*Continued from page* 29)

time there were two. They dangled now before her eyes.

Her cousin, a Martin Hines, had been a trick rider with Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show. And sadder to relate, the wife of Hines was an elephant trainer.

Once a year, she remembered, the show came to Milwaukee. And each time it left town there was a glow of remembrance in the boy's eyes. It was all plain to her now. Her boy had early caught the fever of the wanderlust that now tingled fiercely in his blood.

That was why he had joined the United States Navy—to go roving over the world. *She understood.*

THERE was a long family talk. It ended with the words from the parents in unison, "It's all right with us."

The boy left to study at the Sargent Dramatic School in New York. With him went another classmate, as Irish as himself. He was later to become famous as one of the finest actors to walk across the screen of 1932—Spencer Tracy, by name.

For more than ten years their lives were to interweave. One was to quit a job in a stock company and wire the other, who was to take his place.

They were to meet here and there over the nation in the hunger and despair of ambition unfulfilled and hope long deferred.

They were to come forth in the same year and take their places in the front row of the highest-class cinema actors in Hollywood. They are comrades to this day, musketeers of destiny, with the lilt of Irish laughter in their eyes, and in their hearts the capacity for remembered sorrows.

After Pat left dramatic school he toured the South with a stock company which played one-night stands. It was a bitter school of experience, but actors, like fools, can learn in no other.

One day to the other was a dreary experience. The company was never quite sure that it would survive the week. Pat had made one resolution when he decided to become an actor. That was to say no word of his possible privations to his parents. Each week a glowing letter went to Milwaukee.

One would have thought that actors walked on streets of gold, and that money was as plentiful as ego among them.

His last dollar was often used to send a gift to his mother.

One zero night, a few days before Christmas in Pittsburgh, the son of Mrs. O'Brien saw a forlorn canary in a cage. It looked dolefully upon the passing throng. Said Patrick to Bill Boyd, "What more natural than that me own mother should have a canary for Christmas?"

The bird was sent to the woman who lived in the Irish colony of Milwaukee. It arrived as cold as Captain Peary toward Dr. Cook. It was hours before it thawed out. The melted frost ran from its feathers in rivulets.

Mrs. O'Brien watched as the hours dragged by. Suddenly the bird flew across the room. That any canary should fly so far was a miracle beyond the solving of men.

The mother of Pat O'Brien promptly called it "Lindy." It has been singing ever since. The only way that Mrs. O'Brien can keep it quiet is to put a heavy blanket over its cage. The bird is afraid in the darkness of what it thinks is Pittsburgh and goes to slumber at once.

"It's the cheeriest pet I've ever had," said Mrs. O'Brien, "except Pat."

AFTER eight years of wandering about young O'Brien found himself in New York City, with large experience and little money, and the need to find work at once.

But work was scarce and at last, driven to desperation, he took a job as a chorus boy in a musical comedy. The leading singing and dancing gentleman in the show was none other than the yet-to-be he-man of the screen, George Bancroft.

So sensitive was young Pat about the new job that he revealed it not to his father.

"Dad would still lick me if he knew I took a job like that," was his comment.

The Winter dragged away, and still no break for the Irishman from the wilds of Milwaukee. Then the show closed, and he was no longer a chorus boy.

Reduced to actual want in the city, he was forced by an ironical turn of the wheel of life, to borrow the stamps with which to send the letters to his mother, telling of the rivers he was burning in the outskirts of New York.

Always did his chivalry toward his mother end in pathos and humor. Once, when he journeyed to Milwaukee with the Chicago company of "Broadway," he invited his mother to bring all their near and far relatives to see the show—at his expense.

It was a dangerous thing to do—for one who knew the Irish. Whole dozens of them came from the hills and dales of the Middle West. A half-dozen O'Briens, on a journey from Ireland, got the news by divination, and came also.

Street cars, taxis, automobiles, patrol wagons, all were loaded with O'Briens. They stopped traffic for blocks.

The English government sent agents to watch their doings. They stormed into the theater and demanded to see the young member of their clan before the show opened. A person not answering to the name of O'Brien, was not allowed in the house.

A typical Irish gathering, they were not exactly looking for trouble, but not many steps would they take to avoid it.

The manager of the show went to Pat in desperation and made him sign away two months' salary to pay for the tickets.

There was never such commotion since the day Lucifer left heaven with a one-way ticket as when Pat went on the stage.

A riot call was sounded. The police came, then the fire department. One glance at the clan of the O'Briens, who doubled their fists gently as they looked at the officers as much as to say, "Is it trouble ye'd be wantin'?" All left in silence.

It was months before Pat finally paid for the tickets used by his clan. Six weeks later Spencer Tracy met him in Kansas City, heard his plight,

pronounced Patrick's special complex in loving the Irish as "Irishitis," and lent him thirty dollars, which Spencer borrowed from a pawnbroker. And Patrick still worried at the term his comrade had given him, asked, "Don't you be lovin' the Irish yourself, Spencer?"

His fellow Irishman answered, "I can't say that I do." Then he paused. "Of course, I wouldn't be wantin' outsiders to be talkin' too much about them."

THE two friends did not meet until a year later in New York.

Pat had found a lovely room on Ninetieth Street. Its rental was five dollars per week. An expensive luxury. He walked down Broadway in search of some one to share the room and expense with him. Standing at Forty-second Street, as woeful as the canary had been in Pittsburgh, was Spencer Tracy.

They rented the room together. They occupied the room several months, when soon the trumpets of success sounded for Patrick O'Brien. He was given his chance in two widely different New York plays. In one, "The Up and Up," he played the part of a bookmaker; in the other, that of a Russian communist leader, in the late brilliant Bolitho's "Overture." Both plays died the death quickly. Out of the debris emerged one name—that of Patrick O'Brien.

Into the theater, while O'Brien played in "The Up and Up," wandered one of the ablest citizens of Hollywood, Lewis Milestone. He was looking about for an actor to play the part of *Hildy Johnson* in "The Front Page." After the performance he telephoned Howard Hughes in Hollywood, that he had found the actor he wanted.

Before Hughes could put O'Brien under contract, Gilbert Miller, the New York producer, had done so. He was signed by him to play one of the three leads in Philip Barry's "Tomorrow and Tomorrow."

The young Irish actor from the tank towns was soon dazed by the avalanche of acclaim. Unusual among actors, he is modest, almost self-effacing. But he is entirely human, and Hollywood was the pot of gold at the end of his Irish rainbow.

The salary offered him to play in the cinema of "The Front Page" was three times the amount he was to receive as one of the leads in "Tomorrow and Tomorrow." He went direct to Gilbert Miller. That gentleman agreed to let him go. Philip Barry, the author, first demurred.

Ten thousand dollars from Mr. Hughes for Mr. O'Brien's contract put a warm glow in the hearts of Miller and Barry. Osgood Perkins was chosen to play the part that had been assigned to Pat O'Brien, and another Irishman invaded Hollywood.

THERE is another phase of the yarn. Like a poet, I must write of love.

During his wandering years, the O'Brien boy had found time to dally with what innocent people call "the tender passion."

While playing the lead some years before in the Chicago company of "Broadway," he fell in love with the girl who played the leading feminine rôle.

The story of Eloise Taylor would have delighted the creator of *Cinderella*. The daughter of an Iowa school

(*Please turn to page* 106)



HOW often you've seen it happen! A man meets a stunning looking girl. He says to himself, "*Beautiful!*"

He dances with her . . . and says to himself as he turns away, "*Cheap!*"

Nothing so surely and quickly marks a girl down in the estimation of a man, as the ugly odor of underarm perspiration on her person and clothing.

And this form of personal neglect is all the more inexcusable because it is so easy to keep the underarms fresh, free from the slightest trace of odor. With Mum!

Mum is a fragrant snowy cream which gives all-day or all-evening protection. Half a minute is all you need to apply Mum. No fuss, no time wasted.

You can use Mum any time—when dressing or afterwards. It makes no difference, for Mum is perfectly harmless to clothing.

And it's soothing to the skin—so soothing you can even use it right after shaving the underarms. Remember, too, Mum does not interfere with natural perspiration.

Another thing women like Mum for is to remove clinging odors of onions, fish or dry cleaner from the hands.

Don't risk *your* popularity. Make sure that underarm odor can never be detected on *your* person. Be safe with Mum! 35c and 60c at all toilet counters. The Mum Mfg. Co., Inc., 75 West St., New York.

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THE Federal Trade Commission has ruled that no Sanitary Napkin Manufacturer has the right to claim that his napkin has any deodorizing qualities. We are therefore giving Lotus Buyers a positive deodorizing agent, LOTIRIS.

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FOR personal hygiene for women the Lotus & Lotiris combination package is the last word in Feminine Daintiness at no extra cost to you.

In each package of Lotus Sanitary Napkins there is an envelope of Lotiris Deodorant—sufficient for dusting on sanitary napkins.

Also in each package is a circular giving full particulars of the numerous uses of Lotiris for Personal Hygiene.

Lotus Sanitary Napkins are the same high quality made under the most sanitary conditions.

With Lotus and Lotiris you have the utmost in sanitary protection.



6 LOTUS SANITARY NAPKINS 10¢

15¢ in the far West and Canada

SOLD BY
F.W. WOOLWORTH CO.

Wandering Son

(*Continued from page* 105)

teacher, she lived out her round of girlhood days in Des Moines.

Then some gentlemen, wishing to play with the souls of women, started that most pathetic of games, for those who lose or win—a beauty contest. This one had a different "angle." All the girls of Iowa were to compete. From the corn fields and the little towns, their photographs came. From the thousands of photographs, each containing hope and a dream, were to be selected—ten of the most beautiful.

And now comes the different angle. The great Rudolph Valentino was journeying through Iowa. He was to be the final judge with his own eyes. The King was to select the most beautiful girl among the last remaining ten beauties in Iowa.

Des Moines was crowded when the eventful day came. The King of Romance was among them. With his heralds before him, and accompanied by his coldly beautiful wife, he went forth to select the most beautiful girl in Iowa.

The Beauties waited, palpitating, on the whim of the King, while he looked them over and over.

At last one was selected. It was Eloise Taylor, the daughter of the school teacher.

The wife of the King gazed at the new beauty, who then, as now, had the habit of blushing.

"How did Mrs. Valentino treat you?" I asked.

No answer followed the blush of Mrs. Pat O'Brien.

"Like one beautiful woman treats another?" I suggested.

There came a lovely blush, a shrug of the shoulders, but still no answer.

The King of Romance shook hands with the girl who had won, and departed, soon for the everlasting shadows.

THE next day, and several thereafter, other high school girls shook hands with Eloise Taylor. They wanted, they said, to shake the girl's hand that had touched that of the King's. Thus was it proved, as of old, that romance and not logic, still rules in the hearts of women.

The girl graduated from high school, and became a stenographer, with one idea in mind—to earn money with which to start a career as an actress in New York, where her struggle was as hard as her future husband's.

One of the most charming, vivacious and unaffectedly beautiful women in Hollywood, she gave up what seemed to be a sure career for the greater rôle of marriage with Pat O'Brien.

The young Irishman took his bride to Milwaukee. No sooner arriving home, he was restless until his parents promised to go to California with him.

Nor was this all. He wanted his wife's parents to go to the West Coast also. Many telegrams were exchanged. His wife's parents joined them in Kansas City. The three couples went to Hollywood together.

PAT O'BRIEN has since remained in the cinema city, a free lance, under no long-term contract to any studio. His salary is two thousand per week. He is never idle.

His friend, Spencer Tracy, who left Milwaukee with him more than a dozen years ago, is rated even with O'Brien, as an actor of ability. There are those who rate Tracy as superior to all screen players in certain dynamic rôles.

My own vote would go to Pat O'Brien as the superior of the two friends in what they have thus far shown. O'Brien can be hard-boiled; he can also be as wistful and tender as an old priest dozing in the sun. Voltaire could mock—he could also pity.

His performance as the newspaper reporter in "The Front Page" was one of the most superb of the year. He followed it with another newspaper rôle in "Scandal for Sale" and another in "Consolation Marriage."

By this time he had learned something of the vagaries of Hollywood. Feeling that he might be doomed to play nothing but newspaper rôles, he had the courage to make ready to return to the stage rather than play another such rôle. He was at last given a chance to play the part of a bank clerk in "American Madness." In this film he proved his versatility by sharing the honors of the piece with no less an actor than Walter Huston.

It was followed with many superb performances, the best being, perhaps, his characterization of the devil-may-care pilot in "Air Mail."

IT was with satisfaction that I heard of his selection to play the rôle of *Barney Slaney*, my own creation of a life-entangled Irishman, in "Laughter in Hell." Two of the best judges of acting in Hollywood, Warner Oland and Clarence Brown, strengthened my faith in O'Brien to carry the troubled destiny of *Barney Slaney*, convincingly through a film. "He will give you an excellent performance. He adorns every part he touches," was Oland's verdict. Clarence Brown said, "A fine selection . . . your lead is in safe hands."

They were correct.

Pat O'Brien, the artist, caught the tragedy in *Barney Slaney's* life—the tragedy of a man who cannot comprehend the forces which overwhelm him. He made, if possible, even the happy ending of the film convincing.

O'Brien is the symbol of the Irish on the screen, as he is in real life. He could have found an excuse for Benedict Arnold—had he been Irish. No man I have ever met has such understanding of his own people. Often there is in his eyes, the look of his mother, of the child that knows not whether to laugh or cry.

It was only a few weeks ago that his mother said to him, "And did you think you'd be fooling your mother all those years? You and your worn shoes walking on streets of gold—when the hunger gnawed and the misery came? I said no word, but let you alone, with your pride, and your white lies—for they made no mark in heaven. Many the night I was so lonesome for you that I talked to Lindy. But, now I forgive you everything, even for being an actor."

A long pause followed. Father, mother and son looked at one another. There was an expression on his father's face as if he were bidding Pat goodbye at the foot of the gallows. He cleared his throat three times. An ominous

silence again followed as he waited.

The strain told on the actor. A cold sweat came over him. His heart stood still.

At last, doleful as a funeral bell, his father said, "There's a dark spot in your life, my son. How you'll ever be forgiven in heaven I know not—but I shall forgive you. May it never be said that an O'Brien had not an understanding heart."

"What is it, Father?" asked the Boy. "Would you be killin' me with suspense?"

"Better to die with suspense than disgrace your father in the eyes of the sad world."

"Tell him, Father," commanded the mother. "I think he has suffered enough."

"Well, said the father, *"I knew you were a chorus boy."*

Patrick went faint from fear.

Then bravely he asked, "Did Spencer Tracy tell you?"

"SHAME to have doubt on such a lyin' and loyal friend. It was that blitherin' rascal who told me that ye'd taken the stage-name of George Bancroft, and that ye were the Big Man of the piece."

"That's what I call a friend," laughed Patrick.

"But bein' Irish, ye doubted him at first, didn't ye?—The lyin' and loyal rascal."

"But who told you, Father?"

"It may have been President Hoover," was the reply, "it's none of your business . . . But if ye do it again, we'll tell Will Hays."

Join the People's Academy of Pictures

(*Continued from page* 45)

send your vote to The People's Academy.

Each month THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE will publish the comments of its readers, and a faithful, accurate check will be made of all the votes which are received.

Every three months the results of the voting up to that date will be published. At the end of 1933 a tabulation will be made of all votes received during the year, and the results will be published as early as possible in 1934.

The People's Academy will then award and distribute twelve special gold medals to the producers, stars, directors and writers who have been selected by popular vote as having made the greatest contribution to American movie entertainment during the year.

Remember that the people and the people only will decide.

Send your votes and your comments to The People's Academy of THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Let your voice be heard, and watch for the report of the balloting from month to month.

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INSTANT ODO-RO-NO is for quick use—while dressing or at any time. 1 to 3 days' protection. 35¢, 60¢, $1—with applicator.

ODO·RO·NO

Jazz Madness

(*Continued from page 49*)

shall have anything for you," they told her in the stereotyped way, "but keep in touch."

MONOTONOUS weeks went by. It was altogether different from what she had imagined it. Perhaps she should have gone back to New York and musical comedy, after all.

However, she went on as an "extra," did inconsequential bits in several productions, and then she was used as a "double" for Norma Shearer.

Other girls might have seen all this as the blossoming of golden opportunity, but Lucille could not be contented with such tantalizing crumbs. Outwardly shy, she was inwardly bold with determination to get somewhere.

Her mother, now Mrs. Hough, and her brother Hal were with her in Hollywood, and it made Lucille happy to be able to help them in a material way. This gratified one of her deepest desires, and there was more understanding between them.

Hal was proud of his sister's success, and no longer in her mother's eyes was "Billy" dancing to the devil. Instead, her nimble feet had carried her to the portals of Fame and Fortune! After all, the Younger Generation sometimes knows what it wants and how to get it, too, although their elders may not be in sympathy with their radical ideas and actions.

Mrs. Hough might have sighed over the Jazz Age that had taken possession of the young people, but what individual can fight the Spirit of the Times?

Called upon so little by the film company that had put her under contract, Billy-Lucille had to find an outlet for her boundless energy, and naturally turned to dancing. It was the era of the Charleston and Black Bottom. Everybody was excited about these latest expressions of the dance.

Born dancer that she was, Billy-Lucille won cup after cup in the current contests held in the gayest, most popular resorts of Hollywood. As champion of the midnight revelers, she became famous in her own right. Her home gleamed with silver trophies.

Of course, there were conservative observers, kill-joys, and rival dancers that frowned on such wild performances. They said a girl who spent all of her time in these rhythmic frenzies would never amount to much in any serious endeavor. What a mistake it was, to be sure. And all the rest of the prejudiced patter that usually rises from self-love or self-righteousness.

ALSO, Billy-Lucille was criticized for being too hail-fellow-well-met. Social distinctions didn't seem to bother her. (Nor do they today, as a matter of fact.) Actually, she was like a child in her acceptance of people. If they were nice to her, she was nice to them. Her generous nature responded to anyone who was pleasant and decent, without second thought of their culture or their money, their clothes or their grammar.

Rich boys and poor boys were alike to her as playfellows, provided they knew their place within the bounds of her friendship. Quite impartially, she took them at face value. Her real democracy bore bitter fruit in time!

As might be expected, Dame Gossip and Mrs. Grundy put their heads together, clacked their long tongues, and had Billy-Lucille engaged to one admirer after another, until they were quite, *quite* sure she set her cap for that gay and golden youth, Michael Cudahy, heir to millions, then cutting a wide swath in Hollywood.

But, as usual, Dame Gossip and Mrs. Grundy were nine-tenths wrong. And the truth, of course, wasn't as thrilling as their suppositions. For about a year Billy-Lucille was seriously interested in young Mike, not because he was rich and lavish with his money.

Her pace and sparkle fascinated him, but he was puzzled, and often peeved, at the way she tried to advise and guide him. A mothering sweetheart was something new and disturbing in his experience.

MIKE CUDAHY, somehow, couldn't dovetail these two opposite sides in her character. He didn't have the perception of Ray Sterling or Jack Oakie, who had been such sympathetic companions. Although he was madly in love with the girl, and would have driven his swanky blue car into the Pacific to please her, he did not respond to her serious attempts to see life as a whole, and the profounder meanings in its pattern.

"Quit preaching! Life's too short! Let's go!" was the summing up of his attitude.

And at last Billy-Lucille met the issue without further compromise.

"Mike, I think we'd better part," she said. "There isn't any use in going on this way."

"Why, what's wrong, Billy?"

"A lot. And maybe you'll think it's crazy. But while you give me all the fun and good times any girl could ask for, you don't seem to get further than that. I couldn't be satisfied with a life of perpetual amusement. Nor could I be happy. Our worlds, I'm afraid, are too far apart, after all. It may seem silly to you. But it's so. I'm terribly sorry. Let's forget it all."

"You can't mean it—you can't!" he exclaimed.

"Yes, I do mean it. I couldn't mean it more."

"But maybe—"

"No, Mike, there's no maybe. It's final. There's no reason we can't be friends, but—"

He knew what she meant. Their close friendship must be turned into a distant, more casual kind. Pleasant but impersonal hellos and goodbys, conventional chit-chat, an occasional dance, perhaps. No more.

It was a blow to him. He was all broken up. For that matter, so was Billy-Lucille. She had not reached this unalterable conclusion without a great deal of pain to herself and keen disappointment in the youth she had striven to help toward her ideal. Maybe she was foolish, and expected too much, but she wouldn't compromise with her ideals, and so she deliberately chose the parting of their ways.

Of course, Hollywood buzzed with the nine days' wonder, and there were more versions of the sensational break than seemed possible.

FORTUNATELY, Billy-Lucille's work in the movies had taken an upward turn, and she could lose herself in redoubled concentrated effort to

achieve her ambition. Sensitive, inclined to fall into moods of black depression when things went wrong, luckily she had the will-power to battle the odds of circumstance and disposition.

The film, "Pretty Ladies," had given her something of a chance to make an impression as an actress, and she had made the most of it. Then along came "Sally, Irene and Mary," which enabled her to win her first real spurs. Furthermore, a substantial sign of her progress was expressed in a doubled salary.

And "Joan Crawford" was born!

Some persons seem subject to a variety of names, and certainly the girl called "Billy" and "Lucille"—and she had been known as "Boy" too—was one of them. Now, a prize was offered to the public for the best professional name for the new rising star of the screen. Out of this contest came "Joan Crawford" to begin what we are pleased to call her "third" life.

TOM-BOY BILLY into Dancing Lucille into Joan of Arts! Those tags fairly indicate her chief phases of development to the present moment. Her power of growth and change is extraordinary. It is not too much to say that she has transformed herself amazingly, both physically and mentally, in the last five years.

Physically, she has added four inches to her stature since going to Hollywood, and she has reduced her weight about twenty pounds. Exercise and a Spartan regimen have done wonders for her figure.

Persistent vocal work has given her voice a rich timbre that it originally lacked.

She has learned to choose and wear clothes that are perfection for her type.

Mentally, she has widened her horizons, until it is difficult for many of her old associates to realize what has happened under their very eyes.

And she is still going on!

Perhaps her longings for the finer things in life were first given direction and encouragement by the late Paul Bern, whose suicide last fall shocked the country and made the lovely Jean Harlow a widow. Bern was one of those rare men born with the gift of being an understanding and sympathetic male friend to the gentler sex when they themselves—especially the younger ones—weren't at all sure what their mental unrest and emotional instability meant.

He was a sort of self-elected knight of distressed damsels, and had helped scores of girls, groping in the dark, to find themselves in the mazes of the film industry.

What a friend! Intuitively, Paul Bern knew that Joan Crawford was going through some spiritual upheaval, and his interest was focused on her. Quickly, on her part, she responded to his kindliness, his gentle but keen insight.

His knowledge and culture delighted the new Joan. Here, at last, was a real mentor. Eagerly, she listened to him, followed his cultural trends, and proved herself an apt and intelligent pupil. Always, she had been extremely fond of music and literature, and loved color and art, but hitherto she had never found such a source of information and inspiration as Paul Bern.

"That girl is going to go far," he would predict, and being an associate-

(*Please turn to page* 110)

Is Such Beauty Your Dream?





To be beautiful and alluring is yours and every other girl's most treasured dream. Such beauty would mean popularity, romance, love! And, though it may seem beyond belief, it is not beyond possession. Beauty is not always a gift of the gods. It is more often the result of correct make-up.

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Victory Tips Are Part of the Lace—They Can't Come Off

INTERNATIONAL BRAID CO
PROVIDENCE

Jazz Madness

(*Continued from page* 109)

producer for the M-G-M Studios, his word carried weight, and those who valued his word began to watch Joan Crawford with increasing interest. At first, naturally enough, it was difficult for Hollywood to accept the gayest of dancing girls on the more serious grounds. But gradually she was taken on her new terms.

THE screen began to reflect the change. From "flaming youth" heroines, she began to portray those of deeper character, and showed that she was equal to the heavier emotional demands. Thus, she overcame the "casting to type" bugaboo, which might have doomed her to play flappers and jazz-babies, and limited her to a short one-type career.

Paul Bern watched her development with great satisfaction. One night, when there was nothing else on the schedule for either of them, Paul asked her if she wouldn't like to go to see "Young Woodley" with him. The lead was being played by Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and he thought she might enjoy the performance very much.

But his protegee wasn't enthusiastic at the prospect. Several times she had encountered that young actor about town, and she hadn't been favorably impressed by him. He had struck her as terribly reticent and a bit too self-sufficient.

Her mentor laughed at her objections, and they went to see "Young Woodley" anyhow. To her astonishment, she was so carried away by the performance that she couldn't think of indulging in any after-theater supper, and preferred to go straight home so as to be alone with her profoundly stirred emotions.

INDEED, for two whole days she was in "a state of mind" about the play, and then she suddenly wired her congratulations to Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. Without loss of time, he responded in person.

That meeting was an amusing one. Neither of them had been very much taken with the other, at former casual encounters, and now they wondered why they hadn't been more attracted. Evidently first impressions weren't always to be depended on. Why, here, within an hour of confidential chat, they had become good friends.

Pleasantly passed, that was the critical hour of their young lives. For, as everybody soon knew, it proved to be the beginning of a romance that set all Hollywood agog, and made heads and tongues wag—some of which are still wagging!

To most of the wiseacres who prided themselves on their knowledge of actor psychology, this new love affair was nothing but a flash in the pan. How, they asked, could it possibly be anything else, when Joan and Doug had such entirely different temperaments? Joan liked to be on the go and Doug liked to stay at home; Joan liked to dance and Doug preferred to write poetry; Joan had red blood in her veins and Doug had gray matter in his head.

And so on, endlessly.

BUT the young pair were so absorbed in each other that they didn't heed what the crowd was saying, and because they were so aloof and apparently indifferent to others, their critics didn't spare them. Joan became their favorite target for barbs made out of hurt vanity. She had committed the sin of trying to rise above the crowd, to be better than they had imagined she could be, and her new serious attitude, with its inevitable reservations, didn't please them at all. Her family and her close friends understood the transformation in her, brought about by her discovery and assimilation of the higher values in life, but her former companions in search of pleasure said such things as:

"Oh, sure, I see I'm not good enough for her any more!"

"High-hats us all over the place!"

"As usual, success has gone to her head!"

"Who does she think she is, anyhow?"

Get ahead of your playfellows, either through luck or pluck, inherent genius or ability for hard work, and the reaction on their part is the same. As the crowd saw it, Paul Bern had begun spoiling Joan Crawford, putting ideas into her head, and the process was being completed by Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., who had studied art in Paris, gone "literary" and all that sort of thing.

EXTREMELY sensitive always, and even at the most unsuspected moments battling with an inferiority complex that would not down, Joan Crawford suffered more than anyone will ever know at this period of shallow and malicious misunderstanding.

Why couldn't she change for the better, if she wanted to, without being subjected to constant reminders that she was once something else? Because she had been a champion Charleston dancer, she shouldn't read Keats and Shelly! Identified with jazz, how was it possible that she could enjoy Chopin and Beethoven? Why develop a taste for period furniture when she had been brought up in commonplace surroundings? . . .

But Joan knew she was right to move forward. As a matter of fact, there was, and is, a force within her urging her on and on, and it acts as the cardinal law of her being.

Few are blessed, or cursed, with such innate driving power as she possesses. It is also curious that it should be linked with such sensitivity and shyness.

But contrary characteristics are quite typical of her general make-up. No one can be gayer, or more melancholy; more generous, yet most careful; do the hard thinking of a man, but be soft and credulous at the most obvious sob story; timid in the dark and afraid of doctors, yet absolutely fearless in real danger; loving dolls like a little girl, enjoying parlor games with enthusiastic simplicity, but embodying the ideal of sophisticated young womanhood on the screen.

That was the Joan that fascinated and captured Doug. And while Hollywood watched and waited, the lovers spent their every spare hour together, taking long drives into the country, communing with Nature, writing verses, playing tennis, swimming, discussing their ideas and their ambitions, and planning their life together.

THEN Joan built a little Spanish type of house in Brentwood, and Doug collaborated with her on its features and details. They called it *Cielito Lindo*, which means "Beautiful Little Heaven." That was thrilling fun. Being Joan's first real house and home of her own, it was a peculiarly joyous event for her, and she could visualize herself in the rôle of housekeeper. Another of her unexpected and contradictory sides is that she is domestic, and loves to cook and sew. Spoon or needle in her hand, she is happy—and expert!

Fresh buzzing went around Hollywood at the erection of *Cielito Lindo*. It was whispered that they were really going to be married soon. But when? And where? Who was going to be invited to the wedding? Was it going to take place at the home of Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks, Sr.? What an idiotic way to go about it, making it such a secret!

Though Hollywood screen stars are not supposed to have any private life, Joan and Doug considered their marriage to be their own business, and acted accordingly. Which stand wasn't at all popular. However, ears were stretched and eyes sharpened for any sign of nuptial preparation.

TOWARD the end of May, 1929, the engaged couple tried to slip away unobserved, but they were spotted, and the customary squad of reporters and photographers appeared on the scene. Reaching New York, however, they managed to be quietly and simply married on June 3rd, the bridegroom's mother witnessing the ceremony, which was without pomp or circumstance.

Since then Joan and Doug have further astonished the social, marital and professional experts of Hollywood by settling down to unruffled joint enjoyment of quiet, contented home life, hard work, intensive study, advancement in their mutual vocation, and the pursuit of simple pleasures. Their progress on the screen has been steady and forward. And without the slightest evidence of jealousy!

How can such things be?

Puzzled to explain the phenomenon, the critics and experts of human behavior finally sum it up as:

"Well, Joan Crawford is a lucky girl to have such a man for a husband!"

To which the proper and true rejoinder is:

"WHAT? Say, Doug is the luckiest man in the world to have such a wife as Joan Crawford!"

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Is it a Pekinese



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EMPIRE STATE BLDG., NEW YORK, N.Y.

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She Laughed Death Away

(*Continued from page* 67)

down into the lobby to await the sun.

"I happened to be in my riding outfit, so I explained my odd conduct to the hotel clerk by telling him that I was off for an early morning canter. After chatting for a while I picked up a notebook and pencil and walked into the desert."

HERE was this distraught girl, then, wandering aimlessly across the desert, her soul crying out its hurt, begging to be told just what it all meant and if she were not to find peace and happiness. . . . At times she would lift her pencil and book as though to jot down some poetry, only to find herself utterly devoid of thought. So it was that a moment before dawn her entire being was acutely passive, and perhaps it was due to this receptive state of mind that she was able to absorb the following spiritual immensity:

While wearily dragging her feet through the desert sand, she noticed that dawn was beginning to tint the distant mountain peaks as though each were being given a halo of rose and gold. And Mae thrilled to a strange and life-giving ecstasy as she gazed, wide-eyed with wonder, at the glory of those distant peaks. They seemed to personify the heights to which her spirit would yet ascend. And a great exultation swept over her as she felt the nearness of some Holy Presence and a voice reverberate throughout the heavens with all the solemnity of an organ's rich whisper. "*Peace. Be still and know that I am God,*" it said.

And before the last sigh had faded into the blue of the morning sky Mae had sunk to the sand in an exhausted little heap. This transformation from stark futility to an ecstatic realization of her nearness to God had come all too suddenly. Her spirit failed to stand the strain. Something snapped within her.

Roused finally by the beating sun, she struggled back across the sands to the hotel. The immensity of her experience had left her all but numb. As a result she was rushed back to Los Angeles and immediately put into a rest home.

"The next morning," her mother tells, "I received Mae's indefinite suspension from the studio without pay, although I didn't tell Mae about it. And on top of that the rest home felt that Mae was so seriously ill that we had best rush her to a hospital. As a result I was frantic."

THUS it happened that Mrs. Clarke bundled Mae into an ambulance bound not for a hospital but for a *medical* rest sanitarium. As the ambulance wove its way through the Los Angeles traffic, Mae, (to all appearances lying in a profound sleep), never one to pass up a new experience, ill or well, suddenly popped to an elbow. "Say!" she inquired of the driver, "isn't this an ambulance?"

When the startled driver admitted as much, she added: "Well it's probably the only ride I'll ever have in one and I want it to be good! What's the matter with the speed? Where's the siren?"

"We're going as fast as we can," the driver soothed. "And we haven't a siren."

"Don't tell *me* that!" Mae hooted. "I've been in the movies! And if you don't step on it and use the siren, I'll get up there and drive, myself!"

A moment later Mae lay back on her couch smiling contentedly, for the ambulance was speeding through the tangled Los Angeles traffic with its siren screaming full blast.

AS time wore on she was transferred from sanitarium to sanitarium, a period which Mrs. Clarke recalls reluctantly: "Finally we went through Mae's nest-egg and found ourselves destitute, unable even to buy food, much less pay our nurse and sanitarium bills. When Mae would ask: 'Is the old check coming through regularly every week, mother?' I'd always answer, 'You don't have to worry at all, dear'. And, of course, we never could have managed had not our friends come to our rescue."

To the studio's credit I doubt exceedingly if they realized the seriousness of Mae's illness. Very likely they were just as confused about it as was Mae, herself. Briefly, she suffered from a *toxic psychosis*, or a severe nervous breakdown, complicated by a vicious attack of influenza and a raging fever. She was, unquestionably, a terribly sick young woman, and one would rather not dwell upon what might have happened to her had her mother given up hope, even once, or if Mae had refused to fight. . . .

"I fought, all right!" Mae now admits with a shudder. "I guess there were several times when I came pretty near dying, and each time I'd see those golden peaks before me and hear that Divine Voice whispering: 'Peace. Be still and know that I am God,' until I felt that if only I got rid of the wretched poison in my system I'd finally attain a lasting joy and peace.

"So you see I didn't want to die. Oh, how I loathed the thought! And because something told me that I'd pull through if I kept talking and joking, I chattered incessantly about anything that came into my head. And believe it or not, I vividly remember every detail concerning my illness!"

There finally came a morning when Mae was wrapped in gray blankets and bundled into a limousine with her one faithful nurse. And when she inquired plaintively as to where they were going this time, the nurse replied: "We're going home, dear, because you're almost well. . . ." But no sooner had Mae been placed on a cot, in her own room, at her home in Westwood, than she suffered a relapse.

Her influenza grew worse, her fever raged and she frequently lapsed into comas. This lasted for about two weeks, and then due to her mother's prayers and care, as well as her own fierce fighting spirit, Mae suddenly took a turn for the better. And before long she was well.

NOWADAYS while resting in the patio of her pleasant Westwood home, Mae gives most of the credit for her recovery to her mother and to that one faithtful nurse whom she affectionately calls "Flatfoot." But to this day the doctors are frankly amazed by the fight she put up against death. And they should be, for on six different occasions they informed Mrs. Clarke that her daughter would not live through

the night, only to return on six different mornings, regularly as clockwork, and find Mae very much alive and kicking.

"And I'm so happy it's all over with!" said Mae, her eyes glowing with health. "Now that I've thrown all that frightful poison from my system I feel as though I had experienced reincarnation. No longer am I afraid of life. Nowadays I welcome it. For at last I *know* that I'm close to a magnificent, spiritual peace, and that life really holds something very lovely for me.

"Out of it all," she concludes, "I've developed a philosophy. Mortals are born in darkness; they know neither where they come from nor where they're going, but nevertheless they crawl through the world to the best of their abilities, some growing, finding the light, evading the dangers of life, while others are trampled to death.

"And as the snake each season throws off a flimsy skin and faces the world in a fresher raiment, so we mortals throw off our past years of disappointments and hard lessons and continue to crawl through our short span of years with new hope and with an enlightened spiritual understanding. Like the snake I shed my old crinkly skin of futility and poisonous inhibitions and now face life fearlessly, filled with hope and a true belief; for when I dwell on the glory of those sun-touched peaks I know, deep down inside me, that some day I shall attain that peace and joy of which I've always dreamed."

Mae will find that peace and joy, for such bravery deserves reward. And this writer shall never cease to marvel that such an amazing combination of experiences could transform an unhappy and inhibited little girl into a poised young woman of the world, sure of herself and imbued with a calm yet thrilling comprehension of human existence.



In the New MOVIE ALBUM

Photos of the STARS, STIRRING SCENES from their FAVORITE FILMS

Do you remember Richard Dix in that great picture, "Cimarron"? Did you see that other famous Richard—Dick Barthelmess—fly in "The Dawn Patrol"? If you saw "Anna Christie," will you ever forget the thrill of hearing Greta Garbo speak? You'll do a lot of remembering as you turn the pages of The New Movie Album. Besides the many unusual photographs, it shows you a dramatic moment in each star's favorite rôle.

Canadian Orders 15c



TOWER BOOKS
Incorporated
55 Fifth Ave.
New York

A HOME FOR YOU

Among these charming plans, designed specially for Tower readers, you'll find the house of your dreams. If you are interested in moderately priced houses of five or six rooms, send for the blue print of the following houses:

Colonial house with 6 rooms and bath.

Normandy house with 5 rooms and bath.

Swiss chalet with 5 rooms and bath.

Italian house with 6 rooms and 2 baths.

Modernistic house with 5 rooms and bath.

Spanish house with 5 rooms, lavatory and bath.

Send three cents postage to the Tower House Editor, Tower Magazines, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y., for each blue print desired.

Underthings Tinted This New Way DON'T FADE

Color Holds Through 25 Washings!

And more! Hundreds of women report that just one dip in the rinse with the new Instant RIT imparts a lovely alluring color that stays fresh and true as long as the garment lasts.



1. Drop Instant Rit powder wafer in the rinse water. Dissolves completely in 40 seconds.



2. Not just a surface dye. Rit penetrates the fabric . . . dyeing every thread through and through.



3. That's why Instant Rit gives truer, evener color than any other package dye . . . lasts much longer.

New Instant Rit

Dissolves Immediately (like lump sugar)

This wonderful new Instant RIT dissolves in 40 seconds, like lump sugar—and dyes perfect, absolutely fast colors! So easy—you simply can't have a failure! A special new ingredient prevents streaking and spotting... gives truer, evener color than any other package dye... lasts much longer. New *concentrated* RIT is more economical—dyes twice the amount of material.

For lace-trimmed lingerie, use RIT Silk Tints—in the green box. It dyes the silk but not the lace. For tailored lingerie, use Instant RIT—in the orange box. All desired colors—on sale everywhere.

Now you can match any color with RIT color combination chart. See it at your dealer's or write for free copy. See also the RIT color card with its 33 smart colors at your dealer's. Use new Instant RIT for *everything* you'd like to have in a sparkling new color.

INSTANT RIT Rit Products Corporation 1401 Jackson Blvd., Chicago

RIT DYES IN THE RINSE — NO LONGER A SOAP



You've never TASTED NUT-MEATS *like these*

Entirely new . . . more tender . . . crisp, tasty, delicious. Made so by new patented **NUTMASTER PROCESS** *Seals in* the full, ripe flavor of filberts, cashews, pecans, almonds, Brazils. See them toasted in pure butter before your very eyes at most Woolworth stores. Plump, tempting tidbits from world's choicest crops. Most luscious..all varieties. Ready to serve and eat . . or unsalted for salads, desserts and baking. Liberal quantity..10c.

NUT PRODUCTS CO. • New York • Cleveland • Chicago



"TUMS" Let You Eat The Foods You Like

No longer need you pass up favorite foods for fear of acid indigestion, heartburn, sour stomach or gas. TUMS—the new candy-like antacid mints—quickly counteract excess acid, dispel gas and relieve "fussy stomach." Simply eat three or four TUMS after meals, when smoking or whenever you are distressed. They're safe, agreeable—handy to carry in pocket or purse. Get a roll today at any drug store—only 10c.

FREE Package of Nature Flower Garden Seeds—also samples of NR and TUMS—*Just send name and address, enclosing stamp, to* A. H. LEWIS MEDICINE CO., Dept. 8-D, St. Louis, Mo.



TUMS ARE ANTACID—Not a Laxative
For a laxative, use the safe, dependable Vegetable Laxative NR (Nature's Remedy). Only 25 cents. NR



All-expense tour prices from $260 to $979 include round trip ocean passage, hotels, meals, travel in Europe, guide service, motor trips, admissions to galleries and museums—even your tips! THE TRAVEL GUILD, INC. 180 No. Michigan, Chicago 521 Fifth Ave., New York City

WRITE FOR FREE BOOKLET "E"



• Try this amazing silver polish—Shi-Nup. Easier to use—very economical—delightfully fragrant.

10¢ Introductory Size



3 sizes, 10c, 35c, 60c.

• Ask your dealer or send 10c for introductory size. *S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc., Dept. ST-4 Racine, Wisconsin.*

JOHNSON'S SHI-NUP *for silver*

Lilian Harvey and—

(*Continued from page* 36)

smiled reminiscently and I wondered what brought that puckish look to her face.

"Clara," she said, "is an amazing girl. In Germany I showed her the night life of my country. She was suffering from a terrible cold and should have been in bed. But she has such vitality! Such amazing verve! She seemed never to be tired. In that respect we are very much alike. We never need rest, we two."

To look at Lilian one would be inclined to disagree with her emphatic statement that she never needs rest. She, "the Greta Garbo of Europe," adored by a continent of emotional people, is as different from our Garbo as organdie from satin.

Lilian is small, compact, somewhat rounded in face and figure but not at all stout. She has tiny features and looks like an animated doll. Her voice is like a song, her movements so lithe and graceful as to be almost unreal. She is, in short, beautiful yet not beautiful, and all adorable.

In some respects she might be likened to Janet Gaynor, yet there is more vivacity.

WE were dining at the Waldorf-Astoria in Lilian's suite and gossiping in the manner of two females who have just become friends and haven't time to talk about all the subjects that interest them.

"Do you know what I've been trying to do?" she asked. "Trying to see New York in eight days. Trying to see all the shows in eight days. Trying to understand why this country and its people seem like home to me. I don't feel at all strange. I'm tired—yet I can't stop for fear I'll miss something."

"But why try to do it all on this trip?" I asked. "New York will be here a hundred years from now. You'll probably get back for a visit before the year is out."

"I don't do things that way," she said firmly. "I'm used to working very hard."

NOW, judging by what I know of Lilian Harvey and her cinema rank and salary in Europe, that sounded like a strange and careless remark. I offered her a cigarette, but she refused. She has been smoking only three months and is still amateurish at it. She doesn't drink at all. In fact, while I lunched substantially, she had only a glass of milk and later on in the day when we attended a reception in her honor everyone had cocktails but Lilian.

"About working very hard," I harked back to ancient history, "American stars work—but they do not slave, not like the average girl. What do you mean by the term—working hard?"

She laughed. It must have sounded like a silly question to her. "In the past two years," she said, "I've had only fourteen days without make-up. Fourteen days of freedom. I've worked on Sundays and holidays and far into the night.

"Every morning I used to leave my home near Berlin at seven-thirty and not finish work at the studios until ten at night. That was an average work day. But on my last three pictures I worked day and night because we were in a hurry to finish before I left for America. Isn't it a coincidence that in my last picture there was a dream sequence in which I was supposed to dream about going to Hollywood? At first the director wanted to leave it out but I insisted on having it in. I was superstitious about that scene. And when it was finished, it was the loveliest part of the picture."

I handed her a newspaper clipping. "This story came from Europe and tells about your marriage."

She frowned, puzzled. "But I am not married," she said angrily. "I have never been married. It is such an important thing, such an all-engrossing thing, marriage, that I haven't had time for it. Maybe, someday, but not now." She hesitated as if afraid to hurt my feelings, then plunged on: "Clara Bow said I would be asked about marriage and love and my opinions on a number of private subjects. It seems so strange to be asked such questions. I do not understand.

"Who," she asked frankly, "is interested in such personal matters about a player? In Germany we are never asked such questions. The public does not care about us that way. I leave it to you; does anyone really want to know about me, or shall I talk of my work?"

"Suppose we start by talking about you?" I suggested.

"First of all, then," she started, "I must be born. Very well, I was born in London on January 19. My father was a handsome man, a London business man. My mother was a—well, just the grandest mother in the world. There were no actors in my family. In fact, mother and father rather looked down on the stage in those days."

THERE followed the honest story of a father who, having the means, took his family on a tour of Europe. Lilian was three years old and the youngest of three children. The family toured Italy and France and landed in Germany three weeks before the war broke out. They were enjoying life in Berlin with the abandonment of gypsies when the war broke out, the frontiers were closed, and they could not get back to England.

Money was scarce. Lilian's father knew that the war would last a long time, maybe even years, and that he must take care of his family. So he resumed his profession of stock and bond broker in Germany. Soon the family was established in Germany with Lilian's father believing it to be permanent and her mother hoping it would be temporary. She was eager to take her children back to London. She admired the Germans, but she wanted her children to be brought up in their native country.

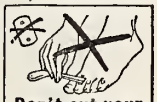
Each day that passed was a source of new worry to the mother. Her children had to go to school, to German schools, and when they came home with their German improving and their English slipping, she was heartbroken. She passed a rule that only English was to be spoken at home. To this day Lilian's mother speaks beautiful English and terrible German. She is proud of that broken German because it testifies to her patriotism.

CORNS



Pain Gone QUICK!

Follow this method and be SAFE — Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. They end pain instantly; quickly remove corns; soothe and heal and stop the cause; prevent blisters; make new or tight shoes easy on the feet. No other method does all these things for you! Sold everywhere — cost but a trifle. Get a box today!



Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

Put one on—the pain is gone!

KEEP LAMP & RADIO WIRES OFF FLOOR

New Easy Way

A neat job instantly. No damage to woodwork. No tools needed. Set of eight colored clips to match your cords, 10c.

JUSTRITE
PUSH-CLIP
10 Cents

FITS BACK OF BASEBOARD OR MOULDING

At Most Woolworth Stores

IF YOU HAVE A MAN TO COOK FOR

send for "Food Men Prefer." Breokfost to start them hoppily on their woy ond good mosculine menus for lunch ond dinner, too. Recipes! Send 10c to Tower Magozines, Inc., 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

A *Popular* HOTEL IT MUST EXCEL!



★

Every Room with Bath

Daily **$2.00** up

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★

Located in a delightful section which retains traditional dignity and quiet charm. Here is every provision for comfort. Solarium, roof garden, lounge, library, recreation rooms and entertainment

The
GEORGE WASHINGTON

23rd Street and Lexington Ave., New York City

Tune in Station W O R Mon. & Fri. 5 to 5.30 P.M. Jeno Bartal's Orchestra. Rex Sheridan, Baritone

WHEN Lilian was thirteen tragedy broke up the family home. Her father and mother were divorced. Even in tolerant Europe a divorce was nothing to boast about in those days. The years have not lessened, in Lilian's eyes, the tragedy of that divorce. She speaks of it slowly and with downcast eyes, still a little ashamed of it.

Left alone with her three children in a strange land Lilian's mother took up deftly the building of a new life for herself and them. She put Lilian into dancing school and encouraged the talent she showed. The teacher, Mary Zimmerman, declared that the youthful Lilian was a genius and prophesied great things for her future career as a dancer.

When Lilian was fifteen Mary Zimmerman took her with a troupe of pupils to Vienna for a concert tour. Outside of the theater where the troupe danced the teacher had huge posters bearing Lilian's likeness displayed. People came as much to see the beauty of the little dancer as to watch the dancing itself. The face on the posters became the subject of Viennese teatable chatter. People passed the theater to stare at the posters.

Among those who went to look was a famous German movie director. He went, incredulous, and after he stared at the posters he went into the theater and watched Lilian dance. She was more attractive than her pictures.

When he approached Lilian's mother with an offer of a motion picture career for her daughter, the mother was bewildered. She wanted to give her daughter all the best advantages but she was not sure that the movies were among the best. She debated with herself until the director wore down the barriers of her disapproval.

At fifteen, therefore, Lilian was in the movies with a contract and a great director backing her career. It was not long after her first picture that she became a star. Before her advent into pictures German movie stars had been more buxom and their acting much heavier. She introduced to German screen audiences a new lightness.

"I THINK," she said simply, "that I was successful in the movies. Please do not think me boastful if I tell you things, the truth. If I tell you that I have a villa near Berlin where I live with my mother I use the word villa advisedly; a villa describes a very large house of the type I have. My mother and I have never been separated until now—and I expect to send for her as soon as I am settled."

"Is it a very big house?" I asked.

"Somewhat," she answered naively; "fifteen rooms. I have another house, too," she sighed, "in the south of France, a short distance from Chevalier's home at Cap d' Antibes. I had it two years and lived in it ten days. You see, in Germany I worked so hard. Everybody says, 'Oh, you cannot see Lilian Harvey; she is always too busy.' When old players rested I was making

(*Please turn to page* 116)

To obtain circulars described on page opposite 67 write to Miss Frances Cowles, care of this magazine, enclosing four cents for any one circular, ten cents for three circulars, or fifteen cents for all eight. Be sure to indicate which circulars you want by the numbers given in the accompanying descriptions.



Chapped, rough
Skin!

'Vaseline' Petroleum Jelly is most effective for healing chapped hands and faces; rough, red skin; for cracked lips or for giving relief from windburn and head colds. If you go in for outdoor sports, tuck a tube of 'Vaseline' in your pocket — you'll find it useful. Keep a jar on the bathroom shelf, too, for all family emergencies such as bumps, burns, scratches and bruises.

BE SURE YOU GET THE GENUINE
LOOK FOR THE TRADEMARK
VASELINE WHEN YOU BUY.

If you don't see it you are not getting the genuine product of Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd., 17 State St., New York.

Now Men Adore Her Milky-White Skin



SHE has the loveliest face! Once muddy skin, freckles and blemishes made her actually homely, until she learned of a delicate, dainty white cream, called Golden Peacock Bleach Creme. This new discovery brought out the hidden *natural* whiteness of her skin in three days! And now, in only ten minutes a week, this same cream keeps her skin always dazzling white. No more redness, sallowness or freckles; blackheads and blemishes never bother her. Try a jar of Golden Peacock Bleach Creme yourself—at any drug store or department store toilet counter.

Goodbye TO COARSE FACE POWDERS!



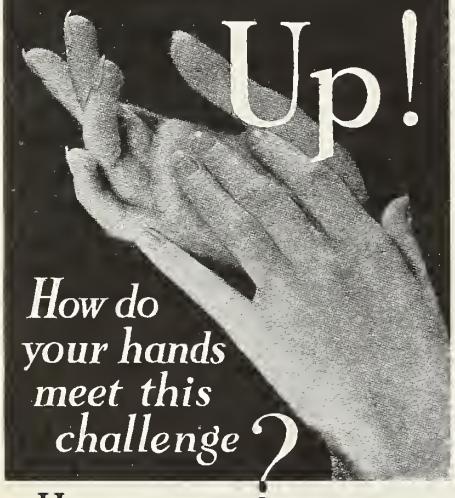
YOU'LL never go back to coarse powders after using the new Betty Lou Face Powder. It has been sifted through fine mesh silk . . not once . . but three times. Betty Lou adheres to your skin longer, will not clog delicate pores, and gives your face that much-desired youthful complexion. 10¢ IN CANADA—15¢



By the makers of the famous Betty Lou powder puffs 10,000,000 sold annually

Sold Exclusively at
F. W. WOOLWORTH CO 5 AND 10¢ STORE

Hands Up!



Hold up your hands! Judge them! Your friends do. So does your family. That's the important test for your hands! If they look their best, you want to keep them that way. If not, you want to improve them.

Hands reddened and roughened by housework show amazing improvement when cared for with *Barrington Hand Cream*. A revelation in beautifying hands.

ACCEPT THIS TRIAL OFFER . . NOW!
NORTH AMERICAN DYE CORP., MT. VERNON, N.Y.
ENCLOSE 10¢ FOR A CONVENIENT PURSE-SIZE TUBE

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

Barrington HAND CREAM

Lilian Harvey and—

(*Continued from page* 115)

French and English versions of my German pictures.

"I speak English and German without an accent and French with a slight accent. I had to study three scripts every night. That is hard work, you know. But I loved it. I hope I have to work as hard in Hollywood."

WHO was I to disillusion her? Besides, we had become friends and I didn't want to spoil her dreams by saying that sometimes foreign actresses are on the lot for months, even for a year, before working in a picture. It is unlikely, however, that this will happen to Lilian. She will probably tear a producer's eyes out to make him see the light and put her to work.

"Working in the movies keeps me fit, mentally and physically," she said. "I'm always learning new things for my parts. I had to learn to walk a tight rope for my last picture. It took me four weeks but I can still do it—and I practice it often when I am alone just for the fun of it. It was a little hard to do at first, because the week before I had fallen from a ten-foot ladder and hurt myself."

May the cinema gods give Lilian strength; she'll need it. "I'm going to study Spanish in Hollywood," she said. "Do you know that I made twenty-seven pictures in three years?"

Twenty-seven pictures for one star sounded impossible for even a hard-working girl in Germany. She explained, "Nine original plots but in three versions."

In the room when we were talking was a mild mannered little man introduced to me as Joe Strassner, designer from Germany, who is to make new fashions for Fox stars. He asked Lilian if she would display the wardrobe he had gathered for her before she left Germany. This is what I saw, with most of the eighteen trunks still unopened and containing new things:

Two long ermine coats. One short ermine coat. One half ermine half black velvet coat. One leopard coat. Another black velvet and ermine coat. One black velvet coat with six white foxes and a double white fox cape. One squirrel-lined sport coat. One mink coat. One real chinchilla coat. One afternoon coat of black cloth with four silver foxes. One beige cloth coat with beaver collar and sleeves. One Russian caracul jacket. One long black Russian caracul coat. One black cloth coat with blue fox collar and cuffs. One white cloth coat with red fox collar and cuffs. . . . A total of fifteen coats!

Eighteen evening dresses, all originals! One white with mink trimming and mink cape. One black crepe with brilliants. One velvet with black fox border. A white satin. A white pebble crepe with huge boa of white. A white crepe with brilliants. A white angel skin with beaded bolero and belt. A black velvet and lace dress. A blue velvet with cape and slit in front.

Among her informal and street clothes were: one Russian cossack dress with coat and cap to match. One brown and gold dress. A sport coat of cravinet to be used for motoring.

Contained in her trunks were fifty dresses for informal and street wear! One white negligee of angel skin, fifty hats, forty-five pairs of shoes. A dozen pairs of suits made up of tailored jacket and pants to match.

Lilian opened up two trunks and displayed the greatest assortment of lingerie these eyes have ever seen.

She opened up another trunk and showed almost thirty bottles of perfume—all sizes and odors.

I take my hat off to Joe Strassner. I take my hat off to Lilian, and I wish that the third time I take the darned old thing off I won't ever see it again after seeing Lilian's fifty new ones.

Radio Rambles

(*Continued from page* 51)

Before she came to New York for that memorable audition when Irving Berlin snapped her up for a Broadway show, dark-eyed Jean Sargent wrote a column for the Philadelphia *Record* called "Heard But Not Singing."

"What kind of column was it?" we asked.

"General stuff," replied the lissom star of the Lyon's Tooth Powder program. "Human interest, gossip——"

"And scandal?" we interjected hopefully.

"Oh, no," she said earnestly. "There's not much scandal in Philadelphia, you know, and even if there is you're not allowed to print it."

Although Jean Sargent is a featured performer in "Flying Colors," the Broadway musical success, she is frank to say she much prefers radio.

Buddy Rogers—Radio vs. Movies: If we are to believe reports from Hollywood (and occasionally we do) Buddy Rogers likes radio better than the movies. The whole film colony has, in fact, become violently radio conscious, according to reports. It started with the influx of radio names such as Kate Smith, Bing Crosby, Morton Downey *et al*, on the Coast.

But nothing brought radio consciousness into their verandahs and patios quicker than the action of one of their own clan, Mr. C. Buddy Rogers, who recently electrified them by refusing to sign a long-term contract at a high salary. Buddy threw up the offer over a clause which prohibited either radio or television appearances, packed his bags and headed back East.

"Well," as Jack (Canada Dry) Benny says. "Annoy for annoy and a tooth for a tooth."

Punctilious Mrs. Emily Price Post



Just rub it on the gums

TEETHING PAINS
RELIEVED
within 1 minute

WHEN your baby suffers from teething pains, just rub a few drops of Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion on the sore, tender, little gums and the pain will be relieved within one minute.

Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion is the prescription of a famous baby specialist, contains no narcotics and has been used by mothers for almost fifty years. It is strongly recommended by doctors and nurses instead of the unsanitary teething ring.

DR. HAND'S Teething Lotion

Buy Dr. Hand's from your druggist today

Callous-ease



New Medicated MOLESKIN Cushions, Absorbs Painful Growths

Quick, lasting relief now, for sore, calloused, tender feet. Velvet-soft moleskin, treated with KINOX adhesive medication ends pain of Callouses and corns soon as applied. Hard growths are gently absorbed. Antiseptic, cannot harm healthy tissue. Liberal 10c size sold in many WOOLWORTH STORES; or we will send 25c drug-store size or big wide family-size $1 spool postpaid. Money cheerfully returned if not delighted with quick, permanent relief.

KINOX CO., Inc., Dept. W, Rutland, Vermont

'MOIST THROAT' ENDED HIS COUGH!



"I had coughs all winter, till I learned about 'moist throat,'" writes R. G., of New York City.

Your throat and bronchial tubes are lined with millions of pores like tiny "bottles" continually supplying moisture to the delicate tissues . . . *until you "catch cold."*

Then these pores clog. Phlegm accumulates, affording dangerous germs a breeding place. Tickling, irritation and coughing set in.

Your cough will be cured only when you increase the flow of your throat's *natural moisture*, loosening the phlegm so it can be expelled. Many cough "remedies" contain numbing drugs which merely "deaden" the nerves . . . but don't get at the real root of the trouble!

PERTUSSIN, a scientific remedy, is the extract of a famous herb which opens the tiny glands, stimulates the flow of throat moisture and brings quick relief naturally.

If your throat's the least bit raw or dry, take a few spoons of PERTUSSIN now. It's absolutely safe, even for children. You can get it at all drug stores, 60¢.

was responsible for our semi-annual brainstorm the other day. "Author of the Book of Etiquette," we thought, "and arbiter of manners for the radio public."

Feverishly we dialed her number.

"Mrs. Post, what was your most embarrassing moment?"

"I never had one," promptly replied the high priestess of social rectitude.

So even the following letter from a listener in St. Paul left the meticulous Mrs. Post unruffled as the cellophane for which she broadcasts:

"Mrs. Post, Madam: I am purposely avoiding the word 'dear' in my salutation because you are not dear to me in any sense of the word, though you have been, and are continuing to be dear indeed to the family budget. Along about Christmas time my wife, who became influenced by your radio voice, developed a yen for your books. I needn't tell you what they set me back.

"Well, home is the province of a woman. But today—what do you do but spread your influence to my own wardrobe, to my personal appearance!

"Said my wife—withholding my cup of coffee at breakfast yesterday morning, 'Listen, John, the dinner we are going to with those young swells is tonight, and you've got to get yourself a white pique waistcoat to wear with your tuxedo!' 'A white vest in Minnesota winter weather? I'll do no such thing!'

"'Yes, you will, John, no one except the stodgy middle-aged who does not care to advertise his lost waist line wears a black one! And don't say vest; the word is waistcoat!'

"So, out in the cold winter's night in a mid-summer ves . . . waistcoat . . . no thanks to you, I haven't got pneumonia! And I tell you now, Mrs. Post, madam, these ideas of yours have got to stop! Right here and now!

"P. S. Do I wear a white tie and white socks and a Panama, too?"

To which Mrs. Post replied: "Oh, no! A white tie with a Tuxedo is the way you tell a waiter from a guest! My friend Will Rogers has had no end of fun over this."

THAT singing son of Eli, Mr. Lanny Ross, once gave up a chance to run on the American Olympic team in order to tour Europe as a soloist with the Yale Glee Club. His success on the Showboat hour is further proof that Lanny was right in using his head instead of his feet.

Groucho Marx, of the Five Star Theater, has recently set himself high in the firmament of dramitic critics. It is, we are told, his only effort at a theatrical review. Asked about a recent Broadway show, he replied, "I saw it under unfavorable circumstances. The curtain was up."

FROM Raymond Knight's headquarters the alarum recently spread that *Mrs. Pennyfeather* was leaving for a cruise to Honolulu. This report was later substantiated by reports in the New York press and the following telegram from Station KUKU—in which we believe we can see Mr. Knight's fine Italian hand:

RADIO RAMBLES
NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE
NEW YORK, N Y
ACTING FOR STATION KUKU
HASTEN INFORM YOU MRS.

(*Please turn to page* 118)

HOW I CARE *for* MY TAN *and* COLORED SHOES

Irene Marchant



THERE'S a regular rainbow of shoes in my cupboard. Brown, tan, beige, sand—and I take care of them all with ColorShine Neutral Creme. What the leather needs is cleaning to bring out the color. ColorShine Neutral Creme does that, at the same time polishing and preserving the leather.

● There is a ColorShine Shoe Dressing for every type of shoe. A big bottle or tube costs only 10¢ on the hardware counter at most Woolworth stores.



SEND POST CARD for my free directions showing how I keep all my shoes smart looking. Address: Irene Marchant, The Chieftain Mfg. Co., Dept. T-4 Baltimore, Md.

The **BEST** *at any Price* **10¢**

BUDGET YOUR MONEY WISELY

Tower Budget Circular tells what percent of your income to spend for rent, food, clothes, savings, etc. Send three cents to Tower Magazines, Inc., 55 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

MAKES IRONING EASY

TRY THIS FREE



This modern way to hot starch ends mixing, boiling and bother as with lump starch. Makes starching easy. Makes ironing easy. It restores elasticity and that soft charm of newness. No sticking. No scorching. Your iron fairly glides. Send for sample.

THANK YOU

THE HUBINGER CO., No. 600, Keokuk, Ia.
Your free sample, please, and "That Wonderful Way to Hot Starch."

.....

.....



"Smart as Sin"

yet her hands attract you first

Every woman may not approve of smoking, but no woman can deny the subtle grace, the arresting whiteness of the fingers that hold this cigarette.

Your hands, too, can be smooth and white and alluring. A little THINC HAND CREME rubbed on at night works instant wonders. It imparts beauty to the hands . . . makes them soft to the touch . . . satiny in texture . . . makes them look as though they had been bathed in moonlight.

There isn't a male between sixteen and sixty who isn't thrilled by lovely hands. Be sure yours have charm. Use THINC HAND CREME.

10c to $1. In Canada 2 sizes—15c and 35c.

If your toilet goods counter hasn't been supplied, just clip and mail this coupon.

THINC PRODUCTS, Inc. Dept. G-6
41 E. 42nd St., New York (In Canada, 69 York St., Toronto)

I enclose 10 cents (15 cents in Canada) for a TEN TREATMENT package of THINC Hand Crème as shown below.

Name_____

Address_____

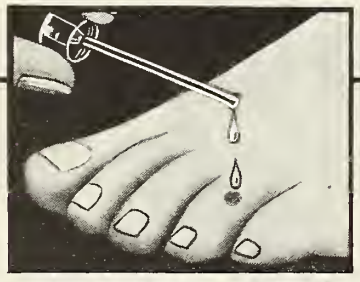
Town_____ State_____



APPROVED BY GOOD HOUSEKEEPING

QUICKEST WAY TO GET RID OF CORNS

no cutting . . . no pads



ONE DROP STOPS PAIN INSTANTLY

If you want to keep your feet free from aching corns just get a bottle of FREEZONE from any druggist. Put a drop or two on the corn. Pain stops instantly, and for good! Then before you know it the corn gets so loose you can lift it right off with your fingers, easily and painlessly. It's the safe way that millions use to get rid of hard and soft corns and calluses. Works like a charm! Try it.

FREEZONE

Radio Rambles

(*Continued from page* 117)

GEORGE T. PENNYFEATHER HAS LEFT FOR HONOLULU STOP GOING TO INVESTIGATE RUMOR GRASS WIDOWS IN HAWAII ARE SOME SKIRTS STOP AM LIVING IN HOPE SOME HAWAIIAN WILL HANG LEI AROUND HER NECK AND THEN TIGHTEN IT UP STOP EXPECT TO LEAVE FOR HONOLULU MYSELF SOON TO GET THE LEI OF THE LAND STOP HOW WILL THE CUCKOOS GET ALONG WITHOUT MRS. PENNYFEATHER STOP ANSWER SWELL STOP YOURS FOR CLEANER RADIO
AMBROSE J WEEMS
STATION KUKU
BY RAYMOND KNIGHT
CHIEF OF PROTOCAL AND AUTHOR OF DEPARTMENT OF STATE THEME SONG, "I HEAR YOU PROTOCALING ME"

So far as we know at the moment of going to press we have a distinct beat on the following release from KUKU officials which hit here one week later—practically paralyzing traffic on Fifth Avenue.

RADIO RAMBLES
NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE
NEW YORK N Y
DISREGARD ABOVE TELEGRAM STOP SHE DIDN'T GO STOP WILL THIS DEPRESSION NEVER END QUESTION MARK
WEEMS

Anytime you want, Barbara Bennett Downey can pick her child out of a crowd, blindfolded. She discovered this in the hospital nursery where out of 24 children Morton Downey, Jr.'s., squalls rose two tones higher than all the rest.

Bing's "Echo" Reverberates: Though it wasn't Bing Crosby's fault, nevertheless he has had the publisher of his new theme song, "Just an Echo in the Valley," going crazy. In order to place the song with Bing, the publisher gave him three months exclusive rights. No sooner had the dance leaders heard the new melody than they were on the phone.

"When can I have it?"

"Not for three months," sobbed the publisher. He was making more enemies with dance bands than he could make money if he sold a million copies. A big hit on his hands and no one but Crosby could use it.

This was cause indeed for hysterics. But Bing finally relented and cut his option to thirty days. Rudy Vallee got first whackies on the special release "in return for past favors" and Paul Whiteman second. Bing feels his "Echo in the Valley" is a clap of thunder on Tin Pan Alley.

Al Jolson called NBC the other day and a secretary answered the phone.

"Mr. George Olsen?"

"Lady," replied Al, "you've gone far enough."

Incidentally Eddie Cantor isn't impressed a bit by the size of the Empire State Building. He knows a building with 200,000 *stories—the Public Library.*

Crowd Frightens Tibbett: Lawrence Tibbett is in a big way what the boys call a "crowd pleaser." Like every good performer he enjoys the plaudits of the mob. But after the Firestone broadcast a few weeks ago, he struck the first crowd that ever made him feel silly. Because he was singing that same night in "Aida" at the Metropolitan he had to appear in full costume and make-up before the mike. This, in itself, was bad enough but a motorcycle escort at the NBC front door which was to rush Tibbett to the Opera House had attracted a large crowd.

Larry hadn't expected a demonstration on Fifth Avenue when he jumped out of the elevator, in the full regalia of an Ethiopian King—tiger skin, whiskers, boots laced to the knees and a flowing white tunic. And on the other hand, the waiting throng hadn't expected to see Larry in such fanciful clothing. Both Larry and the crowd stood for a second eyeing each other in amazement.

Then Tibbett dashed for a side entrance. The mob broke ranks and rushed after. So Larry raced back again, and amid a demonstration in which admiration for Tibbett was not unmixed with merriment he skinned into his car. With police sirens screeching and false whiskers flying in the breeze, he sped off into the night, and to his great relief left behind the first audience ever to get under his skin.

Well, my countrymen, it's time to reach for that banana skin dressing gown of Ed Wynn's and slip away. See you in May.

FOR THAT SWEET TOOTH

Saving the best for the last is the way most people feel about desserts. Men like them, children like them—and so do women. Our loose-leaf pamphlet series DESSERTS ARE IN AGAIN, give recipes for pies and puddings, cakes and ice cream—every conceivable kind of dessert. Send ten cents to Rita Calhoun, care of the New Movie Magazine, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y., if you wish a copy.

SHE REALLY ISN'T *Beautiful!*



She has less original claim to beauty than most women. Nose too long . . . mouth too large . . . drab hair. Yet now everyone calls her beautiful.

She's learned the basic secrets of charm and beauty . . . secrets you can learn, too!

Tower Magazines' Beauty Editor has set out to help you be lovely!

She has studied the color you should use in make-up . . . and has a color chart for your type.

If you've never been able to get the best effects with your hair, she'll show you how!

These and all the other points which give a woman "that something" are presented in ten lessons . . . not professional training in beauty culture or mass directions . . . but a friendly discourse on YOUR beauty problems personally.

Write for details of this reasonably priced personal beauty advice.

THE BEAUTY EDITOR
TOWER MAGAZINES
Inc.
55 Fifth Avenue,
NEW YORK, N. Y.

What Are You Doing Tonight?

(*Continued from page* 65)

carded two or three swains. But Leon is so fascinating—I don't know!

Mary Pickford suggested everybody dance the old-fashioned hop waltz—and was that fun!

Finally there was a dancing contest in connection with the waltz, and contestants were cut out until at last only Norma Shearer and Leslie Howard, Mary Pickford and C. K. Steele, were left on the floor, and by and by they changed partners. Mary and Leslie were accorded winning honors, and Mary made a funny little speech, explaining that, after all, she felt that she deserved the prize, and Leslie Howard spoke also, saying he "thanked Mr. Lasky for giving him a place in the cabaret." "And I want to assure you," he said, "that Mary and I as dancers are entirely self taught."

Charlie Farrell kissed Virginia, his wife, when she went over and sat herself down on his knee.

"You see we are still sweethearts," he smiled.

Then Mary pretended to confide that she and Charlie really had a romance.

"But with Virginia's consent," Charlie put in.

"And I suppose I shall be shot," kidded Mary, "but I'll drag myself to a phone, and give you an exclusive story on it!" she said to me.

"There's my husband's wife," laughed Mary, indicating Leslie Howard's wife. Leslie played her husband in "Secrets," you know.

Big Boy Williams brought Mona Maris, and seemed devoted to her.

Gary's father and mother aided him in receiving, which made the affair all the more delightful.

"I REALLY believe," said Joe Cawthorne, "that all those good wishes I got on New Year's eve have taken."

Again we were gathered at the home of the Cawthornes in Beverly Hills, just as we had been on New Year's eve, and almost the same crowd too.

John and Lionel Barrymore and their wives were there, Dolores Costello, John's wife, having become a queenly sort of matron, happiness having been very good for her, just as it is for everybody.

John was in one of his very rarely talkative moods, and he is a wonderful raconteur. He was talking about his old newspaper days.

"We were all poor in those days," he said. "There was one reporter, since famous, who had a gold, removable tooth. When we met him without his tooth, we knew he was hard up, because he had pawned it. But when he was wearing it, we knew he'd buy us all a drink. We reporters used to take turns going around and pawning that tooth."

George Arliss was attending his first Hollywood party! And he apparently was enjoying himself hugely. I've never seen him look so well, his trip to England having agreed with him greatly. And then he really does walk to the studio from his home every morning—four miles!

Somebody dropped a tray as supper was being served.

(*Please turn to page* 120)



NOT a soul will know just what you have done to make your hair so lovely! Certainly nobody would dream that a single shampooing could add such beauty—such delightful lustre—such exquisite soft tones!

A secret indeed—a beauty specialist's secret! But you may share it! Just *one* Golden Glint Shampoo* will show you the way! 25c at your dealers', or send for free sample.

**(Note: Do not confuse this with other shampoos that merely cleanse. Golden Glint Shampoo, in addition to cleansing, gives your hair a "tiny-tint"—a wee little bit—not much—hardly perceptible. But how it does bring out the true beauty of your own individual shade of hair!)*

FREE

J. W. KOBI CO., 644 Rainier Ave., Dept. D
Seattle, Wash. * * * * *Please send a free sample.*

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____
Color of my hair:



Cheeks no longer sallow, skin clears, *thanks to* DR. EDWARDS

IT'S wonderful what a difference it makes in the way you feel and look when you keep internally clean. Thousands of women thank Dr. Edwards for his little Olive Tablets . . . a wonderful substitute for calomel and so much safer. Try them and see if *you* don't see the difference in fresh, smooth cheeks and lovely skin.

"The Internal Cosmetic"

Used for over 20 years by women who want relief for blemishes and pimples caused by sluggish liver or constipation. See and feel how this tested vegetable compound helps you to rid yourself of that tired, dull, lifeless feeling. Try this! For two weeks take one each evening. Ask for them at any drug store, know them by their olive color. Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets . . . 15¢, 30¢, 60¢.

SAVE YOUR HANDS



10¢

KITCHEN JEWEL

Cleans and scours grease-incrusted pots and pans with very little effort. Knob handle provides firm grip and keeps your hands away from charred material which so easily becomes ground into the pores. Patented cushion feature prevents scratching.

At 5c and 10c stores, grocery, hardware and department stores or direct for 10c.

METAL SPONGE SALES CORP'N
Lehigh Ave. and Mascher St., Phila., Pa.
Made by the manufacturers of

GOTTSCHALK'S
THE ORIGINAL-SANITARY
METAL SPONGE

SHE BUYS HER CLOTHES IN PARIS



BUT SHE SWEARS BY THIS 50c FACE-POWDER

NOTHING is too much trouble for her (nor too expensive) where beauty is concerned. Yet she has found that Luxor is the finest powder she can buy. Its delicate silk-sifted texture gives an even perfection to her skin. Its purity safeguards her complexion. She loves its delicate flower fragrance, La Richesse. (She buys it for her personal perfume, at $16 an ounce.) And among the perfect Luxor shades she found just the one to bring out her most radiant loveliness. Are you one of thousands who have discovered the greater beauty Luxor brings? You can get it at the nearest beauty counter.

Luxor *Complexion* **POWDER**

FIFTY CENTS THE BOX
but we couldn't make it better for $5

CLIP THE COUPON

LUXOR, LTD., 1355 W. 31st St., Chicago, Ill.
I'd like a generous trial package of Luxor Powder and Rouge. Enclosed is ten cents to help cover mailing costs.
Check, *Powder:* Rose Rachel___ Rachel___ Flesh___
Rouge: Roseblush___ Medium___ Vivid___
TM-4 Radiant___ Sunglow___ Pastel___

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

What Are You Doing Tonight?

(*Continued from page* 119)

"Please do that again," Arliss twinkled, "I didn't see it that time!"

"Thank heaven," was John's remark, "the party is beginning!"

It was rather a party of the aristocrats.

Frank Craven and his wife and Blythe Daly were among the guests, and there were Cecil Cunningham and her beautiful daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Mundin, Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Breese, Phillips Holmes, Laura Hope Crews, Jane Grey, Mr. and Mrs. James Gleason, and others.

Bridge and dancing were the amusements of the evening, and George Arliss was in his element, he and Mrs. Breese defeating Grace LaRue and Herbert Mundin. The Barrymores did not play, although I understand that Lionel is a shark once he gets started.

Herbert Mundin and Joe Cawthorne did a little jig for us, and Grace LaRue sang.

We chatted with Dolores, who said that she had a house full of nurses at home. The children's nurse had been ill with the flu, and she had a nurse for her, and had a new nurse for the children.

Colleen Moore came in late, but didn't stay. She was on her way, she said, to two other parties. She wore a princess black velvet gown with puff sleeves at the shoulders.

That wonderful woman and actress, Mrs. Leslie Carter, came very late with her husband and her daughter Mary. One needn't inquire her age. She is still fascinating.

Mrs. Cawthorne's dress was lace over lilac silk, and most effective.

A cosy, happy, informal evening of much charm.

A PROGRESSIVE dinner party was one of the novelties of the month.

We went first to the home of Lilyan Tashman and Edmund Lowe, where hors d'oeuvre were served, and where we found a gay company assembled.

Kay Francis was there, but said she was lonely for her husband, Kenneth McKenna, who is in a New York show. But he had sent her three telegrams that day, one to each place he knew she would be—at the beauty parlor, the dressmaker's, and at a friend's for tea—so she really couldn't complain.

Benita Hume was viewing her first Hollywood party, and said she found it a trifle bewildering, although she liked it. She told us how she had always heard about Yosemite, and so the first thing she did, when she arrived in Hollywood, was to go to Yosemite, before she even visited the studio.

Miss Hume is just as lovely as she has been advertised to be. Billy Haines was her esecort.

Zita Johann was there, and Arthur Hornblow, Genevieve and Vivian Tobin, who came together, unescorted, Myrna Loy, who came with Johnny Farrow, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Barthelmess, Mr. and Mrs. Lionel Barrymore, and others.

A big sight-seeing bus drew up at the door, and we all piled in to go over to Arthur Hornblow's apartment for the soup course. It was onion soup and very delicious, and was served in Arthur's whoopee room, for although he dwells in an apartment, our host had insisted that a whoopee room be equipped for him. A most cordial host he was, too.

There was dancing, and Jose Crespo danced with Zita Johann and Myrna Loy, while Lionel Barrymore unbent good naturedly and danced with Lilyan Tashman, who said it was an honor, he so seldom danced.

From there we went on to Kay Francis' house, where the roast turkey and other things were served, and where there was more dancing, as well as games of bridge and backgammon.

Kay plays splendid backgammon, but was much too busy that evening to play, but Zita Johann and Arthur Hornblow covered themselves with glory.

Bill Haines gave an imitation of a radio announcer that convulsed us.

IF you don't go to polo or down to Palm Springs over the week-end, you invariably, in Hollywood, go to Sunday afternoon tea. You may dress quite as you like. In slacks and sweater, if you chance to have been playing tennis, or to have been riding your bicycle. Bicycling is a new fad out here. Or you may wear an afternoon frock, or even a dinner dress if you are going on to dinner somewhere.

And these teas are delightful affairs. None more delightful, either, I'm sure, than the one given by Fredric March and his wife, Florence Eldridge.

Their home is a picturesque Spanish house, up in a picturesque canyon of the Hollywood hills. Miss Eldridge was charming in rose pajamas.

Miss Eldridge is piquant in extreme clothes of any sort. She is so daintily quaint, somehow, as to looks and personality, that you expect her to wear hoop skirts, lace mitts and flounces, and when you see her in very modern clothes you are a little startled, but agreeably so.

Tea was being served in the dining room, with Carmelita Geraghty pouring.

The library and living room were crowded with guests, for the Marches are very popular.

But I mustn't forget to tell you that I saw—as a special favor on the part of the nurse—that wonderful baby the Marches have adopted.

"Sh!" said the nurse, as I left my coat and hat in an upper room. "Don't tell, but just come and take a look!"

Quite without clothes that blessed infant lay kicking her toes in the sunshine, in her nursery, and the sweet nurse was bursting with pride. Somebody simply must see her! I was the lucky person. But I must look at her from the door. That baby is being brought up right. Nobody must enter the nursery.

Miriam Jordan was almost the first person I met downstairs. She had arrived with Richard Gest, New York stock broker, who had flown from New York to see her during the holidays.

Colleen Moore came in with her husband, Albert Scott. She was looking

very pretty in a dark green cloth ensemble, with fur-trimmed coat and small green hat trimmed on the side with bird wings.

Nancy Carroll was among the guests, a little worried, she said—but she didn't look it—about the rôle she is to play in "A Kiss in the Mirror."

"Can you imagine me playing a poised, sophisticated woman like that," she smiled, "—me, who has a face like a basket of eggs?"

Bolton Mallory, Nancy's husband, brought her, but Nancy is like a little girl, flitting from group to group, whereas Bolton is a rather quiet soul, who likes to get into a quiet corner and discuss politics.

John Mack Brown and his wife, old acquaintances of mine, were telling me about their small child's Christmas. It seems that the little girl, who believes in Santa Claus, heard somebody say there was a wasp's nest in the chimney, and she was worried as to how Santa could get down, so she finally persuaded her father to have somebody clean the nest out.

Mrs. Brown told us, too, about Gloria Swanson's little girl, who thoughtfully left a little lunch for Santa. A maid came along and ate most of it, but left a note, signed Santa, saying that he had been very happy at little Gloria's thoughtfulness.

Adrienne Ames was there, and Kay Francis, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Montgomery, Mary Astor and her husband, Dr. Franklyn Thorpe, Ruth Chatterton and George Brent, Mr. and Mrs. George Archainbaud, Carmel Myers and Ralph Blum, and others.

Jack Gilbert and his lovely young wife, Virginia Bruce, were chatting with Carey Wilson, scenario writer, who of course had brought Carmelita Geraghty, his fiance. We joined them and found that Jack and Virginia are planning a long stay in Europe, probably next year. Both love it over there, and as Virginia has a real interest in art, as well as a yen to live in remote places to study the natives, they are looking forward to a wonderful time.

Virginia is a girl of so much character and such fine ideals, and has given herself so thoroughly to making a home for Jack, forgetting all her own ambitions, that I have faith in their continued happiness together. And she is so utterly young and charming and devoted to him that I think all the fineness in Jack has been aroused.

The young foreign actress, Wera Engels, said she had been a little homesick, especially at Christmas. She had arrived alone at the tea. Though German, she speaks perfect English. We told her we were sure she would never be lonely here in Hollywood unless she wished!

Fredric March, we all agreed, was an ideal host, just as his wife is an ideal hostess. Not that he says very much, but his eyes are always so friendly and kindly.

It was such a pleasant occasion that everybody stayed until there wasn't the least bit of excuse for remaining any longer.

POLO hasn't been one of the big interests in Maurice Chevalier's life, but he became so interested in the game, over at Adrienne Ames' party, that he decided he would go to all the games from now on. It was Neil McCarthy, the polo player, who inspired him, after they had talked together a while. Chevalier may even take up the sport.



Take your *Waistline* in hand!

Bend it, twist it, sway with it following the exercise routines in "Reducing the Right Way," and watch your waistline grow slim and firm and young. It will, that is, if you couple exercise wisely with the correct diets.

The menus which are planned for you in this beautifying litile book let you eat enough, but never let you overeat, give you menus which keep up strength and keep off surplus weight.

Don't wait one minute longer than now to dash off an order, tuck in a stamp, and when the book arrives start to work on your waistline. It's worth it.



10¢ plus 3 cents postage. 15¢ in Canada

TOWER BOOKS
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SPREADS like butter
DRIES....overnight
WEARS...like leather

Don't pay big shoe bills! So-Lo *mends the sole for 1c!* Easy—any one can do it at home. Just spread on So-Lo with a knife. Guaranteed to wear *better* than ordinary leather, or money back. Waterproof. Comfortable. Non-skid. *Also* fixes auto tires, auto tops, rubber boots, hot water bottles, etc.

Now only 20c. Keeps your family's shoes in perfect condition for a year. **On sale in most Woolworth stores, also at Kresge, Kress or any other 5 and 10c to $1.00 store, or any Chain Drug Store.**



So-Lo 20¢

BUDGET YOUR MONEY WISELY
Tower Budget Circular tells what percent of your income to spend for rent, food, clothes, savings, etc. Send three cents to Tower Magazines, Inc., 55 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.



Have You Seen the *New* HESS bottle?

NOW ON ALL LOTION COUNTERS

For 40 years Hess Witch Hazel Cream has been the favorite lotion in a million homes because it softens, soothes and heals chapped, rough or dry skin, as nothing else will. It contains no lotion gums, won't clog pores, roll up or leave greasy, gummy film. Skin quickly absorbs it. Look for it with new Parisian Blue and Silver label and blue cap. At all Ten Cent, Dept. and Drug Stores.



THE E. E. HESS CO.
Dept. T, Brook, Ind.

(6)



FREE Lotion Compact
Please send me Free purse-size compact of Hess Witch Hazel Cream.
Name .....
Address .....

What Are You Doing Tonight?

(*Continued from page* 121)

Other sports were talked about a lot that evening, too. Erle Kenton and Stephen Ames, Adrienne's husband, found that they are both very interested in deer hunting, and decided then and there to take a trip together into the high Sierras if Kenton's picture schedule permits it before Mr. Ames must make a trip to New York.

Miss Ames had given the party primarily to introduce her husband, and Hollywood seems to have taken him to its heart as much as it has his charming wife.

As for Ames himself, he was delighted with the house his wife has chosen, especially with the living room, which is done in early Italian style.

Our hostess was charming in black velvet pajamas, with embroidered sleeves. Mrs. John Lodge wore a simple and effective black semi-formal dinner gown. She wore a black and white hat to match.

Miss Ames told us how she had decorated her house entirely by the use of blue-prints. All the curtains, rugs and furniture were finished in New York by the measurements, and shipped around by the canal to Hollywood.

Adrienne has priceless museum pieces of jade and quartz in her lovely new house.

Randolph Scott brought Vivian Gaye, and other guests were Mr. and Mrs. Fredric March, Mr. and Mrs. John Lodge, Harry Cohn of Columbia and Mrs. Cohn, Mr. and Mrs. Erle C. Kenton, and others.



The Prince of Hallywoad and "Queen," as the Prince calls her, at a recent masquerade party. The Prince, of caurse, being Doug. Jr., and the Queen, of course, Mary.

MR. AND MRS. EDMUND BREESE entertained with a bridge party at their home, supper being served, and the guests including Mr. and Mrs. John Barrymore, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Craven, Grace LaRue and Hale Hamilton, and others.

Hostess wore white satin gown, princess, with pearl ornaments.

REGINALD DENNY entertained with winter sports at his mountain cabin. Or rather, Mrs. Reginald did, Denny being away on a tour of the Canadian provinces.

Herbert Mundin and his wife, Frank Lloyd, the director, and his wife, Phillips Holmes, Maureen O'Sullivan and others were among the many guests present.

The party was a week-end affair, and the women guests occupied the bedrooms in the house, while the men slept in a huge bunk guest house on the grounds. Snowballing and sleighing out-of-doors, and bridge and dancing indoors, were among the pleasures enjoyed. Denny has a fine archery equipment on the grounds, and Maureen O'Sullivan proved herself a splendid marksman.

THE Horror Club is the newest Hollywood club to be formed. Its members are all male, and include those players who have appeared in horror pictures. Among the membership are Boris Karloff and Bela Lugosi. Smokers are held, and prizes given for the most hair-raising ghost story. Jack Oakie said he should belong, because he always gave a very horrible performance.

ROSCOE ATES and his wife, assisted by daughter Dorothy, gave a house-warming at their new Hollywood home.

Included among the guests were Bert Wheeler and Patricia Parker, who are seen together all the time, Tom Brown, and many others.

"ON THE BUS" is the name of a new dice game popular in Hollywood. Preston Foster and his wife gave a party to play the game recently. Peggy Shannon won.

F.W. WOOLWORTH CO 5 AND 10 CENT STORES



FOR SALE EXCLUSIVELY AT F. W. WOOLWORTH CO 5 and 10 Cent Stores

For all occasions, for every style of hairdressing — in all shades including grey and white

Lorraine HAIR NETS

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.









By the way, you know friends sometimes offer me Chesterfields, and about the only thing they say is, "I believe you'll enjoy them!"

they Satisfy



Wherever you buy Chesterfields, you get them just as fresh as if you came by our factory door

—the Cigarette that's Milder
the Cigarette that Tastes Better

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A Tower Magazine

The NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE

MAY, 1933
10¢
15¢ in Canada



SALLY EILERS

Photo by Clarence Sinclair Bull

he Secret of Marlene Dietrich by ELSIE JANIS

"Color's the Thing!"

says JOHN HELD, Jr.

The Famous Artist and Author gives some Fashion Advice for your Spring Apparel and Home Decorations

BEFORE I started to make the drawings for this page, I interviewed well-known style creators and interior decorators. "What", I asked, "is the outstanding fashion note for Spring?" "Color!", they answered. "Color in every article of apparel — home decorations, too. Color that is lively, brilliant, cheerful."

That being the case, how fortunate there is such a product as Tintex. With these so-easy-to-use Tints and Dyes, you can give everything you wear the gayest colors of the season —at an insignificant cost!



Above, I've skelched three young ladies who have just finished their Spring Tintexing. And my! How the old homesteod glows with fresh, bright color. Foded curtoins, dropes, slip-covers, toble-linens, etc., have become just-like-new!

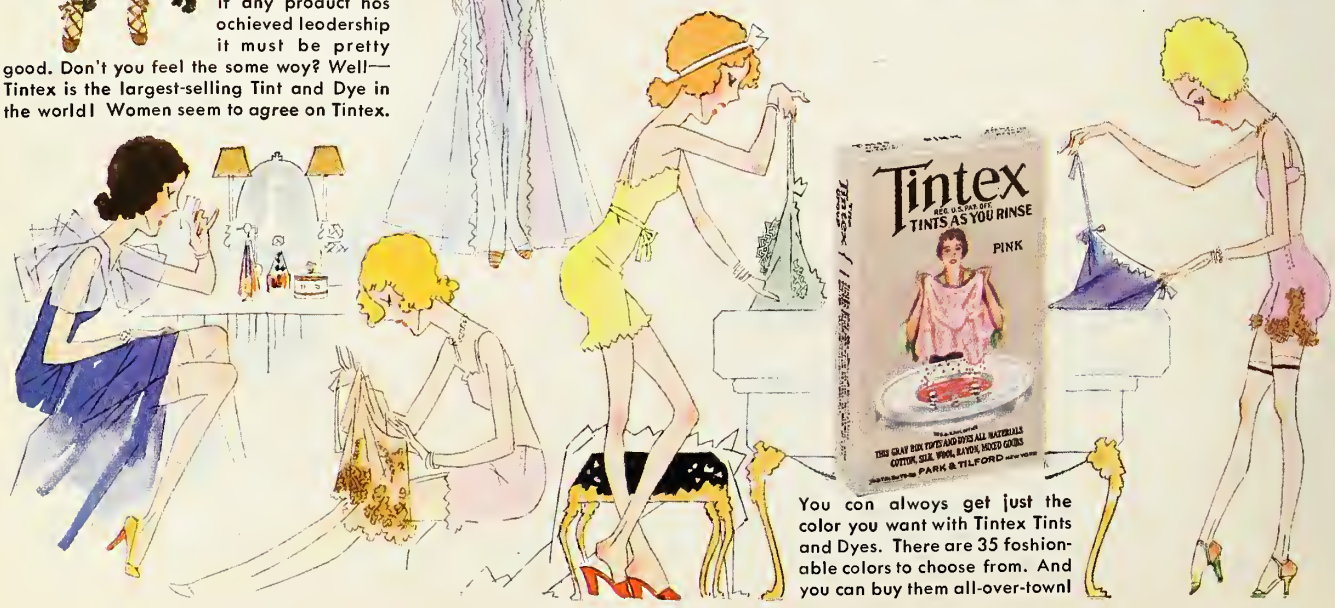


It's an exciting adventure to restore color or give new color to foded "undies," stockings, dresses, frocks, etc. And it's on odventure without ony risk if you use Tintex. Never spots and never streaks.



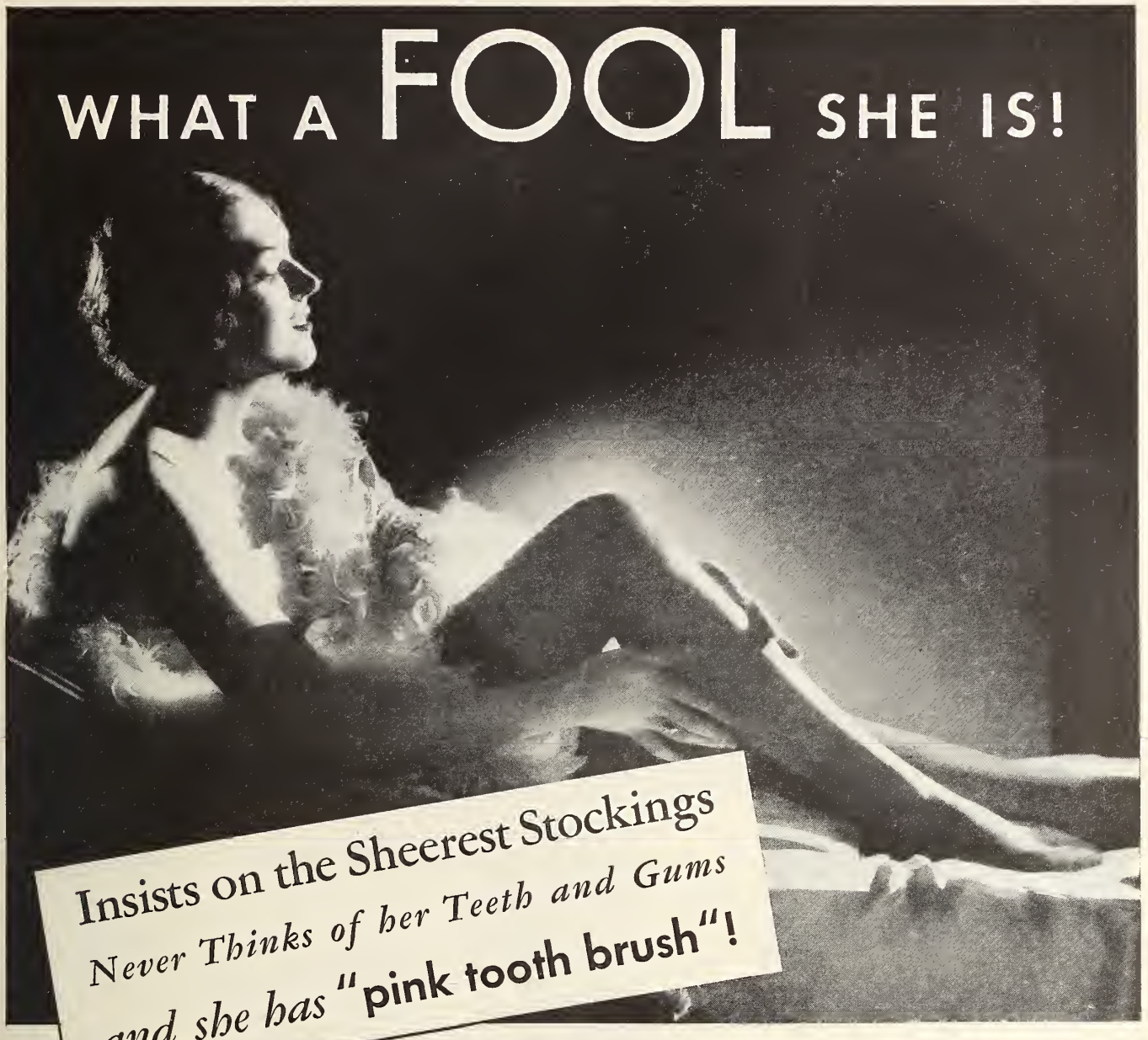
A Teo-Time Interlude:—"No, darling, I must confess. This isn't a new dress—just last year's dress, given a glorious new Spring color with Tintex."

I've always felt that if any product hos ochieved leodership it must be pretty good. Don't you feel the some woy? Well—Tintex is the largest-selling Tint and Dye in the world! Women seem to agree on Tintex.



You con always get just the color you want with Tintex Tints and Dyes. There are 35 foshionable colors to choose from. And you can buy them all-over-town!

WHAT A FOOL SHE IS!



Insists on the Sheerest Stockings
Never Thinks of her Teeth and Gums
and she has "pink tooth brush"!

SHE *insists* on silk stockings to set off her shapely ankles. She couldn't imagine doing without them. But to the glamour and loveliness of her smile —to the health of her teeth and gums —she never gives a second thought.

You *must* take care of your teeth and gums. If you find "pink" upon your tooth brush, if your gums bleed easily —then the health of your gums, the brightness of your teeth, the attractiveness of your smile, are in danger.

"Pink tooth brush" may lead to gum troubles as serious as gingivitis, Vincent's disease or even pyorrhea. It is an ever-present threat to the brightness and even the soundness of your teeth.

Ipana and Massage
Defeat "Pink Tooth Brush"

Keep your gums firm and healthy—and your teeth clean and bright with Ipana and massage.

Restore to your gums the stimulation they need, and of which they are robbed by the soft, modern foods that give them so little natural work. Each time you clean your teeth with Ipana, rub a little more Ipana directly on your gums, massaging gently with your finger or the tooth brush.

Start in tomorrow. Buy a full-size tube (over 100 brushings). Follow the Ipana method and your teeth will shine brighter, your gums will be firmer . . . "Pink tooth brush" will depart.

IPANA



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The New Movie

One of the TOWER MAGAZINES

CATHERINE McNELIS, *Publisher* HUGH WEIR, *Editorial Director*

On Sale the 10th of Each Month

VOL. VII. No. 5 *Cover Design By* McCLELLAND BARCLAY **MAY 1933**



Another of
"The Great Mysteries of the Movies"
by the famous writer,
FREDERICK L. COLLINS
Read it—in the June issue of The New Movie Magazine—"What Happened to Lillian Gish?"

Mr. Collins has written brilliontly of the disoppeoronce of the "Duse of the Films." What farces drove the girl wha wos the idol of movie-goers, from the public eye? Still young, still the some marvelaus actress, still winning favor on the speaking stage—but whot mode her quit the films?

Be sure to read this obsorbing orticle in the June New Movie Magazine.

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VERNE PORTER, *Executive Editor*

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JEAN HARLOW'S complexion care will make your skin enticing!

IF you have seen Jean Harlow on the screen —and, of course, you *have* seen her—you have noticed what an alluring complexion she has. Smooth. Velvety soft. The kind of skin men find irresistible.

Do you realize that the right care can do wonders for *your* complexion?

No feature is so easy to improve as your skin. The whole secret is the right care — followed *regularly*. Jean Harlow, like most of the lovely Hollywood stars, has discovered that secret. Listen to her own words:—

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Of the 694 important actresses in Hollywood, including all stars, 686 use Lux Toilet Soap. Because of this overwhelming preference it has been made the official soap in all the big film studios.

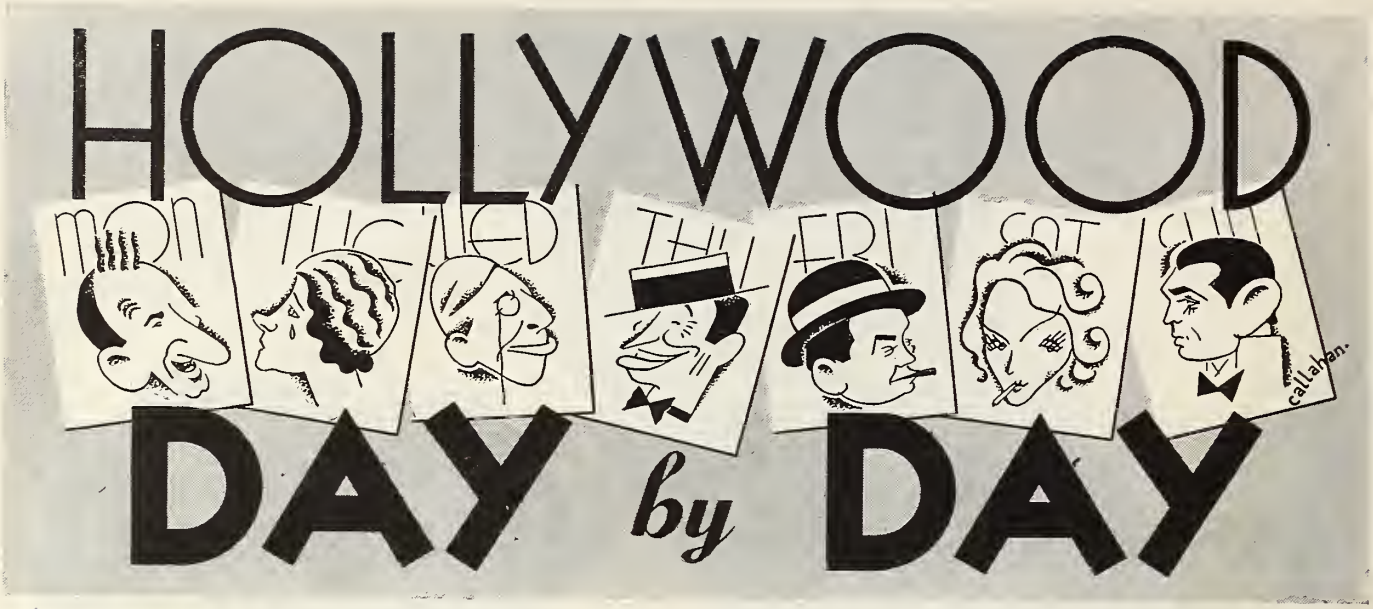
Why not begin now to use this fine, fragrant, white soap for *your* skin? Why not start to make your skin smooth, vividly lovely — learn a lesson from the movie stars?

Get two or three cakes of Lux Toilet Soap today!

The Beauty Soap of the Stars

LUX Toilet Soap

HOLLYWOOD DAY by DAY





Exclusive photo by Wide World

By . . . . . ?

$100 for the pen-name selected for the anonymous author of this department. Write your suggestions. For full details turn to Page 84.

HELLO, Hollywood! Hello, everybody! My job is to give you the low-down on these 'ere moom pitcher stars. And this month, believe me, it's going to be low—because it starts with Jack Oakie's pants.

Jack was reeling out of Sardi's the other night, and it happened that I was reeling out at approximately the same moment (9.17 P. M., Pacific Coast Time). In fact, we were arm in arm and reel in reel. Tomato juice cocktails had been enjoyed by all.

An old clothes man—Jack and I used to call them "poco men" in the good old Harvard days—approached us in a body.

"Any old clothes to sell, Mr. Oakie?" said he, ignoring me utterly.

"Old clothes?" broadcast the round-faced and round-tailed one.

"Can't you see I'm wearing 'em?"

"Well, if you haven't got an old suit, Mr. Oakie, you might have an old pair of pants?"

"No," laughed Jack, "I gave 'em to Marlene."

WHICH reminds me that the big social event of the Hollywood Spring was Eddie Brandstatter's luncheon party, at which, if you can believe the local paper—and a good many do! — there were present, among others, "Jackie Cooper and his mother, Countess De Frasso." Also present were "Misses Betty Williams, Ruth Collier, John Stahl and Tod Browning."

(*Please turn to page* 8)

(Left) John Borrymore, octor, ortist, musicion, youngest of the Royol Fomily, cought by the condid comero off-guord on o windy doy in Hollywood. Proving, in spite of ony Southern Colifornion's flot deniol, thot there's sometimes o decided chill omidst the much-tolked-of bolminess.

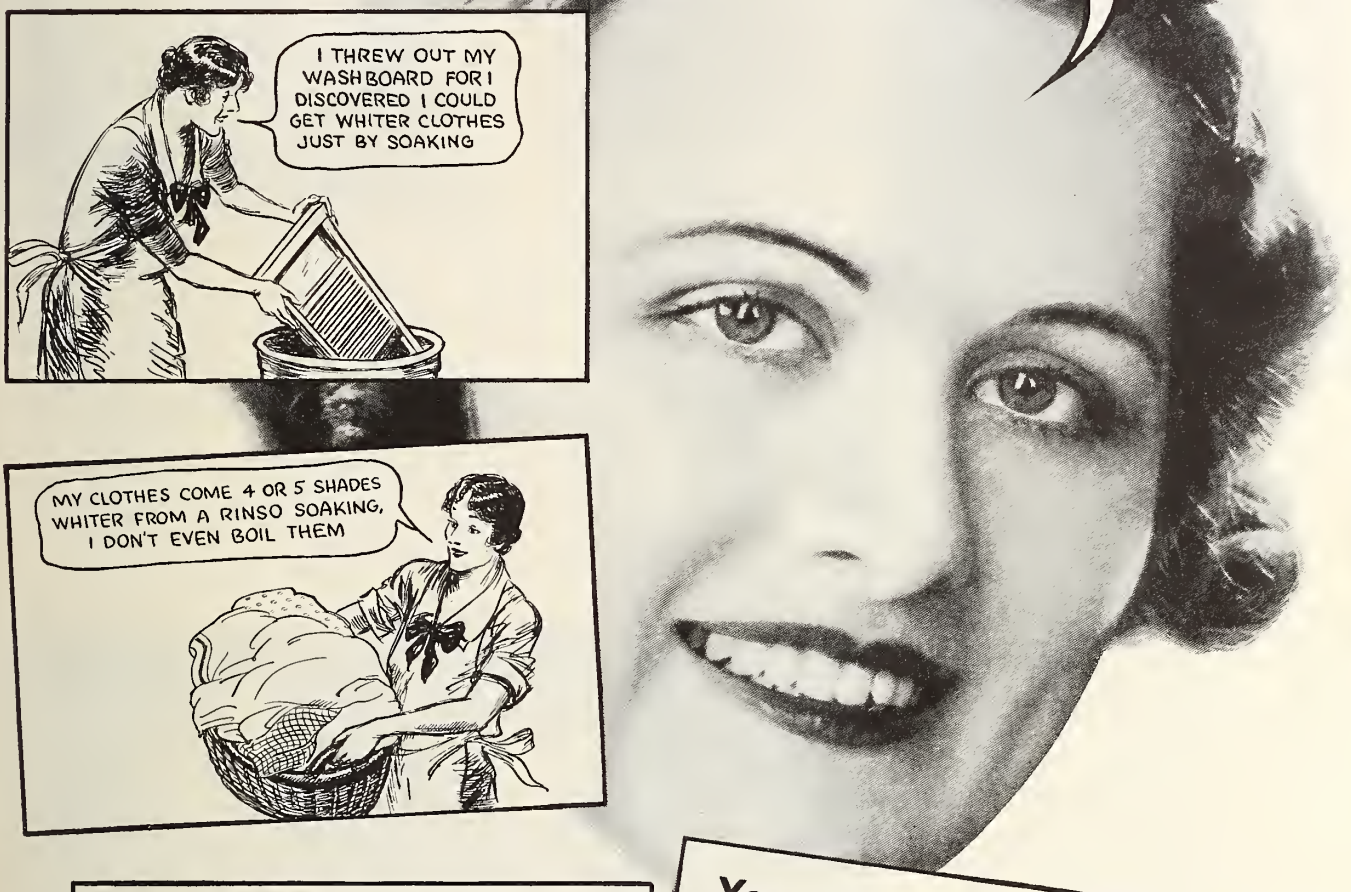
(Below) George Boncroft ond Wallace Beery, stopping for o moment on Hollywood Boulevord, to pose for The New Movie Mogozine photogropher.

Photo by Wide World



All of the latest and best gossip of the movie colony, written by a famous author who pals with the stars

WHITER! YOU BET I GET MY WASHES WHITER



You can save lots of money by washing clothes this "scrubless" way

JUST a change in the kind of soap you use—you wouldn't dream it could make such a big difference on washday. But it does! It saves scrubbing and boiling. It washes clothes 4 or 5 shades whiter.

No wonder millions use Rinso! No wonder the home-making experts of 316 leading newspapers recommend it! By gently *soaking* out the dirt, saving the wear and tear of scrubbing, *it makes clothes last 2 or 3 times longer. Saves money.*

Cup for cup, Rinso gives twice as much suds as lightweight, puffed-up soaps—*in the hardest kind of water.* Rich suds, full of life, long-lasting. The makers of 40 famous washers say, "Use Rinso!" It's great for dishes, too—and for all cleaning. Most women buy the BIG handy, household package.

A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS CO.

Rinso

The biggest-selling package soap in America



Ramon Novarro at home, watering the lawn. Note that his hair is growing out again, after his head having been shaved for "The San-Daughter." His latest picture is "Man on the Nile."

(*Continued from page* 6)

Neither Eddie nor Alex, his suave *maitre d'hotel,* could explain the situation, especially the Cooper incident, since Mrs. Cooper, Jackie's former mother, was also present. Both were inclined to think that the whole matter had been greatly exaggerated.

Eddie, in case you don't remember the Boulevard before the gastronomic depression, used to be master of *a la carte* ceremonies at the once-celebrated Montmarte.

His present place, Sardi's, is heavily modernistic. The entrance looks like a set for "Twenty Thousand Years in Sing Sing." Alex, the headwaiter, who formerly presided so gracefully over the Beverly Hills refined roystering, is, like all good French waiters, a Greek. He has a last name. It is Psihoyios—and nothing can be done about it.

NOTHING can be done, either, about the battle of the cartoonists, which is on. Mr. Somborn who used to control Gloria Swanson and now controls the Brown Derbies—in Hollywood, I mean; Al Smith still has the copyright in the nation—has a sense of smell. He smelled a rival in the newly opened Sardi's; and, being a traveled man, he realized that the original Sardi's in New York represented the high point in restaurant portraiture; so he imported one Vitch, who subsequently gave birth to an orgy of grotesquerie: to wit, a portrait gallery of cinema celebrities which now hangs high, as I told you last month, like a nice fat goose, on the Derby walls.

But Eddie, who looks like Adolph Zukor—but hasn't had so many troubles, yet—was not to be outdrawn.

"Vitch!" said he. "What a name!"

So he got Wolo.

Wolo doesn't draw so many of them, and he doesn't draw them so quick, but he draws 'em funnier. Also, he has a more catholic taste. In one booth, you sit under Joan Crawford, in another under the Prince of Wales; but I had no such luck. I sat under Adolph Hitler.

Personally I'm betting on Vitch. He knows his Hollywood. He doesn't give a hoot for world politics. He just makes pictures of studio executives and every night when they come in—and they've been coming in every night since Vitch arrived—they ask, even before they order their onion soup:

"Where am I?"

Whereupon the obsequious captain, who is much handsomer than any of your Gary Coopers or your Cary Grants—strange, isn't it, that these two boys look so much alike, should have been christened by unsuspecting parents with such similar names?—points to a hideous caricature in a choice location southeast of the pantry; and a good time is had by all.

(*Please turn to page* 10)



Exclusive New Movie Magazine photo by Wide World

The new, dashing, hot-cha Mary Brian, who spiritedly insists she's going to change her personality, and be the sweet, young thing no longer. Here she is at the Cocoanut Grove, and if you look closely, you'll find that she may have changed her personality, but not her beau. It's Dick Powell, of course.



Mae Clarke and John Gilbert, photographed especially for The New Movie, sitting on the sidelines during the filming of "Rivets," with Tod Browning directing. All Hollywood is celebrating Mae's come-back, after her sporty struggle against illness and a myriad of other personal troubles.

JOAN: "I love my role in TODAY WE LIVE'. No part ever thrilled me so deeply, touched my heart so keenly. Do you think the public will like me in it, Leo?"

LEO: "My child, the public always appreciates genius. It's a great emotional part. You are perfect in 'Today We Live'."

JOAN: "If that's so, then we must thank Howard Hawks' marvelous direction for his greatest picture since 'Hell's Angels', and the inspired playing of Gary Cooper"





The finest picture Joan Crawford has yet made. Gary Cooper shares the stellar honors. The scene at her home, where the sweetheart she believed dead returns and finds her the mistress of another—is as powerful an emotional scene as the screen has ever witnessed. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is very proud of "Today We Live"!

With Robert Young, Franchot Tone, Roscoe Karns. Story and dialogue by William Faulkner. Screen play by Edith Fitzgerald and Dwight Taylor.

★ ★ HOLLYWOOD **DAY** BY **DAY** ★ ★

(*Continued from page* 8)

HOLLYWOOD restaurants are funny, funnier than you know; yes, funnier than *they* know. At one table, you see Wallace Beery, fat and fatherly, exposing his little three-year-old daughter to the curious trippers' gaze.

In the next booth is little Sylvia Sidney, with glasses, politely refusing to do her justly celebrated imitation of the glad and the sad hippopotamus. And here, there and everywhere are those strange creatures, which, for lack of a more comprehensive vocabulary, I call "movers in."

The town is crawly with them. They derive a sense of vicarious celebrity by frequenting Hollywood's choicest caravansaries—arriving alone because they have no friends—and "moving in" on first one group and then another, after the manner of stag line "cutters in" at a débutante's dance. Who pays the check, if any, no one knows!

SOME Hollywood hotels are funny, too—especially the one that advertises: "Professional hosts for ladies unattended!"

One lady who is never unattended these days is glamorous Mae West. Extraordinary, isn't it, how much she looks like the old pictures of Lillian Russell! All over town, whereever I go, people are talking about her. The colony has taken her to its capacious bosom. The country, too. If old Horace Greeley were alive today, he wouldn't need to give his famous advice:

"Go West, young man, go West!"

Nothing ritzy about Diamond Lil. That's one reason for her popularity. Successful movie ladies *are* sometimes ritzy, you know. John Darrow was telling about one the other night, who emerged, fairly dripping with ermine and diamonds from a preview of her first picture.

"How was it?" someone asked. "Charming, positively charming," she replied in her heaviest English accent, "except that it drug a little."

WHICH brings us, as all thoughts of diamonds and ermines inevitably must, to Peggy Hopkins Joyce who has been condescending in the neighborhood of late. Peggy didn't bring her one-hundred-and-fifty-carat, blue-white shocker this time. I wonder who's keeping it now! Also she is driving a Ford, not a Rolls.

But she is the same Peggy. You can't fool her with those Chamber of Commerce stories about the California weather. Those who know her better than I do—business of heavy and jealous cursing!—tell me that she still sleeps with an ermine cover on her bed.

If Peggy wants to keep her title of "Diamond Queen," however, she'll have to step some to keep ahead of this new Lilian Harvey. The day Lilian arrived in Hollywood, all the Fox bosses from Winnie Sheehan down knocked off their regular work and devoted themselves exclusively to getting Lilian's glassware on the ice. They say she had on her person and in her handbag more than half a million dollars in sparkling junk.

I went to tea with the little blond girl one afternoon—it was the only afternoon Maurice Chevalier didn't—and it seemed to me that she had held out about a hundred thousand dollars' worth on Winnie and the safe deposit people. But maybe I was wrong. Maybe Lilian has already learned what wise little Hollywood girls learned long ago—to wear ten cent store jewelry and let the banks do the worrying about the real stuff.

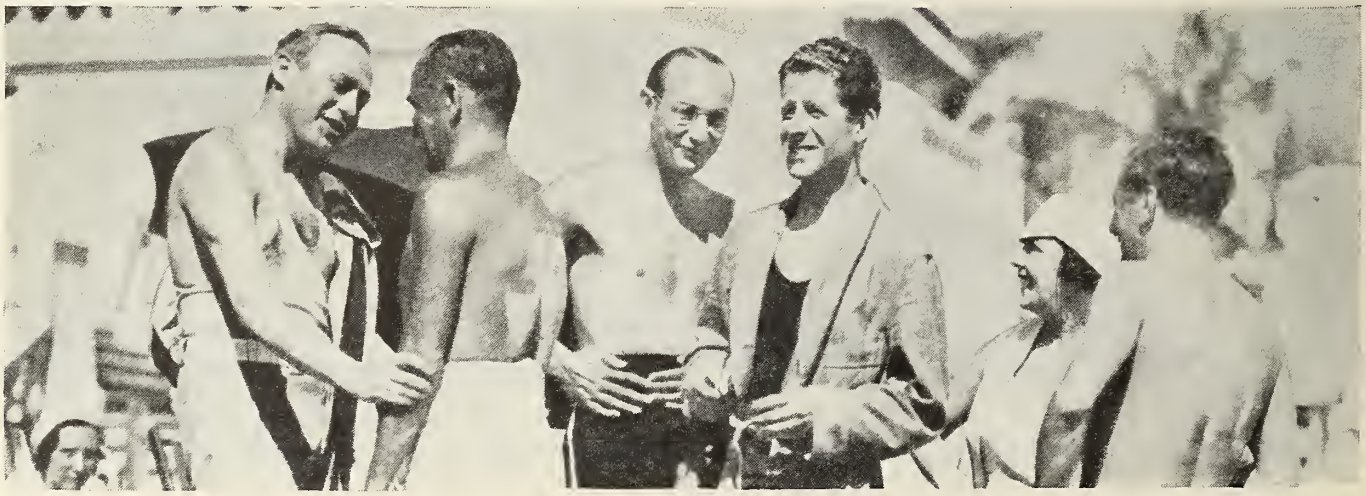
Her taste in clothes is much quieter than her taste in jewelry. Her wardrobe, so far as it has been unfolded, is—thank God!—of the feminine variety. There is reason to believe that it will remain so, too, because she has brought her own clothes designer with her, a German named Strassner, who swears he has never made a pair of pants.

No pennies are being spared to put the English girl over in a great big way. *Please turn to page* 12)



Photo by Wide World

Herewith is our Moy, 1933, monthly picture of Marie, Dawager Queen af Movieland. Just ta shaw you haw much better she's laaking, to tell yau her heolth is wanderfully impraved, ond to shaw yau thot she's feeling so goad she's stepping out socially again. Da yau get the evening-gawn effect?



(Belaw) A galaxy of real celebrities, all in a graup, sun-tanning in Florido—fram left ta right: Jack Benny, Al Jalsan, Ted Husing, Rudy Vallee, Irene Bardani and Lau Haltz.
Photo by Wide World



HIGH

Ben Lyon, finishing "I Cover the Waterfront," and with a brand new M-G-M contract in his pocket and a brand new plane in the hangar, is happier than usual. Now he can get back to flying—and, whether you know it or not, he's one of the most expert flyers in Hollywood.



Exclusive New Movie Magazine photo by Wide World

Just as we were rounding the corner of Highland Avenue, going into the Boulevard, we ran into Mrs. Neil Miller (who is Dorothy Mackaill to you), dressed almost as mannishly as Marlene, and strolling leisurely down the Main Stem.

(*Continued from page* 10)

Fox is said to have paid Eric von Stroheim thirty thousand dollars for an original story for Lilian's first picture, and then shelved it because it didn't jell. Alas, poor Eric! So many of his things don't jell. But they sell, boys and girls, they sell. He must have been born under a lucky star for attracting other people's money.

I wouldn't dare say that to Eric himself, because he doesn't believe in lucky stars—and doesn't mind who knows it. I'll never forget the night he met a famous astrologer at a dinner party a few years ago.

"You'd better be careful, Eric," his wife admonished him, after one of his tirades, "or she'll tell you where your scar is."

"Well, where is my scar?" Eric asked the astrologer sarcastically.

"You're sitting on it," replied the astrologer.

And Eric had to admit that it was true!

BUT to get back to my tea party, Miss Harvey seemed to be genuinely surprised that so many people in America knew about her; also, that they knew so many things that weren't so. She denied vigorously that she was married to Willy Fritsch, the German film actor.

Of course, Lilian ought to know whether she is married or not, but a certain well-known cinematographer, who has made pictures in both London and Berlin and who claims to have known the Fritschs well, told me the other night—but what's the use? Of course, we'll take the lady's word for it.

Incidentally, Lilian is already very much at home in her new bungalow, next door to Janet Gaynor's, on the Fox lot. I didn't notice any ermine bed-spreads, but I did spot a white lamp shade trimmed with ermine tails. What d'ye mean, depression?

AND what d'ye mean, Adolph Menjou, by arriving one shining morning not long ago at the office of a Los Angeles safe deposit company followed by three huskies, each carrying a satchel filled to the zipper with gold? Was that the $25,000 RKO is said to have paid you for sticking around five weeks while the studio's best minds were deciding not to make that picture?

Speaking of Radio, when the news leaked out that young David Selznick had left that outfit to accept an Irving Thalberg salary from his papa-in-law, Louis B. Mayer, one of those irrepressibles on the M-G-M. lot predicted that Dave's first picture would be Ernest Hemingway's "The Son-in-law Also Rises!"

AND speaking of Metro, I see that they have decided to give up on Charlotte Susa after bringing her to this country and paying her a salary for six months while she learned to speak English. She learned the language all right, but she never appeared in the pictures.

Meanwhile, Sam Goldwyn, he of the infinite patience, continues to foot the bills for the Americanization of Anna Sten. Anna wears trousers in the most approved Hollywood cinema manner, but she still has trouble with her consonants. Jimmie Durante says she ought to have 'em out.

THE best prospect right now among the "Made in Germany" stars is Uncle Carl Laemmle's Tala Birell. Laura Hope Crewes has been working on Tala's diction for nearly two years now, and, as you know if you have seen "Nagana," she has done wonders with it.

(*Please turn to page* 14)



Exclusive New Movie Magazine photo by Wide World

(Above) Gail Patrick and Ricardo Cortez strolling down a Paramount street. Gail has just finished working in "Murders in the Zoo" and "Rick" was just beginning his new picture, "Police Surgeon."



This is what is known to the movie folks as a "gag picture." Don English, taking exclusive pictures for The New Movie, asked the stars to pose "and make it funny." So here they are, doing their stuff—from left to right: Jack Oakie, Wynne Gibson, Randolph Scott, Richard Arlen and Stuart Erwin.



No toothpaste at any price can clean teeth better than Colgate's

We don't claim Colgate's will do the work your dentist *should* do—or any part of it. There's a piace where the work of a toothpaste ends and the work of the dentist begins. But we *do* claim—and with highest dental authority back of our claims—that for an honest, thorough job of cleaning the teeth—the world knows no finer toothpaste than Colgate's. And it costs a quarter—half of what you may have been paying to accomplish exactly the same result—clean teeth. Try it for one week. Discover its clean, likable flavor. Learn how thoroughly *clean* your teeth and mouth can feel.

Meantime—mention Colgate's to your dentist. He will tell you it's as good a toothpaste as money can buy.

The smartest habit of the day—
A quarter saved the Colgate way

25¢

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Exclusive New Movie Magazine photo by Wide World

(Above) Charles Murray and Andy Devine lunching together at the restaurant at Universal City. The real point of this picture is Andy's hair. Because of recent rôles he hasn't been permitted to get a haircut in months. He says that even "Truck," his bull terrier pal, is beginning to snicker at him.



Photo by Wide World

(Right) Henry Garat (pronounce it Ga-r-r—a-a, plez), the new Fox star importation from France, and a runner-up for the Maurice Chevalier honors. His first picture is "Adorable," starring Janet Gaynor. With him here is Mrs. Garat.

(*Continued from page* 12)

It was Miss Crewes who taught Gloria Swanson to articulate so correctly. The only trouble with Gloria was that she thought so much about the articulation that she forgot about the acting. Tala doesn't seem to be troubled that way.

ALL Hollywood is chuckling over that characteristic story of Michael Farmer, Gloria's current hubby, which *The New Yorker* recently uncovered. Mike, it seems, was in London helping Gloria to achieve "A Perfect Understanding," and was moved to talk on the telephone with a gentleman in Dunkirk, France, but got instead a lady in Dunkirk, New York. Mike was that way when he was in Hollywood—careless-like.

HOLLYWOOD chuckles about many things. Here are a few "shorts", "pre-views", and "trailers", I picked up in one day's strolling, visiting, lunching, dining and dancing, none of which you will believe. The first has to do with Orry Kelly, Warner's fashion designer, who has gone to Australia to visit his mother, Flory Kelly. He says he is going by way of the South Sea Islands to get ideas for costumes for the Warner stars!

The second has to do with Ken Maynard, who recently flew his own plane to Mexico City—all alone. He begged his wife to go with him but she was afraid. The day after he left, she slipped on her own doorstep and broke her ankle in two places, so when Ken arrived home after flying safely over thousands of miles of land and water, he found his wife in a wheel chair!

THE third has to do with Walter Byron, who is said to be having an affair with a very beautiful young lady. Nobody knows about it except Walter and the beautiful young lady and Walter's press-agent, also a beautiful young lady. And maybe only two people know it. Now figure that one out!

The fourth has to do with a beautiful young blonde, whose fond parent found her in bed with a pig. The blonde in bed was Joan Marsh. The fond parent was her equally blond camera-man father, Charles Rosher. The bed was on a Mack Sennett set.

The fifth has to do—you might know it—with Groucho Marx, who said that the title of their new picture was changed from "Cracked Ice" to "Grasshoppers" because the public demanded animal pictures!

SPEAKING of the Marx Brothers, all the world knows by now that the Culbertsons ran out on the much-advertised bridge game between Harpo and Chico. Culbertson's explanation is that he thought it was a gag. The Hollywood explanation is that Culbertson found out that the Marxes, when it came to bridge, were not funny at all—that they were, in fact, the best bridge players in Hollywood.

APPEARANCES are deceitful, even among movie folk. I was thinking of that the other day when I ran into Myrna Loy on the Boulevard. While we were chatting, two small boys came along.

"That's Myrna Loy," the larger of the two said.

"Naw, that ain't Myrna Loy," the other replied. "That girl's got freckles!"

So accustomed is the public to seeing Myrna in exotic roles that it can't imagine her as being the freckle-faced, red-haired, healthy-looking girl she is. But she is!

SPEAKING of red-heads, I saw Nancy Carroll the other day looking lovelier than I have ever seen her before. The hair is again red; even redder; and over it she had drawn a cute little gray hat, half-way between a beret and the kind of thing that jolly old friars used to wear back in the good old *Robin Hood* days. It would have looked terrible on most girls, but it looked

(*Please turn to page* 16)

SKYROCKETS FOR TWO



Exclusive New Movie Magazine photo by Wide World



You are destined to see M-G-M's Jean Parker a lot on the screen and hear a lot about her. So, from now on, she will be presented to you for your approval—or else. Not for a long time have expert star-pickers been so certain of a girl's potentialities. Be sure to write and tell us what you think of Jean.

Lee Tracy (at right) has suddenly clicked. And how! He can be called, without exaggeration, the biggest "find" since Clark Gable. After years on the stage and several film dalliances, then—Fame. He has just signed a long-term contract with M-G-M. You think he's swell now. . . . How long?

(*Continued from page* 14)
wonderful on Nancy, who is certainly the come-back kid of 1933.

I forgot to say that Nancy wore a gray dress to match the hat, and that she was sitting on a high stool, with her legs wound round its iron pole, at Fred Harvey's lunch counter in the old Sante Fe station. Bolton Mallory, husband and reformed magazine editor, was with her—but not on the same stool.

OF course, we were all going to Caliente. When will we ever learn better? But for me the trip was not a total loss. I got much better acquainted with Lupe and Lola. Lupe, believe it or not, is the male and Lola the female of the pair of blue and gold macaws which make love so decoratively in the patio of the Agua Caliente hotel. Lupe, if sufficiently urged by the hotel hop, can be persuaded, almost any time, to give Lola what passes among macaws and cockatoos as a kiss.

On the way to the train I chanced upon Victor McLaglen, who told me he was going to London to make a picture—by now he must be there—leaving his four Hollywood residences to take care of themselves.

"Why don't you rent them?" I asked.



Exclusive New Movie Magazine photo by Wide World

Helen Twelvetrees, now a proud mother, taking a stroll with Jack Oakie on the Paramount lot. Jack is explaining to her how Marlene Dietrich gets her pants. For further details, read "Hollywood Day by Day," in this issue of New Movie Magazine.



Exclusive New Movie Magazine photo by Wide World

Wera Engels, the German star, now in Hollywood, showing the profusion of silver fox fur she affects. Her dress is of pearl gray wool, her hat and accessories black.

"I tried that once," Vic boomed, "and when the tenants moved out, they took everything with them—even the bathroom fixtures."

WHICH reminds me that young Richard Cromwell has probably the most primitive bathroom in all Hollywood. It is Chic Sale-ish in simplicity. But it is bright and cheery. Around the room he has hung the Benda-like masks of famous people, in the making of which he occupies himself when he isn't painting bathrooms.

I have been in the great Benda's Sixty-seventh Street studio in New York many a time, and have seen his masks in many an incongruous place—even in the "Greenwich Village Follies"—but I never saw one in his bathroom!

Dick was working on a mask of Joan Crawford. He had spent a dollar—which is a lot of money for Dick, because he allows himself only ten dollars a week out of his Columbia salary, for personal expenses—to buy some of those fake eyelashes that Hollywood high school girls are wearing because they make them look like the great Joan. He had also bought a ball of twine to make the lady's hair, each separate strand of which he was patiently sticking on by hand, waving it with his forefinger and painting it with orange-colored shellac. The resulting mask was a beautiful thing—even if it doesn't sound so. When Joan gets it, it ought to make her very happy.

JOAN needs things to make her happy these days, for the boys with the sharp pencils and the girls with the sharp tongues have been very busy about her and Doug. All I know is that when "Dodo" took the train for his much gossiped-about vacation in New York, his wife not only was at the station to see him off, but managed a few very convincing tears; and when his train was delayed six hours on the return trip, she hired a plane and sent it out to "somewhere in Arizona" to pick him up and bring him the quicker home.

THESE young blades do like splashy colors. Monroe Owsley is back in town, tooling himself around the boulevards in a cream-colored roadster with red leather upholstery. I hope he has better luck with it than Gary Cooper did with his swank

(*Please turn to page* 114)



Photo by Wide World

Constance Bennett and her husband, the Marquis de la Falaise de la Coudroy, off on a long sea trip "away from it all." Even if Connie is sometimes criticized as a "headline hunter," "Honk," as the Marquis is usually known, still remains one of the most popular men in Hollywood.

"I'm tired of envying other girls the dresses I can't wear"



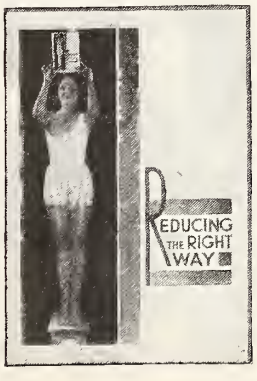
Wide World Photo

GET plenty tired of it! Then maybe you'll have the strength of mind to get after those bulges and curves that keep you from looking smart in the fashions your slenderer friends wear so gracefully.

The foolish part about being overweight is that it's so easy to reduce. All you need is a mind made up, common sense and patience. You can't expect to lose all your excess pounds overnight. Take time to it, do it right, and you'll improve your health as well as your figure.

Make up your mind, polish up your patience, and send for "Reducing the Right Way." Thousands of women have sent for it already, as a guide to sensible diet and exercise. You'll be surprised when you see how much and how many of the things you like to eat appear on its menus. There are menus for breakfast, luncheon and dinner for two solid weeks—and two weeks of eating well but sensibly couldn't strain anyone's patience. There are recipes, too, for interesting dishes. And exercises you'll want to make a part of your daily program because they make you feel so well.

Send today for "Reducing the Right Way". It costs just ten cents, postpaid.



TOWER BOOKS

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A HAUNTINGLY BEAUTIFUL LOVE STORY

A love that suffered and rose triumphant above the crushing events of this modern age . . . Strong in tenderness . . . inspiring in loyalty . . . it will remain in your heart forever!



NOEL COWARD'S

CAVALCADE

PICTURE OF THE GENERATION



Now YOU can see the Picture the whole world acclaims as the Greatest Ever!

LOUELLA PARSONS: Greater even than "Birth of a Nation." Drama beautifully real and splendidly told. Truly magnificent.

PHILADELPHIA Public Ledger: If your budget calls for but one film a year I recommend "Cavalcade."

ST. LOUIS Post Dispatch: The cinema triumph of modern talkies . . . a tremendous and magnificent picture. By all means see it.

ATLANTA Constitution: It stands supremely above criticism. A capacity audience sat spellbound.

NEW YORK Herald Tribune: The finest photoplay that has yet been made in the English language.

BOSTON Herald: It is, without fear of contradiction or dispute, the greatest film production since speech was given to the screen.

CHICAGO Tribune: "Cavalcade" IS, unquestionably, one of the screen wonders of the age—it has everything.

FOX

"Cavalcade" will be shown in your city soon. Your Theater Manager will be glad to tell you when.



CAROLE LOMBARD

The New Movie's GALLERY of STARS



REQUEST

Our readers swamped us with requests that we publish a new picture of Cary Grant, whose next film is "The Eagle and the Hawk," with Fredric March and Jack Oakie. He's a bachelor, girls, but you'll sometimes see him escorting Virginia Cherrill.



Has June Vlasek that indefinable something plus that makes you like her? Will you make a star out of her? . . . Fox star specialists believe you will. So they've begun a Vlasek promotion campaign. Your verdict will be the answer. . . . You saw her last in "Chandu the Magician." . . . What say?

YES?



CHARM

Subtly captivating, coolly sensuous . . . on the screen. Quiet, retiring, the girl who neither drinks nor smokes . . . off the screen. This is Miriam Jordan, Hollywood's newest skyrocket. She scored instantly in "Six Hours to Live," and then again in "Sherlock Holmes."



Sylvia Sidney and George Raft adding to the excitement of "Pick-up," Vina Delmar's story transferred to the screen. Sylvia is at last working on "Jennie Gerhardt," the Dreiser novel which offered many censor difficulties. A splendid part for a splendid actress.

PICK-UP



Clarence Sinclair Bull

COLLEEN

Maureen from Killarney. O'Sullivan's the other name, sor. An' busy as a bog-trotter, from "Payment Deferred," then into Universal's "The Cohens and Kellys in Trouble," thence to Johnny Weissmuller's latest "Tarzan" creation.



Ann Harding's latest picture—and Ann as lovely as ever. After finishing "When Ladies Meet," she begins preparations for "Declassé," the Zoe Akins' stage play which served Ethel Barrymore as a vehicle for two years or so.

LOVELY

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, Jr.
tells the inside story of

TWO who fled from Hollywood

WHEN I went off for a little summer vacation in Europe last July, I made up my mind to one thing: I was going to forget Hollywood and all its works so that I might go back fresh and eager to whatever it would hold for me on my return. Joan Crawford felt the same way. It was to be our first real holiday together since our marriage, and we both wanted to be like two happy kids, without a thought of rôles, scripts, directors, critics or the public.

But we soon discovered that we couldn't leave Hollywood behind. Others saw to that. Aboard ship, whispers grew into buzzes, the buzzes into audible remarks, which came to a pointed question the first night out when a chap, standing at the rail beside us, suddenly said:

"Is it true, Mr. Fairbanks, that Hollywood is a place where men say Yes to everything and women say No to nothing?"

Maybe it was funny, but Joan only stared harder at the sea, while I, trying to be politely squelching, replied:

"Not quite. Neither yes nor no is taken very seriously there. You see, today's yes becomes tomorrow's no to the same idea, depending on the weather of the mind which, in that peculiar climate, is subject to change without warning or cause."

My answer did not stop him.

"Just as I always thought," he exclaimed, pleased with himself. "Nobody knows his mind out there!"

"Oh, yes, they do!" I contradicted.

"Who?" he challenged.

"Those who haven't any!"

This paradox, accompanied by Joan's laugh, sent him on his way, more than ever confirmed of Hollywood's brainlessness, I suppose. But as I leaned on the rail, watching the waves in the

"A penny for your thoughts, Doug," said Joan, bringing me back to present circumstances. . . . "Hollywood," I admitted. . . . She sighed. "Let's walk around the deck and talk of Paris."



Photo by William Grimes

The young Prince of the Movies writes of Joan's and his futile dash for freedom—and wins your sympathy for two kids who weren't allowed to romp

gathering darkness, I knew that he was more than half right. For most minds are never made up in Hollywood. The temper of the cinema capital is against fixity. Change is the essence of the place. Why? Well, after my years of experience there, I am sure that nothing can be set for long in an industry built on emotion, and where instinct and intuition take the place of logic and reason. And standing there, listening to the hiss of the water, I had a sudden vision of the Great God Box Office, with his millions of eyes and innumerable wagging tongues, ruling his actor-shadows with a rod of Whim.

"A penny for your thoughts, Doug," said Joan, bringing me back to present circumstances.

"Hollywood," I admitted.

"Yes, it's everywhere on the ship," she sighed. "Let's walk round the deck and talk of Paris."

WE did, and the rest of the evening we were free from reminders of our pictorial past. But the next morning I was hailed in the lounge by a charming old lady:

"I don't suppose you ever get up as early as this at the studios, Mr. Fairbanks, do you?"

It was then after ten o'clock.

Great was her surprise when I told her that I often got up at six to be on the job in time, and I'm afraid she didn't believe me. I also explained that cameramen, sound technicians and the working-crew had to be on hand a half hour ahead of the (*Please turn to page* 85)



The latest photo-portrait of Douglas, Jr., made especially for The New Movie Magazine by Elmer Fryer.





MEN,

For the vampire is coming back— and she's worse than ever!

By FREDERIC LEWIS

THE vamp is back—and I don't mean baby. I mean the full-grown, blood-sucking, man-eating vampire to whom Kipling made his foolish prayer.

And it is about time. We haven't had a really good vampire—by which I mean a really bad vampire—since the Democrats were in office before.

We have had our saucy little piggly wiggly vamps like Lupe Velez, with their hey-nonny-nonnies and their hot-cha-chas. We have had the so-called "It" girls like Clara Bow. We have had the very daring decollete ladies that Norma Shearer gives us in her less "Smilin' Through" moods.

But whoever believed that Clara Bow was really very bad? Whoever doubted for an instant that beneath her plump and perfumed cuticle there beat a heart of gold?

Whoever believed that those daring ladies of Norma's were ever as bad as they looked? Whoever doubted that the esteemed Mrs. Thalberg was really a very nice girl?

Even the Velez was always rather cute!

Synthetic vampires, that's what they've been feeding us all these Republican years. Neither Coolidge prosperity nor Hoover depression produced a screen siren worthy of the name. But now that the wicked Democrats are in again, let American manhood beware!

Take that girl, Karen Morley, who played in "The

Glenda Farrell made ten years in a Georgia chain gang look like a picnic de luxe compared with a life sentence of the ball and chain with her.



Beware!

Phantom of Crestwood"—that is, take her if you can! No last-minute play for sympathy on her part, no softening of the arteries as her lovely claws are about to encircle the money-bags of her victims, no anti-climactic revelation that, for all her seeming hardness of heart, she has always longed to be, or is even about to become, a mother!

Karen played the same sort of man-destroying female in "Washington Masquerade." By the time she had finished with poor old Congressman Barrymore, she had sucked the last red corpuscle from his royal Barrymore veins.

Glenda Farrell did the same thing to Paul Muni in "I am a Fugitive." She made ten years in a Georgia chain gang look like a picnic de luxe compared with (*Please turn to page* 110)



Myrna Loy, beneath all of her Chinatown kimonos, was nothing less—and little more—than a hussy.



By the time Karen Morley had finished with poor old Congressman Barrymore, she had sucked the last red corpuscle from his royal Barrymore veins.

TRY THIS FASCINATING NEW

You can make your own pictures of



Using the picture of Greta Garbo on this page as the subject, see if you can make a typewritten copy of it, just as Miss Parsons did on the opposite page. The New Movie Magazine will pay for the typewritten pictures selected as the best submitted. All entries should be copied from the picture on this page. . . . For details see page 100.

WAY TO DRAW THE STARS!

your film favorites on your typewriter!



This remarkable typewritten picture of Garbo—done from the small photograph accompanying it—was made by Katherine H. Parsons. The Editors were so impressed by the novelty of the treatment that this magazine decided to give the readers a chance to see if they could do as well or better. See if you can make a typewritten copy of the picture of Garbo on the opposite page.

The Mystery of MARLENE

IN NINETEEN AND TWENTY-NINE at Paramount Studios I was discussing some scenes for the Revue we were planning with Albert Kaufman, one of the few executives who has remained with the organization. (For the last three years the heads of departments have been riding the rapidly revolving door of power as if it were a merry-go-round —I don't know now who has caught the brass ring!)

Halting our discussion, Al tossed a half-dozen photographs across the desk saying: "There's a girl we have just signed up. She looks like a great bet for pictures." I gazed for the first time into the eyelash-draped eyes of Marlene Dietrich. All the photographs were in men's clothes.

"Is she a male impersonator?" I asked.

Al laughed. "I should say not; she has more 'it' and 'that' than anyone we've got. Sings, dances, and a fine actress! But she usually does a number in men's clothes. She's a big stage favorite in Germany!"

HAVING specialized in male impersonations myself, my appraisal was slightly tinted with criticism. "She is very attractive, and wears the clothes well!" I said. "But she doesn't look anything like a man with all that fluffy hair sticking out under the top hat!"

"Well! she's not a bit masculine." Al was looking at a gay, laughing picture. "It's funny; she's very feminine—has a baby and a husband," Al added.

"That's good!" I said, referring to the afterthought of propriety.

"I guess she just likes to wear pants," Al concluded.

THE pictures were laid aside and we returned to our own affairs, little dreaming that in less than four years Marlene Dietrich's trousers would be everybody's affair. Al Kaufman's explanation still is the correct one. Hollywood with all its demoralizing magic has not altered the fair German's ideas, but its small-town attitude and her success have, I think, given her the courage to express them and stick to them even if she gets stuck with them.

She is still feminine, she still has the same husband, and her child, though no longer a baby, receives more maternal devotion than any I have ever seen, with perhaps the exception





Marlene Dietrich—as she looked in Berlin before coming to America for film success, and (right) as she is frequently seen today.

European Photo



Marlene Dietrich (above) in her latest picture, "The Song of Songs." And at right: Elsie Janis' newest photograph.



The one and only ELSIE JANIS at her breeziest and best . . . One bright star in defense of another bright star . . . and the other's trousers

of myself when I was her age.

Half the women in the world have fallen for or risen to (according to one's point of view) pyjamas. From the country girl in her homemade gingham to the *demi-mondaine* in her French-made velvet and ermine. There must be something to them. I know there's too much in many of them.

The answer is comfort and freedom. Certainly the desire is not to be like the men, but modern women can't be blamed for trying to "snitch" a little of the ease men enjoy; to be able to cross the legs without staging a tug-of-war with a dress, or to walk beside the male companion without the usual and now *passé*, "What's the matter? Are you walking with me or just following my trail?"

I'll admit that Dietrich in complete masculine attire is a little ahead of the procession, but I also predict that it will soon catch up and pass her, because she needs that mass of spun gold sometimes called hair for her screen work and when the Eton bob comes bob, bob, bobbing along dressed in brother's Sunday suit, Dietrich will look like a "weak sister" by comparison.

I can't help thinking of how gay and mischievous she looked in those pre-American pictures and remarking that a film success in our Land of the Free is an expensive business. The income tax collector holds the first mortgage on your achievements, the press the second, the public the third, the studios have the right to turn a young girl's laughter into a deserted wife's tears, the camera and Father Time both have options on your face, while the masseuse has a lien on your fat. Foreigners may take what's left back to their respective homelands at will, but if by chance they want more punishment, the emigration laws make them sit up, beg for, and then wait for it! The speed with which it can dim its lustre, when a smoke screen of criticism is thrown out! The star may still be there, possessing all the brilliancy that established it in the firmament of fame, but smoked glasses are reserved for the sun.

IN Marlene Dietrich's case, the screen of smoke is just starting really to rise and she is doing nothing drastic to soar above it. I think she must feel that the form of suffocation doesn't much matter, and if she must wear a mask, to satisfy the public which two years ago was at her feet (not to mention what they are attached to), then why not a gas mask? The German ones were far superior to ours in the War!

In France, England, Germany, and other countries, the public judges an artist by what he or she does in the theater. I don't believe the things which have happened to Dietrich would be possible in Europe.

For instance, Josef Von Sternberg, an astute, brilliant, and far-seeing young Hebrew, made a picture before he ever directed the dazzling Darling of the Deutch. It was called "The Salvation Hunters" and he made it on a shoe-string or maybe just a plain string. But it was so good that I sat one night and listened to Mary Pickford, Douglas (*Please turn to page* 95)

Intimate facts about Marlene's Wardrobe

Some answers to questions that every woman is asking **By FRANC DILLON**

HALF the women in the United States are eager to step into Marlene Dietrich's trousers! Oh, some just like them. Five thousand pairs of slacks were sold to women in one Hollywood shop alone. But this season the customer says, "I want a pair of trousers just like Marlene Dietrich's."

All of which has left Marlene completely bewildered.

"Why all this fuss about my trousers?" she asked, with just a suggestion of a frown on her smooth forehead. "I've always worn them. I wore them for years in Europe before I came here. I wore them in my first picture here. No one made any comment. Now, suddenly, everyone starts talking about them and all the women are wearing them. Why?"

FOR Marlene, who has adopted pants for nearly all off-screen appearances, feels that they are her own property; that no one has the right to interfere with her individuality, as it were.

"I love these little pants," she said, patting the leg of her gray trousers. "I like them for several reasons. They are comfortable; they are economical because the styles in men's clothes do not change often; and I think they suit my type.

"Only the most feminine-looking women should wear trousers," Marlene continued, and she practices what she preaches, for she always looks feminine in spite of her mannish clothes. She usually wears a small beret or a soft tailored hat, and her hair is always arranged in soft waves about her face. Her nails are always manicured in feminine fashion and usually painted a brilliant red.

She resented being criticised for allowing her eight-year-old daughter, Maria, to wear trousers. "I bought pants for Maria because they are warm," she explained. "Even in California the nights are cool and I think it is wise to keep her legs warm."

It was when she appeared at the premiere of "The Sign of the Cross" dressed in a man's evening costume, complete in every detail, that she almost stopped traffic. (*Please turn to page* 82)



Photo by Wide World

Man's overcoat, as it is worn by Miss Dietrich on formal occasions. This was bought in one of the Los Angeles department stores. Recently she purchased six more of these.



Photo by Wide World

(Above) For daytime attire, Marlene's one-button sack coat. For daytime wear she usually wears the type of shoes shown above.



Photo by Wide World

Three sisters in St. Louis, out airing their mannish attire. They are Mrs. Helen Schneider, Mrs. Veronica Leinart and Mrs. Clem Brazill. . . .



HERE'S WHAT THE COUNTRY THINKS OF THE TROUSERS FAD

To get an accurate check-up of what the women of the United States thought of the new mannish attire so many women are adopting, and in an effort to be in a position to predict more or less definitely whether or not there would be general acceptance, the editor of THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE *telegraphed to a number of the leading department stores in different cities. Herewith are their answers:*

BOSTON: Chief interest here at Filene's in suits of mannish type rather than the actual trouser suit stop We have however sold a fair quantity of slacks to women stop Promoted them for week-end cruises and sports.

W. H. McLeod,
William Filene's Sons' Co.

SAN FRANCISCO: I. Magnin & Company in San Francisco, through their New York office, answer as follows:

I. Magnin & Company do not believe that the mannish styles as worn by Marlene Dietrich will to any extent be copied by the majority of ladies who are used to wearing well-made, feminine-looking apparel stop Therefore our firm has not made any move to advocate this extreme mannish type of mode stop We hope we are right for two reasons: First, we believe it will spoil the fine femininity of our beautiful American women; second, if the style should become the vogue to any extent it would ruin the ready-to-wear business and throw hundreds of thousands of more people out of work which in these times would be a terrible added misfortune to the shop keeper and working people alike stop Thanks for your interest.

I. Magnin & Company.

WASHINGTON, D. C.: We have purchased and offered for sale a number of different garments which carry out the mannish clothes idea, but the response to this merchandise by the public has been very small.

We conclude from your wire that when you speak of mannish clothes you mean the extreme things; such as, trousers, trouser suits, and in some instances, skirts with cuffs at the bottom as are put on men's trousers. It is this type of merchandise on which we base our reply.

Woodward & Lothrop.

(*Please turn to page* 82)



Wide World

Two mannishly tailored girls on the New York streets. They are Marguerite Churchill, the actress, and Beatrice Hudson, who's in the Social Register, if you ask.



Top, left: Marlene in one of her many tweed sports suits. Top, center: For formal evening wear—white hand-sewn buckskin gloves, a bat-wing tie and white silk reefer scarf. Top, right: Tailored shorts. Above, center: Narrow suspenders, garters and black silk socks. Above: This man's tailored silk shirt usually worn by Marlene.



Photo by Hurrell

The Love Behind a Film Throne

SHE is the most tactful and mentally alert woman in Hollywood. She is gracious without being affected, and sincere without being rude. Her temperament is cheerful, her attitude toward the world—shrewd and kind.

Hard-earned success is often misunderstood. Norma Shearer's is no exception. Her spontaneous personality and the metallic and quick quality of her mind, which cuts through to the object desired while other women flounder in self-pity, would make her successful anywhere.

Like most people who have lived vividly, her mind often goes to the past.

BORN in Montreal, Canada, of parents wealthy at the time, her childhood was happy. She did not begin to attend school until she was about ten. She had but one reason for not going. She did not like school. Through the force of circumstances, she quit her studies at about the age of fifteen. The long Canadian winters developed different childish ailments which kept her at home for weeks at a time during these years.

As a consequence, the future mistress of cinema sophistication began her career with but little academic training. However, no woman in Hollywood has a surer and more pleasing command of English, and a voice more musical with which to express it.

Her native shrewdness soon taught her to avoid the cave of pretense into which so many people tumble. "I tried hard to impress people at first—feeling that it was so necessary. Now I know that just being natural is much more honest."

Norma's mother was English, her father Scotch.

JIM TULLY'S appraisal of Norma Shearer

The story of one of the greatest Movie romances and its glamorous principals

Unlike the Scotchman of current jokes, he was trusting and kindly. The business which was started by his grandfather collapsed under him.

When Norma was twelve, the family moved to a more modest home. The horses and carriages were sold. Her father, at an age when successful men retire from business, was penniless.

A FEW years of routine followed. They were accompanied by the agonies of pride attendant upon those who have come down in the world.

Norma's mother, who was indifferent as to when her child started to school, had seen that she began the study of music at eight.

Her teacher, well known in Montreal, had high hopes of her young pupil becoming a successful concert player. Her examinations were taken at the Royal Academy of Music. The teacher, whose name was Blossom Connelly, left a deep impression on the young girl. "One time," Norma said, laughing, her teeth like pearls in a row, "when my feet didn't quite reach the floor pedals and I sat there kicking the piano, my teacher horrified me by exclaiming, "Damn it—will you ever stop kicking that piano?"

Her teacher died while Norma was making ready to take the final examination.

Norma did not go near the Royal Academy of Music again.

Instead, as the financial status of the family became worse, she took a job in a music store. The girl, who for seven years had studied the classics, now pleased prospective customers by playing such transitory numbers as *They're Wearing 'em Higher in Hawaii,* and *Naughty, Naughty, Naughty* for ten dollars per week.

Her mother came into the store while Norma played a popular piece.

She stood for a moment (*Please turn to page* 102)



Photo by Russell Ball



Photo by Lansing Brown

(Above, left): Irving Thalberg, whom Norma thought she "might marry—with eyes like that." (Above, right): Norma's mother. And right: Norma's latest photograph, taken at the Thalberg mansion in the Hollywood hills.



Photo by Hurrell



What it takes for

SHOWN above is a tremendously interesting photograph of the actual, back-stage workings of a film company during the course of production. The picture being made is M-G-M's "Reunion in Vienna," from the stage play by Robert E. Sherwood.

With only four actors on the stage, note the director, Sidney Franklin, in front of the camera, his 'script girl and his assistant, the cameraman and host of assistants, the chief sound man and his assistants, electricians, property men, and others—all necessary to the taking of this one scene which, when you see it on the screen, will consume only a matter of seconds.



just ONE Scene

WHILE this was one of the first scenes to be photographed, it is one that will appear, in the finished film, well towards the end. Here you see John Barrymore, Frank Morgan and Diana Wynyard in the *Krug's* salon, when Barrymore, the Archduke, comes to take the wife (Miss Wynyard) away from her psychiatrist husband.

"REUNION IN VIENNA" is one of the ambitious film efforts of the year. Besides Mr. Barrymore, Miss Wynyard and Mr. Morgan, the particularly brilliant cast includes May Robson, Otto Kruger, Henry Travers, Una Merkel, Bodil Rosing and Eduardo Cianelli. Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt were starred on the speaking stage.

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Hashimura Togo, WALLACE IRWIN'S world-famous

Japanese Schoolboy, seeks fame and fifty cents

How to BURST into the Movies



Home, home, Swede,
Swede home,
Be it ever so humbug
There is nothing exactly
like it.

To Editor Tower Pubs, including Home, Love & Movies, which are practically everything.

DEAREST SIR:

YESTDY morning, about noon p.m. my owner, Hon. Geo. F. Ogre, call me to his Thinking Studio and dictate,

"Togo, here are the key to my Wine & Booz Cellar. Go there and mix it into the kinda cocktail that makes bankers generous. Pretty soonly I must meet 12 of them. Subject, Money."

But I stood.

"Why you no go do?" He narrate peevly.

"O Mr. Sire," I lag, "while you speak Subject Money to those Bankers, kindly to please ask them raise my celery from 13$ & 50c per monthly to 14$."

"Togo, you are talking garbage," he snowl. "All over Hollywood celeries are being cut like a beefstake. Yet there you stand on your wicked hells, asking 50c raise. Even Clark Gabble would be fraid to do that."

"Dear Mr. Sire," I si & grone, "I am very fearful that I got into Hollywood through the end where the money ain't."

"You are describing both ends," he dib.

"Ah nosir! I should begin to be a actor on a Lott somewheres. There Fame would catch me, you bat your bootware. Excuse it, please. I must run away right now & burst into the movies."

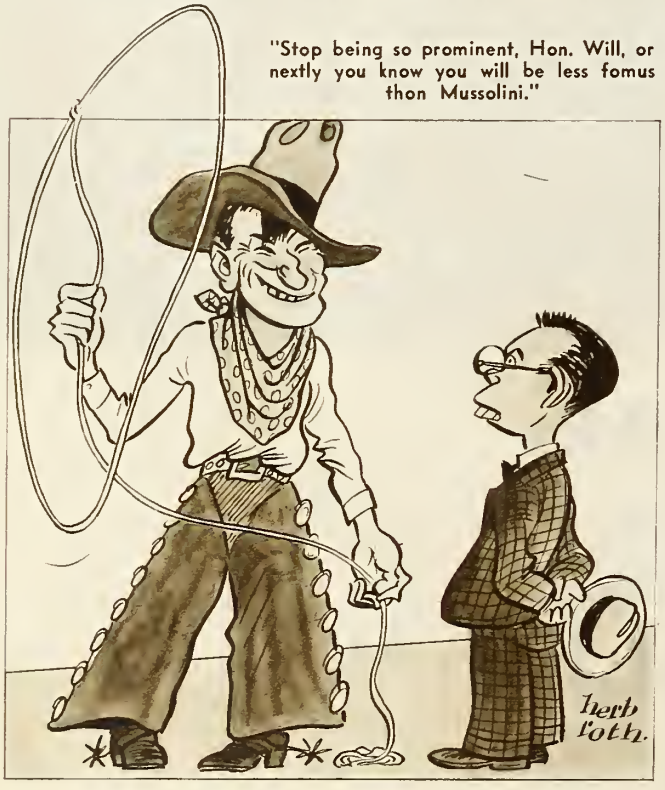
"U?"

"I."

"MAYBE you could sicceed," he narrate. "Annyhow, you will never stumble over your brain. But how you get a job? In Hollywood, to become a star or even a sparkle you got to be slightly human. What you do then, hah?"

"Shux!" I dictate. "Do I not see lions, gorillias & snaks acting on Lott every day? Surely I could be one of those, if not Jas Durante."

"Stop being so prominent, Hon. Will, or nextly you know you will be less fomus thon Mussolini."





"How stuppid of me," soy Hon. Police. . . . Goo-by, I must look for Hoshimura Togo."

Illustrations by HERB ROTH

"Explain me this," collapse Hon. G. F. Ogre. "How would you commence getting actor job in Hollywood?"

"I should expend 1$ for a printer," I say, "to make me following sign:

"NOTICE TO ALL CAMERAS!!!!!
HASHIMURA TOGO
ARE IN TOWN
!!!!! WISHING TO BE SHOT!!!!!"

"Your mind is walking backwards, as usual," persue Hon. Ogre. "If cameras was aimed at all the Unumployed in Hollywood today it would make more shooting than a world war. Togo, come hitherwards and look out from window of my Thinking Studio. What you see there?"

I LOOK. And Oyes! I see. Down road come a iron ottomobile without windows, and surround it was 8 muttercycle policemen with huj signs which say. DO NOT EVEN LOOK. (*Please turn to page* 75)



Mae West and her sister, Beverly, posing especially for The New Movie Magazine in their home.

BECAUSE . . .

Mae West Isn't Diamond Lil

By HESTER ROBISON

IRONY of ironies! On the very site where Mae West was born there stands an imposing church. The grounds of her former Brooklyn, New York, homestead is the yard of a house of worship.

And, looking back beyond the days when Sex was Mae West's forte, one sees a chubby, flaxen-haired baby received as the favorite at church socials.

Surprise! Surprise! Down came our blinders for a better—and unique—look at Mae West as provided by her sister, Beverly, also an actress.

We went to see Beverly because we were told that she understood and loved her sister but saw her with unprejudiced eyes. Another reason we went to see Beverly, instead of going directly to Mae, was because we were wise to the exponent of sex in the theater and the movies; she likes you to think she is really tough. She wants you to believe she's part and parcel of the thing she represents as an actress—and it isn't so at all! You don't know the real girl!

THE first time we saw Mae was when she played in a lurid thing called "Sex," and the second time we saw her she was receiving the plaudits of a night club crowd in a gay place called "The Silver Slipper." The difference between the Mae West of the stage and the Mae West who bowed and smiled in the spotlight of a *hot-cha* place was about one yard of extra bustle in back and about two yards of extra bosom in front.

That was the first time we learned that Mae West, as theater audiences know her, is a fake. She's not tough and she's not fat and she's not vulgar. She puts it on and takes it off as she puts on and takes off the extra bust and bustle in her characterizations.

But knowing this was not enough preparation for the tale spun about Mae by her sister, Beverly. Knowing this hardly prepared us for the story of a home-town girl who made good in the big city, as related by Beverly. For the (*Please turn to page* 93)

The Real Story of the Real Girl Beneath the Curves,

Told for the First Time.....and by Miss West's Sister

The DON'T-CARE GIRL





Robert W. Coburn *Ernest A. Bachrach*

Katharine Hepburn is the present-day Hollywood puzzle. She goes blithely on her way, breaking all rules. One of them—and a sacred one—is the photograph decree—"always look beautiful." Katharine refuses to sit for pretty pictures. She won't permit herself to be made beautiful photographically. "Shoot me as I am, or not at all," is her command. "I don't care how ugly you make me." And this in Hollywood, my dear! No wonder they gasp.

TED COOK'S HOLLYWOOD FASHION

Cook-Coos

ODE TO PANTS

Women in Michigan, women in Maine,
Women in Paraguay, women in Spain,
Women in Nome and in Alsace-Lorraine
Are wearing men's pants.

All because Dietrich refused to wear skirts
And dressed up in trousers and masculine shirts,
The fashion designers are all going nertz
While the women go Hollywood.

It doesn't seem right and it doesn't seem fair
For a woman whose legs are beyond all compare,
To hide them in pants from the critical stare
Of her nature-loving public.

Why not a compromise, prudent and sane,
(There's nothing to lose and a whole lot to gain!)
Let her wear trousers of fresh cellophane—
Arrange it, please, Mr. Hays!



Illustration by the author

America's popular humorist describes what the Trouser craze is doing to Movieland

BY way of continuing to be rough and brutal, Jimmy Cagney in his recent picture bats a ping-pong ball into Alice White's face.

So maybe in his next jungle picture, Weissmuller will create a sensation by having a terrific hand-to-hand encounter with a Pekinese.

A YOUNG Londoner, transplanted to Hollywood, has a lot to say about what you women wear.

He's a rather important economic factor in this world right now.

You've heard of him—the designer who calls himself Adrian.

Imported by Metro-Goldwyn to fool fifty million Frenchmen, Adrian sits in a room where the walls are the color of Chartreuse, and Lalique vases hold long ostrich plumes. He dictates what Garbo and Crawford and Shearer shall wear.

Adrian slapped a pancake hat on Garbo—and in a few months women everywhere were stampeding for Eugenie hats.

He mounted a skin-tight gown on Shearer for "Strange Interlude"—and you know what happened.

Then he contemplated Crawford's shoulders, which are very broad, and designed exaggerated sleeves for her "Letty Lynton" rôle. Many a woman saw the picture, ran home and robbed the baby's bank to get a broad-shouldered wardrobe.

Picture producers cannot afford to dress their stars in Paris fashions.

Too often, the continental fashion craze at the moment of shooting would have subsided by the time the picture is released.

There was nothing to do but create fashions—fashions to eclipse Paris notions. And that is just what happened.

DIETRICH, following her own whim, started dressing like a man—and confused the designers. Shops immediately broke out in a rash of mannish things.

"Trousers will persist for sports wear," says Adrian, "but Miss Dietrich has gone to extremes. I

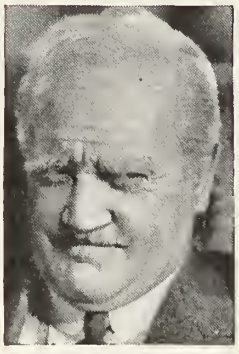
(*Please turn to page* 100)

How about an Academy award for the best emotional acting by a visiting banker?

Tricks of Make-Up

By JACK JAMISON

Giving you many of the transformation tricks that the studios have guarded so jealously for years



As though anybody could be so silly as to believe that Richard Dix (above) really grew old during the filming of "The Conquerors."

HOLLYWOOD'S make-up experts are the men who turn old actresses into girls, young actresses into hags, handsome actors into monsters, and not-so-handsome actors into Apollos.

They are the miracle-workers who, with a mirror, a barber's chair and a little black box, metamorphose Sylvia Sidney of New York into a Japanese *Madame Butterfly*, and Ramon Novarro of Mexico into the Chinese rebel of *"The Son-Daughter."* Without them and their highly specialized craft moving pictures could not last two minutes; for without the make-up men, there would be no illusion of reality.

What is the scar? Collodion.

What is the blood? Washable dye.

What is the dust? Dust.

But it isn't all so simple! Many a trick of make-up is so complicated that it would take an entire article to tell you how it is accomplished.

Because of their complexity, because the make-up artists quite naturally do not wish to give away the precious secrets upon which their livelihood depends, and because of the studios' fear that the public may lose faith in the reality of pictures—as though anybody were silly enough to believe that Richard Dix *really* became an old man during the filming of "The Conquerors!"—Hollywood's make-up tricks are the most guarded of secrets.

THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE takes pride in being the first magazine to give you full, explicit directions as to how to do some of these make-ups yourself, at home. In this article you will find the actual day-time and night-time make-ups of the women stars, as well as detailed information on the make-up used on the sets, character make-ups, and "special effect" make-ups.

NOT one in a thousand of our readers will have any reason to need the full panchromatic make-up that is required by the bulb lighting and high-speed film of the modern studio. It gives you the complexion of a pot of mustard.

But, in case you take home movies or are a snapshot fiend, here's how it's done:

Just for fun, we'll study Norma Shearer's studio make-up. Just for fun, we say, because Norma is more careless about her make-up than any other star. (More than once she has been caught using black tooth-enamel on her lovely eyelashes, just because she couldn't find any mascara within easy reach.) Everybody says that in "Smilin' Through" Norma looked more beautiful than ever before, however; and for "Smilin' Through" she was induced, by weeping, wailing, and lamentation, to use full make-up. Here it is, just as she walked on the set:

1. Freshen your face with a mild astringent—witch hazel.

2. Cover the face with No. 25 grease paint. (Ivory with a tinge of red.) Pat it on, in a thin coating. Never smear it.

3. Shade under the eyes, and on the lids, with panchromatic eye-shadow. All panchromatic make-up



Richard Arlen and Kathleen Burke in "The Island of Lost Souls," facing a group of terrific beasts of the jungle—in reality they were merely muscular extras made up with crêpe hair and grease paint.

Revealed by Experts



has brown in it. This is an extremely dark brown with a reddish cast; dark mahogany.

4. Shape the lips with panchromatic lip rouge, which also is more brown than red.

5. Touch the cheeks very lightly, high on the cheek-bones, with the face rouge known as non-photographic red. Ordinary rouge photographs black, even the paler shades of orange showing on the screen as a dull gray. The non-photographic rouge shows scarcely at all on the film, but that little is what counts, for it eliminates the "dead" effect of sharp white and contrasting shadow.

6. Shape the brows with eye-liner. Shade: dark brown.

7. Using No. 25 powder, pat loads and loads of it all over your face until the grease-paint refuses to take up any more of it. Do not smear. *Press* the puff against the grease. Then re-load it and press again.

8. Wipe the powder off eyes, lashes, brows and mouth with a soft brush. Be extremely careful not to disturb the shaping of the mouth. After the powder has gone on, no retouching is possible, as the camera will catch it.

9. Touch up the eyelashes with brown mascara. Don't splash a drop!

10. Finally, rouge the mouth for coloring, using the panchromatic lip rouge.

Follow the outline of the first rouging. A mistake here means that the entire make-up must be removed with cold cream, and done over again. The camera catches everything! (*Please turn to page* 106)

MAKE-UP SECRETS FOR:

The striking brunette . . . Joan Crawford

The striking blonde . . . . . Jean Harlow

The average American girl Madge Evans

The average blonde . . . Carole Lombard

The average brunette . . . . Kay Francis

★ ★ ★



Jack Pierce making up Boris Karloff for "The Mummy."

GEORGE BURNS and GRACIE ALLEN—

GOOFY

The year's craziest interview with the two craziest persons on the air

By HILDA ROWE



THEY'RE mad!

They're crazy!

They're the nuttiest things on the air today; and an hour with Gracie Allen and George Burns is guaranteed to make any one as mad, as crazy and as nutty as they are.

If you have ever had nightmares in which you have dreamed of losing your mind, then you have enjoyed (?) the equivalent of an hour with Gracie and her nice but very nutsky husband, George.

It's a toss-up—which one gets the bouquet of onions and the garland of turnip leaves I've set aside as my prize for the maddest person on my horizon. One minute George seems to deserve it. Then Gracie opens her funny mouth, her pipey voice comes streaming out, and I feel myself weakening.

Long before the last crumb of our delectable luncheon was down my throat the remnants of my reason had tottered.

I had arrived on the scene of madness in Gracie's and George's Essex House Apartment a perfectly normal person. I had dignity and enough sense to lace my shoes from the bottom up and button the backs of my dresses without putting the right buttons in the wrong button holes. You can judge for yourselves whether I was sane or not.

When I left the Burns and Allen menage I tried to hang from the chandelier, chinned myself on the baby bar, pinched the unsuspecting cook and made goo-goo eyes at the Chinese rug.



Photo by Wide World

George Burns and Gracie—now in the movies—posing for an exclusive photograph for New Movie Magazine.

AFTER counting the fifteen bottles of expensive perfume on Gracie's dressing table and inspecting closets full of beautiful clothes, I casually got down to the business of discussing Gracie's cuckoo family so familiar to the radio and movie public. Sanely and quietly I asked my questions.

"That brother you're always gabbing about," I asked—"how did he originate?"

"He was born," said big-eyed Gracie.

"Of course, Gracie" (patient George to the rescue), "everybody's born."

"Oh, my, you say the funniest things. My brother was born different. Mother started to bake a cake and when she opened the oven out came my brother. He was just half-baked but that's life, isn't it?

"One day I asked my mother for eggs for breakfast and she said, 'There are only two eggs in this house and one of them won't work.' Of course, I couldn't have my brother for breakfast on no account on account of he's a bad egg.

"You know, my brother's name is Flies Allen, but mother calls him 'Acidophlus' for short because she can't spell Flies.

"He's called Flies on account of everybody chases him and on account of because he invented a new kind of fly paper. Honest to goodness! He invented a fly paper that has stories printed on it and the flies have to come close to read so they stick to the paper.

(*Please turn to page* 92)







Could you choose between these two charmers or their gowns? Constonce weors this suovely fitted heovy white crêpe gown in "Our Betters," her new RKO Radio film. It shows the dropped shoulder line with silver fox outlining the décollétoge. Gloria Swonson's gown is of white crêpe de chine with o medievol design in block pen-ond-ink lines. A tiny velvet cope with diomond cut-outs on the shoulders fostens at the neck with a large jewelled button. Glorio weors this in "Perfect Understonding."

Glorio Swonson's quoint new hot for "Perfect Understonding" is just o round of knitted moteriol gothered up ot one end—similor to o stocking cap. A double rolled collor of motelossé trims the frock worn with it.

New Movie photographs the stars on dress parade



Wide World Photo

Jaan Bennett wears crossbarred arganza (it used ta be called starched chiffan) at the weekly Mayfair dance in the Biltmare Hatel. A semi-pleated ruffle makes the sleeves and callar and edges the skirt. Martha Sleeper gets a lat of style paints inta ane gawn—baat-shaped neckline, light top with dark skirt and long farmal sleeves. She carries long white glaves.

HOLLYWOOD HIGHLIGHTS

Dropped shaulder line new far evening wear.

Plaid, stripes and crassbars are papular far all types af clathes.

Hallywaod favars twa skirt lengths:

Just abave the flaar far farmal and semi-farmal wear.

Ten ta twelve inches from the flaar for street and sports.



Lilian Harvey, the new English impart from Germony, wears ane af the evening gawns she braught aver in her eighteen trunks, at the Mayfair dance. This cambines white crêpe saftly draped with apen weave metal clath. The décallétage is cut dawn sharply at the sides ta the waistline in back. Flared tiny capelets meet at the center. The white ermine coat completes the ensemble. Miss Harvey is signing an autograph boak far a signoture haund.

Wide World Photo

Bette Davis (right) wears an apple-green tucked argandie summer evening gawn in "Ex-Lady," First Natianal picture. With it is shawn an apple-green satin jacket trimmed with stamped buttons. The dauble organdie collar and little organdie baw tie are separate.



Robert W. Coburn Photo

(Above, left) Fay Wray chaoses a dark patterned top with a white skirt far a summer sparts dress. The white crêpe hat matches the skirt but the collar is af white piqué.

(Above, right) Genevieve Tabin wears this smart formal afternoan ensemble in "Pleasure Cruise," her latest Fax Film picture. The dress is of gray braadclath with a tight bodice and three-quarter puffed sleeves. The lang dauble scarf is pointed fox.

(*Continued from page* 48)

She wears a puffed sleeve jacket with it, short white gloves, a black and white envelope purse and a black woven straw hat.

KAY FRANCIS, who is one of Hollywood's best dressed women, both on and off the screen, chooses black for most of her clothes. Sometimes it's unrelieved except by her attractive face and personality — sometimes she combines it with white. She has a costume that contrasts black wool with black ciré satin which is very effective. Suits are her favorites for daytime wear—tailored but not mannish.

BUT it's the clothes they wear in the movies that set the fashions—or at least get copied the most. Constance Bennett, as usual, has a smart wardrobe in her new picture "Our Betters" and seems to have taken on a few curves along with the rest of Hollywood. We've a picture of her in a heavy crêpe evening gown—white and trimmed with silver fox fur. The dress follows the lines of the figure but falls into a train.

Gloria Swanson is making a bid for a return to the fashion prestige she once had, in her new picture "Perfect Understanding." She has several unusual gowns in it, one of the most effective made of a new print material that imitates pen and ink scrolling.



"LOVE Speaks KINDLY



Photo by Clarence Sinclair Bull

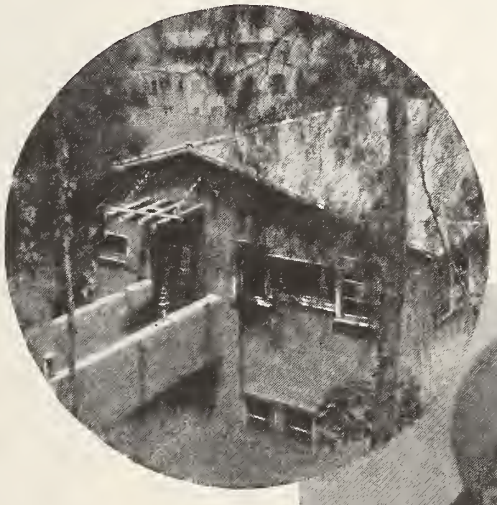
Clark Gable, the star, as he is today. This is his latest picture, taken during the making of the classic, "The White Sister." . . . Says Josephine Dillon: "And there he is, an actor of high rank, and here am I still making actors. And it is a very big world, and a good one, and life is a long road and a good one; and one need not be too busy to remember the song that ends, 'Love speaks kindly when it meets and parts.' "

When It Meets and Parts"

By JOSEPHINE DILLON
(The First Mrs. Clark Gable)

Continuing one of the most interesting features ever published in a movie magazine—the story of a star's struggle as told by the woman who helped him to fame

EDITOR'S NOTE: *In the April issue of* THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, *Josephine Dillon (Clark's first wife) told of Clark Gable's getting his first real break on the stage, with the Jane Cowl company in Los Angeles, playing a small part in "Romeo and Juliet." Previous to this he had played as an extra in a number of pictures and had been undergoing constant dramatic training, but still could not crash the studios in any big way. . . . We know that you will find this series one of the most unusual ever published, in that it contains many of the intimate, human details of an actor's struggles, and because it is written by the woman who actually went through those struggles with him.*



(Left) "We had the top floor of an old house on Vine Street, next to Belle Bennett's house and just around the corner from Mary Astor."

Photo by Bruno

JANE COWL'S "Romeo and Juliet" company was to go on the road from Los Angeles up the coast to Vancouver and perhaps farther, and Clark was to go with them.

He was tremendously happy about it all—working with those fine actors, discussing Rollo Peter's *Romeo,* taking advantage of the work-outs with the physical trainer of the company, going to the theater like a regular actor and saying "What Ho!" with enthusiasm. This was a high-water mark in his career.

And then, during the second week, when he came home and told me he was to understudy the part of *Mercutio,* that was another triumph.

Probably the *Queen Mab* speech in *Mercutio's* part has been the testing of more actors than any other classic bit. It is difficult and must be very fast, and tradition demands vivid enthusiasm in speech and action. There are very few successful *Mercutios* on account of that speech.

So we had it morning, noon and night. I would hear those galloping words stumbling out through toothpaste, to the scraping of razors, to the rhythms of shoe-polishing, to the engine of the old car chugging in the alley, when he left the house, when he came in, through meals, and in his sleep—"Oh, then I see Queen Mab hath been with you—" and often would give a glad sigh of relief when he reached the last line—"and swears a prayer or two—and sleeps again."

AND underneath those old happinesses were the old worries: Where can we get enough money to get him ready for the road? There must be a traveling bag, there must be clothes—that old overcoat would never do—there must be money in his pocket. He was getting thirty dollars a week, which would become forty on the road, which means that his salary would cover only the bare necessities, even if there were no lay-offs, which would be unusual. Most of the companies had trouble after leaving San Francisco.

But finally, by pooling every cent we had, we got him off, looking respectable and grinning like a kid with a new red wagon.

Driving home from the station, instead of returning directly home, I went the longest way round—thinking. It would be impossible to pay the overdue rent, or even the gas and light bill if I paid the telephone bill and the next instalment on the car. I must pay for the car, for he would need it

(*Please turn to page* 88)



Clark as he appeared on the Los Angeles stage, as *Sergeant Quirt* in "What Price Glory?"

You are Judge and Jury!



A scene from "Bad Girl" (with Sally Eilers and Minna Gombell), declared by the Motion Picture Academy of Arts and Sciences to be the best-directed picture of last year. The director was Frank Borzage. What do you consider the best-directed picture so far this year?

The New Movie Magazine will award twelve gold medals for the greatest contributions to American movie entertainment for 1933—Send in your votes

YOU are the real critics.

After all, your approval or disapproval makes or breaks a picture or a star.

Your word is law.

For this reason, THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE presents The People's Academy of Motion Pictures—just as the picture industry itself has its Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences.

But we believe that the Motion Picture Academy, as excellent as it is, does not go far enough to give really definite conception of the kind of pictures the people like the best and want most to see.

The People's Academy wants to hear from you. We want you to contribute to a national poll on what you, the picture-goers, consider to be best in the different classes. Only you, the fans, can tell this with any degree of accuracy.

This is the first opportunity for the fans to express themselves nationally. Their poll should be of tremendous value to the motion picture industry itself, pointing the way to what the people want.

On this page is a list of the twelve questions we ask you to vote on. Whenever you go to a movie, remember these questions. And check them over every once in a while.

We will publish these comments from you each month. All your votes will be faithfully and accurately checked.

WE WILL PRESENT MEDALS FOR:

1—Best all-around feature picture
2—Best performance (actress)
3—Best performance (actor)
4—Best musical picture
5—Best human interest picture
6—Best mystery picture
7—Best romance
8—Best comedy
9—Best short reel picture
10—Best news reel picture
11—Best direction
12—Best story

Every three months we will announce the results of the voting up to date.

At the end of 1933 we will tabulate all the votes received up to that time, and as soon as possible in 1934 we will announce the results.

Following which, the People's Academy will award and distribute twelve special gold medals—to the producers, stars, directors, writers and others the people voted for.

Send your votes and your comments to The People's Academy of THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Remember, we want to hear from every fan in America.

THE BOULEVARDIER ELECTS

Queen Mae

MISS MAE WEST barges into our Hall of Fame this month as majestic as a Ptolemy and takes her place on the throne beside King Cagney. Match that for a royal pair! Queen Mae says Jimmy is the only one in Hollywood that's got anything like her style. "Animal personality," Mae says. "Gives them the rough stuff right out like I do."

How'd you like to see them as "Antony and Cleopatra" up to date? Write your congressman.

Note to Her Majesty:

DEAR QUEEN: I feel I owe you an explanation. In my Hall of Fame a couple of months back I tried to make it plain you were my Dream Girl (Ten years ago it was Lillian Gish. How dreams change!)

On page 94 of my little masterpiece I said right out, "Mae West is my Dream Girl," adding Connie Cummings and Heppy Hepburn as substitutes in case you went to jail or somewhere. . . . You know, like in the picture. But the editor apparently was in one of his holiday moods when he put the story together, for on the first page he crates a dozen sunkist babies and labels them My Dream Girls. Nice girls. I didn't mind. But I can imagine how you felt, a stranger in Hollywood not knowing who to trust. Probably thought I was giving you the run around. Nothing like that, Queen.

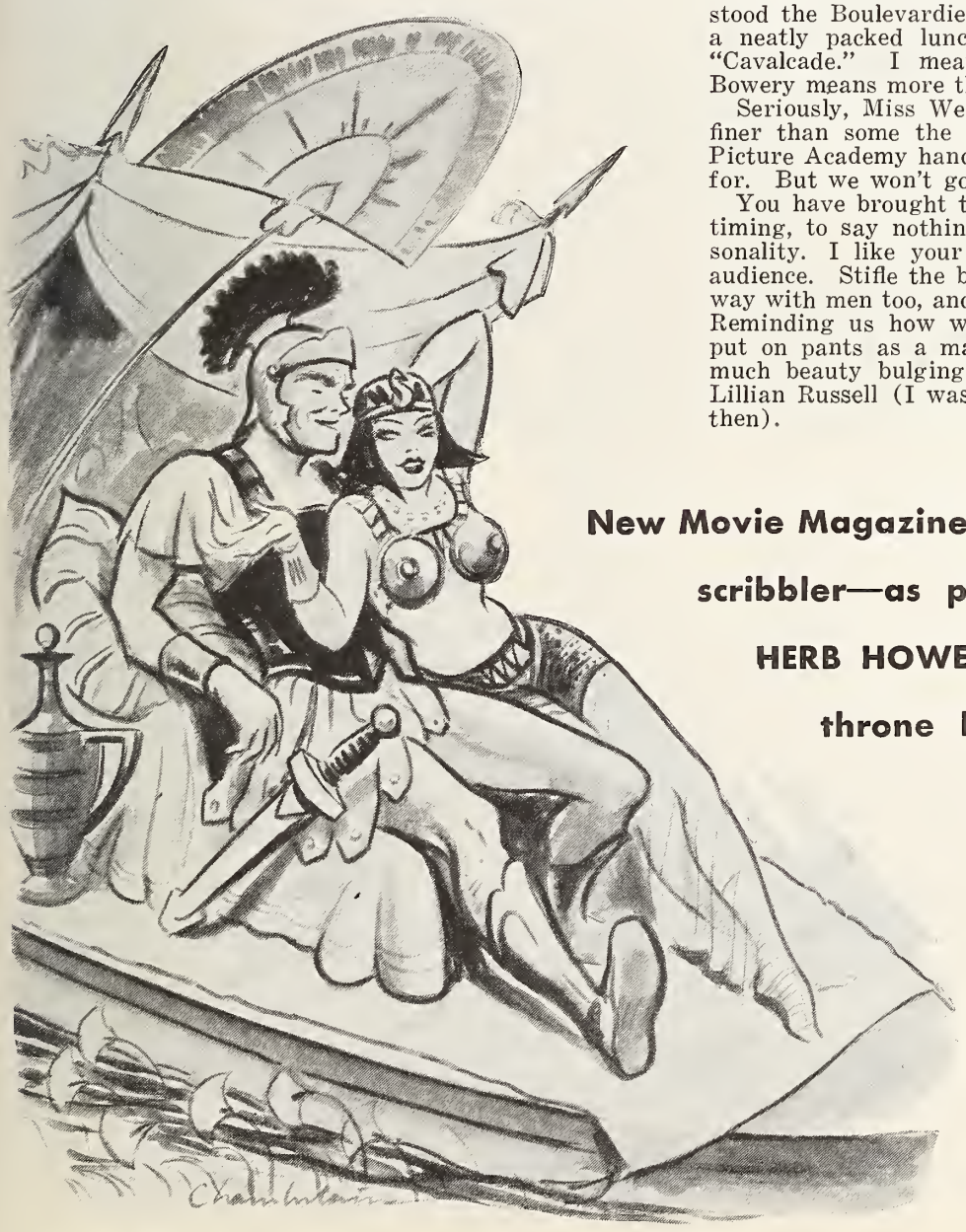
When I composed that Hall of Fame I hadn't seen "She Done Him Wrong," so if I felt like that then you can imagine how I feel now. Wonder Woman.

I sat through two shows of "She Done Him Wrong" and when the doors opened the next morning there stood the Boulevardier, twirling his mustaches, with a neatly packed lunch. I thought it greater than "Cavalcade." I mean to a rugged American the Bowery means more than the Boer War, naturally.

Seriously, Miss West, you gave a performance far finer than some the old doodle bugs of the Motion Picture Academy hand out those statues and speeches for. But we won't go into that racket now.

You have brought to the screen a new method and timing, to say nothing of that gorgeous animal personality. I like your motto: "Never embarrass the audience. Stifle the blush with a laugh." That's the way with men too, and how you know your men, Mae! Reminding us how women used to look before they put on pants as a master stroke. I haven't seen so much beauty bulging out of a gown since I wooed Lillian Russell (I was known as Diamond Jim Brady then).

(*Please turn to page* 97)



New Movie Magazine's strolling scribbler—as personified by HERB HOWE—puts her on the throne beside King Cagney

How'd you like to see them as "Antony and Cleopatra" up to date? Write your congressman about it.

Drawing by
KEN CHAMBERLAIN

NEW PICTURES YOU



Marlene Dietrich and Alison Skipworth in a tense scene in "The Song of Songs." Others included in the cast are Brian Aherne, Hardie Albright and Richard Bennett.

THIS is the month marked off on the movie calendar as the lightest of the year. Well, there aren't so many pictures this month, truly, but it has been one of the most eventful of recent years, and if it's only the number of pictures that matters . . . well . . . there are certainly going to be plenty next month.

Radio is putting eleven shows into work. One of them is to star Joel McCrea and Dorothy Jordan in Barry Benefield's "A Little Clown Lost." If this team has anything at all . . . we should get another one like "Seventh Heaven."

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer heads the parade this month but strangely enough, it is not its big show that appeals to your motion picture sorter-outer. "Gabriel Over The White House" deserves the support of anyone who ever got a kick out of motion pictures. This studio is going full blast also . . . its big deal for the month being the purchase of "Dinner at Eight," the current New York stage smash.

Warners and Fox are both to go full power during the month to come and Universal enters the lists with Erich Remarque's "The Road Back" . . . a near sequel to "All Quiet."

Incidentally, has it occurred to you that the quality of the general run of motion pictures has improved about fifty per cent during the past six months . . . or am I wrong?

GABRIEL OVER THE WHITE HOUSE—(M-G-M)—Just pretend that there actually is a man who has the power and courage to end the myriad trials and tribulations that are encumbering the fair name of our country.

It sounds impossible . . . it probably is . . . but in "Gabriel Over the White House" we have food for thought. . . . We have a challenge to our inherent decency. . . . We have a picture that thumbs its nose at platitudes.

We ask you to see it. We dare you to come away and not find its message lingering in your mind. It helps and shames a little; it doesn't preach; it reaches right out and hits you the healthy punch on the nose that has been coming to all of us for a long time.

"Gabriel Over the White House" took courage. Courage on the part of its producers, courage on the part of its cast. Greg LaCava, as good a director as ever held a megaphone, deserves praise for stepping out right to the end of the bough and daring them to saw it off. It isn't "motion picture"; it doesn't remotely resemble anything you've ever seen before. But, for the sake of the pleasure you have gotten out of motion pictures since the first one you have seen, you should give this your attention.

REUNION IN VIENNA—(M-G-M)—Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne, of the stage, gave Mr. John Barrymore and his supporting cast plenty to aim at and it is much to their credit that the film version of "Reunion in Vienna" loses nothing by comparison with the stage production.

"Reunion in Vienna" boasts an illustrious career. The Theater Guild produced it as one of its most outstanding successes and the famous Lunt-Fontanne combination hit its peak in the starring rôles.

There was little room for improvement after this famous stage team was

SHOULD SEE—and WHY

through with the run. There were plenty of people along the Rialto who felt that Mr. Barrymore and Miss Wynyard had their courage when they tackled the job.

The resulting show is worth their efforts. It may be no better than the Guild production—possibly that was out of the question—but it is entertainment of a sort that is not usually seen. But most important of all, it is entertainment.

Be you male or female, man or maid, you will love and understand its characters. The story is brought down out of the clouds and served up to you in a way that we thought was swell, for we're not highbrow as a rule.

Frank Morgan, whom you may remember from "Rasputin and the Empress," assists John and his lady; and the spicy story of care-free love in the gayest of European capitals is a lively, joyous thing that should bring you fun and a new appreciation of what can be done on the screen. It is a great pity that there are no more of the type of "Reunion in Vienna" At any rate, you should certainly not miss this one.

THE STORY OF TEMPLE DRAKE—(Paramount)—Those who are supposed to know about the motion picture business were pretty sure that Paramount would never be able to get a version of "Sanctuary" that would get past the censors. Yet Paramount did it and though the story is deodorized and generally spring-cleaned, it still carries the punch and wallop that it packed as a novel.

Miriam Hopkins, who is actually far too lovely for just one woman, has the rôle of the little southern girl and Jack La Rue bagged the rôle that George Raft turned down. William Gargan, who has certainly found his ideal working conditions in Hollywood, plays the man "who is too good to be married to anyone like me." And, once more, he does a grand job with it.

"Sanctuary," by William Faulkner, was labeled one of the most sensational stories ever written. Though much of the caustic characterization must, of necessity, be lost on the way to the screen, there is still enough left to make this production one of the cinematic thrills of the season.

Miriam Hopkins bit off a large mouthful . . . and your reviewer certainly never thought that any real sympathy could be secured for the characters of Mr. Faulkner's novel—they rang too strange and false—yet that is just what Miriam does. And she deserves your praise and attention.

We think you'd better go to see it.

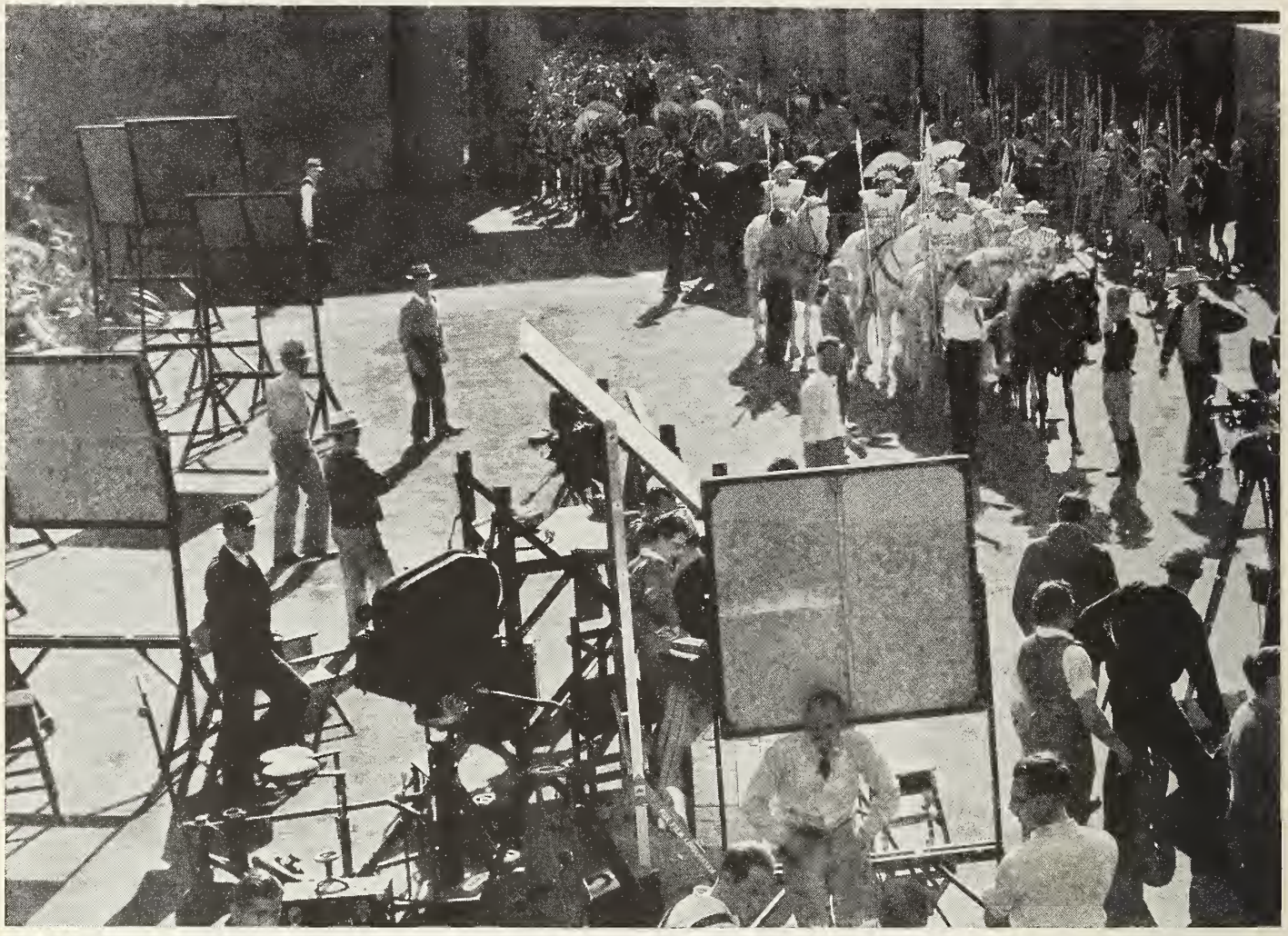
THE SONG OF SONGS—(Paramount)—"The Songs of Songs" presents a new Marlene Dietrich, and despite pants and masculine attire that she has worn of late, a softer, warmer, more feminine Marlene than you have ever seen before.

This picture, in the more or less humble opinion of your reviewer, explodes the old theory that only von



Ramon Novarro and Myrna Loy in "Man on the Nile," the latest Novarro opus, Ramon more romantic than ever and Myrna more seductive than ever.

ALL OF THE LATEST NEWS AND VIEWS OF THE FORTHCOMING FILMS



Sternberg could direct La Dietrich—for Mr. Mamoulian, the director of this show, gives us a star that can become much dearer and more understandable than of old.

It is a simple story made worth while by Marlene and Brian Aherne, who panicked Broadway in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" with Katharine Cornell. Aherne is commissioned to do a marble statue illustrating "The Song of Songs" by Solomon, and Miss Dietrich is the model chosen.

The simple fact that it is to be a nude likeness of a woman might warrant interest. For the beauty of Miss Dietrich is beyond question.

Though the story, by Herman Sudermann, is simple enough, the action seems a little involved at times as Miss Dietrich wavers between marriage with Richard Bennett and Hardie Albright and happiness with Brian Aherne. However, it works out well enough and results in a picture that certainly shouldn't be missed.

COHENS AND KELLYS IN TROUBLE—(Universal)—For many years Universal has been presenting the Cohens and the Kellys in one place or another with varying success.

For eight pictures George Sidney and Charlie Murray have been tossing verbal and actual brickbats and their public has come to accept them. If you like them, then "The Cohens and the Kellys in Trouble" is an hilarious picture.

ACCORDING TO US

The One Best Bet of the Month Is

GABRIEL OVER THE WHITE HOUSE
—because it is like nothing that has ever been done before and we have it coming to us.

AND THESE ARE WELL WORTH SEEING:

REUNION IN VIENNA
—because John Barrymore and Diana Wynyard can't help but be good in a story like this.

THE WARRIOR'S HUSBAND
—a sparkling story that is well off the beaten path . . . see it and get a laugh.

THE STORY OF TEMPLE DRAKE
—a cleaned-up version of "Sanctuary" that is still an unusual show. Miriam Hopkins gives it plenty.

THE SONG OF SONGS
—Marlene Dietrich, in Sudermann's drama.

INTERNATIONAL HOUSE
—a new-style comedy that is well worth your attention.

TRICK FOR TRICK
—a snappy new angle backed up by better than average acting.

UNDER THE TONTO RIM
—see this because it is far and away the best Western of the month.

Maureen O'Sullivan provides the love interest and . . . maybe you'd have guessed this . . . she's on the Kelly side. Frank Albertson holds up his end for the Cohens. Without its attempting to be pretentious, this is a good evening's fun.

OUT ALL NIGHT—(Universal)—If you don't think there is something funny in ZaSu Pitts' teaching Slim Summerville the facts of life there is something wrong with your funny-bone.

This time Slim is the pampered son of a wealthy family who finds himself married to a nursery attendant in a department store—without quite knowing how it happened. Naturally, Miss Pitts is the attendant.

Their courtship and honeymoon is all that this type of comedy team could ask for in the way of material and the resulting picture is well worth your attention.

PLEASURE CRUISE—(Fox)—Director Frank Tuttle must have had quite a little trouble making "Pleasure Cruise" the tight little show it turned out to be. The story is somewhat unbelievable but due to Mr. Tuttle's deft handling you get the feel of the thing and have a good time.

The moral of the story is that a wife shouldn't go on cruises with anyone but her husband . . . or she shouldn't get caught if she does. With the "Warrior's Husband" influence around the lot, Fox found another story about women who work and men who stay

New Pictures You Should See — and Why



"The Warrior's Husband" is one of the Fox company's featured films of the new month. Elissa Landi and Ernest Truex play the leads in this unusual comedy, in the stage version of which, by the way, Katharine Hepburn made her first hit. This back-stage photograph was made especially for The New Movie Magazine. . . . The production is the second one for Fox under the personal supervision of Jesse L. Lasky, whose first was "Zoo in Budapest." David Manners, Marjorie Rambeau, Helen Ware and Helene Madison are also featured members of the cast.

home to wash the dishes. This time it is Roland Young who undertakes the housewifely duties and Genevieve Tobin who flirts with the "office husband."

Due, as said before, to deft direction and Mr. Young's competent acting, the story sorts itself out and ends fairly logically with everyone happy . . . though Genevieve seems to be one week-end cruise ahead.

A little "risky" for the family . . . but holding a couple of good—and new—laughs.

TRICK FOR TRICK—(Fox)—If you are one of the people who has been asking for something new in motion pictures, "Trick for Trick" is the answer to your plea. Though it is probably going to be quite a little way from being the best picture produced by Fox this year, it still has enough entertainment packed into it to make it worth while.

A couple of rival magicians are called in to solve a murder that comes mighty close to both of them. And the result is eerie and unusual. Sally Blane is pretty well mixed up with the proceedings and is very nice to have around.

Ralph Morgan and Victor Jory play the rival magicians and Hamilton McFadden, who can make a picture move faster than most, is responsible for the direction.

INTERNATIONAL HOUSE—(Paramount)—Chalk this one up on the wall of the living room. It might spoil the wall paper but it will assure you of the best evening's fun you have had in a long while.

This is far and away from being one of the best pictures your current scribe has ever seen . . . but it and "She Done Him Wrong," from the same studio, have given us more fun than anything we've come up against recently. And you can write in and kick to the boss if you don't think we're right.

There's something about "International House" that gets the cobwebs out of your brain. The laughs seem to come from deeper down than they usually do—either that or the whole darn story is so down to earth that you throw the whiskers and smoke glasses into the corner and just sit down to have a good time.

Peggy Hopkins Joyce, W. C. Fields, Rudy Vallee . . . and it doesn't matter, anyway, who's in it—for that isn't the kick to the film. It's just a rough, tough, two-fisted yarn of what happens when good fellows get together, even if they don't know one another. One other thing, when you go to see "International House," as you certainly should, don't expect any "Grand Hotel" . . . there isn't even a similarity.

THE WARRIOR'S HUSBAND—(Fox)—Though Miss Hepburn has shown that "The Warrior's Husband" is not the ideal vehicle for her, your reviewer can't help feeling she would have been much better than Miss Landi who seems to lack some of the buoyant believability of the original *Antiope* as played by Katharine herself.

As it stands, it is still one of the funniest shows of the year . . . or any other year. Ernest Truex scores a decided hit with a new brand of comedy that may or may not prove popular. That is up to you to decide. But I dare you to see several scenes with Marjorie Rambeau and Mr. Truex without getting plenty of laughs.

The story . . . a kind of combination farce and satire . . . tells of an ancient state ruled by its women. Mr. Truex draws the rôle of the effeminate husband of the toughest of them all. And he plays it for all there is in it.

David Manners looks well in a short skirt . . . and once more your reviewer can't help wishing that we'd had an opportunity to see Miss Hepburn in a similar get-up.

And while we are on the subject, there is nothing wrong with Miss Elissa Landi.

I think we can safely tell you that you will like "The Warrior's Husband."

FAST WORKERS—(M-G-M)—There is beginning to be grounds for suspicion that Mr. John Gilbert, who used to be the big gun in "The Big Parade," is about due for a re-deal.

Since sound came in and exploded Hollywood's pet romantic fantasy, Jack hasn't been getting the breaks. His shows have been good without being good enough, and this last one is not really a knock-out.

Out of fairness to Mr. Gilbert, however, this time it is not his fault. And Mae Clarke is especially fine.

THE ADOPTED FATHER—(Warners)—George Arliss and Bette Davis offer you another typical George Arliss production. For some reason or other George Arliss is not going as well as your reviewer feels that he should. "The King's Vacation" was, to our mind, a swell little picture, not, you understand, anything out of the ordinary, but a sweet, simple, understanding little show that entertained . . . on its own merits . . . and not through the excellence of its actors.

Well, it seems that we weren't altogether right. Once more, I'm telling you that in "The Adopted Father" you have a sure-fire piece of entertainment. Nothing along the lines of sensationalism (I don't think you want that every night in the week) but a clever, smart little show with one of the greatest actors that ever donned make-up.

(*Please turn to page* 122)

Take your NEW COIFFURE from the STARS



Ernest A. Bachrach

(Above) Jean Harlow rarely changes the style of her hairdress. A soft hairdress should be chosen by anyone who is a platinum blonde.

(Left) The year started off with a bang for Julie Haydon, whose fine-spun blond hair is worn short and almost straight. Blond hair worn straight gives added dignity.

(Right) Genevieve Tobin brushes her hair smoothly back from the forehead and lets it wave softly at the sides.



Ray Jones

Stars to Pick Their Radio Favorites



Photo by Wide World

Ruth Chatterton's favorite star of the ether is none other than—
LAWRENCE TIBBETT



Photo by Wide World

Billie Dove says that the biggest radio thrill she gets is from—
CONNIE BOSWELL



Photo by Wide World

Lew Cody considers that the best of them all is—
BEN BERNIE



Photo by Wide World

And as for Glenda Farrell, she thinks there's no one quite like—
MORTON DOWNEY

Nancy Carroll, Bette Davis and Richard Dix pick JACK PEARL (standing, at left). Spencer Tracy selects PAUL WHITEMAN (standing, at right). Za-Su and Jimmy Cagney pick ED WYNN (seated, at right). Others in the group are Lowell Thomas (standing, center) and Major Edward Bowes (seated, at left). This photo was taken for The New Movie Magazine.



Photo by Wide World

has done twenty years' service. Ed actually wore it back in 1913 as a legitimate street hat. Now it's always good for a laugh. But age has its advantages and the revered old derby gets special treatment. Today the old iron hat travels in its own box and enjoys individual care at the hands of Mr. Willie Crowley.

MORE AND MORE: Two stations added to NBC network in 1932 bring the total to eighty-seven. We wonder how this fits in with Ed Wynn's idea for welcoming the repeal of prohibition on a coast-to-coast pick-up.

"Well," as some one remarked, "if beer and light wine don't bring back prosperity, at least they'll help us to forget about it."

WASN'T THAT A DAINTY DISH? During their rehearsal for a recent broadcast, the Do-Re-Mi Girls noticed a visitor of distinguished appearance in the studio, who seemed to be taking more than a casual interest in them. They were, so the story goes, considerably flattered when they saw him beckon to a page boy, and overheard him ask their names. He seemed particularly interested in Miss Maybelle Ross when she was pointed out. After the broadcast he rose, approached Miss Ross, drew a paper from his pocket and with a courtly bow handed it to her. He did not wait for thanks, or acknowledgment, but instead turned quickly on his heel and left. When she opened the envelope and saw a legal seal it was all too clear. The interested gentleman was a process server.

MAYBE Miss Ross will retain Shyster, Beagle & Shyster for her attorneys. You remember Groucho Marx's recent difficulty, of course, when, on entering his office, he spoke sharply to his secretary:

"Don't bother me; I've had a hard day in court."

"What was the case?"

"Disorderly conduct, but I think they'll let me off."

STORIES AND TAN: Al Jolson blew into town the other day with a couple of stories and a Florida coat of tan. Two weeks more back in Miami and the mammy singer won't need any more burnt cork in the make-up box. The boys (*Please turn to page* 79)

Come On Along!

HOW HOLLYWOOD ENTERTAINS

PEGGY HOPKINS JOYCE, the fastidious, eating corned-beef-and-cabbage!" exclaimed Alice White, as we Oh'd the alluring Peggy, at the party which Lew Cody was giving for her, one of those famous corned-beef-and-cabbage dinners of which Lew has maintained a long line through the years. "I thought Peggy probably ate only pigeon's milk and honey wafers!"

But here she was, devouring her corned-beef-and-with gusto.

"Now you boys," Lew admonished the four Marx brothers, "are gentlemen, so don't take any more than three or four pieces of corned beef before helping Miss Joyce to the food!"

Peggy looked charming in gray slacks and polo shirt. When she arrived she was wearing a top coat and beret to match her outfit.

As Lew said, "You can dress up for corned-beef-and-cabbage if you want to, but you don't have to."

Alice White arrived with her heart, Cy Bartlett, and looked cute in a tailored suit which was almost completely covered with a pair of enormous silver fox furs. Alice is wearing her hair very blond these days and no make-up except lip rouge.

Blythe Daly came with Harpo Marx and Sam Harris, producer, the other Marx Brothers having come earlier with their wives.

After dinner there were games. Lew Cody doesn't maintain a whoopee room merely to whoop in; he has all sorts of little fascinating games there. You can play a little horse-racing game with toy horses, or can indulge in pool or throwing darts or in pitching quoits. All the men elected to play pool, but Alice White and Peggy got a great kick out of the horse-racing game.

"You can just say," said Lew Cody, "nobody played bridge—so everybody had a good time!"

Willie Collier, Jr., was there, and Harry Joe Brown, Jean Acker, Phyllis Crane and others.

"Gary doesn't seem to know just what this party is for, but who cares so long as we can come to Gary's house," remarked Lionel Barrymore.

It had been intended that the party should be for Mr. and Mrs. John Hay Whitney, but as the evening went along, and it was found that Jimmy Durante was going to New York soon, Jimmy was added to the guests of honor.

Gary Cooper is always a wonderful host.

The party had been announced as informal and most of the guests had been invited by telephone or personally. Having been requested not to dress, several of the guests communicated with each other before the party, and decided to surprise Gary by arriving in costume.

So Mary Pickford wore a pinafore, the Countess Frasso was dressed as Marlene Dietrich—in pants—and others were amusingly garbed.

Mary declared the apron she had on was one she had worn in an early picture, but Chico Marx said he knew she had gotten it at a grab-bag sale.

Wesley Ruggles arrived in the middle of the controversy, all dishevelled, and proudly announcing his baby boy was already beginning to notice him. Mrs. Ruggles had intended coming, but at the last minute, he said, had decided their child needed a change of diet, and was staying home to oversee it.

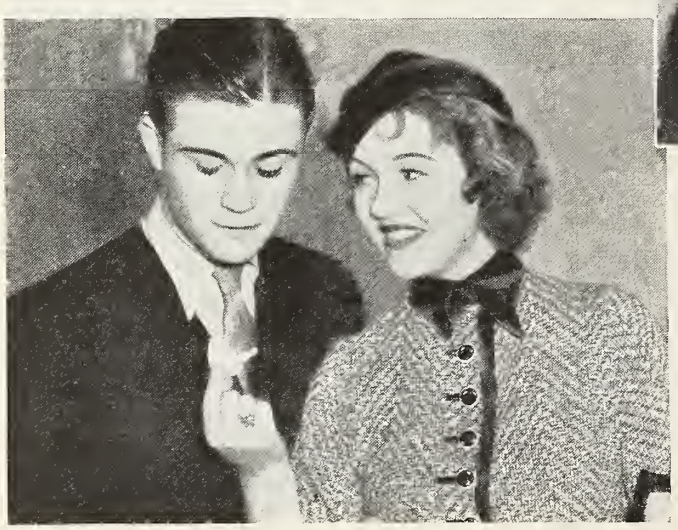
There was dancing, with old-fashioned Bowery waltzing predominating, and with fake prizes given.

Harpo Marx grabbed up a beautiful statue and pretended to present it to Helen Hayes and Ben Lyon, but Helen declined, saying that she couldn't break up



(Right) Sylvia Sidney, laughing and teasing as usual, just the opposite of the girl we are accustomed to seeing on the screen.

Exclusive New Movie Magazine photos by Wide World



(Left) At Leonard Stillman's party we ran into Tom Brown and Patricia Ellis having a perfectly swell time together.



(Right) That was a real party Anna May Wong gave recently.

Going places and doing things with GRACE KINGSLEY,

The New Movie Magazine's Hollywood society reporter



Exclusive New Movie Magazine photo by Irving Lippman

When Gary Cooper gave his swanky party in honor of Mr. and Mrs. John Hay Whitney, of New York, Sari Maritza and Leslie Howard settled down for a chat.

two homes for one statue, and that neither she nor Ben would consent that it should go to the other's home. So the statue was returned to Gary, who pretended to be much relieved.

Chico and Zeppo Marx found a backgammon board, and thereafter they were absorbed almost to the point of forgetting supper, until Jimmy Durante pretending he thought they were a little touched in the head, took them sandwiches.

Jimmy Durante played (*Please turn to page* 115)

Music IN THE Movies

By JOHN EDGAR WEIR



Maurice Chevalier and Helen Twelvetrees in a scene from Paramount's new picture—with music, of course — "A Bedtime Story."

Hollywood Schedules Fifteen New-Type Musical Pictures for 1933

At least fifteen musical pictures are promised for this year. Another musical film vogue is in the making. Exhibitors report the public is hungry for good music. But the musical pictures this year will be vastly different from many of those offered before. There will be a greatly improved technique. The old stage routine of much music and no story will be abandoned. The musical numbers will be brought into the picture as a logical part of the story, and action will not be slowed down. A typical example of the new musical pictures is "Forty-Second Street," the first of the 1933 cycle to present the new technique.

Sound recording has been so far perfected that many critics say that screen music is now better than the original. All of the major companies have pretentious musical productions either actively in the works or scheduled and these will bring to the films a new kind of musical entertainment for which the producers promise much.

And now for the newest of the spring records.

Here's a new one by Louis Armstrong and it is a knockout. I think it is the first Louis has made for pictures, and if so, he is destined to become one of their biggest money-makers. "That's My Home" is the title of this offering, which is a sort of composite of "Sleepy Time Down South" and "You Can Depend On Me." But this doesn't detract from the excellence of the recording, in which Louis does some really remarkable work, ably supported by a band far above the average. Of course the vocal is by the Rascal himself. The other side, also by Louis, is one of his own compositions, "Hobo, You Can't Ride This Train," and it's a real rhythm number. You'll like the novel vocal work. This is a Victor record.

Make way for Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians, who give us "Street of Dreams." This is done in Guy's always-new style, and leaves nothing to be desired for dancing. Carmen does the vocal in it. We find on the other side "I Call To Say Good-night," another Lombardo number and up to the usual Lombardo standard. This is a Brunswick record.

Here we have a waltz, played for us by none other than the old highhat boy himself, Ted Lewis, "Play, Fiddle, Play" and it's right down Ted's alley. The way Ted can sell a song is nobody's business and in this case he is superb. The other side "I'm Sure of Everything But You," has a lot of the Lewis corn in it, but a lot of you may like (*Please turn to page* 91)

THE MONTH'S BIGGEST HITS

"THAT'S MY HOME," fox trot—ployed by Louis Armstrong and his orchestro. (Victar)

"STREET OF DREAMS," fox trat—played by Guy Lambardo ond his Royal Conadians. (Brunswick)

"JUST AN ECHO IN THE VALLEY," vocol—sung by Bing Crasby.

"PLAY, FIDDLE, PLAY," waltz—played by Ted Lewis ond his archestro. (Columbio)

BRIGHTEN

Your Spring Wardrobe



Ma215—One of the smartest hats af the season—the new Turkish fez—is given in diagram in this circular.

Turn to page 77 for direction for obtaining diagram patterns described here



Ma216—Here yau have diagrams far three of the newest callars and smartest scarfs.



Ma217—Diagram patterns far three af the new full sleeves.



Ma218—Learn haw ta make this petal edge trimming and three ather dressmaker trimmings.

Here are smart new accessories and dress-maker touches that you can carry out with the aid of our New Method Circulars



Ma219—Directians far making the new cartridge pleats and decorative shirrings used sa much.



Ma220—Directians far dress trimming designs carried aut with bias seam binding in this circular.



Ma221—Knitting directians, in full, far this up-ta-date sweater blause are given in this circular.

Lunching at MARY'S

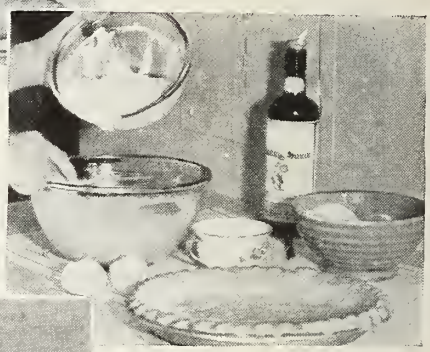
An impromptu feast brings out some of her hidden cooking talents



1 Mory Brion seporotes the eggs to be used in her egg-nog pie. The yolks (there ore two) will be added to three-quorters of a cup of evoporoted milk ond one-quarter af a cup of hot woter, heoted ond mixed with two teaspoons of gelatin sooked in three toblespoons of cold woter.



2 Mory uses a rotary beater. The egg yolks, beaten with one-half cup of sugar and one-eighth of o teaspoon of solt, are then combined with the hot mixture.



3 Mary odds the beoten egg whites to the first mixture which has been coaled in the refrigerator ond beoten with rum flavoring.



4 Whipped cream is stirred in ond then Mory is ready to put the egg-nog filling into the crisp pie crust which she baked some time before.



5 Now for the finishing touches. A postry bag ond the remoining whipped creom give Mory o chonce to shaw whot an expert pie decorator she is. But the decorotions didn't lost long.

Do come up and see my apartment. It's being redecorated." It was Mary Brian on the telephone. "But look out for the paint," she warned. "It isn't quite dry."

When Mary Brian telephones, everyone scampers to do whatever she wants done, so, of course, I went right over. I arrived to find her deep in the mysteries (to me) of making an egg-nog pie.

"I thought I would surprise you and make the lunch myself," she explained. "I hope you're not too hungry, because there won't be much."

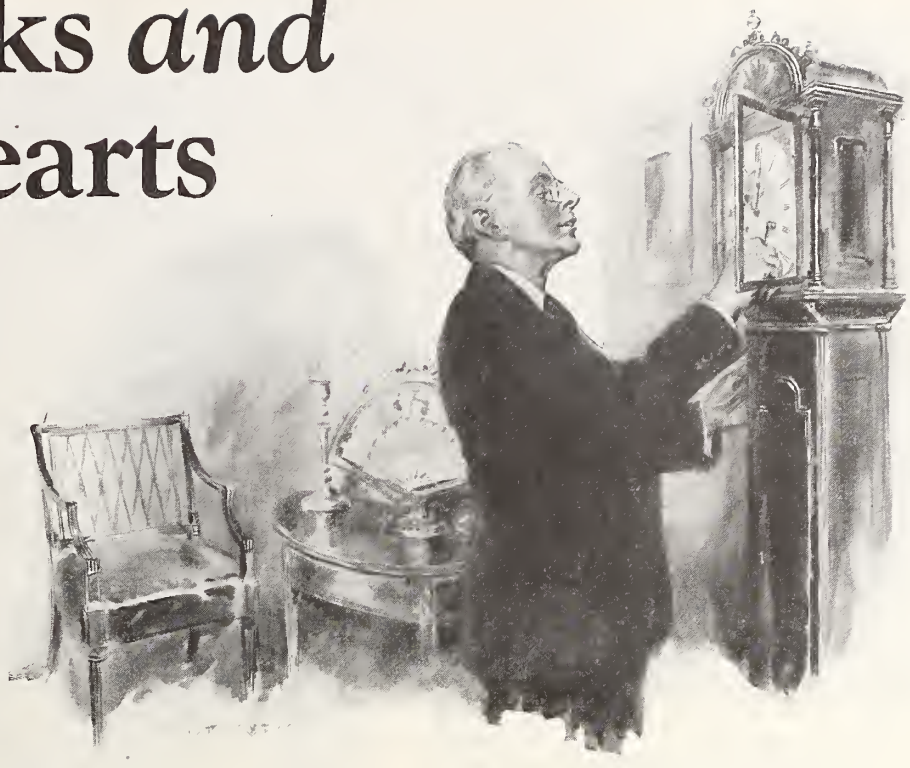
After one look at the size of the pie, I wasn't worried about any lack of food, even when she told me that June Collyer and Glenda Farrell were coming. I could see a good bridge game looming ahead, so I helped Mary put the finishing touches on the luncheon and learned exactly how she makes an egg-nog pie. Knowing that Mary is one of those southern gals, you can imagine just how good it was, and I copied her recipe for you:

EGG-NOG PIE

2 teaspoons gelatin
1 teaspoon nutmeg
¾ cup unsweetened evaporated milk
⅓ teaspoon salt
3 tablespoons cold water
¼ cup water
2 eggs
½ cup sugar
½ cup whipped cream

Combine milk (*Please turn to page* 81)

Clocks *and* Hearts



When you look at a beautiful clock which has kept almost perfect time for nearly a hundred years, you marvel at the skill of its maker.

However, it could not have kept ticking 31,536,000 times a year if it had not been regularly inspected and kept in good repair during its long life.

But far more remarkable than the old clock is the engine made for you by Nature, which pumps faster than the clock ticks—your own heart which has throbbed more than 35,000,000 times a year with no stopping for repairs. Your very life depends upon its continuing ability to pump blood to all parts of your body.

Do you take good care of your heart? It will serve you longer, make you happier, make your life more worth living if you do not abuse it and if you do not neglect it in case it beats too fast or too slow, too faintly or too violently.



A man with a bad heart—*who has learned how to take care of it*—frequently outlives men who persistently abuse their hearts. Some of the most efficient and useful people in the world have had heart trouble for years.

In sharp contrast to people who have real heart ailments are the many persons who worry about imaginary heart trouble. Indigestion, lung trouble or nervousness may cause symptoms near the heart, while the heart itself is entirely sound.

If you would keep your heart beating contentedly, like Grandfather's clock—seventy, eighty or perhaps a hundred years—give it attention—at least an annual examination by a competent doctor. He will tell you what to do if it needs help or special care. The Metropolitan will be glad to send you its free booklet, "Give Your Heart a Chance." Address Booklet Department 533 B.

Too prolonged overstrain at any age in life may cause heart trouble. There are, however, three general groups of heart difficulties:

FIRST—the heart troubles of young people caused by diseases of childhood. Rheumatic fever and rheumatism (associated with "growing pains," tonsillitis and stiff and painful joints) frequently cause heart disease. Diphtheria, scarlet fever and measles may injure children's hearts.

SECOND—heart diseases of middle-aged people resulting from syphilis, toxic poisoning, or focal infection in teeth, tonsils, sinuses and elsewhere.

THIRD—heart ailments of old people which may result from one of these definite causes or from hardening of the arteries.

Many people whose hearts have been damaged are adding years to their lives by hygienic living, rest and intelligently balanced exercise.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT — ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

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A bright and cheerful guest room is always inviting



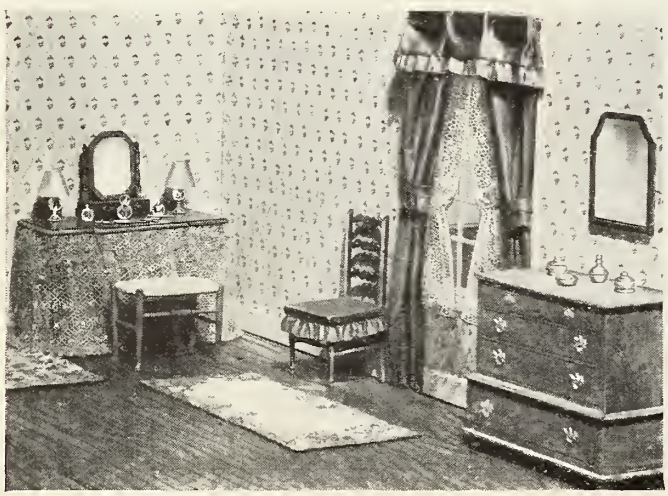
The high post canopy bed is draped in yellow dotted net and is covered with a quaint candlewick spread in yellow and green.

A view of the room looking down gives a very good idea of the arrangement of the furniture.

The Guest Room of our COLONIAL HOUSE

By BETTY LENAHAN

Models by Herman C. Knebel



The maple chest of drawers is an excellent reproduction of the quaint Early Colonial chest on chest.

IN previous issues of this magazine we have furnished and decorated the entire first floor and the large bedroom of our little Colonial house and now we come to the guest room.

This room is exceptionally well planned and easily adapts itself to a comfortable arrangement. It is a fairly large room and contains two windows which provide the desired cross ventilation and plenty of light, and two doors, one leading to a roomy closet and the other to the upstairs hall. A guest room should be comfortable, cheerful and inviting, so we decided on a cool, bright green and yellow color scheme. For the walls we selected a quaint Colonial paper with a canary-yellow background decorated with pink-and-green nosegays. The doors and woodwork are painted ivory. The floor is polished hardwood, partially covered with small hooked rugs in shades of yellow, rose and green. These hooked rugs can be easily and inexpensively made at home with the aid of a new attachment you can get for your sewing machine.

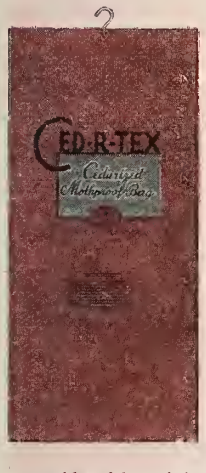
The furniture in the room is maple. The canopy bed, with its gracefully turned high posts, is draped in a yellow dotted net; there is also a box-pleated ruffle of the yellow net around the bottom of the bed. For the bed cover we used a candlewick spread with a yellow background and the simple design worked in green wool. On each side of the bed are small maple drop-leaf tables containing two convenient drawers. On top of each little table is a decorated china lamp with a shade to match, an ash tray and a few books.

A dainty little dressing table is placed in one corner of (*Please turn to page* 83)

In Woolworth Stores ..... These Greatest American Moth-Proof Bag Values .....

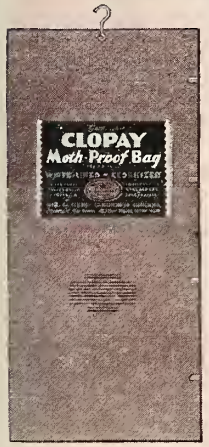
10c *Keeps Clothes Safe in This*

GENUINE CED-R-TEX *Cedarized Moth-Proof* BAG



Moths ruined more clothing than fire destroyed in 1932! Don't expose your valuable furs and woolens to this menace. Keep them safe from moths, dust and dirt in genuine CED-R-TEX, America's greatest selling 10-cent moth-proof bag. Full garment size; stout 50-lb. strong red cedarized Kraft paper; garments removable without injuring bag. Approved by Good Housekeeping Magazine. Only 10c each.

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Holds 2 to 4 Garments

In every way the equal of bags for which you have paid 39c and 49c. Inside swivel hook. Side opening. Garments easily removable. Wide, expanding gusset sides. No finer bag obtainable. Approved by Good Housekeeping Magazine. Only 20c each.

For Sale at Most WOOLWORTH STORES



Costumes by Vogues & Vanities

Now is the time to hang clean, beautiful CLOPAY FIBRE WINDOW SHADES .. at *all* your windows

DON'T let disreputable window shades disgrace your housekeeping any longer! No matter how thoroughly you houseclean, dingy window shades make your home look ill-kept and shabby, inside and out.

For 10c each, get beautiful CLOPAY Fibre Shades that will do credit to your crisp, clean curtains. CLOPAY Shades *look* expensive at your windows, and they actually outwear old-style shades costing ten times as much. CLOPAY Shades won't crack, pinhole, fray or curl at the edges. The CLOPAY finish is patented; obtainable in no other shade.

The beautiful CLOPAY colors are fade-proof. Choose lovely plain-tinted shades to harmonize with your home's interior—or the smart new two-tone chintz effects that you simply can't get in old-fashioned shades. All styles only 10c at 5c and 10c stores everywhere. *Send 3c for 10 samples and booklet to Clopay Corporation, 1205 York St., Cincinnati, Ohio.*

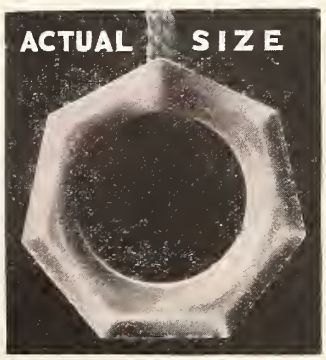


CLOPAY SHADE PULLS 5c

For Use With Any Shades

Jewel-like shade pulls moulded from Bakelite and Plaskon, with double 10-in. cords. Always look like new. Washable; durable; attractive; modern. Dark Green, Light Green, Ivory, Dark Blue, Rose, Orchid or White, to match CLOPAY Shades.

Illustrated
CLOPAY Shade No. 2 — Ecru



BOX OFFICE CRITICS

THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE pays one dollar for every interesting and constructive letter published. Make them short and snappy—and tell why you do not like someone or something. Address your communications to A-Dollar-for-Your-Thaughts, THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

MR. PRODUCER, READ THESE:

Eugenia Wilson, 1302 Oak Street, Pine Bluff, Ark.—Peggy Shannon? What's happened to Peggy? Why don't we see her more often? I'm sure if this young lady were given half a chance she would do better. Why? Because she is a "Red-Headed Woman."

Mrs. F. R. MacMillan, Buffalo, N. Y. —This is just a grateful vote of thanks to the person or persons who have finally discovered that there are adults who possess more intelligence than the average twelve-year-old child. Such recent pictures as "Bill of Divorcement," "I Am a Fugitive," "One Way Passage," "Cynara," "Animal Kingdom" and "A Farewell to Arms" are such excellent entertainment and have been so beautifully acted and directed, that I hope they will satisfy the "Great God Box Office" so that producers will continue to release more like them. These pictures are such a vast improvement over the ones that used to be written for a star's type or personality. I wonder if there are others who agree with me.



"I see that they" (ZaSu Pitts and Slim Summerville) "are to be teamed in another picture, and I say, the more the merrier."

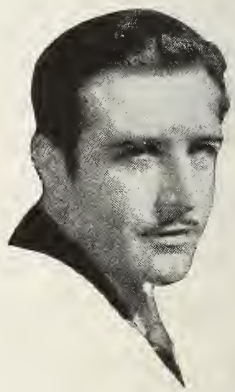
Mrs. Mary Martin, 847 Bryant St., Palo Alto, Cal.—From one who's nature just "itches" to pick to pieces the plot, acting, or anything, for that matter, in every moving picture that comes along, this testimony of mine should be worth something: "Love Me Tonight" with the charming Jeanette MacDonald and the inimitable Maurice Chevalier was a grand picture. It supplied splendid acting, a fine cast of supporting characters, witty comedy, not to mention the superb singing which only Chevalier and Miss MacDonald can produce. Who could ever forget that catchy tune, "Isn't It Romantic?" Here's to more pictures of this type for the "movie-bored" public!

Mrs. H. B. Schiek, 211 Wisconsin Ave., Waukegan, Ill.—Just finished reading the February NEW MOVIE and I have a suggestion to make—namely, that the movie producers quit employing foreign picture stars or actors and "Buy American." We can surely duplicate these actors' services with our own unemployed and keep the money in America. I refer to such actors as Diana Wynyard, Lilian Harvey, Marlene Dietrich and Heather Angel. The latter has a rôle in Al Santell's "House of Refuge." Our actors are discriminated against in Europe. "Buy American!"

Beth L. Johnson, 106 West 52nd St., Minneapolis, Minn.—We are fed up on silly sex pictures and all that. What we want are some really worth while pictures, something everyone will enjoy. Pictures like "The Vagabond King," "Rio Rita" and "The Desert Song" just aren't being shown any more. You have your musical reviews, and while they're enjoyable and highly entertaining, they cannot compare with the former. And speaking of "Vagabond King," why not put Jeanette MacDonald in some more pictures like this? Give her a real chance to show the world how she really can sing. And, by the way, what has become of Dennis King, John Boles and Lawrence Tibbett? They certainly deserve another chance to show us their truly operatic voices. Come on, give us some more like the "Vagabond King"!!

Douglas Beverley, Sr., 3311 Fowler Ave., Omaha, Nebr.—A radical departure—a strange, fantastic picture, "STRANGE INTERLUDE"—a picture wherein the awe-struck audience goes suddenly and dynamically—*psychic!* You sit there, amazed, intrigued, laughing one moment, staring the next! You hear the actor's outward voice—you sense, you feel, you *hear* his inward voice! This empiric, surprising technic is new. It has that in its favor, first off—but can it last? I, for one, do not believe so; at least in its present grossly exaggerated state! Of course, we said that of the first automobile, of the first picture, of the first talking picture—and they have all come, conquered and remained! But if these strangely psychic pictures are to remain, they will have to curb their powers, confine themselves more to the subject and less to trifling irrelevancies. "Strange Interlude" was full to overflowing with unimportant rubbish, as an Englishman would phrase it! There are times for pantomime in pictures, there are occasions for strained silence, there will probably be a place for—PSYCHIC—but it will have to know and respect its own strength! . . .

(*Please turn to page* 74)



"What has become of Dennis King, John Bales (above) and Lawrence Tibbett? . . . Come on, give us some more pictures like 'The Vagabond King.'"



"Peggy Shannon? What's happened to Peggy? Why don't we see her more often?"

. . . you're looking for NEW recipes and menu suggestions

If

. . . you're interested in beautifying your home

. . . YOU'LL WANT THESE HELPFUL BOOKLETS and CIRCULARS!

All women like compliments on their cooking . . . and you're bound to have praise aplenty when you follow the menus and recipes in the circulars prepared for you by the Tower Home Service Bureau. They're new . . . unusual . . . healthful . . . easy to prepare.

And we've found that the good cook is usually just as particular about her home, too. Wants it attractive . . . comfortable. So the Home Service Bureau also offers you pamphlets on home beautifying and some of the most intriguing house plans you've ever seen. A charming home and a well-set table keep you popular with friends and family.



☐ **FAVORITE RECIPES OF THE MOVIE STARS . . . . . 10¢**
Spring a special Italian Salad on your family some night and then have the fun of telling them it's Winnie Lightner's favorite recipe. Forty-six pet recipes of the Movie Stars in this booklet!



☐ **REDUCING THE RIGHT WAY . . 10¢**
Height and weight charts . . . calory chart . . . satisfying menus with low calory content . . . general exercise hints for reducing.



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The kind you'd always be proud to serve . . . yet they aren't expensive. The trick? It's the little surprise touches! Like Pear Salad with Ginger.

☐ **FOOD CHILDREN LIKE TO EAT . 10¢**
For breakfast . . . the school box lunch . . . party refreshments . . . low-cost lunch and dinner dishes . . . favorite candies and desserts.

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Breakfast breads . . . pies and pastries . . . puddings and simple desserts . . . cakes . . . meat and meat substitutes . . . vegetables . . . confections . . . menus.

☐ **MENUS FOR TWO . . . . . 10¢**
Intriguing menus and recipes . . . food budget for two . . . how to order . . . utensils needed for two.

☐ **SHOPPERS' GUIDE FOR FRESH AND CANNED FISH . . . . . 10¢**
A resume of fish buying . . . recipes for cocktails and appetizers . . . fish soups . . . for the main course . . . salads . . . for breakfast . . . entrees and luncheon dishes . . . sauces and garnishes.

☐ **MEAT AT ANY PRICE . . . . . 10¢**
Recipes for all kinds of meat . . . ways of cooking cheaper cuts . . . list of low-cost cuts . . . ways of using left-over meats . . . making the most of a little meat . . . using canned meats.

☐ **FOOD IN THE FAMILY BUDGET . . . . . 10¢**
Helpful data on buying . . . what to spend for various foods . . . keeping food accounts . . . economical use of fruits and vegetables . . . making the most of meat . . . economical use of cereals . . . sugar, fats and oils.

☐ **HOW TO CHOOSE THE RIGHT DESSERT . . . . 10¢**
100 calory portions . . . delicious layer cakes . . . small cakes and cookies . . . pies . . . gelatin desserts . . . inexpensive puddings . . . ice box cakes . . . ways to use ice cream . . . ten favorite desserts.

Pamphlets on Home Beautifying

☐ **BRIGHTEN YOUR HOME WITH COLOR . . . . 10¢**
Distribution and balance of color . . . how to read a color chart . . . 20 different color schemes.

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Draperies for the French Room . . . for the English Room . . . Italian and Spanish draperies . . . for the Colonial Room . . . the Modern Room.

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Three practical budgets for furnishing rooms . . . patterns for curtains . . . 15 adaptable floor plans.

Tower House Plans

☐ **THE COLONIAL HOUSE . . . . . 3¢**
Plan and discussion of details.

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Plan . . . convenient features . . . interior decoration.

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Tower Books, Incorporated, 55-A Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

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Just a little piece of CHOCOLATE



YET what a big part it plays in the health of millions

It *looks* like chocolate. It *tastes* like chocolate. Yet millions have found it such a big thing in keeping healthy.

A little thing for a big purpose—to keep "regular"—that's Ex-Lax!

Ex-Lax checks on every point you should look for in a laxative:

Ex-Lax contains a laxative ingredient approved by doctors everywhere.

It tastes like the most delicious chocolate you ever ate.

It does not gripe or disturb the stomach. Causes no disagreeable after-effects.

It is *not* habit-forming.

It is a laxative scientifically timed to act thoroughly, gently and safely.

Ex-Lax has stood the test of time. In the 27 years that Ex-Lax has been a household favorite, many laxatives have come and gone. Yet Ex-Lax is still the leader, holding old friends and winning hosts of new ones every year. Get Ex-Lax at any drug store—in 10c and 25c sizes.

keep "regular" with

EX-LAX

THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

Box Office Critics

(*Continued from page* 72)

RAVES

Hazel Petty, 6111 Townsend Avenue, Detroit, Michigan—Why should we all rave about Clark Gable when we have Cary Grant, a fine actor we want to see more of?

(Tracyite) R. A. Wood, 1266 E. Glisan Street, Portland, Oregon—Dripping with enthusiasm, radiating energy, winning the country over to his razzle-dazzle type of acting, that fast-talking mug, Lee Tracy, skins 'em all—including (name your favorite he-men, folks).

He outsteals all picture stealers. He does not qualify in the ranks of manly beauty, but do you notice that? You do not! It's that dynamic personality of his'n. It's that speed, that pep, that dash.

It only takes one picture and you're a Tracyite for life. Your neighbor's already one. Will you be the next?

Mrs. E. Seitter, 6454 Laflin Street, Chicago, Ill.—After seeing Boris Karloff in his vivid portrayals of fiends, monsters and maniacs, even the landlord can't scare us!

T. M. Fehman, 1452 Divisadero Street, San Francisco, Calif.—Here is an orchid for Lee Tracy. Has he got pep, enthusiasm, ginger, vim and vigor? *PLENTY.* In these days of depression and gloom it is certainly refreshing to see some one who has an over-abundant supply of the old pepper. Think back over any of his pictures and see if you can name any other actor who will compare with his wise-cracking, hustle-bustle manner. Regardless of his situation in a picture he impresses one with the idea that life is full of pleasant little surprises if one looks for them. His every action, from his speech to the mere act of walking across the floor or answering the telephone, contains so much snap, speed and sparkle that one can't help being imbued with his enthusiasm. He packs more gloom-chasing tonic into one picture than can be found in a hundred written articles or speeches. To use a current expression I would say, "What this country needs is more of Lee Tracy's *PEP.*"

Elsie Hood, Pylesville, Md.—I see few pictures and the memory of Helen Hayes' splendid acting was with us for days after seeing her in "Son-Daughter." Her charm was irresistible. She was not unlike Nazimova, with her lovely grace and pretty gesture. I will look forward with pleasure for her next picture.

Sally Eggers, 1302—58th Avenue, Oakland, Calif.—From an English war nurse in "A Farewell to Arms" to a Chinese character in "Son-Daughter" is a big jump, and who but the versatile Helen Hayes could make it? Her acting in the latter play is so superb and she puts so much humanness into the part that the dark intrigue of this heavy drama becomes almost believable.

C. Maher, P. O. Box 62, Lynchburg, Va.—Clark Gable in my estimation is the most outstanding actor on the screen. He has one of the greatest futures in screen history before him. He showed in "Strange Interlude" his ability to play in dramatic scenes. What young lady's heart would not turn a flip when she sees him in a love scene?

Lee Aumiller, 3032 E. Monument Street, Baltimore, Md.—Here is a booster for Janet Gaynor, the cutest, sweetest girl in the movies. She doesn't have to worry about competition, because nobody can play those "pure and sweet" rôles as she can.

(Miss) Julia B. Goodall, 554 Orange Street, Macon, Georgia.—ALL honor to Marie Dressler! Though she were a star of lesser magnitude than she is, the simple fact that her light keeps burning on and on in her chosen profession, at an age when most actresses have faded from sight, is an inspiration to other women, in whatever line of endeavor they may be interested. Many are unwilling to miss a picture in which Miss Dressler shines. Her sparkling humor and brilliant vivacity cause a glow in the hearts of patrons of the theater. Long live Marie!

Addie Collis, 1325 Findlay Street, Portsmouth, O.—Roland Young is attractive, intelligent, humorous and does his small bits with wonderful acting ability. Why not give him a real part, something worth while!

D. G., 2108 Wellington Rd., Los Angeles, Calif.—After seeing Kate Smith in "Hello Everybody" I don't believe another actress deserves more credit. Honestly! She was great and can she sing? And how! Let's have lots more of Kate and more of her songs; then we can forget about the depression and all the people that are starving, by just seeing her. Now Kate, don't take me wrong. I only mean you're great just as you are—and please don't change. Good Luck.

Edna Bradley, 296 George Street, New Brunswick, N. J.—Thanks for giving us a new comedy team, namely, ZaSu Pitts and Slim Summerville. They were grand in "They Just Had To Get Married." We hadn't time to do much else but laugh during the run of it. I see they are to be teamed in another picture and I say, the *more* the *merrier*!

Alice Price, 1309 Madison Street, Lynchburg, Va.—Ramon Navarro: In my opinion the ideal male star of filmdom, wonderful lover, marvelous voice, and good to look at. What a shame he doesn't sing more!

Caroline Lehman, 1269 East 18th Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.—Why isn't there more of a hullabaloo about *Elissa Landi?* Gosh, there is a girl who seems to have everything, an intelligent, pretty face, a divine form, a very natural actress, and certainly more than enough of poise and dignity.

Despite the fact that she seems to have the misfortune of having bad stories thrust on her shoulders, she enhances each film by her appearance and clever acting.

So here's hoping that she will yet land a suitable story, and that she will not desert the screen for some time to come, as I sure do get the grandest "kick" out of her.

(*Please turn to page* 119)

How to Burst into the Movies

(*Continued from page* 40)

"Who that?" I ask to know.

"That are Garta Grebo, coming back from Sweden," he dictate.

"Why are she doing it like that?" I manipulate.

"She are being mysterious," he disgorge. "And O look some more!"

I look see. Goshes! There were a pink airplane and out from it dropp a golden pairashoot all covered with clouds. While dropping I could hear raddio signal reporting loudishly, "Do not come within 450 yrds. of me."

"Who that?" I jidder.

"That are Norma Shearer coming home to take a bath," he say it. "She do it that way so that neither reporters, novelists or soap advertisements will sispect that she are here, working for the emotion pictures."

"Well, I shall be spanked!" This from me.

Then I look some more. Down street approach 4 barrels with umburellas on top side of them.

"Those," report Hon. Ogre, "are Hon. Ann Harding, Hon. Tulu Bankhead, Hon. Jone Crawlford and Hon. Sylvia Sydney keeping away from the publick gaze."

"For what puppose?" I denote.

"You no catch the I. D.?" he romp. "All that you just see are called the Einstein Theery of Advertising. You wish all world see you? Then go hide and stay hidd. You wish all world talk about you? Then lock up your face and throw key under the Hoover landslide. Too, you ask me how to burst into the movies. I tell you. Be mysterious. Don't have nothing to do with no reporters. Best way to catch Fame are to run away from him. Now get out before I ask you to go."

MR. EDITOR, in all your axperience have you ever been alone with 4$ in Hollywood? It are a chilled feeling like a ant walking over ice cream. After 2 hours of walking I could not tell myself from anny other unumployed. Yet I remain quite different from those. While others elope noisily around the outside end of Lott, hoping Mr. Fox would come by and reckonize a Great Actor, I just sneek buggishly from places to places, looking sly. Yes, sir & madam! I should not go round, making myself common like Ed Win and others. When I see Hon Will Rogers go by, throwing smiles & ropes at everybody I chase him up and holla, "Stop being so prominent, Hon. Will, or nextly you know you will be less famus than Mussolini."

"Thanks so many," he say cowboyishly. "And what are your name, if any?"

"Mike O'Brien," I report deceptively.

"There are too many Irish in Japan," he humorous, and march.

This were good way to get famus, by golly. I see that while walking. Pretty soonly I go hide behind a telegram post so that Hon. Karl Lammerle would not see me while going past. Next I knew one enlarged Police Stroke me on collar and dictate, "Hay!"

"Yes, sir, it is," I say it.

"It ain't neither," I gollup. "I am Adolph Menjou, thank you to know."

(*Please turn to page* 76)

It will pay you to know the answers

Question 1

IS FELS-NAPTHA SAFE FOR FINE FABRICS?

Indeed it is! Not only safe—it *helps prolong* the life of the filmiest finery because it washes so quickly and so gently. It's nice to work with, too—easy on the hands.

Question 2

IS FELS-NAPTHA GOOD FOR BOILING?

Good?—it's great for boiling. And it's excellent for soaking, too. In fact, Fels-Naptha is always ready to work *your* way. In water of *any* temperature. In tub or machine.

Question 3

WHY IS FELS-NAPTHA GOLDEN IN COLOR?

Fels-Naptha is golden because that is the *natural* color of the fine materials of which it is made.

Question 4

IS FELS-NAPTHA GOOD FOR WHITE CLOTHES?

Best thing ever! It gets things so thoroughly clean they *look* clean, they *smell* clean, they *are* clean. Your eyes can see, your nose can tell, the difference! What's more, Fels-Naptha *keeps* the snowy sparkle in white clothes after repeated washings. Use it to avoid that "fourth washday grayness."

Question 5

WHY DOES FELS-NAPTHA DO BETTER WORK?

Figure it out for yourself. Instead of only one cleaner, Fels-Naptha contains *two*. Fine velvety soap and plenty of dirt-loosening naptha (so much you can smell it in every generous bar). Combined by Fels-Naptha's exclusive method, these two cleaners work together to give you *extra* help. Under their gentle cleansing power, even the greasiest dirt melts away. Take advantage of Fels-Naptha's *extra* help. It is economical—not "cheap," but an honest value. Ask your grocer for Fels-Naptha and *see that you get it!*

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CHANGE TO FELS-NAPTHA

The golden bar with the clean naptha odor

FELS & COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pa. T. M. 5-33

Some women, I understand, find it a bit easier to chip Fels-Naptha into tub or machine by using one of your handy chippers instead of just an ordinary kitchen knife. I'd like to try the chipper, so I enclose 3¢ in stamps to help cover postage. Send the sample bar, too.

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

(Please print name and address completely)



How to keep WASH GLOVES supple as when they were skins

Is the stamp "washable" in chamois, doe- or pig-skin gloves just another ha-ha to you? Don't blame the gloves. They are as sensitive as your own skin to the least bit of harshness in soap.

Wash your gloves with soap you *know* is PURE—IVORY SNOW, the quick-sudsing form of pure, gentle Ivory Soap.

And Ivory Snow *really* dissolves in LUKEWARM water! It is made in a new way—not cut into flat flakes, but *blown* into quick-dissolving, sudsy *round* bits.

Six Rules for Success in Washing Gloves

1. Use IVORY SNOW and just barely LUKEWARM water. Hot water is fatal to gloves. Ivory Snow melts instantly in water that is safely cool.

2. Wash gloves INSIDE as well as OUTSIDE. A soft nail-brush helps to get finger-ends clean.

3. Rinse thoroughly *inside and out* in barely LUKEWARM water. No flat particles in Ivory Snow to cling flat to the leather and make rinsing difficult—*no soap spots!*

4. DON'T SQUEEZE or wring gloves. Lay them flat between folds of a Turkish towel and *pat* loose water out.

5. DON'T hang wash-leather gloves to dry on a hot radiator or over heat of any kind.

6. Soften by working onto your hands just BEFORE they are dry.

KATHRYN MARTIN
Washability Expert

Copr. 1933, Procter & Gamble Co.

How to Burst into the Movies

(*Continued from page* 75)

"How stupid of me." say Hon. Police. "I have only been in Hollywood 12 years, so I cannot know all the names. Goo-by, I must look for Hashimura Togo."

WERE that not a very estranged way from him? But I promenade onwards with a swell chest. Just like Garta Grebo I require Sherlock Homes to dishcover who I is.

Just then a youngly man, looking hansome like a tailor, bounce out from store.

"One (1) moment!" he decry. I look at him disgustly. I run. He catch.

"Are you name of Togo?" he ask it.

"Not ever," I snib. "I are Frederick March in Dr. Jackal & Mr. Snyde."

"Ah," say he. "You are hiding behind your face again, Hon. Fred. I introduce myself. I are Oscar Smear, press agt. for Catamount Pictures. But I must go seek. All Hollywood are looking for Hashimura Togo."

"Why should?" I require.

"He are wanted," snuggest Hon. Smear and go way.

You ever seen anything like that? If I had walked 4th that morning with my hair full of base drums and raddios I could not be more seeked after than I was now. Thusly, sontering along, I were wondering which person I should pertend to be nextly. Should I be Ethel Barrymoor or Thos Mixture the cowboy?

JUST then I hear persons on sidewalk speaking about me. When I encroach they holla, "Here he come," and when I evaporate they holla, "There he go." 44 mixed persons with reporter expression commence to jump after me, waving paper and photograf boxes. I walk. They walk. I run. They run.

Then thoughtfully, while running, I think, what would Garbo Greto or Norma Shearer do under such a circumstances? They would go homewards and hide. I hurry with both my legs. Then, O Lordly, what I see? There stood an enlarged U. S. Male truck awaiting letters. Quicker than you can say Edw. Robinson I jump to that postage-stamp car, kick brakes, jerk gas and begin shooching through Hollywood just like a wild firecracker. After me folla all sort speed-up cars, fire-indians, motor-busts, mutter-cycles and bootlegging mechanisms, all making hoot-hoot song to stop me. I go so fastly that beat 6 telegrams from Los Angeles.

Then at lastly there I was, back to kitchen of Hon. Geo. F. Ogre, where I jump into my shortsleeves and commence bathing the dishes what I left that morning a. m. in my hasty to quit. To get back there make my heart so full of happy dishwater that I sing-song from rapture:

Home, home, Swede, Swede home!
Be it ever so humbug
There is nothing ezackly like it!

YET even in my musical noise I could hear sound of persons outside making loudish holla, "Togo are here!" "Togo are there!" Goody! They have surrounded me with large contrax from

every film copperation in Hollywood! So onwards I sing, making pretense to hear nothing.

Then with immediate suddenness who should burst into door but Hon. Geo. F. Ogre, proprietor of Hollywood.

"So ha!" he narrate. "So you are there!"

"Yes, sire," I doze. "I are here today. Tomorrow I shall be in some elsewhere. O dear sir, thanks so many for good advice. This morning I go forthly, pretending Fame were merely spinach. I disguise myself as Ethel Barrymoor, to keep people from looking at me. Yet everywhere I go persons say, 'We want Togo!' They get so thick I have to escape away in a U. S. Male Truck. And talking loudishly outside, I shunt wonder, are Marx Bros, Warner Bros and Smith Bros, hoping to star me in new play of passion called 'Webster's Dictionary'. So I are here, waiting for he who makes highest bidd."

"I shall make highest bidd," corrode Hon. Ogre, pointing his mean hair at me.

"O so gratful!" I say. How muchly you bidd?"

"13$ & 50c per monthly."

"O, my darling Mister! Those price were just same you gave me before," I renig. "Do you not see folks howelling my name outside? Do I not tell you that I hear persons, everywhere I go this a. m., decrying, 'We are looking for Hashimura Togo?'"

"O yay," amputate Hon. G. F. Ogre. "And you think they want you so muchly?"

"To give me Fame," I say.

"To give you Hal," he say. "This morning I send all Hollywood chassing after you to bring you back."

"For why?" I otter.

"BECAUSE this," he data. "When you elope away from me so rapidly, in serch of famus job, you niglected to give me back the key to my Wine & Booz Closet. Had you not came back I should been obliged to close my Thinking Studio."

"Can I believe that?" I snagger.

"When living in Hollywood you must believe annything," he wob. "Now take key with immediate quickness & shake me up 4 qts. gin. Those Bankers are still waiting, and I cannot waste my time with trifles."

Therefore I elope to Wine & Booz Closet where I took 7 drunks of it to help soap my brain.

Now I feel deliciously worse.

Hoping you are the same

Yours truly,

HASHIMURA TOGO.

To obtain circulars described on page 67, write to Miss Frances Cowles, in care of this magazine, enclosing four cents for any one circular, ten cents for three circulars, or fifteen cents for all seven. Be sure to indicate which circulars you want by the numbers given beside the descriptions.

The price she paid for a cup of coffee!



LONG past her beauty sleep now. One o'clock. Two o'clock. Still trying to relax and doze off . . . still tossing on her pillow. And she knows it is adding years to her looks!

All too frequently a seemingly harmless thing like coffee produces sleeplessness. True, many people can drink coffee without ill-effects. But others can't.

Why Many People Can't Drink Coffee

A single cup of coffee often contains as much as two grains of *caffein*—a drug stimulant.

That much caffein can keep you wide-eyed and awake—denying your body the rest it *must have* in order to preserve your vitality and health, your youth and beauty.

It's Easy to Give up Coffee

Some people know they ought to give up coffee. Yet they go on drinking it, quieting their conscience with the mistaken idea that coffee is a habit difficult to break. It isn't.

Two and a half million families have discovered that Postum is a hearty, full-bodied, satisfying drink. A delicious drink. A drink that does not cause nervousness or sleeplessness or upset digestion as coffee does.

Why? Because Postum contains *no caffein*. It is made only from wholesome ingredients—slightly sweetened whole wheat and bran, roasted to a golden brown.

Make this 30-Day "Come-Back" Test

If coffee doesn't agree with you drink Postum instead for 30 days. That much time is necessary to banish the effects of a habit of long standing. At the end of 30 days see how much better you sleep, how much quieter your nerves are, how much better you feel.

We will send you the first week's supply of Postum free—simply fill out and mail the coupon below. Postum comes in two forms. Instant Postum, made instantly in the cup, and Postum Cereal, the kind you boil. Both cost less than ½¢ a cup. Postum is a product of General Foods.

GENERAL FOODS, Battle Creek, Mich. T. M. 5-33

I want to make the 30-day "Come-back" Test of Postum. Please send me, without cost or obligation, one week's supply.

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

Fill in completely. Print name and address.

If you live in Canada, address General Foods, Ltd., Cobourg, Ontario.

Take your CHOICE -and save 50%



10¢

4 OUNCE BOTTLE

MIFFLIN

ANTISEPTIC
MOUTH WASH

Guaranteed to be equal in quality and effectiveness to other leading brands costing double the price. For cleansing the teeth, mouth and throat—and for removing unpleasant breath — it has no superior. Excellent for use after smoking.



10¢

4 OUNCE BOTTLE

MIFFLIN

ASTRINGENT
MOUTH WASH

Recommended by Dentists for correcting and preventing spongy and receding gums. It cleanses and preserves the teeth and leaves a delightful, refreshing taste in the mouth. There's nothing better on the market — at any price.

Mifflin Chemical Corporation, Philadelphia

AT LEADING 5 & 10-CENT STORES

*Tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau

The MAKE-UP BOX

IT looks like whipped cream and it feels soft and soothing to hands roughened by wind and water and burned by the sun. It's a good cream to start using right now because it's a protection against sunburn, too. It comes in an attractive little blue and white jar that stands on four brief legs and would decorate equally well your dressing table or kitchen shelf—and of course the latter is a good place to keep one jar of hand cream.



A fluffy hand cream in o blue jar.

HAIRPINS! Flat ones to hold up the sides or little ones to keep stray ends in place; or all kinds, if our hair is really and truly long. But how to hang on to them is a problem that's just been solved by a new and attractive, fully equipped hairpin box that has just come to our notice. The most used varieties are represented—each in its own compartment—and the box is compact and attractive enough to be kept in plain sight where the pins will always be available.



Hairpins in a convenient box.

WE'RE becoming more and more open-minded on the topic of powder shades. Long ago there were just white and flesh and rachel. But now almost every color in the rainbow is represented. A cosmetic house that brings out two attractive lines of powder has just added four new shades to its list. Jade and mauve for evening—and a charming effect they make under the lights, giving the skin a clear white tone—special brunet and a radiant toned rachel.



Four new powder shades to try out.

AND another concern has brought out a new shade that fits right in with spring thoughts. It's been put out to meet the demand you and I have been making for warmer-toned powders. English peach is its title and it's the shade of peach ice cream.

AND speaking of colors, the new Eleanor blue, named for Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, wife of the president, can now be used to tint your lingerie, blouses or other spring clothes. It's a new shade added along with many new bright pastels to the roster of colors now available.



An attractive lipstick ond compact set.

ONE of the most attractive vanity sets we've seen is the new tiny black and cream and chromium one that arrived just the other day. The double compact is no longer than the efficient automatic lipstick that matches it. Both come in a variety of make-up combinations.

For further information about these articles, names and prices write to the Beauty Editor, Make-up Box, Tower Magazines, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Radio Rambles

(*Continued from page* 63)

are already beginning to figure that it will take more than "April Showers" to wash away that dark-skinned look.

Among the winter guests at Miami was Sam Goldwyn whose pronunciation of the English language has sometimes been questioned. Jolson says that Goldwyn and George S. Kaufman, the playwright, were playing a little game of poker one night. Things were sort of slow and Kaufman suggested deuces wild. Sam Goldwyn proposed they make it "deuces and trees."

"But," replied Kaufman, "I thought only God could make trees wild."

THE MESSRS. DAMON 'N PYTHIAS: The Damon and Pythias of the ether are Lennie Hayton, twenty-four-year-old maestro, and the chap he shares an apartment with, one of our first friends among radio singers, Bill Hillpot, *Brother Trade* of the Smith Brothers' "Trade and Mark." Bill tells us that Lennie is a "deadline worker," meaning he doesn't like to start arranging his programs until the evening before the broadcast. That he sits down with a quart of coffee and battles with treble and bass clefs until dawn. Three hours' sleep and he's off for rehearsal. Both Bill and Lennie belong to the curly haired brigade.

Most of his spare time Lennie, big-time radio's youngest conductor, is on a bus-man's holiday. He goes from one night dancing spot to another listening to other orchestras and bands. But he ends up practically every evening at the Biltmore for a load of Paul Whiteman's music.

Whiteman was his first boss. "It's just like going back to the Alma Mater," says Lennie, "only the fare is cheaper."

AS for Billy Hillpot, he seems fated to be the embryo movie actresses' lucky star. Successively three of his young lady friends have hopped the Twentieth Century for Hollywood and movie fame—Virginia Bruce, Boots Mallory and the last one, Jean, (you guess her last name) just took off. Billy's now having his calling cards printed with movie contracts on the back.

OFF TO BUFFALO: Three of radio's star performers first made their mark in the world in Buffalo—Jack Smart, Colonel Stoopnagle and Budd.

As an announcer in the up-state metropolis Wilbur (Budd) Hulick first sprang to prominence when he "ad-libbed" steadily for two hours and twenty minutes of a foggy afternoon about the imminent arrival of Costes and LeBrix at the local flying field. By the time Budd had finished describing a nearby elm for the sixth time, word finally reached the eminent exponent of Stoopnocracy that owing to the weather conditions, Aviator Costes had cancelled the Buffalo excursion hours before. Somebody at the studio just forgot to pass the word along.

Small wonder then, that with an ad-lib background such as this Budd Hulick should team with Colonel (Charles Taylor) Stoopnagle.

THE SAWDUST TRAIL: A lot of radio chatter has centered around the old lumber yard owned and operated

(*Please turn to page* 80)

NOW GET RESULTS —WHITER TEETH

from the toothpaste you use





YES, QUICK RESULTS

START brushing your teeth with Kolynos. In just a few days they'll look whiter—shades whiter. They'll feel much cleaner. Here's the reason: Kolynos does what ordinary toothpastes can't do. As it removes ugly stain and tarnish—it foams into every tiny crevice and kills millions of germs that are the known cause of most tooth and gum troubles. Thus Kolynos gives RESULTS YOU CAN SEE. Cleaner, whiter teeth. Healthier looking gums. Give up incompetent ways of brushing and start using the Kolynos technique —a half-inch of this remarkable dental cream on a dry brush twice a day. It's the better, quicker way to cleaner, whiter teeth—try it.



KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM

57 easy ways
TO SERVE
this tasty, filling dish



HERE'S the *booklet of the month* for your recipe files—"57 Unusual Ways To Serve Spaghetti"! Prepared by Heinz dietitians, it is crammed with tempting spaghetti recipes and absolutely *free.* Send for your copy now.

Cooked in true Italian style, Heinz Spaghetti is tastefully flavored with tangy cheese, milk, butter, and the rich sauce of red-ripe, Heinz-bred tomatoes. You'll find it mighty good—and it's mighty good *for* you—because it's a wholesome, filling, *wheat* food. A body builder—like meat and potatoes. Yet less expensive—more digestible.

Clip the coupon and learn how to serve a different, and delicious spaghetti dinner every week in the year.

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Name_____

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City_____ State_____



Radio Rambles

(*Continued from page* 79)

by Charles (Stoopnagle) Taylor's father. When it came to wrestling with two-by-fours at least two of the Buffalo broadcasting crowd couldn't take it. The lumbering experience of the Colonel at his father's yard was short-lived.

Then there's the story of Jack Smart, Buffalonian No. 3, and this same wood collector's paradise. Actor Smart is the burly 242-pounder whom you've heard in so many different parts in the "March of Time." When Smart was on the Buffalo High School football team he was chosen "All New York State" tackle. After graduation he, too worked for a short time in Mr. Taylor's timber emporium. A very short time. Ten days. Jack is frank to admit that since that time he has never felt the lure of sawdust. His favorite poem is "Woodman Spare That Tree."

MOANS AND HYSTERICS: Realism is, of course, the keynote of these news dramatizations. Zest is added to most of the tense moments in the "March of Time," by Miss Betty Worth, official screamer. Hardly a program goes by that Miss Worth is not called in to reproduce a fit of hysterics, (2) shout like a stabbed woman or (3) moan like a lost lady. Never once, however, has anyone equalled Miss Worth's sigh at parting—and we have seen to it that all possibilities were combed.

SHAM EXPOSED: It's about time we exposed the crying hypocrisy of this radio racket. You've heard Gracie Allen's dog, Herman? That vicious bark? Well, there's no such dog or bark. All that yipping emanates from the slender throat of Miss Kaye Beall. Just as Miss Worth is official screamer, so Miss Beall has found herself a niche.

When Miss Beall first went to boarding school she was, according to her teachers, pretty much like all the other girls. Then one night she and her room-mate sat up baying at the moon, "just for fun." All the girls said the general effect was pretty good, but Miss Beall wasn't satisfied. In spite of the neighbors she kept right at it, practicing in all her spare moments and soon outstripped her room-mate. Today her canine cries ranging from the deep-throated baying of a bloodhound, to the yap of a Pekinese, are the marvel of all those who like that sort of thing. Her moment supreme was, however, when she impersonated an entire Alaskan dog team.

SOUND effects accompanying dramatic shows require an enormous amount of detail, research and ingenuity. The sound technicians' room at NBC looks like a junk man's paradise, battered cow bells, worn-out tom-toms, tin horns, tanks of compressed air, wind machines in various states of repair, old electric fans and whistles—everything from ocean liner to peanut stand.

The Crime Club keeps Ray Kelly, chief NBC sound effects producer, busier than the proverbial paperhanger. Not long ago Kelly used among some fifty sound effects called for on one program alone—carpenter's tool, one

(*Please turn to page* 84)

Lunching at Mary's

(*Continued from page 68*)

and the one-fourth cup water and heat. Dissolve gelatin in three tablespoons cold water and add to the hot milk and water. Beat egg yolks with sugar and salt, and stir hot mixture in. Return to double boiler and stir until it thickens. Remove from stove and put in refrigerator until cool. Then beat, add rum to taste and fold in the beaten egg whites and whipped cream.

Mary used one-half pint cream, which made the pie that much better.

She made the prettiest green salad and stirred up some biscuits right before my eyes. Placing a little row of grapefruit quarters on a bed of endive, she poured a little thin French dressing over it and garnished with a sprig each of fresh mint and parsley.

And they—and I—hung around as long as we could, because Mary had her bridge decks handy—and there was a dish of mints on the table which Mary kept filled. She insisted they had sugar energy without a lot of fat-building bulk and that being hard they dissolved on the tongue, thoroughly satisfying the normal hunger for sweets.

Glenda was wearing a pair of tailored navy blue slacks. They were beautifully pressed, with the crease clear down to the bottom, which made them look a little bit dressy. She had pulled on a white woolly, turtle-necked sweater, and on her yellow hair she wore a bright red, woolen beret which matched her scarf. Her shoes were white, and she made a stunning picture.

"I wanted to make corn fritters, but Mother thought they would be too rich with the pie," Mary said.

"Can you make corn fritters?" Glenda asked skeptically.

Mary and Glenda are devoted to each other, but Mary always falls for Glenda's teasing, and so out came the cook book again. There, sure enough, was the corn fritter recipe all splotched up and showing plainly that it had been used many times. In case you aren't afraid of putting on a little weight, here is the recipe, which Mary swears makes delicious fritters:

CORN FRITTERS

1 cup corn
2 egg yolks
¼ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon sugar
¼ teaspoon pepper
1 cup flour
1½ teaspoons baking powder
2 egg whites, beaten

Mix ingredients. Drop tablespoonfuls of mixture onto greased griddle or frying pan. Brown well on both sides. The fritters may be fried in deep hot fat if desired.

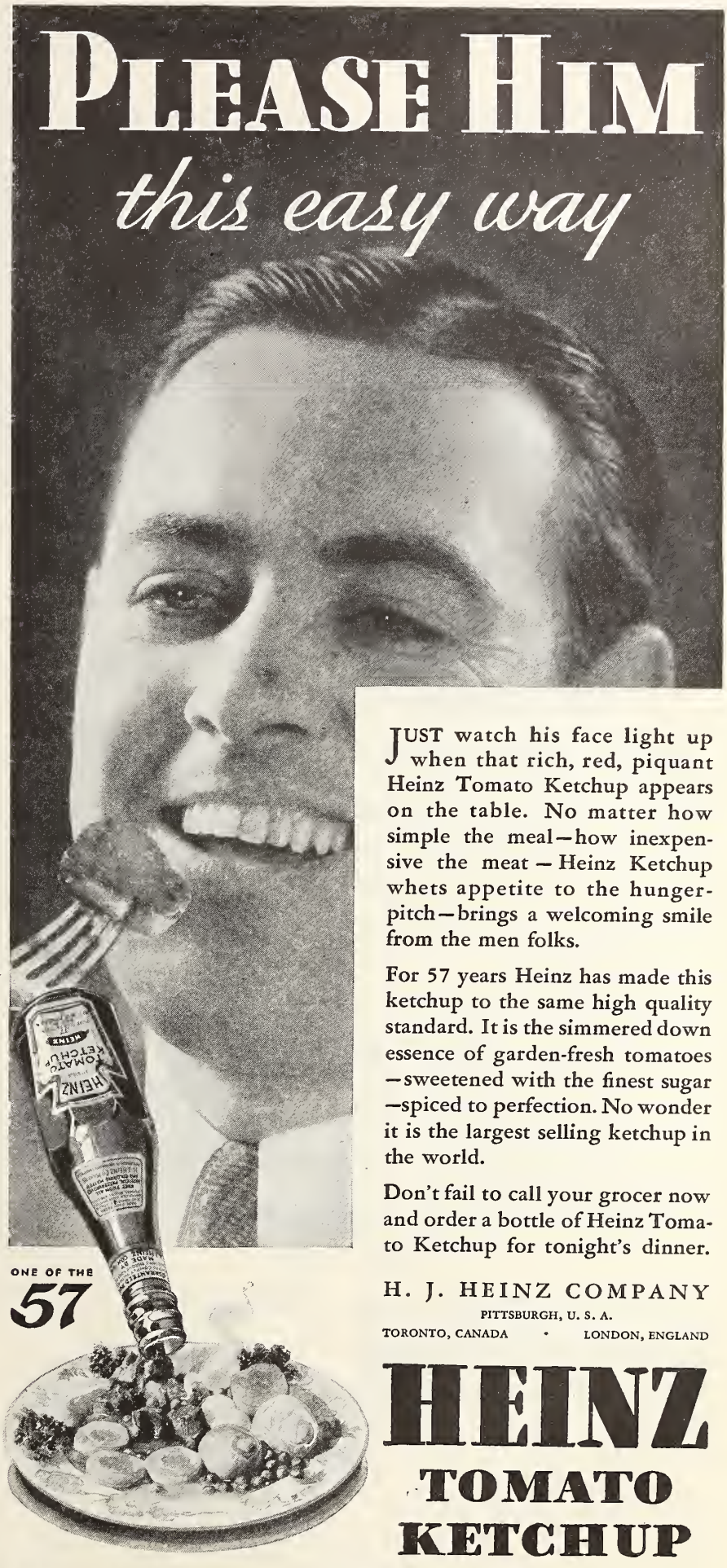
"Where are your new decorations?" June suddenly demanded. And then we all remembered that Mary had said her apartment was being redecorated.

"Oh, that was just a gag," Mary said. "I felt an egg-nog pie coming on and wanted you to taste it."

"And it's lucky for you that it was good, too," Glenda replied.

And would you believe it? Mary wouldn't let us deal a single card until she had washed and dried every dish, put everything neatly away and cleaned up the kitchen.

And half of Hollywood has tried to annex this good little cook and grand little girl, Mary Brian. They just can't get her to the altar.



JUST watch his face light up when that rich, red, piquant Heinz Tomato Ketchup appears on the table. No matter how simple the meal—how inexpensive the meat—Heinz Ketchup whets appetite to the hunger-pitch—brings a welcoming smile from the men folks.

For 57 years Heinz has made this ketchup to the same high quality standard. It is the simmered down essence of garden-fresh tomatoes—sweetened with the finest sugar—spiced to perfection. No wonder it is the largest selling ketchup in the world.

Don't fail to call your grocer now and order a bottle of Heinz Tomato Ketchup for tonight's dinner.

H. J. HEINZ COMPANY
PITTSBURGH, U. S. A.
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HEINZ
TOMATO
KETCHUP

THE LARGEST SELLING KETCHUP IN THE WORLD

RETAIN THE
Natural Beauty
OF YOUR SKIN



with this marvelous
Olive Oil Face Powder

HAVE you looked at your complexion lately? Really *looked* at it?... Is it soft, smooth and clear? Or is it a little coarse, a little rough?

Sun... wind... days spent in the open! They drain the natural oils out of your skin. Cause your face to become dry and old-looking.

But your skin need not grow old! OUTDOOR GIRL *Olive Oil* Face Powder enables even the most delicate complexion to remain soft, firm and youthful. This unusual powder acts as the skin-oils do to keep your skin smooth and supple. Yet it is as dry and light as thistle-down.

Try this *different* face powder today. In 7 smart shades to blend naturally with any complexion. The Good Housekeeping "Seal of Approval" is your guarantee of quality.

OUTDOOR GIRL Face Powder and other Olive Oil Beauty Products are sold by leading drug, department and chain stores in 3 sizes — 10c, 25c and $1.00. If you want to sample three of these popular preparations, mail the coupon for generous Free Trial packages.

OUTDOOR GIRL
Olive Oil
FACE POWDER

Tested and Approved — 4711 — Bureau of Foods, Sanitation and Health — Good Housekeeping Magazine

Crystal Corporation, Dept. 87E
Willis Avenue, New York City

Please send me a Free Sample of OUTDOOR GIRL Face Powder, Lip-and-Cheek Rouge, and Perfume.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....*State*.....

Intimate Facts About Marlene's Wardrobe

(*Continued from page* 34)

And at night clubs, wearing a tuxedo; shopping on the boulevard wearing one of her many business suits, or wherever she went, dressed in the height of men's fashion, she aroused *ohs* and *ahs* of envy, admiration and criticism. The girls followed her lead like sheep and Hollywood suddenly looked as though it had been entirely deserted by the feminine sex.

An enterprising manufacturer rushed a "Marlean" suit into the market, a tailored one boasting a pair of trousers as well as a skirt; and the Paramount Studio officials decided it was time to act. They remonstrated with Marlene about wearing her trousers in public. And Marlene replied in her quiet, but none-the-less effective manner, that what she wore off the screen was her own business.

"If this be publicity, then let's make the most of it," said the Paramount publicity department, and blithely turned the full glare of the spotlight on Marlene's pants.

"I'M sorry I ever posed for pictures in them," Marlene said ruefully, and now refuses to talk about them to anyone. Six months ago she spoke of them naturally. Today the subject is just one more grievance she holds against America. And perhaps part of her annoyance is due to the fact that although the women imitate her, they do it, for the most part, badly.

For though half the women in the United States want to wear pants like Dietrich's not one out of a hundred can look as she does in her well-cut tailored trousers.

But Marlene's figure isn't the only secret of her success in wearing trousers. She knows how to underdress them. She wears no frilly, bunglesome underwear. A net brassiere and a pair of tailored silk shorts (men's shorts) are the foundation for her costume. Her shirts are made to order by a shirtmaker who also makes her shorts of the same material. Her men's shorts cross over in front like a wrap-around garment with two small buttons on each side. Four tiny pleats in front and back give the fullness necessary for a woman's figure.

No corset or girdle, not even a garter belt, are worn to take away from the mannish effect. Long stockings would break the line of the trouser leg, so she wears men's socks and garters.

WATSON AND SON, tailors to many of the smartest dressed men in Hollywood have had to forswear allegiance to the male sex. Numbering among their patrons Dietrich, Garbo, Bankhead, Hepburn, Joan Crawford, Sally Eilers, Barbara Stanwyck and many other stars, it is only natural that all feminine Hollywood is rushing to them.

"Miss Dietrich, Miss Garbo, Miss Hepburn and Miss Bankhead are the only girls who wear men's trousers," said Mr. Watson, "and theirs are identical.

"Tailoring for women is quite different from making men's clothes," Mr. Watson said. "We don't make exaggerated clothes for men but I think a mannish suit for a woman should be exaggerated. For instance, if the shoulders of a woman's coat are made very wide, it tends to make her hips look slimmer, adds height and grace.

"Most of the girls still prefer the more feminine version of trousers. We make Miss Dietrich's trousers 22½ inches at the knee, 18½ inches at the cuff, which is 2 inches deep. But most of the girls prefer a 24-inch knee and 22 inches at the bottom."

MARLENE does not usually wear men's shoes, although she has several pairs. She wears a heavy walking shoe which resembles a man's oxford. She sometimes wears ghillies with her suits. "I wear walking shoes with low heels because they look better with tailored clothes, and they are more comfortable," she told me.

"Most American women look so charming in feminine clothes. I think they should wear skirts," she said tactfully. "I wear the kind of clothes I like and the clothes that are most becoming to me and I expect other women to do the same. I think it would be a pity if all women suddenly appeared in trousers."

HERE'S WHAT THE COUNTRY THINKS OF THE TROUSERS FAD

(*Continued from page* 35)

Richmond: Masculine trouser fad not accepted locally stop However smart tailored clothes with masculine tendencies are being accepted stop Do not feel that the trouser fad will last.

Jane Mitchell,
Thalhimer Bros.

St. Louis: Some interest has been shown in trouser clothes for women in inexpensive price lines stop Feel that this vogue will add impetus to the sports field where it has already appeared in the form of pajamas stop There will be no acceptance for general wear.

Katie Greenough, Fashionist,
Stix, Baer and Fuller Company.

Toledo: Had window and good publicity on mannish suits with trousers and skirt stop Very little interest shown stop There is a great deal of interest in the tailored suit for women stop Expect the trouser vogue to take hold for summer with girls.

The Lasalle and Koch Co.

Minneapolis: Answering your wire stop Our opinion is that this is a fad stop We have surveyed the city and find only two have been sold thus far and they were California people stop We find there is no interest in such mannish styles stop We believe that the American woman still prefers feminine styles. L. S. Donaldson Co.

Pittsburgh: Trouser suits receiving casual interest stop Man-tailored skirt and jacket suits increasing in popularity stop Cannot see any great demand for trouser suits for general and business wear stop There is likely to be a slight demand for country wear as warm weather arrives stop Commercially it is extremely hazardous and doubtful as to taste.

Kaufmanns.

Atlanta: Mannish vogue Marlene Dietrich not at all important in Atlanta stop Not accepted locally and not pushed by our stores.

Richs, Inc.

Miami: Mannish clothes for women not being accepted here stop Do not see it as resort item.

Burdines, Inc.

Washington, D. C.: Have promoted mannish clothes as created by Marlene Dietrich both by advertising and publicity stunts stop Tied up with local newspapers and have not had any customer acceptance.

H. J. Grinsfelder,
The Hecht Co.

Los Angeles: Answering your yesterday's wire stop No appreciable acceptance fad locally.

Bullock's.

The Guest Room of our Colonial House

(*Continued from page* 70)

the room. The top of the table is maple and it is simply draped in yellow dotted net. The table contains a pair of Sandwich glass lamps with decorated paper shades, a comb, brush and mirror in silver, a glass powder box and a pair of glass perfume bottles. The swinging maple mirror is on a little maple stand and contains two small drawers. The maple chest of drawers with its brass hardware, on the opposite side of the room, is an excellent reproduction of an Early Colonial chest on chest.

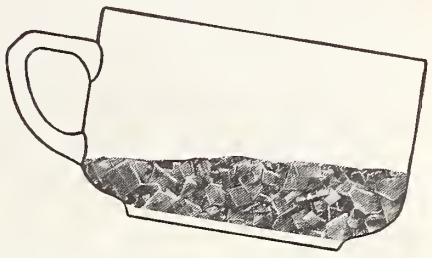
Near one of the windows is a charming little reading group consisting of a comfortable Cape Cod chair upholstered in glazed chintz with a green background with a small floral design in yellow and black. Placed conveniently near this chair is a small maple tripod table on which is a pewter lamp with a paper shade, a cigarette box, a pottery ash tray and some books.

The draperies are simply made but most attractive. They are made of plain green glazed chintz edged with a wide pleated ruffle of the same material and topped by a pinch pleated valance also of the green chintz. The glass curtains are dainty ruffled tiebacks made of yellow dotted net.

The whole effect of the room is charming in its simplicity, the color scheme is cool and inviting and the arrangement of the furniture is comfortable and convenient.

If you have been following the development of our little Colonial house which we are reproducing in miniature room by room you will be glad to know that the nursery or child's room of the house will appear in the next issue of this magazine.

There's WASHDAY MAGIC *in a teacup when it's ¼ full of* LA FRANCE!





AVOID THIS! Hard rubbing wears out clothes. La France cleans *without hard rubbing.*



AVOID THIS! No more need for any separate bluing rinse. *La France blues perfectly* while you wash!

DISSOLVE ¼ cup of La France (about ¼ package) in the washing water along with your favorite soap . . . wash the way you always do—and the magic begins to work!

La France blues at the same time as it cleans—either in hard or soft water. There's no separate bluing rinse to be prepared—one whole step in laundering saved!

All the grease and dirt disappear from your clothes without any hard rubbing at all! Junior's "mud-pie" rompers . . . your husband's shirts . . . your linens . . . they come out clean as can be and blued *perfectly!* When you wash blankets, you'll find they'll be as light and fluffy as they were the day you bought them.

You'll be proud of your snowy, sweet-smelling wash, and you'll be through long before your usual washing time! No wonder thousands of women say "La France makes washing so much *easier!*"

Nearly every grocer carries it! And remember . . . if you aren't perfectly satisfied . . . be sure to ask for your money back!



Washed the ordinary way—clothes often lose their snowy freshness, look gray.



Washed with La France—clothes become cleaner, in less time, with less effort.

La France is never more than 10 cents . . . enough for three tubsful. Satina—never more than 6 cents. Enough for 4 starchings!



Make your ironing easier, too!

Satina, added to boiling starch, takes all the "push" out of your ironing. Use Satina with your starch and your iron will *never stick!* All your starched pieces will have a smooth, glossy finish and a sweet fragrance. La France and Satina are both products of General Foods.

General Foods, Battle Creek, Mich. T. M. 5-33

Please send me a free test package of La France—enough for a family wash. And please include a free sample of Satina

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ *State* _____

(Print name and address—fill in completely)

If you live in Canada, address General Foods, Limited, Cobourg, Ontario.

Real QUALITY
requisites for complete
EYE MAKE-UP
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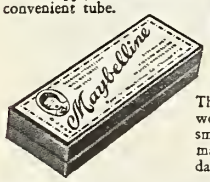
Maybelline
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An extra large quantity of rich, fragrant, smooth, creamy shadow contained in a modern gold finished vanity. Accentuates the color and sparkle of your eyes. Colors: Blue, Brown, Blue-Gray, Violet and Green.



Maybelline
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Here's the pencil you've always hoped for. Very smooth, and clean marking. Extremely easy to use. Full standard length. Made of the purest, imported ingredients and capped with a snug-fitting, gold finished protector. Black and Brown.



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A pure, colorless, effective preparation which when applied nightly keeps lashes in soft, healthy condition and stimulates their growth. Generous supply in attractive, convenient tube.



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The largest selling mascara in the world because it is tearproof, non-smarting, and easy to apply. Instantly makes lashes appear naturally long, dark, and luxuriant. Black and Brown.

These famous preparations now in 10c sizes mean simply that you can enjoy complete, satisfactory eye make-up without the obstacle of cost. Try them. See how they'll make you more attractive to others. But—insist upon genuine Maybelline preparations—for quality—purity and value.

MAYBELLINE CO., CHICAGO

Maybelline
EYE BEAUTY AIDS

Wanted—A Pen Name

WHO is the author of our new Hollywood gossip department, "Hollywood Day by Day"?

His real name must remain secret. But we are looking for a suitable name under which he may continue this department. We want a name that will best express the spirit and intimacy of this unusual and authentic feature—a feature behind the scenes of Hollywood.

There have been many famous trade-marked names used for gossip. "Cholly Knickerbocker," is a historic example. We want a name that will give to our "Hollywood Day by Day" the same flavor and glamour which Cholly Knickerbocker for years gave to his inside chit-chat of New York society.

The editors considered dozens of names but could not agree on any one that seemed to meet all of the glamorous possibilities of this Hollywood diary. The New Movie Magazine is submitting the problem to its readers.

One hundred dollars will be paid for the name which, in the opinion of the editors of this magazine, can be most effectively used by the author of this department.

Anyone anywhere is eligible to enter this contest except employes and their families of The Tower Magazines, Inc.

Readers may submit as many names as desired. If, in the opinion of the editors of The New Movie Magazine, two names may be of equal merit, an equal winning prize will be given to each contestant.

All names must be addressed to HOLLYWOOD DAY BY DAY, The New Movie Magazine, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

The contest closes at midnight, June 10th, 1933, and the winning name will be announced in the August issue of the New Movie Magazine on sale July 8th.

The decision will be left entirely to the editors of The New Movie Magazine.

This magazine will not be responsible for material submitted and cannot be held liable for anything that may be lost in transit or otherwise. Contributions will not be returned but will become the property of Tower Magazines, Inc.

Every contribution will be carefully considered. As stated, any person may submit as many names as he desires.

Think of names you would like to use yourself if you were the author of the "Hollywood Day by Day" department—names that suggest a writer of intimate gossip and inside revelations.

Radio Rambles

(*Continued from page* 80)

dish, three steam whistles, two revolvers and blanks, one iron door, one water cradle, one compressed air tank, one effervescent powder, one water pitcher, two glasses, one public address system, one flexible metal hose, one light bulb, one baby cry.

But we're still waiting for Ray to reproduce that pin drop. And what kind of noise does a man make when he's falling in love?

THESE LETTERS: Phillips (Country Doctor—Seth Parker) Lord gets a letter every day in the year from the same woman. Sometimes they're so long they carry two three-cent stamps. Last Christmas still another lady admirer recorded all her favorite love poems on a phonograph record and sent them to Phil, just for a surprise. Phil has never met either of these admirers. Nevertheless it is still possible they're the two reasons for his proposed world tour on that one hundred and sixty foot schooner he's just bought.

CROOKS A HIGH FLIER: There's one fellow besides ourselves who always gets to a loudspeaker whenever Richard Crooks, the Metropolitan Opera tenor, gives forth on those commercial programs—and that's Flyer Clarence Chamberlain. Long before he was an opera star, Dick Crooks knew Chamberlain when Chamberlain was piloting planes with the 626th Aero Squadron. Now Dick covers most of his concert tours by the heavenly route.

THE LADY'S DAUGHTER: Here's one on Dick Crooks that proves there are still people left with high-salaried librarians. Last Winter Crooks visited at the home of a certain newly rich couple. The librarian had just acquired a collection of several Schubert lieder in the great composer's own handwriting. With his hostess and the librarian Crooks entered the over-ornate music room of the mansion, where both the Franz Schubert manuscripts and the hostess' little daughter were on display. The young lady, however, seemed little impressed either by the songs or Mr. Crooks. She sat fidgeting with boredom on the piano stool.

Noting her child's behavior, the hostess turned to the tenor:

"Oh Mr. Crooks, you sing, don't you?"

"Yes."

"Then would you mind turning my daughter's music for her?"

TONGUE TWISTERS: One of the greatest difficulties encountered by actors on the "March of Time" news broadcast is scrambling words. The pace is swift and occasionally the boys in the case unintentionally pull a Roy Atwillism. Bill Adams, who always acts the part of President Roosevelt, took the radio word-twisting award last Summer when *Time* dramatized the Walker-Roosevelt hearings. The questioning centered on alleged fee-splitting in the Walker regime.

"And, Mr. Walker," said Adams crisply, "Am I to understand that you condone spitting fleas?"

Ho! Hum! Guess we'll send all this over to Amos 'n' Andy's new secretary and get it typed. The two boys have just hired a girl for the first time in their lives. They claim that half their work now is finding work for her to do.

Two Who Fled from Hollywood

(*Continued from page 27*)

regular starting time, too, so that there would be no delay or hitch in the mechanics of picture-taking.

"Really!" she exclaimed. "But surely the stars are not held down to mere minutes, like factory hands, Mr. Fairbanks!"

Lateness, I explained, was inexcusable on any account. Costs of production were so high that every second wasted was so much gold ticked away.

"Why," I said, "if George Bernard Shaw himself should ever decide to take a job in Hollywood he would be expected to be at his post with his pen poised at the stroke of nine, and to cross his last "t" on the dot of five o'clock. Even Mussolini—if he should sign a contract to act in his own play—would have to buy a stopwatch to regulate his coming and going, though, of course, quitting time for those engaged on a set is most elastic."

"Well, I never imagined you had such discipline!" said my naïve old lady. "It gives me an entirely different viewpoint——"

Someone joined us, and I excused myself, so I didn't have to confess that while it is absolutely imperative that everybody be prompt to the minute, it is understood—but not admitted—that no day's work shall start on time, nor any production be so irregular as to start on schedule! Morning and night the clock is slapped in the face, as it were. Rehearsal may be called for eight, but begin at nine. Six may be the appointed hour to knock off work, but we may be only half through at midnight. A company has been known to keep at it for twenty-six hours when inspiration was going strong.

WHAT would my old lady have said if I had also told her that the Hollywood producers and their satellites are the hardest-working group in the film industry? She would have been more puzzled than ever. For the general idea of these overlords is that they sit in sumptuous offices, with modern Roman baths and rare wines and viands at hand, picking beauties for their shows or playing contract bridge with their favorite yes-men, or perhaps keeping a squad of secretaries on the verge of nervous prostration because the reception room is full of very important people who are cooling their heels while the bosses discuss the cutting of an office boy's salary!

But that is only one slant at the fantastic whole. Like everyone else in the cinema colony, the producers are wrapped in the atmosphere of impermanency, and they are subject to the winds of caprice that blow there twenty-four hours a day. While they may be ridiculed for their weathercock decisions, and lack of judgment and taste, it is an astonishing fact that they keep their heads at all, for they are pulled in a hundred different directions by bankers, distributors, exhibitors, directors, actors, writers, technicians and public opinion. And they often work for fifteen hours at

(*Please turn to page 86*)

AN AMAZING OFFER!



Did you get YOURS *yet?*

This dainty, non-leakable perfume container has been enthusiastically received by thousands of fashionable women everywhere. Easily carried in the purse, ready for instant use and available in six different colors, they are fast becoming an indispensable accessory to milady's handbag. As they make welcome gifts for your friends, you will no doubt wish to get *more* than one.

Just send your name and address with the top of a LINIT package and 10¢ (to cover cost of wrapping and postage) for EACH perfume container wanted. Use the handy coupon below.

RESULTS are IMMEDIATE *with a* LINIT *Beauty Bath*

Try the Linit Beauty Bath to make your skin feel *instantly* smooth and soft. It leaves an invisible light "coating" of LINIT so that dusting with talcum or using a skin whitener will be unnecessary. To enjoy this delightful Beauty Bath, merely dissolve half a package or more of LINIT in your tub—bathe as usual, using your favorite soap, and then feel your skin! It will rival the smoothness and softness of a baby's.



Perfumed LINIT is sold by grocery stores, drug and department stores. Unscented LINIT in the familiar blue package is sold only by grocers.

The Bathway to a Soft, Smooth Skin

THIS OFFER EXPIRES NOVEMBER 15, 1933

Corn Products Refining Co., Dept. TM-5, P. O. Box 171, Trinity Station, New York

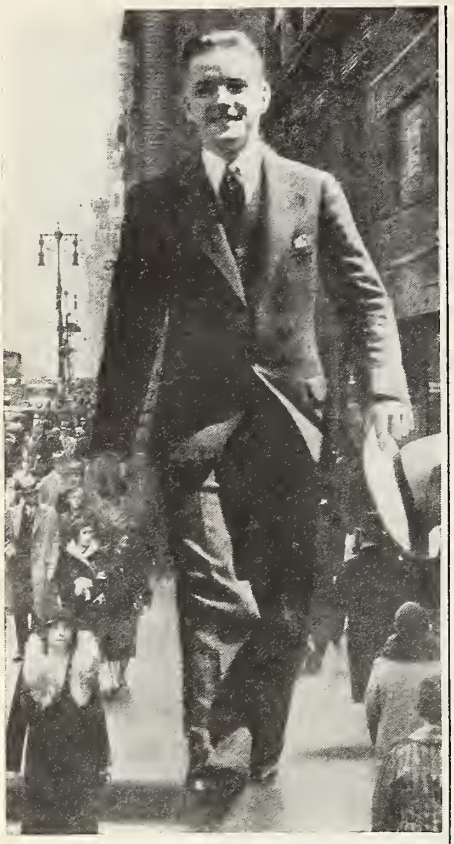
Please send me.....perfume containers. Color(s) as checked below. I enclose $.....and.....LINIT package tops.

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gangway!

Right over the heads of the crowd . . . that's how you feel when your digestion is good. You're happy — peppy — popular. But when your digestion is not good it may spoil your whole day, and unfortunately you may not realize just what is the matter.

Chewing Beeman's Pepsin Gum is a mighty pleasant way to keep happy. Many find that it helps prevent indigestion. Make it a daily custom — chewing Beeman's.

Chew
BEEMAN'S
PEPSIN GUM



Two Who Fled from Hollywood

(*Continued from page* 85)

a stretch when production is in full swing, with perhaps as many as ten films in various stages of completion to supervise at once.

NOT a cinch, eh? From the perspective of this Atlantic liner, as I was now seeing these much criticized producers and executives, they rated their steam rooms and contract partners, or even an absurdity disguised as serious purpose, such as sending a ten-piece brass band to inspire a frantic poet engaged to write dialogue for Dante's Inferno, which had passed through sixty-nine titles to "Eternal Fires!"

Inwardly smiling at these foibles, I found Joan on deck, and hastily wiped my mind clear of Hollywood. But not for long. Joan, it seems, had no more escaped our tag than I.

"That bright college youth in the Sherlock Holmes cap asked me how long I expected to be a popular star," she said.

"What did you tell him?"

"I said, as long as I was good enough."

"And then?"

"He advised me not to be jealous of Garbo and to stop imitating her!"

Cheek? Then some! But you wouldn't believe some of the things that are said to the Hollywood actors even by otherwise polite nice persons, to say nothing of the way they are misquoted when they do speak and words put into their mouths when they don't! Fan mail isn't all honey, either.

"I don't think we can get away from Hollywood until we reach the other side," I said to Joan, "so we might just as well make the best of it meanwhile."

That night in the smoke room I had need of my resolve, for one of the self-elected wags of the voyage, aiming his raillery at me, said to his table companions in a raised voice:

"How can Hollywood help being crazy? Any town that was full of actors would be a Bedlam!"

Of course, I laughed with the rest of the company, and I didn't enter any argument on the point, but it set me speculating as to what would actually happen to them as individuals, and to the place they might inhabit, if 80 per cent. of the bankers, or doctors, or lawyers, or clergymen were confined to one relatively small community, commanded to be relentless rivals, and to please the multitude at all costs or lose their heads.

HOW would they stand the strain? Could they be emotionally unaffected pillars of society while a sword dangled above them and as they walked on quicksand? I don't believe so. If Hollywood doesn't know its mind, if it is erratic and abnormal, it isn't because of an actor population, or too much so-called artistic temperament, but because of the frightful pressure and competition on the human beings involved, and the ephemerality of its final reward.

Yet fickle, contradictory and uncertain as it is, the actors are irresistibly drawn there, and when Hollywood is once in your veins you can't hope to escape. It is like some drug compounded equally by angel and devil. You love it. You hate it. Sometimes, both at once! . . .

For a day or two following the smoke-room episode, there was nothing to remind us of our connection with the screen, though several times I thought I saw questions in eyes that never reached lips. Paris and London took possession of Joan's mind and mine.

Then "the author" appeared. It was a middle-aged spinster, quite sure that she had the most wonderful story, if only it would be given a reading, but of course neither the publishers nor the Hollywood editors would look at it. Couldn't I do something?

"Mr. Fairbanks," she said earnestly, "why do the studios always go for big names, and why do they always change good stories into poor plays, and why do they always choose new and silly titles for almost everything they do, and why do they only consider the manuscripts of unknown writers just to steal their ideas?"

ALL the old questions that are never answered to everybody's satisfaction, and which do no good to answer, anyway. Especially so far as authors are concerned. They never can see that the personality and powers of an actor come first in the screen presentation of a story, and that everything else is secondary, at least from the angle of the Great God Box Office. After all, the public comes to see LIZAVETA KARAMAZOV in "White Hands I Loved" rather than "WHITE HANDS I LOVED" in which Lizaveta Karamazov is playing!

That is the one fundamental reason for all action taken in connection with stories—anything can be done to a story so long as the star is given every opportunity to do his or her brand of dramatic presentation. Old stuff, maybe, but those who complain against altered masterpieces of fiction, or jibe at a novel purchased at a high price and then changed beyond sense or recognition, forget the reason in back of the alleged idiocy or barbarism.

As for the re-titling of classic novels, standard plays and current fiction, if there is one thing that an author doesn't know more than another in the chameleon judgment of cinema heads, it is in the value and punch of a title. However, even when the Hollywood title-givers have decided on one that is a wow, it is only the beginning of a series of them, which are born of midnight sleeplessness and sweat delivered to the press during the various stages of a film's progression. But, whisper: Often this is done not so much for sweet variety's sake as to prevent a rival producer from stealing the idea and then suing *them* for one of their own carefully calculated hits!

Why not encourage new writers? Certainly, it ought to be done. But manuscripts submitted by unknowns are, alas, looked upon with suspicion and seldom bought for fear of plagiarism consequences. Plagiarism is a

bugaboo that is never laid. And with good reason. For it has been demonstrated over and over again that the writers of unsolicited manuscripts have a family weakness for law suits based on ideas that have been common property since Homer smote his bloomin' lyre and sung his tales to the innocent Greek villagers!

GENTLY but firmly as possible, I went over some of these facts for my maiden authoress in the ship's dining-room. Undismayed (authors wouldn't be authors if they weren't that), she smiled, her eyes shone like those of one seeing visions, as she said:

"What you say, Mr. Fairbanks, is all too true, though you are kind enough not to point out how your studio editors have a positive genius for picking the worst stories sent in, but that of course may also be due to the spell cast by what you call the Great God Box Office."

"Perhaps," I murmured.

Then came her real inspiration: "Do you know, Mr. Fairbanks, that my story is simply made to order for you and your father and Joan Crawford *in the same picture!*"

Again, gently as possible, I told the advocate of family picture production that while it would be most interesting to do something of the kind, I was afraid that personalities would creep in to mar the story for me, perhaps for the others, too, and where would we be then in the eyes of the public?

Where, indeed! So far as the aspiring authoress went, she evidently tried to fix it herself, for I heard among other bits of ship gossip that we must be a very queer lot, each one of us jealous of the other as screen favorites!

At last we got to Paris. And for days at a time Hollywood kept to its place in California, but just as soon as I met up with an old friend whom I hadn't seen for years, the air was filled with questions about the cinema capital and its glamorous people.

"Why, you two ought to be divorced long before this," said one of my franker friends, "if you expect to get anywhere in your game. Happily married couples are never, *never* artists!"

I told him that the American screen fans had had us on the verge of divorce several times, and were hoping for the best.

GOING to London, we had the startling experience of being treated as an ordinary married pair—home folks rather than theatrical egoists—but the first question Noel Coward asked me was:

"How's Hollywood?"

And we were off again to the West Coast whirligig.

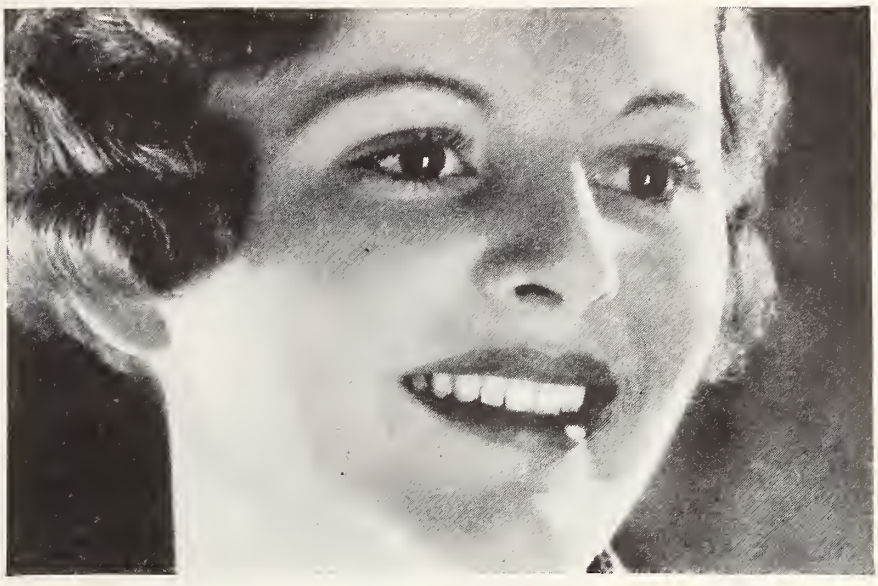
"They're going to do my 'Cavalcade'," said Coward.

After seeing its grandeur, its heartbreak, its tremendous scope that night, I knew why its author smiled so quizzically when he told me "Cavalcade" was going into the talkies.

Well, I must confess that Hollywood was with us on the way to Europe, in France, and in England, and back all the way to New York. We came to the all-too-much-proved conclusion that the only way to get rid of Hollywood was to go there!

Away from it, all its people and doings are reel stuff. In the midst of them, they are real.

Only the difference of one letter in a word, but all the difference in the world as to what you mean.



Don't be satisfied with ⅕ of a dentifrice!

TEETH can't be kept sound and beautiful by *unbalanced* care. Healthy gums, for instance, are highly important—as much so as effective cleaning and safe polishing. Economy is a factor with many of us—but certainly it is not more vital than the prevention of decay. What your teeth need is the balanced, 5-way protection of Squibb Dental Cream.

1 **It cleans effectively and *safely*.**

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3 **It prevents bleeding of the gums the *safe* way—by keeping them healthy, and avoids using dangerous astringents. Frequent bleeding of the gums no dentifrice can cure. The dentist should be consulted.**

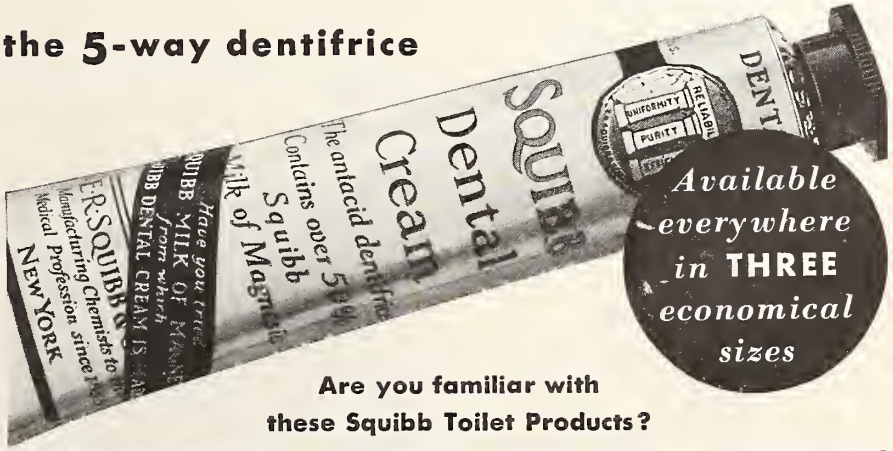
4 **It is economical because it gives greatest protection. Squibb Dental Cream is sold at the lowest price manufacturing cost permits. *Its use is true economy*.**

5 **It combats the germ acids that cause tooth-decay.**

You know the 75-year reputation of E. R. Squibb & Sons. You can place absolute confidence in the efficacy and safety of Squibb Dental Cream. Its clean, refreshing taste makes using it a pleasure. If you want to keep those teeth of yours at their best, visit your dentist regularly, and brush your teeth with Squibb's at least twice every day.

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Are you familiar with these Squibb Toilet Products?

You'll find a new delight in using dainty creams and powders made to the high Squibb standard of purity and quality. For effective care of the skin these products are outstanding: Squibb Cold Cream, Squibb Cleansing Cream, Squibb Vanishing Cream, Squibb Lanolin Cream, Squibb Toilet Lanolin, Squibb Talcum and Bath Powders. Sold at all good stores and moderately priced. Look for the name Squibb on the label.

FROCKS *and* FRIENDS

•

Perspiration can Cost You Both



Under your arms there is a social and financial enemy. A social enemy, because the odor emanating from arm-pits is positively repulsive to your friends!

A financial enemy, because the acids of perspiration stain dresses and fade colors. That alone can cost you the best dress that you have to your name.

Odorono Saves your Dresses and your Friendships

Odorono, a physician's defense against perspiration and its odors, protects you. For perspiration *must be prevented* if you are to avoid ruining dresses and offending friends. Greasy creams and sticks, temporary powders, perfumes, soaps, cannot save you. But Odorono is certain; with it your freshness is secure. Without it doubts can disturb your mind—perspiration wreck your dresses.

Choose with confidence the famous Odorono Regular (ruby red) or the newer Instant Odorono (colorless). Both now have the original Odorono sanitary applicator.



ODORONO REGULAR

for use before retiring —gives 3 to 7 days' complete protection.

INSTANT ODORONO

is for quick use—while dressing or at any time. 1 to 3 days' protection.

ODO·RO·NO

"Love Speaks Kindly When it Meets and Parts"

(*Continued from page* 53)

to get about when he came home.

Perhaps the landlord would wait again, and if the telephone was not disconnected, perhaps a student would call up for work. And if the gas and lights were not on for a bit, that could be endured. So I decided to pay for the car and the telephone and go "flat" again. But that was all right; his career was going as it should, and this end was my job.

BUT when I got home and counted up the check book, I found that I didn't have to "go flat" again—I was "flat" already. And when I opened the mail, there was a final notice from the landlord! Now what to do? None of the students owed me any money . . . it was all in and spent and most of the lessons yet to be given.

So I told it all to my friend—my friend who has meant so much to me through all of this—Mal St. Clair's mother, Mrs. Norman St. Clair. And she sent her other son, Eric, to take lessons from me, so that I could pay my rent and have a place to teach.

Then Hilda Romaine took a flock of lessons for her part in grand opera, and the car instalment was paid. Then I sold a treasured set of books on the history of the stage, and the lights and gas were paid, and once more the Gable establishment was safe.

The grand old auto had been promoted to a roadster by now. Clark had turned it in on this newer—not new—car after driving it nearly ten thousand miles, for the original price of fifty dollars. That was a pretty good deal.

I was frightfully lonely, and would take the new-old car and the Airedale and drive for hours out in the valley, up one road and down another, hating to go back to the empty home that seemed so purposeless with Clark away.

I didn't put in those driving hours worrying about him, as some wives may about absent husbands, but in thinking about his work, wondering about his acting, about his happiness, about his future. Never about women, or drinking, or gambling.

I HAD never had the habit of running in to friend's homes to gossip or spend time in their companionship. Looking back, I seem to have been alone almost always when not teaching. So I found myself almost completely alone, except for Mrs. St. Clair, Bob Perry and his lovely wife, and Hilda. But those times are good. They accumulate thought.

Also, I had never formed the habit of hanging around Clark's work. I never went to the studios where he worked, and never backstage in the theaters.

When I went to see the performances or to the rehearsals, I never made myself known as his wife, nearly always paying for my seat, or else slipping in past the head usher and sitting in the back, then going home by myself and waiting there. I doubt if the Macloons ever knew of my constant attendance, or what part I was playing in Clark's life. The theater abhorrence of theatrical wives and mothers made me determined never to be classed that way.

Clark wrote from San Francisco, still enthusiastic about his experiences, and thrilled over the understudy rehearsals. He was glad he knew his stuff. They had also given him the part of Paris to get up in. He might even get a chance to play it, as there was some sort of an upheaval in the company.

He was full of praise for Miss Cowl's efficient management and kindnesses. He was looking forward to the engagement in Portland—returning there an actor with real actors. Then Seattle and the endless rain, then Vancouver, and the English accents and the boat trip, and then home.

WE had left our little home on the alley. I think it is hard for men to realize the difficulties attendant on keeping a tiny home presentable. Then the coaching was difficult there in that tiny room. But the determining factor in my consciousness was the association there of illness.



Photo by Wide World

An informal picture of Clark Gable, made especially for New Movie Magazine, while he was working in "The White Sister." Clark's a grand fellow with the reporters and cameramen. He doesn't go out after publicity, but there's no trouble he won't take if the newspaper crowd asks him to.

So we moved into the old De Longpre home on Cahuenga Avenue. It has been since torn down, but what a lovely old house it was! I remember going there with my father once when I was so little my feet couldn't touch the floor when sitting stiffly in a golden spindle chair. He took me to a beautiful party given by the great painter in honor of Madame Mojeska, and I sat next to her in my golden chair and gazed and gazed at that beautiful woman, and finally went to sleep with my head in her lap.

And the same beautiful ceilings and parquet floors were there, and traces of the home's beauty of line and garden, when Clark and I lived there. And the days grew shorter and shorter and then flew by. . . . Clark was coming home! . . . And then the day that stopped like the clocks that time movie sequences—Clark was home!

Although bits of gossip drifted in, and although I knew that fellow actors and actresses on the road were explaining to Clark that he had made a mistake to marry—especially, as one famous woman said, "especially to marry a woman who does nothing for you." Even though I knew these things, I still hoped to be able to cling to my triple job of wife, coach and financial supporter, for I had promised to see Clark through to the Broadway job, and I wanted to carry out this promise.

ANY woman who is married to a good-looking and successful actor must be able to "take it." If she cannot understand that the problems of their married life are a bit different from those of the average married couple, she will soon find that out. I had been in the theater too long not to know these things, so I kept my own counsel and went ahead.

And this thing of changing wives or husbands with the advent of prosperity, this is a common thing in Hollywood—or elsewhere. The member of the team who bears the brunt of the hardships and sends the other member out into the limelight, seldom has anything left with which to be charming and interesting. And gradually the inevitable occurs; the more fortunate member of the team advances in appearance and in opportunity to meet interesting people, and naturally, meets someone in the new environment who seems, oh, so much finer and more desirable. And it is all over.

Clark went into nine productions one after the other for the Macloons. No more extra work, no more gritting the teeth and grinning while calling casting offices in endless routine. But the moving pictures were still the ultimate goal, and the stage only the field.

Clark played the juvenile with Lionel Barrymore in the Los Angeles production of "The Copperhead," the same production that Douglas Montgomery made his professional stage début in as the coward son.

Clark was excited about the opportunity of watching a Barrymore work, and learned fast. I remember how puzzled he was at an incident at one of the rehearsals which he told me about. Montgomery was making an exit, leaving Barrymore on the stage for one of his most important scenes, and he could not remember to close the door. Finally Mr. Barrymore spoke to him with such savage rebuke that he never forgot it again.

Clark wanted to know why Barry-

(*Please turn to page* 90)



THERE'S **NO EXCUSE** FOR *half-hour nose!*

With Pompeian face powder you can be sure of your loveliness for hours.

How ugly even the prettiest nose may look half an hour after it has been powdered with ordinary powder!

It's happened to all of us! . . . A furtive glance in a mirror and the horrible discovery that a shiny nose has ruined the assurance of a perfect make-up.

But from this day forth, you have no excuse if you're caught at anything but your best. For Pompeian has perfected a soft fine powder that will cling, not for minutes, but for hours! In addition to this, the new Pompeian has all the beauty-giving properties of the finest present-day face powders. It will not "coat" the skin. Rather it gives the face an even, delicate perfection. A perfection you can be confident of retaining for hours after you've left the dressing-table!

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It has an unobtrusive and pleasantly feminine perfume. The clever box is neat . . . as well as terribly smart.



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Romance Lives On

Eighty years have passed since loving fingers sewed this demure party dress. The lace has faded... but the seams hold firm... the stitches unbroken... as in all garments sewed with J. & P. Coats or Clark's O. N. T. six cord thread. Today, these strong, elastic threads are helping women to do sewing that stays sewed!

The dress above belongs to Frances C. Dickinson, Kane, Pa.; made in 1853 for a little lady who wore it at a party where she met the man she married.

CLARK'S O. N. T.
J. & P. COATS
For more than a Century — as Today
The Two Great Names in Thread

"Love Speaks Kindly When it Meets and Parts"

(*Continued from page* 89)

more was so excited over such a little thing as closing a door, so we had a long talk about suspense and holding the audience's attention on the unfolding story instead of on an actor's exit. You can notice in his work that he never takes the audience away from the story. Clark is a good actor.

He finally got acquainted with Mr. Barrymore through a bit of slang that he was using constantly then. Clark's dressing-room was way up on the top floor, of course, and Mr. Barrymore's on the stage floor directly underneath. Hearing someone call out repeatedly, "Who's got a match?" Clark yelled back, "I've got a sister in the navy." Mr. Barrymore said, "Who's that guy?" and Clark looked over the deck and said, "I didn't know it was you, Mr. Barrymore," and ran down with the matches, and started his friendship with that great actor. . . . Clark's performance was self-conscious, but he got his first notices in this production.

IN "Lullaby" he began to show himself an actor. In the part of the sailor in the last episode he did fine work—his voice was mellowing, and his action was easy and showed fine line. As the prosecuting attorney in "Madame X" he gave another poor performance but gained in voice. As Sergeant Quirt in "What Price Glory" he began to justify the faith I had held so unwaveringly. Except for some voice trouble in the out-of-town tryouts when he took the advice of the stage director about his voice instead of sticking to his own training, he gave a splendid performance in both speech and acting. Louis Wolheim played Captain Flagg for the last part of the engagement and he encouraged Clark enormously with his praise of his performance.

The newspapers were all noticing Gable now, and even Ted Cook occasionally mentioned him in his "Cook-Coo" column.

IN the meantime we had moved again, as the old De Longpre house was to be torn down in the course of the city "improvements." And this time—our last home together—we moved up onto the Vine Street hill next to Belle Bennett's home, and around the curve of the hill from Mary Astor.

Which all sounds very grand, but it wasn't, although it was very pleasant. We had the top floor of an old house that had at one time been a part of a religious institution. The second floor was empty and down the hillside on the ground floor lived a writer chap and his wife. That is the home that Stuart Erwin and Stanley Smith and William Bakewell and Frank Hotaling used to come to.

And again the car had been promoted from the old roadster to a rather grand old car that really looked like something. I always knew when Clark would be home because I could hear him coming up Gower Street full-tilt so as to make the old boat come up the hill in high, muffler out and gravel flying at the curves.

Sometimes I would go out on the little sun porch and watch him come. That entrance had style! One night I was out there with a tray of supper things in my hands. I had heard him approaching the hill, and I saw him and Stuart Holmes, with his big heavy car, come together at the crossing. I was paralyzed, but they were both good drivers and managed to skid their cars around so that the crash only caught them tail end. And, saluting each other quite jauntily, each drove on his way, with very little perceptible slackening up of speed. And I found myself sitting on the floor with the tray on my lap, and I hadn't spilled anything either. It was a remarkable occasion.

"CHICAGO" came along next and the rôle of the reporter. Clark was a recognized actor by now and gave Nancy Carroll, who was playing the lead a close run with the critics.

He had made a study of a reporter friend of ours, a jaunty chap with a flippant hat brim and swinging coat tails. John Campbell he was.

And Clark used his walk and his turned-up coat collar and his world-wise manner of looking and speaking. Clark's reporter was a good job. He was intensely interested in acting. No amount of time was too much to perfect a line or a piece of business or to add to the characterization. I am sorry he has not been cast in this type of parts on the screen instead of the heavy lover stuff—he is so very fine in these parts.

Clark had a chance in this production to prove the value of quiet action, of standing still when others are moving, of "talking under" them, of using his own tone and quiet speech when others were all talking along in the same tone and tempo.

All of the great comedians have worked slowly, but the director of "Chicago" seemed to feel that the only way to get comedy over was to talk fast and loud. Fortunately Clark played his part in his own way, and was successful. When Nancy Carroll moved on his comedy lines, turning and twisting before the mirror or stooping over to powder her knees, he stood still and waited for her to finish and then continued and got the laugh.

Clark proved in this play all the things we had been studying so long. He had finished another step in his career.

IT is amusing to remember that the M-G-M Studio sent for him while he was playing in "Chicago," but he ignored the call. He wasn't going to any more of those d— studios. Then their casting director left a note asking him to come down, and he didn't go or answer the note.

Then the representative of the casting office came backstage and offered to send a car for him and take him to the studio, and he laughed and said he wasn't interested.

I tried to get him to go, but "Nothing doing!" was the only answer I could get out of him. And I didn't urge him much—he needed more stage.

Clark was working too long under the same director, and was picking up the careless West Coast habits. He

must have New York experience, and to win that, he must have some stock training to make him more pliable.

Dorothy Davenport offered Clark a job in the vaudeville act she was taking on the road as a prologue to one of her pictures. It would have been good experience, but at the same time there came an opportunity to go to Houston, Texas, with a stock company. There he would play a different rôle each week, and if he were independent enough in his acting, and would use the opportunity to experiment with the things he had learned, instead of merely doing the routine work of an ordinary company, he would be ready for Broadway as his next step.

So Clark went to Houston.

WHAT happened in Houston or later on in New York is no part of this story. The step from stock to Broadway, the New York stage experiences, the return to Los Angeles as star of "The Last Mile," the final fame in the same studio where he had stood with tired boots and raging heart while the "Merry Widow" danced into the camera—are all known to readers of stars' publicity.

What happened between us?

A touching romantic story was told me the other day—told me in all simplicity and trust by a high executive.

The tale of a story-book parting with good will and affection and best wishes—with a handclasp and a solemn agreement to be as the dead to each other—with a long lingering look behind and then——

It sounded rather "Tennysonian" to me.

I smiled and let it go.

And there he is, an actor of high rank, and here I am still making actors. And it is a very big world and a good one, and life is a long road—and a good one; and one need not be too busy to remember the song that ends, "Love speaks kindly when it meets and parts."

Music in the Movies

(*Continued from page 66*)

it. This is a Columbia record.

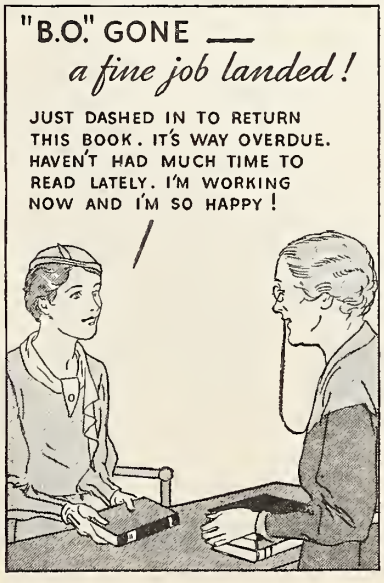
Ben Bernie is our next entertainer, with "Well, Well, Well," a typical Bernie number with the old maestro holding forth in all his glory and with all of his trick vocal. He has some excellent support by the orchestra. The other side gives us "Down Where the South Begins," which I don't think you will find as entertaining as the preceding offering. This is a Brunswick record.

"A Shine On Your Shoes" is next from the show "Flying Colors." In this record we also hear "Louisiana Hayride" from the same show. Roger Wolfe Kahn and his orchestra do the work very nicely. The other side finds "It Don't Mean a Thing" and it will demonstrate that he has an excellent band. This is a Columbia record.

"Lucky Little Accident" comes to us now by Victor Arden, Phil Omen and their orchestra featuring piano work by this famous duo. Scrappy Lambert does the vocal work. The other side, by the same outfit, is "I'll See You in the Morning," a much smoother number, which I like better. This is a Victor record.

NO JOB — WAS THIS THE REASON? — *by Timmins*



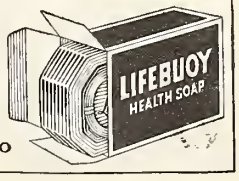


Don't let "B.O." stand
(body odor)
between you and your job

APPLICANTS are many, positions scarce, employers critical. Don't miss out on the job you're seeking—*don't risk the job you have*—by carelessness about "B.O." (*body odor*). Play safe—bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. Its fresh, clean, quickly-vanishing scent tells you Lifebuoy is no ordinary toilet soap, gives *extra* protection. Its rich, hygienic lather purifies and *deodorizes* pores—stops "B.O."

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A fresh, clear skin helps you make a good impression. Use Lifebuoy—its bland, searching lather *deep-cleanses* pores—makes dull complexions radiant with health.



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When a woman uses DEW regularly, she knows that her garments are free of untidy damp spots, stains that ruin fabrics and perspiration odor.

DEW comes in a beautiful dressing table flask. With the improved, sanitary applicator, DEW may be applied in a moment. It dries quickly... takes effect immediately. Use DEW as often as needed. Unfortunately, very many women do not fully realize the important relationship between love, pleasant scents and disagreeable odors. The coupon below will bring you free—in a plain envelope—an interesting confidential booklet on the subject. Mail the coupon today.

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Instant DEW may be applied at any time—day or night—while you dress.

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Send me your FREE, confidential booklet.

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Address.....

City.....*State*.....

Goofy

(*Continued from page* 46)

"Oh, my brother's a smart boy, all right. He invented a fly paper that's the best in the world on account of it already has the flies on it when you buy it. My brother says his fly paper is futilitarian, and when my brother says a thing it's usually wrong, so he must be right, don't you think?"

"I THOUGHT I'd like an aspirin on account of because I was getting so dizzy, don't you think?" Gracie went on; she's like a steamroller, nothing can stop her when she gets started.

"My brother, he's the type of fellow who never buys a suit with two pairs of pants because he only has one belt. He's awful clever. One day he bought a suit with two pairs of pants so he had to throw the belt away. Ha, ha, ha, ha. So he wears the extra pair of pants to hold up his other pants. . . . Excuse me while I take another bite of this liver and bacon. I like liver on account of it makes me think of calves and that's very romantical."

George seized the opportunity to talk while her mouth was full.

"Say, Gracie, your brother's looking kind of pale lately."

"Uh, huh. I asked him why he didn't go out and get some of that nice fresh air so's he could have rosy cheeks. He said he had yet to see an eagle with rosy cheeks. Say, my brother's the only man living without a profile."

"Say, Gracie, how do I recognize your brother?"

"If you see a man on the street with his hand in another man's pocket, that's my brother."

"What color's his hair?"

"Honest, I don't know. He never takes off his toupee."

GEORGE put his foot in Gracie's mouth and got a chance to talk. "I'll tell you the truth," he said. "Gracie's brother is smarter than she is. Use your own judgment. . . . Say, Gracie, why don't you order something for our guests? We got a room full of people."

Gracie studied the menu handed her by the hotel waiter.

"I guess we'll all have chicken patty."

"But," I protested, "I don't like chicken patty."

"Oh, that's all right. You have to have it on account of that's the only thing on the menu I can read. . . . You know, my brother would have developed into a good detective because when he was a kid he always found things that nobody lost. My mother says he'd be an awful trial to her only she don't believe in goin' to court."

George stuffed the carpet in Gracie's mouth. George: "Did you know that Gracie has an uncle? Oh, yes. Almost as smart as her brother. He once sent his shirt to the laundry and Gracie's brother came back because he was in the shirt. When brother came back Gracie took one look and returned him to the laundry. By the way, if you ever see a man with a collar button, that's Gracie's brother. He sometimes puts on the button and forgets the shirt."

"My brother says don't ever spell his name in italics on account of he can't read foreign languages," said Gracie, pulling the carpet out of her mouth and chewing on a tack. "You know my uncle isn't a well man at all. He's been confined for a number of years."

Gracie got up and left the room and a heavenly quiet ensued. A lawyer came in and Eugene Conrad, the Burns and Allen gagman, arrived with two other men. All proceeded to work on the script for a broadcast. The gags flew thick and fast with George Burns standing up and acting them all out. Some he accepted as "colossal," others he discarded as "ouselay." (Lousy.)

George Burns is one of the few comedians who actually writes much of his material for the air, the stage and the movies. Yet he insists that credit go to his gagmen.

It was Burns who developed the silly giggle and inane manner of his wife, Gracie, to the point where they are part of the national humor. They've been married and working together for a number of years and get along ideally because they adore one another. She's very thin and quite small and her weakness, second only to George Burns, is Japanese kimonos.

THEIR apartment seems to be the rendezvous for the famous of Broadway. All day long and until four in the morning guests come in a steady stream, bringing new gags and coming to hear new ones. Gracie Allen and George Burns are riding the crest of the country's adulation and nowhere are the successful more admired and loved than on Broadway.

George and Gracie can look back to the time when Broadway didn't know about them and cared less to find out. But they're not the type to stop and look back.

Their lawyer, who adores them with a sincerity surprising in so calloused a professional man, pampers and scolds them. He says they are entirely too altruistic; they care more to develop an idea than to commercialize it. He scolds them for not asking for more money and they grin like children, listening and forgetting in the next instant. He scolds them for spending too much money and they listen and grin and forget about it the next moment. They're happy and they intend to stay that way, money or no money.

IN real life Gracie, the big silly of the radio—in fact, the silliest thing on the air—is level headed. She is much more practical than her husband. Yet, put her in front of a microphone and she changes completely. Her tongue starts wagging and half the time she *ad libs* and gets much funnier than her scripts call for. When she starts talking about her brother, strong men shake with laughter and weak women roar, she has that effect on people! Gracie has got to the stage now where that nutty brother is as real to her as if he actually existed.

"My brother," she'll tell you, "never learned to read because he was afraid of eye-strain. My radio announcer likes my brother very much. He says he's picked up the Governor in Albany and the President in Washington and sometime he's going to pick my brother up in the gutter. My brother's been in jail but he went because he likes to ride in the patrol wagon."

Dear readers: This interview now comes to a good end which we hope won't happen to Gracie's brother.

Because . . . Mae West Isn't Diamond Lil

(*Continued from page* 41)

story of a girl who plays sexy roles without the refinement of Ruth Chatterton, who makes a bad woman bad when she plays a bad woman, yet who worshiped her mother to the day of her death, and who is clannish when it comes to her family.

BEVERLY, who looks very much like Mae, was more than eager to talk about her sister. "No one," she said wistfully, "seems to have bothered about Mae as she really is. They all write about how hard-boiled she is. They write about what they think must be her real life, based on what they know of her stage life. And they are far from the truth.

"Why don't they write about how Mae is up every morning at nine, working like a slave all day?

"Why don't they tell how she works until long past midnight studying her characters and writing plays and books with authentic backgrounds?"

We suggested that maybe it was because no one had troubled to tell the public about Mae—and that started Beverly off on her favorite topic, her sister.

"A lot of people censure Mae for wearing the extreme clothes she does," said Beverly, settling herself cozily into a huge chair. "The idea of wearing extreme clothes was mother's. She was French and had worked as a stylist, so she naturally believed in dressing originally. Mae was always voluptuous looking, even as a little girl, so mother told her to wear clothes that showed off her figure. Long before European styles became fashionable over here, mother bought Paris clothes for Mae."

Beverly, pausing to reflect on the matter of clothes, began to laugh. "It's strange," she said, "what ideas clothes will give people. The fact that Mae wore extreme fashions gave them the idea that she was fast. I suppose mother knew this and that's why she kept an eagle eye on Mae all the time. She didn't have to, though, for Mae's whole life centered about mother and mother's wishes.

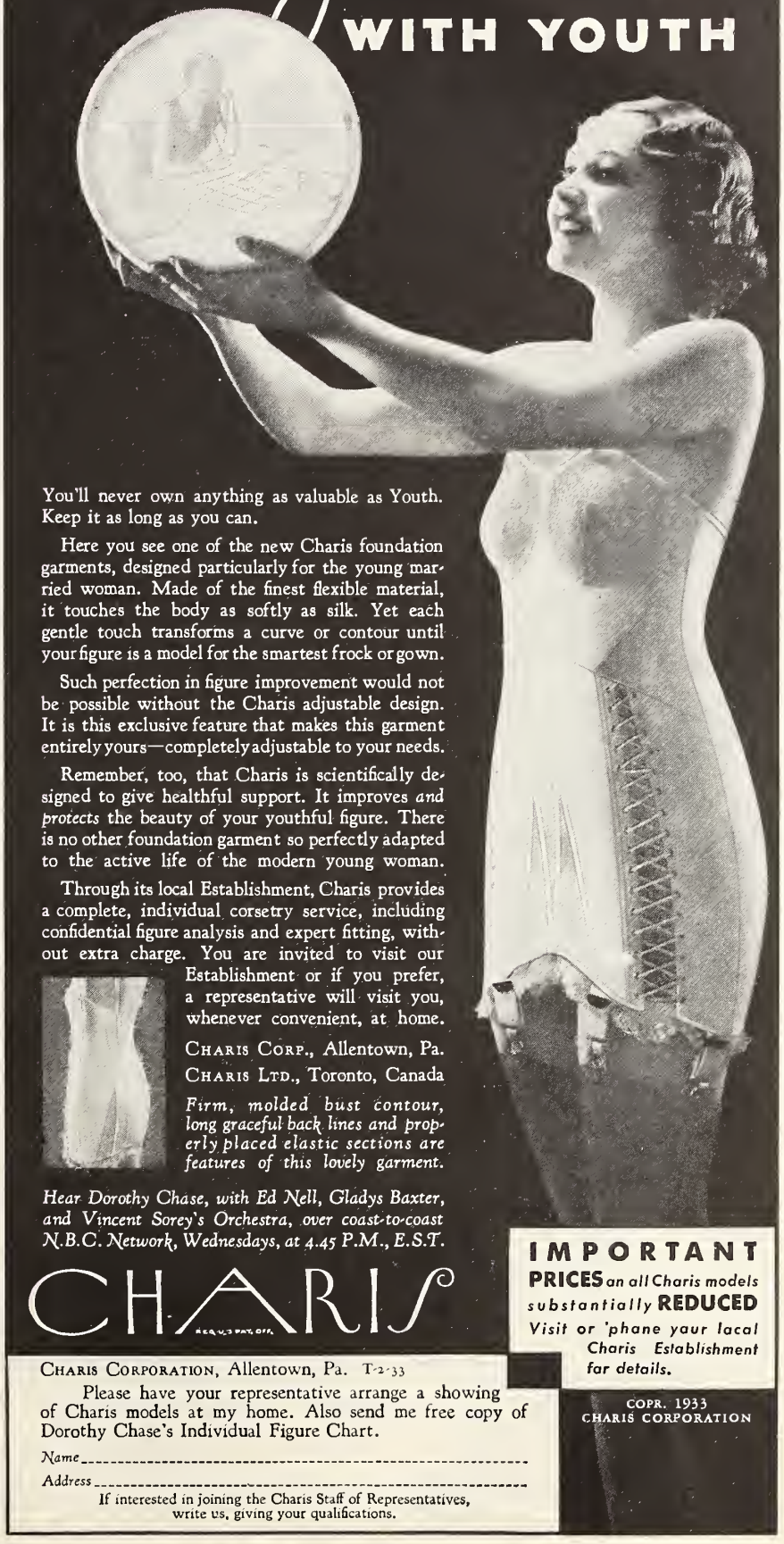
"About three years ago mother died." Beverly closed her eyes as if to exclude the idea from her conscious self. "If those who think Mae is hard-boiled could have seen her then, they would have changed their minds. She forgot all about her career. She dropped all of her plans for tours throughout the country and came rushing back to New York to be with mother. That's a side of Mae that no one outside of the family has seen. It's a side she keeps jealously hidden from the public. She doesn't believe in disillusioning them."

AS Beverly talked we had flashes of Mae as the public knows her. Mae saying "Hello, kid, been insulted lately?" And Mae whisking sexily through a room or stopping to put heat into a love scene.

"Mae," her sister said, "started being a professional when she was twelve. She never did care to play with other

(*Please turn to page* 94)

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Because . . . Mae West Isn't Diamond Lil

(*Continued from page* 93)

children; they seemed silly to her. By the time she was twelve Mae was playing in a stock company. She had studied dramatics but what she preferred was singing and dancing. And"— she was very emphatic— "even as a little girl Mae's character songs were risqué. She knew she looked voluptuous and she knew that she should do something in keeping with her appearance. Mother realized that a career was one thing, private life another, so she agreed with Mae.

"You hear about so many girls having been discovered by Ziegfeld," Beverly said with a gentle hint of sarcasm. "Mae was really discovered by him. He liked her appearance and her frank way of singing sexy songs and the way she danced, so he featured her in the Folies Bergère. Mother used to meet her backstage and take her home. In those days Mae had a tutor because she didn't have time to go to school.

"After Ziegfeld, she played at Hammerstein's theater on Broadway and Forty-second Street. She knew her stuff was good when Hammerstein held her over for six weeks—quite a success in those days."

THE telephone rang and Beverly got up to answer it. She came back grinning. "Someone wants Mae to look at a play he's written. Everyone in the theater knows she's a softy when it comes to helping. Mae thinks she's gotten along because she's helped others; they've gotten famous and in turn have helped her. It's a circle, see? And she's smart enough to know it."

Ever since the days when she helped a certain young man to fame, Mae has been known in the theater as a picker of winners. The story, as Beverly told it, is a study in human interest:

"Years ago when Mae was touring in vaudeville she needed a pianist to fill out her act," Beverly said. "She let the fact be known—things are done that way in the theater—not by advertising. Someone sent a good-looking young man up to see her. He could certainly play the piano. When he sat down that piano fairly sang. And he had a certain charm about him, too. Mae took a liking to him."

"One day," Beverly said, "he and Mae were talking and he started to sing a little. Then he blushed and looked up and stopped singing suddenly. He said he didn't like to sing because he had a slight lisp and he was afraid people would laugh at him. Mae didn't laugh. She'd liked the sample of his voice and she urged him to sing a few numbers. After he finished Mae looked him straight in the eyes and she told him he should be ashamed to keep that voice a secret. And she said his lisp was fascinating.

"'It won't be long,' Mae told him, 'when women will fall for that lisp and crave to hear it.'"

MAE WEST was a truthful prophet, for shortly afterwards the young man was snatched up by a Broadway producer and today he is one of the highest paid singers on the stage or on radio. His name is—Harry Richman.

"Why is it," we asked, "that Mae has never married?"

"I suppose," said sister Beverly, "you could say that Mae was selfish about her career. She believes you can't be a successful actress and have your mind and heart on something else. Marriage would take too much of her away from her work. She doesn't even like to devote herself to a romance because it interferes with her work. You must remember," cautioned Beverly, "that Mae isn't just an actress. She's a playwright, she produces and directs her own shows and looks after every little detail.

"When she produced 'Diamond Lil' David Belasco came backstage and congratulated her on the authenticity of everything in the play," said Beverly. "You don't suppose it's authentic because Mae is that type of woman herself, do you?

"She doesn't care for night clubs," said Beverly. "Mae never did go much for night life. And—believe it or not—most people think it's a fairy story—Mae doesn't drink or smoke. She guards her health; and her voice is husky enough without making it harsh from stimulants. I've had people tell me she's putting on an act about not drinking, but it's really true.

"I don't want you to get the idea," Beverly warned, "that Mae is a self-sacrificing home-girl who looks longingly at the kitchen stove and yearns to hear the kettle sing. She wouldn't cook if she had to and she despises housework of any kind. . . ."

A KEY was fitted into the latch and we heard sounds of someone blustering in. We looked up and there stood Mae, blonde and white and pink and shockingly small. She weighs only 118 pounds and seems one-third the size of her stage and screen self. Her neck is somewhat thick for her size and that gives her an appearance of stoutness which she does not actually have. Yet, small as she is, she seems the personification of physical appeal. One can see how, with the addition of a fake bust and bustle, she can be transformed into a seducer of men of thirty or more years ago.

Mae sat down on a divan and curled her legs under her.

"Do you think I'm bad?" she asked.

"People have come right up to me and said I couldn't play bad women without being bad myself or knowing and liking that kind of women. I'm going to be honest with you now! In all my life I've never met a really bad woman—and the reason I can make them so glamorous on the stage is because they're not real."

IT was a truism with which we could not argue. Mae West herself is not glamorous. Greta Garbo, Katharine Hepburn, Ruth Chatterton, Kay Francis—name any of the screen's exponents of glamour—they're not glamorous off-screen or offstage. They are all, as Beverly West put it, "nice girls who made good by hard work—and there isn't any glamour in hard work."

The Mystery of Marlene

(*Continued from page* 33)

Fairbanks and Charles Chaplin rave about it for an hour. They said, "This man is a genius; he will revolutionize pictures!"

Mr. von Sternberg was not ready for the revolution at the time, so he went to Germany, and when he returned he brought it with him in the perfect form of Marlene Dietrich. They had worked together over there, and here, great things were expected; no one was disappointed.

"Morocco" was a sensational film and it introduced new camera angles, sequences without driveling dialogue. It gave us a new and better Gary Cooper and, above all, Dietrich.

What happened? The country became Dietrich delirious. Garbo was not to be given time to say, "I tank I go home." She was to be replaced.

Film fans wrote more notes to the magazines than the late President Wilson wrote during the International Havoc. People raved so much about Dietrich's legs that I was tempted to round up a group of Follies girls and picket the theaters, carrying signs reading, "Give the home legs a chance!" "Buy American!" was then an unborn slogan.

PARAMOUNT preened the feathers in its cap and crowed lustily over its find—and then the "gossip gargglers" burst into activity. Dietrich and von Sternberg were inseparable! She ate every meal with him at the studio restaurant! Well, whom would she eat with? The gateman?

Gargle! Gargle! Gargle! "What can that beautiful creature see in that funny little man?" The fact that the little man turned her slender feet from the path of mediocre marks to the high-road of dreams and dollars couldn't explain her devotion and gratitude.

Mrs. von Sternberg probably had to read in the papers that her husband's affections had been alienated, but with the arrival of Miss Dietrich's husband and small daughter the alienation suit was swept off the front pages. For a while the star was permitted to do a little work, which, after all, was what she had come over to do.

Being a good actress and a fascinating personality is not enough to interest the public, according to the press agents. A campaign of mother-and-child publicity was launched for Dietrich; pictures of the two doing everything but taking a bath flooded the magazines. Our local gangsters took time off from hold-ups to read about the private life of the film favorite and forthwith laid a plan to kidnap the apple of the lady's beautiful eye.

They let her know of their plan in no uncertain manner. Fan mail was tossed aside while threatening letters from the pseudo-kidnapers were read with terror. The result was bars to throw depressing shadows from the sunlit windows of her Beverly Hills home and an armed guard that would do credit to Al Capone to mar the intimate picture of mother and daughter who were inseparable.

In every studio stars are balking at bad stories, and directors are refusing to direct films unless changes are made

(*Please turn to page* 96)

"She's pretty"—
"She's lively"—
"She's a good dancer"—



why on earth doesn't she..?

CAN you blame him for blaming her? For wondering why she doesn't do something about it?

A girl who has everything to make her popular, yet fails to "click"!

And the pity of it is, it's *her own fault, her own carelessness.*

It's hard to forgive a girl who has the ugly odor of underarm perspiration on her person and her clothing. For it is so easy to be always sweet and dainty—with Mum!

A quick fingertipful of Mum applied to each underarm when you dress—that's all there is to it. Just a little half minute and you're protected for all day or evening!

The beauty of Mum is that you can use it *any time.* For Mum is perfectly harmless to clothing, you know.

And it's soothing to the skin—so soothing you can use it immediately after shaving under the arms.

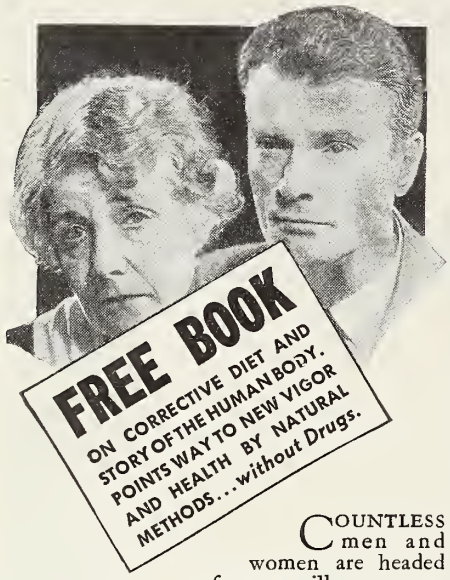
Remember, Mum does not interfere with natural perspiration. It just prevents its ugly odor. Don't let this disagreeable thing stand between you and popularity. Play safe with Mum. 35c and 60c at all toilet counters. Mum Mfg. Co., Inc., 75 West St., New York, N. Y.



MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

STILL ANOTHER WAY MUM HELPS WOMEN—As a deodorant for sanitary napkins Mum has the gratitude of countless women. It *insures* protection.

WAKE UP! DON'T LET CONSTIPATION WRECK YOUR LIFE!



COUNTLESS men and women are headed for grave illness as a result of internal poisoning due to intestinal delay. Many are already slaves to drug physics and laxatives, which cause serious irritation to vital organs. Yet the condition is easily corrected today by new natural methods.

LAXATIVE FOOD WITH VITAMINS

Overcomes Constipation by Getting at Cause

Your doctor will tell you that none of the drug physics and laxatives does anything to *end* constipation. They offer temporary relief, but never touch the real *cause*.

Today, however, we have the new laxative *food*, Edrolax, with Vitamins, which gets at the cause by providing what is missing in the modern diet.

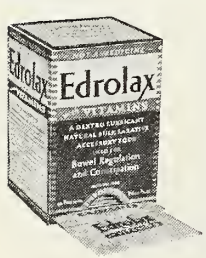
Rich in Vitamins B, A, E and G that aid digestion and elimination and fortify against disease, Edrolax is a scientific combination of rare lubricating products, agar-agar, dextrine and other naturally grown ingredients. It contains no medicines. It makes injurious physics unnecessary.



DANGEROUS EFFECTS OF CONSTIPATION

The weight of retained waste matter soon distorts stomach, causing serious disorders. Packing and swelling at right impedes movement and cause inflammation threatening appendicitis. Packing low down results in serious dyschezia.

CERTAIN RESULTS OR MONEY BACK



Try Edrolax on our money-back assurance. The medium size, price $1.25, contains 42 individual portions in sanitary envelopes, easy to take, convenient to carry. If your druggist can't supply you, mail coupon with $1.25 and we will ship postpaid. And if not delighted with results, after using half the box, return it and every cent promptly refunded. EDROS NATURAL PRODUCTS, Inc. Dept. 35. 132 West 31st St., New York, N.Y.

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Dept. 35, 132 West 31st St., New York, N.Y.

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☐ Enclosed is $1.25 for medium size Edrolax, prepaid, subject to your money-back guarantee.

Name .....

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City ..... State .....

Offer confined to United States

The Mystery of Marlene

(*Continued from page* 95)

to meet with their approval, but the von Sternberg-Dietrich rumpus over "Blonde Venus" had to be kicked around by the press until it finally got lost. After seeing "Blonde Venus" I regret that it could not have shared the same fate, for though the delightful Dietrich made Gulliver look like a statue by comparison with her travels while trying to keep her "cheeild," and did everything but a back flip to make the public forget the floundering plot, "Blonde Venus" was pretty bad.

We are used to seeing Venus without arms, but one without a leg to stand on—Ah, No! Mr. von Sternberg and "Messrs" Paramount, you ain't done right by our Marl!

SEVERAL months ago Ye Editor asked me if I could write a story about Marlene Dietrich and I had to decline with regrets, and real ones, because I had never met her. I had watched her eat at the studio, which she does very daintily, but I didn't consider that the basis of the sort of article I like to write.

So the subject was dropped, but being one of her ardent fans (which you may have gleaned) I still hoped that one day our paths would cross. Last week they met and we stopped to talk somewhere between El Mirador Hotel and the pool at Palm Springs.

Perhaps I dreamed it? Ah, no! It all comes back to me now. I had gone down there to shake off old demon Flu. Devastating D. arrived, complete with husband, child, bodyguard and Maurice Chevalier. They walked into the Poolside restaurant as we were finishing lunch, which was a bit of luck; if they had arrived earlier no one would have eaten any lunch!

I say they walked in, but on that first entrance *she* might as well have been walking alone, so concentrated was the attention paid to her well-tailored gray suit, with its padded shoulders above which perched the small, well-shaped head in its halo of gold and topped by what was a cross between a beret and any modern woman's chic hat.

I spoke to Maurice, who was charming as usual, but had a sort of a "Don't ask me" expression in his eyes. I thought it meant, "Don't ask me why she wears them," but the next day I learned the truth.

He was standing gazing at the mountains which surround our favorite week-end resort. As he stood leaning against a pillar in front of his bungalow he looked so at peace with the world it seemed a shame to wake him, but I did, by yelling, "Camera!"

He greeted me and we talked about the weather. After dragging the climate around for a few moments I got up courage enough to say, "I'd like to write a story about Dietrich, but I've never met her and—" I got no further.

"You would like her, Elsie," he said, "and she would like you, if she got to know you. But I couldn't introduce anyone to her down here. She is worn out and very nervous, and she is just here to rest, and . . ."

Maurice was saved the embarrassment of tangling himself in a web of more explanations by the arrival of dashing D. herself, followed by her pleasant and very easy-to-look-at husband.

Far from appearing worn out, she seemed to be literally walking on the desert air, which though famed for its buoyancy, is not *that* powerful. Hatless, her golden crown waving in the breeze, she approached. Dressed in faultless white flannels, a lemon-colored turtle neck sweater covered her very feminine chest. She was also wearing a broad smile. In fact, she was the girl whose picture I had seen in 1929.

NOTING that she was not going to make a detour, which would have been simple, Maurice said, "I will introduce you to her right now!" He did, and then started to explain me—"Miss Janis was the first beeg star I——"

Diplomatic D. made me quite proud when she interrupted him, saying in that unforgettable cello voice, "I know, I know—" She smiled at me through a curtain of half-inch lashes and turned to her husband. "It is quite cold, I think we should have coats," she said. "You too, Maurice!"

The two men excused themselves and left us. We also dallied with the climate for a moment, then I said, "I want to write an article about you and your trousers. I think I understand just how you feel about them. I used to wear them a great deal on the stage."

"I know," she said. My chest expanded; she really had heard of me, then?

"It's funny," she continued, "the excitement about them, but I think people are getting used to them now." Obviously she has no idea of hiding behind anybody's shirt.

"It's silly to say that my trousers caused any trouble between Joe von Sternberg and me. He always liked me in them, and he knew I always liked them. They are more comfortable; one may walk better. When I first came here, we would be going to see a picture or something—I would say I suppose I must change to a dress and Joe it was who said 'No, you can go as you are.' So I went."

"AND why not?" said I, going right into my pro-pants speech. "At least, you are not flaunting the much-advertised legs. I think that's what they're complaining about!"

She laughed and glanced down at the beautifully creased offenders. Her lashes lay like small black feather fans upon her rougeless cheeks. She raised them again and I thought she must be pretty strong to do that!

"They save a lot of money—trousers," she said.

Maurice and friend husband returned. The car was waiting. "I shall see you again, I hope," she said, punctuating the phrase with a firm handclasp. I hope she hopes so for she is one of the most attractive people I've ever met. What does it matter what she wears? It isn't so long ago that a lady couldn't smoke, drink or go on the streets alone. In fact, being a lady was about the hardest life a gal could choose! Which brings us to the vital question— When is a lady not a lady? And I say— When she has to remind people that she is one . . .

Queen Mae

(*Continued from page* 55)

I'd like to do a story with you, Mae, for the July issue. That being the hottest month I figured it sort of appropriate. Anyhow I'll be around to have my fortune told. Until then—

Tout a vous—H. H.

P. S. They tell me that twenty-five pounds of you in that picture was pads. How about autographing a pound for a pal?

OH, Mae. I can't help advising you. Must be the paternal in me or something. For Gossakes, Mae, don't turn on us now and become a Hollywood Lady. Don't go dramatic. Or demand Sympathy. Or talk about your friends among the Royalty. Give us a New Deal like Mr. Roosevelt. We're so oppressed with dukes and countesses and bawths and sicrtries and artistes striving for Higher Things. And sophisticates who talk like fallen ladies are supposed to but don't. Say nothing of Garbo imitations. Actually, Mae, you are the first gal arriving in Hollywood in a long time who hasn't tried to copy Greta. For that reason you are most like her essentially. I mean, you are yourself. And *now* will you tell my fortune?

Latest Arrivals in The Hall of Fame.

Miss Diana Wynyard from "Cavalcade."

Mr. Buster Crabbe, King of the Jungle, accompanied by Jackie the Lion.

Miss Ruth Donnelly after handling "Hard to Handle" Cagney.

Mr. Franchot Tone, arriving the day after "Today We Live."

Miss Ruby Keeler from "42nd Street."

Master Leroy Winebrunner, 8 months' old picture bandit, after taking Chevalier for a ride in "A Bedtime Story."

Mr. Brian Aherne, leading man with Katharine Cornell, will probably arrive in the gallery of the great with "The Song of Songs." If he proves as lyrical as his name he should achieve romantic heights. It easily takes the prize for euphony, pronounced with the Irish cadence: Bree-AHN Ah-HERN.

(*Please turn to page* 98)

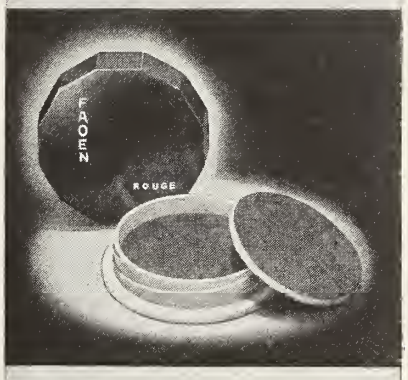


With Paramount grabbing all that publicity for Marlene's pants, I suggested at M-G-M that Wally Beery be trotted out in one of Adrian's cute little frocks.

FAOEN BEAUTY AIDS at 10¢ are a Revelation in Quality



Science Proves Faoen Face Powder, Lip-Stick and Rouge —in Convenient 10¢ Sizes —Equal the Quality of $1 to $3 Brands





Can Faoen Rouges give you the same loveliness as the most expensive rouges? Can Faoen Face Powder duplicate the flattering charm of dollar-or-more powders? Those are natural questions for you to ask. And here is the answer—from the report of a famous Research Laboratory:

"every Faoen product tested is as pure and fine as products of like nature sold for $1, $2 and $3."

Your *first* trial of any Faoen Beauty Aid will be your *final* proof!

PARK & TILFORD'S
FAOEN
(FAY-ON)
Beauty Aids

10c *each at*
F. W. Woolworth Co. Stores

CLEANSING CREAM • COLD CREAM • SKIN TONIC • LOTION • FACE POWDER • ROUGES • PERFUMES





ESTHER RALSTON, famous Screen Star and Beauty authority whose exquisite hands first won her fame.

"EASY to apply and so SMART" says *Esther Ralston*

Moon Glow
Liquid Nail Polish

...and other Moon Glow requisites for perfect nail care are the choice of *discriminating* women everywhere. No finer quality can be had at any price!

5 Beautiful Shades

Natural...Medium...Rose...Carmine ...Platinum Pearl. The Smoothest, most lustrous, most *lasting* polish you have ever used.

Other Moon Glow Items:

Liquid Cuticle Oil
Liquid Cuticle Remover
Liquid Polish Remover
Paste Nail White
Liquid Nail White
Manicure Aids... Containing orange stick, emery boards, cotton, and brushes.

"Ask for a generous size bottle at your favorite ten cent store."

HOLLYWOOD MOON GLOW NAIL POLISH

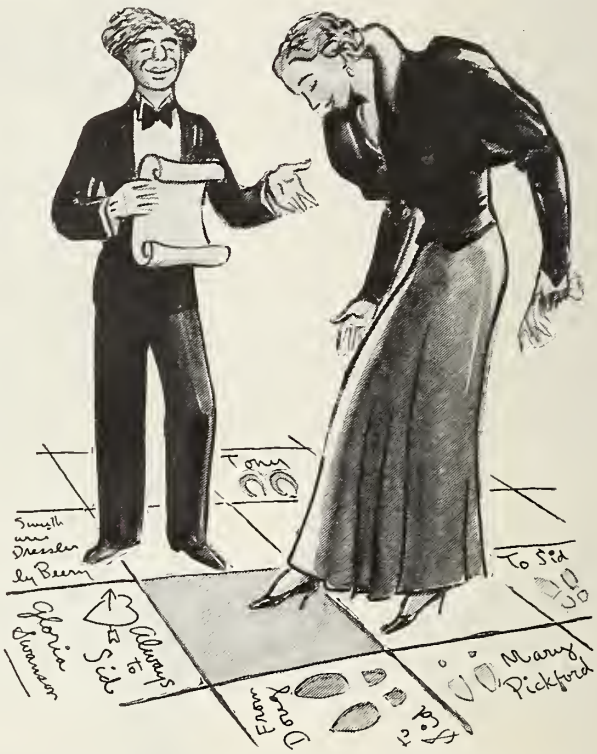
Moon Glow Cosmetic Co., Ltd.
HOLLYWOOD CALIFORNIA

Queen Mae

(*Continued from page 97*)

MISS DIANA WYNYARD has already joined the company of Hollywood's Immortals. She has been footprinted in the forecourt of Grauman's Chinese theater. The ceremony attending the pedal impression was marked by a hands-across-the-sea feeling—England's "God Save The King," Hollywood's "Let's Put Out The Lights," and a stirring eulogy of Miss Wynyard's genius by Mr. Sid Grauman, at the conclusion of which he inquired her name, having failed to make a note of that.

While Miss Wynyard was solemnly sinking into the wet cement I ambled about under the cocos plumosas and the jasper-hued canopies making notes of the famous feet that had preceded hers. There were Mary Pickford's, of course. And not far away a block imprinted by Marie Dressler and Wally Beery and scrawled, rather unfortunately it seemed to me, "America's New Sweethearts." Jackie Cooper's block had a mortuary aspect with the inscription, "Jackie Cooper, America's Boy, Age 8 years." Beside Gloria Swanson's sharply indented heels was a pierced heart and the words "Always to Sid." There were tracks of many other great artists, including those of Tony, Tom Mix's horse. Meditating on the evanescence of screen fame I found solace in the thought that here in this solid concrete their names would be preserved forever for posterity. That is, I did until told that the blocks were removable and would be taken up when their box office receipts fell off.



And now Diana Wynyard has put her foot down in the Movie Hall of Fame.

ONE line from "Cavalcade" keeps rippling oddly through my memory. Perhaps it was the beauty of the childish inflection. It was spoken by the little boy on the balcony as he observed Queen Victoria's bier: "She must have been a very little lady, Mother."

Incidentally, I have never heard English spoken more beautifully than by those children.

"CAVALCADE" has a special value for us Americans in defining more clearly those precious traits of English character: dignity, courage, justice, loyalty. For the first time, I think, I felt a twinge of filial affection for Mother England.

Before I go further I'd better announce that the Come-On Inn over whose passing I whimpered so pathetically a couple of months ago did not pass out after all. It was saved from the brink, I gather, by the opportune return of Malcolm McGregor. The following tart note offering me choice of pistols or potato mashers came from Betty, the chatelaine, who trundles the trays while Hattie, my true love, stuffs peppers in the kitchen.

"What do you mean by saying the Come-On Inn has closed up? It is wide open and doing nicely." (Permit me to interpose at this point that by wide open she doesn't mean wet) "So you better correct it in the next number of the NEW MOVIE. Maybe you think because you haven't been in here for some time we had to close but Malcolm McGregor is back in pictures so you can see we fooled you because we still have him. . . . Love and Kisses—Betty."

Dear Betty:

I am glad to hear that Mal is enjoying such a good appetite. I hope he will keep the Come-On Inn thriving for many years, just as I did until the soup kitchens opened. Wistfully—Herb.

EVERY lot has its pet. Clark Gable is the sweetheart of M-G-M. He's as popular off screen with the

boys as he is on with the girls. For that matter, no one has heard the girlies screaming at his approach in the flesh.

YESTERDAY four publicity whip-poorwills surrounded me in Howard Strickling's office and started twittering on the theme of What-An-Athlete Gable. Seems he started shooting golf at 118 and in less than three months was shooting 84. Learned to ride a year ago and now goes over precipices like the Italian cavalry. Tennis—boy! if he wasn't such a gentleman he'd show Helen Wills. He lunches and pals with props, electricians and even press agents, not because he's trying to be democratic but because he would improve. You can't learn anything lunching with actors, Lord knows. He detests premieres and only attends to oblige the publicity boys. Two of them have to steer him through the crowds, otherwise he'd get lost signing autographs. He's got a grin like the sun o'er the Sierras. Starts calling you by your nickname before you know he knows it and, all in all, has the friendly approach that would make him a whale of a panhandler.

I DROVE down on the back lot to see ol' pal Gable do his stuff in "The White Sister." You need a car to get around the M-G-M acreage. I drove through a street lined with breweries, respectfully removing my hat as I did so—where Jimmy Durante made "What—No Beer?"—and on past a railroad station with real pullman coaches on real tracks that connect by outside switches with the P. E. main line—so real they catch actors trying to bum rides back to New York.

I saw Clark's brown Packard roadster in front of a very old Italian convent which is the very last place you'd expect to find Mr. Gable's car. Entering the gate I passed through a quiet courtyard blooming with flowers that looked so natural I couldn't believe they were paper even after pinching them. Clark was in Italian uniform, which makes any man handsome so you can guess what it does to him.

"Hello!" he called with that ingratiating air that will mint dimes if he ever has to make touches.

"The boys have been telling me what a great athlete you are," I said when he ambled over.

"Hope you haven't come to make me prove it."

"No. Just wanted to see if by any chance you were an actor, too."

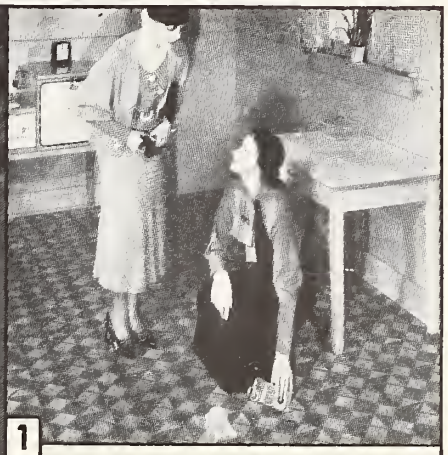
"No," he echoed beaming. "Can prove that in a minute."

WITH Paramount grabbing all that publicity for Marlene's pants I suggested at M-G-M that Wally Beery be trotted forth in one of Adrian's little frocks. The objection to that was it would just be augmenting the Dietrich publicity. On the contrary, I argued, it would be kidding the pants off Marlene. Surely a worth while achievement. And that's what it did. Wheeler and Woolsey flounced skirtishly into the Brown Derby for lunch, and that evening Marlene was seen dancing at the Cocoanut Grove with her skirt on (fooled us).

When Cary Grant refused a cigarette, saying he didn't smoke, Mae West retorted: "Smoking *is* going to make a man look effeminate before long." So's wearing pants. I don't know how a man will assert his sex. About the only way is for him to dress like Tarzan. *Then* if the girls copy . . . Well!

Watch me MAKE THIS FLOOR BEAUTIFUL WITH ONLY 10 MINUTES WORK





1 *First* I pour a little Glo-Coat right onto the clean floor (an ounce or two at a time).



2 *Then* I spread the Glo-Coat over the surface like this. I don't have to rub it in or polish it.



3 (*20 minutes later*) See, the floor looks like new! Glo-Coat has given it a hard, gleaming polish while we were out.

NO RUBBING OR POLISHING!

● This marvelous new floor polish Glo-Coat will make your floors bright and beautiful without any rubbing or buffing. Simply wipe it over the floor like water. In less than 20 minutes it dries with a hard, clear polish that resists wear. Glo-Coat is wonderful for linoleum, rubber tile, varnished or painted floors. Send 10c for trial can, enough for small kitchen or bathroom.

GLO-COAT

BY THE MAKERS OF JOHNSON'S WAX



S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc., Dept. TM5 Racine, Wisconsin

Enclosed is 10c. Please send me a generous trial can of your new easy-to-use floor polish, GLO-COAT.

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ANNOUNCING
the new
COMBINATION
PACKAGE of

LOTUS
SANITARY
NAPKINS

AND

LOTIRIS

a positive powder deodorant
for dusting on sanitary napkins

●

THE Federal Trade Commission has ruled that no Sanitary Napkin Manufacturer has the right to claim that his napkin has any deodorizing qualities. We are therefore giving Lotus Buyers a positive deodorizing agent, LOTIRIS.

●

FOR personal hygiene for women the Lotus & Lotiris combination package is the last word in Feminine Daintiness at no extra cost to you.

In each package of Lotus Sanitary Napkins there is an envelope of Lotiris Deodorant—sufficient for dusting on sanitary napkins.

Also in each package is a circular giving full particulars of the numerous uses of Lotiris for Personal Hygiene.

Lotus Sanitary Napkins are the same high quality made under the most sanitary conditions.

With Lotus and Lotiris you have the utmost in sanitary protection.



6 LOTUS 10¢
SANITARY NAPKINS

15¢ in the far West and Canada

SOLD BY
F.W. WOOLWORTH CO.

Hollywood Cook-Coos

(*Continued from page* 43)

intend to veer away from masculine adaptations. They are unbecoming to most women. Dietrich just happens to look chic in men's clothes."

WHILE the nation mourns Dietrich's pants policy, let the sirens shriek and the bells ring for Jimmy Durante. What a psychologist! With the gals covering up their legs he decided to do the handsome thing. He heard about the new Twyel for Knickerslacks, or Boy Scout sports trousers, which masculine designers are trying to popularize for men. And Jimmy immediately ordered a pair. They show, for the first time, his inspiring limbs.

"I'll make 'em forgit to remember that Dietrich," pants Durante. "I'll heal the nation's wounds. I'm a man of destiny—the Hollywood Hitler. Whose nose?"

If conditions go from bad to worse, the Academy of M. P. Arts and Sciences will have to include an award for the best emotional acting by a visiting banker.

OF course, this isn't France. But all you kiddies should be delighted to hear that a French judge has decided movie audiences have as much right to boo as they have to applaud.

It might revive fun in the film cathedrals if customers felt at liberty to go further—boo each other's applause. And applaud each other's boos.

BELIEVE it or nuts—

Near-beer, mixed with epsom salts, is smeared on windows to get the effect of frosted windows for movie shots.

Wallace Beery is a telephone directory tearer-in-twoer.

A double climbs stairs for Herbert Marshall in long shots. He's lame.

Deaf mutes are hired to preview many feature pictures and write reports which are used in cutting the film for foreign silent versions.

Vic McLaglen was once a strong man in a circus.

Doug Fairbanks is wearing a monocle—and some very eloquent perfume. Not for just a day—but reek in and reek out.

Ernie Westmore, make-up expert for RKO, has a copy of an enactment by British Parliament in 1700 which declares:

> Anyone of whatever rank, profession or degree, whether virgin, maid or widow, that shall from the passage of this act impose upon, seduce, betray or lure into matrimony any of His Majesty's subjects by scents, paints, cosmetic washes, artificial teeth, false hair, Spanish wool, iron stays or bolstered hips, shall incur the penalty of the law in force against witchcraft, and such marriage shall stand null and void.

And moving pictures may ruin young minds. But that's nothing to what they do to old classics.

"Hollywood is fast becoming the dream of a cultural age fulfilled," reports an enthusiast.

Personally, we wouldn't go that far without an extra shirt. But we have picked up from here and there the following indications of an upward swerve:

"I spend most of my time off the set reading novels. They give me ideas."—Peggy Joyce.

"Studio executives consider jig-saw puzzles a menace to motion pictures."—Trade paper.

AND movie stars may not all be well informed. But there's certainly no doubt about their being well informed on.

Vital statistics—

One short scene in a Norma Shearer picture was re-photographed fifty-two times.

Gable has thirty-two turtle neck sweaters.

Tom Mix played in seventy-two flickers before he got screen credit.

Thelma Todd's bed is a special—eight feet wide and nine feet long.

When Virginia Bruce and Jack Gilbert get in a tiff she drives two hun-

The New Way to Sketch Stars

The New Movie Magazine will award $25 to the reader who makes a typewriter sketch, selected as the best, of the picture of Greta Garbo appearing on Page 30 in this issue, $10 for the second best and ten $1 prizes for the ten next best.

The judges will be John Held, Jr., the artist, Frederic Arnold Kummer, the author, and the editors of this magazine.

No employe of Tower Magazines, Inc., or anyone related to any employe is eligible to receive an award.

Any material submitted, if selected by the committee for publication, automatically becomes the property of this magazine. We will not be responsible for the safe return of material submitted.

This contest will close June 10th, 1933, at midnight. Entries received after that time will not be considered.

All type-sketches must be made from the Garbo photograph appearing on Page 30.

Submit all entries to the Type-Sketch Editor, The New Movie Magazine, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

dred miles alone in the car to cool off.

There have been an average of thirty-eight film star divorces annually for the last three years.

More than two hundred fugitives from justice have written to studios, after seeing the chain gang picture, offering film material.

Thirty-four down and out actors live together in a Hollywood loft, and they feed one hundred others daily.

And plenty of leading women are leading men.

Monthly intelligence test—

The function of what studio department is to keep out of the papers everything except what didn't happen?

What female star recently celebrated her Golden Divorce?

Why are all published interviews, which explain that acting ability is what really counts, decorated with a photograph showing her legs?

Interviews in which gals explain that acting ability is the only thing that really counts are decorated with photographs of what part of the gal's anatomy?

Be that as it may, a lot of stars certainly come down to earth in their divorce complaints.

All hail to Hollywood's bright chorus
Which rings out high and rings out low:
"Oh yes, I'm getting a divor-us;
"But he's the nicest man I know."

Variety reports—

"Granting of honorary military titles to femme film celebs has drawn a thumbs-down attitude from the War Department, which has notified reserve officers that the practice must stop."

It's an outrage! The press agents should carry their case to the World Court.

And then there was the press agent who lost his job because he couldn't keep a secret public.

DON'T BE LATE!

Your favorite magazines are on sale five days earlier now and we're warning you that lots of other women want copies, too . . . so hurry.

BUY YOUR COPY OF . .

HOME MAGAZINE

THE NEW MOVIE

ILLUSTRATED LOVE MYSTERY

on the 10th of every month instead of the 15th . . . you have five days less to wait!

It's the YOUNGER GIRLS *that* WEEP



Older WISER WOMEN *don't have* GRAY HAIR

Today Gray Hair presents no problem. Women who do not want it, do not have it.

A few minutes spent in applying a clear, colorless liquid (called Mary T. Goldman's) is all that any woman need do to free herself forever from graying hair.

Like *magic* this water-white fluid brings about the transformation. Where gray strands once streaked the hair, youthful color comes. New lustre, life and loveliness again become cherished possessions,—a glorious reality for your hair.

It is all so simple that millions do it successfully. No experience is needed, nor do you have to employ the services of a trained expert. You use it at home, by yourself, alone. Merely comb the treatment through your hair. Soon color comes—warm and soft, rivaling nature's own handiwork.

There is nothing artificial looking in the beauty which Mary T. Goldman's brings to your hair. Regardless of the original shade of your hair (whether black, brown, auburn or blonde), it can be matched successfully—so successfully that detection need never be feared.

The treatment is entirely safe to use. Medical authorities have pronounced it harmless to hair or scalp. No SUSCEPTIBILITY TEST IS REQUIRED BEFORE USE AS WITH MANY HAIR COLORING PREPARATIONS. The color will not rub off on linens or hat linings. Your hair can be curled or waved just as always.

For more than 50 years, since Mary T. Goldman first developed this prized secret of beautiful hair, women have been using this famous treatment for freedom from gray. To millions it has brought the happiness of lustrous, youthful-looking hair again. It will do the same for you.

Mary T. Goldman's can be secured at your drug or department store. The proper shade for your hair will be marked plainly on the bottle. A bottle secured today, will soon demonstrate to you how needless it is to have gray hair—and how surprisingly simple and easy it is to have again the youthful color you once prized so highly.

AMAZING
New Development Gives
"COLOR CONTROL"

From the laboratory of one of America's leading scientists comes this startling improvement. Now, with the Mary T. Goldman product, you can control the shade and color to a point where results will rival nature's own handiwork. No dangerous dyes. No skin tests. A greatly simplified and ENTIRELY SAFE method. To millions of women, Mary T. Goldman's is the only product *simple* and *safe* enough for SUCCESSFUL *home use.*

SINGLE LOCK TEST-PACKAGE FREE!

If you prefer to test it before trying it on your hair, we will gladly mail you a sample. Simply sign and mail the coupon.



MARY T. GOLDMAN'S
COLOR FOR GRAY HAIR

Over Ten Million Bottles Sold

FOR *FREE* TEST PACKAGE

MARY T. GOLDMAN,
956 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State .....

✓ CHECK COLOR OF HAIR ✓

☐ LIGHT BROWN ☐ MEDIUM BROWN ☐ DARK BROWN
☐ BLACK ☐ LIGHT RED ☐ DARK RED ☐ BLONDE

$500.00 in Cash to be GIVEN AWAY

FOR THE BEST LETTERS

FIRST PRIZE	$150.00
SECOND PRIZE	75.00
THIRD PRIZE	25.00
50 PRIZES	*each* 5.00

JUDGES:
Miss Ruth Murrin....Good Housekeeping
Miss Virginia Schmitz..Tower Magazines

Everybody is eligible in this simple contest, except employees of the manufacturers of Lady Lillian Products and their families. The rules are simple. Merely write a letter, not over 25 words, about any Lady Lillian item, telling reasons why you like these world famous manicuring accessories. Enclose a label, cap or box cover taken from the item you write about. How well you present your reasons will count as will neatness, though entries may be written in pen, pencil or typed. Contest ends September 1st. All decisions will be final. In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded.

12 GREAT LADY LILLIAN ITEMS

About which you can write! They are known all over the world, and are sold in all Leading Chain and Drug Stores for only

10c Each!

1. Individual Nail Polish
2. Individual Polish Remover
3. Individual Cuticle Remover
4. Twin Set
5. Wonder Three Set
6. Sanitary Manicure Tube Set
7. Hand and Nail Compact Set
8. Complete Manicure Set
9. Eye Cosmetic Set
10. Eye Brow Brush
11. Cuticle Remover
12. Wonder Vanities

A Simple Statement Like This May Win a Prize For You!

"The Lady Lillian Complete Manicure Set at 10c gives me twenty BETTER complete manicures at a fraction of ordinary cost!"

This is the NEW

Lady Lillian

NAIL POLISH

Five Smart Shades

CLEAR
NATURAL
ROSE
DEEP
CRIMSON

10¢



Sold by Most F. W. WOOLWORTH *Stores*

If your favorite Chain or Drug Store does not handle any of the above listed *LADY LILLIAN* items, send 12 cents in stamps for each article you wish, to

NORTHEASTERN LABORATORIES
BOSTON Dept 15 MASS.

The Love Behind a Film Throne

(*Continued from page* 37)

in silence, and left without saying a word.

Norma, deeply touched by her mother's expression, did not return to work next morning.

THE future actress had absorbed through childhood many tales of the stage told by her mother's brother, who was an actor. He had married Gertrude Ritchie. They were successful, in Norma's words, "in an unspectacular way." Once during a long winter evening, Norma's aunt "made me up as an actress."

The little girl stood before a mirror and admired herself.

"Auntie—" she asked, "do you think that I might ever be an actress like you?"

"Yes, child." The woman hesitated. "You are just bound to get some place."

Ibsen was, to the petite Canadian girl, not even a name, but his great dictum, "Never be so mad as to doubt yourself," was even then a part of her life.

Poverty knocked louder and louder at every window of the Shearer home. Mrs. Shearer tried to obtain work as a dish-washer.

When this failed, there came a great decision. They would go to New York.

A sale was held at the Shearer home. Only a few things of value remained, among them a piano and a bulldog. Both were sold.

Norma said of the sale, "The piano was mine, and I felt very badly, but the money took us to New York." And then, "The last thing I hated to part with was the Boston bull." She sighed, "And before we left for New York, he ran away from his new owner and came back—I had to part with him all over again. His eyes were sad as a seal's when he left the second time, but he knew we couldn't take him."

The father stayed in Montreal with friends.

MRS. SHEARER and her two daughters reached New York and went to a rooming house at Eighth Avenue and 57th Street. It was owned by the sister of a woman friend who lived in Montreal. "It's the very devil of a dump," the woman told them, "but my sister's a good scout and she'll trust you." She was right in both cases.

There was a tumble-down bed, and an old cot in the room. The cot, with no mattress, sagged like an actor out of work. A worn piece of rug was used to cover its rusty springs. On this cot Norma and her sister took turns sleeping. Once, when they had gone to a picture show, they returned to find their mother asleep on the cot. They half dragged her to the bed.

That night it was Norma's turn to sleep on the rusty springs.

"I did not consider what I was going through as a hardship," said Norma, "I was thrilled, as were mother and sister, at something new."

There was one bathroom on each floor of the rooming house.

They carried their breakfast from a nearby store each morning, and used the top of an old wardrobe trunk as a table.

Norma soon found her few letters of introduction as useless as knowledge of life to a scenario writer.

She decided to go out on her own.

TAKING her mother and sister with her, she went to see Florenz Ziegfeld.

It was the first time in her life she had ever been at a loss for words.

All about the office were the pictures of his wife, Billie Burke. Enthralled, she gazed at the photographs.

That she would be in a similar position a dozen years hence was not for her to know. It may be just as well that the gates of heaven open slowly. They often close quickly enough.

"I was about sixteen," said Norma, "and I wore a mannish coat and carried a cane, and I had a man's hat. I thought I was pretty swank."

The man who lived in a negligee world had seen too many beauties come and go to be easily impressed when she told him how she might grace the Follies.

"Have you seen them?" he asked.

"No."

He pressed a button and ordered three seats reserved.

"Come back to me tomorrow," he suggested.

The next day she was back.

The secretary confided, "Mr. Ziegfeld is in a bad mood today. It would not be wise to see him."

Much water of trouble and despair had gone under her bridge in the year before she saw him.

He was practical as a widow's love.

"I can do nothing for you," he said. "You are not a dancer. You are not tall enough for a show girl." The



Exclusive New Movie Magazine photo by Ray Jones

Heather Angel, the new Hollywood star from the English stage, already settled down in Malibu, knitting. She confessed that she didn't knit the sweater she is wearing.

master of beauty clasped his hands in despair. Norma left, determined to try motion pictures.

THE next day she went to a leading agent, and was turned over to his assistant. He shrugged his light shoulders, looked at the confident girl, and asked, weary as a bachelor at a bigamist's wedding, *"Do you have to go into the movies?"*

"Oh, no—" was the quick retort, *"I can starve."*

"Oh, well," the tired youth drawled as he took her name and address, her age, the color of her eyes, and other rogue's gallery essentials.

In six weeks, Norma had a call. Ten girls were wanted. A hundred were asked to show up. Why they could not have called the ten they needed and not have disappointed ninety others is a problem for Einstein.

Norma remembered that a photographer had said to her a few days before, "You're not bad looking when you smile," and answered the summons.

The smallest in the gathering, she had difficulty in pushing her way into a position where she could be noticed.

With monotonous repetition, the chooser of beauty called—"Number five,"—and five more—"Number six,"—and four more—on and on—"Number nine,"—and one more—— By this time the girl from Canada was in the front-line trenches. The gentleman, whose sad duty it was to break ninety hearts to make ten glad for a day, started to select the tenth girl. Number ten and no more. The chosen girl stood demurely before him. The words died in his throat. He felt a warm current glow in his chilled heart.

"Wait," he called. Norma Shearer was smiling.

He looked at her again. The smile became larger.

"Number ten—and no more."

Glancing at the girl who had first been selected, he saw that she was crying. But that mattered not to an executioner of human emotions.

He did not see that the smiling Norma had been standing on tip-toe to attract his attention. He only knew that she had turned on the smile that later melted Irving Thalberg.

She reported for work.

Knowing no more about make-up than the German Kaiser about peace, she watched the other girls and did the best she could.

THE next picture in which she worked was *The Flapper*. The star was the lovely beauty of long ago—Olive Thomas.

It would help my story to say that the two beautiful fondlers of Poverty's unwanted baby became friends at once. But life is never as it should be—especially in the films.

Olive Thomas was born, a pathetic and vivacious flower of beauty, in a smoke-covered, drab Pennsylvania town. She found her way into the Follies—and later to death in Paris.

The principal thing that Norma Shearer, the extra girl, remembers of the one-time lovely star is that she overheard her say something "very shocking." It was strong enough to turn red the face of a radio crooner.

Another picture followed in which Miss Shearer played atmosphere.

She went through this film, and was asked by the assistant director to report for another.

Earning but five dollars a day and desperately needing it, she said grandly

(*Please turn to page* 104)

She Didn't Know What to Do!



She was positively upset every time she walked into the room . . . same monotony, same disharmony for years, and she didn't know what to do about it. She'd change things around—oh, plenty, until Jim grumbled he didn't know if he'd land on a chair or the floor when he sat down! And still they looked the same.

Other people . . . Mrs. Doane next door, for instance, could achieve such "effects," and such little money, too. But then, Mrs. Doane had studied home beautifying and she *knew*.

For you, Mrs. Jim, and lots of women similarly perplexed, Tower Magazines have arranged an inexpensive series on making your home lovely . . . harmony in color and design, news about fabrics and arrangement . . . how to transform your home into the background you want for yourself.

Write Today for Information

HOME BEAUTIFUL EDITOR

Tower Magazines Inc., 55 Fifth Ave., N. Y.



ENTICING EYES!

This new Beauty Trick gives them to you . . .

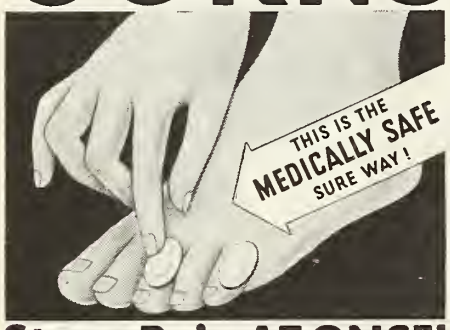
● DARK, heavy lashes give your eyes that certain "appeal,"—that sparkle and glamor so fascinating to men. But men dislike "made-up" lashes, heavy with mascara.

Winx—the NEW type mascara—always gives a completely NATURAL effect. It makes lashes look rich, dark and silken-soft. It goes on evenly. It stays on evenly. Never smears or flecks off.

Try this new beauty trick. Two forms—*Liquid Winx*, waterproof. *Cake Winx*, in the metal compact.

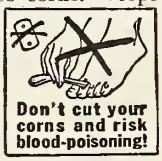
WINX

CORNS



Stops Pain AT ONCE!

You run no risk with Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads! This 100% safe, sure way ends pain at once and quickly removes corns. Stops the cause of corns, sore toes and blisters by cushioning and protecting the sore spot. You never tried anything so soothing and healing. Sold everywhere—cost but a trifle. Get a box today.



Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

Put one on—the pain is gone!

The Love Behind a Film Throne

(*Continued from page* 103)

to the assistant, "You know, Mr. Whosis—I really can't afford to work for less than a hundred dollars a week. These girls," she nodded pityingly toward the other marchers in the economic army of cinema woe, "may not be able to furnish their own frocks—but I am. That saves the company money." The gentleman, being an assistant director, didn't know a frock from a shroud. Nevertheless, a daring desperado of the arts, he started to walk away. Then Norma smiled.

He trembled where he stood.

She got the hundred a week, and pressed out her other two dresses that night.

Said Norma, of this period, "I never went out without make-up. I never wore rubbers or raincoats. I had one best costume no matter what the weather was like. *I always wore that.*"

It took a shrewd girl to observe that a pair of galoshes on a rainy day would kill the bud of romance in imbecile or poet.

The hundred a week lasted for the entire film—one week.

Only her indomitable will and slight body kept her from malnutrition.

She became an extra in Marion Davies' company.

It was a film that Robert Leonard directed and in which Conrad Nagel played the lead.

A FEW months ago, Norma, seated at a table with these men, heard them discussing the long-ago film. She joined in the conversation. In amazement, the two men looked at the girl who is now Miss Davies' chief rival on the M-G-M lot. "I was an extra in that picture," she said.

Her next job was that of an extra girl with Lillian Gish. David Wark Griffith directed.

One day she actually stepped up to Mr. Griffith. Slapping Mr. Hoover on the back before Al Smith would not have been more daring.

The great Griffith, heavy with aeons of ego, came from his lofty perch—when she smiled, and made her request.

"I really could not give you a test right now." He rumbled the words in precise, melo-dramatic dignity.

The smile hit him again.

"Your eyes," he said, trembling.

The great D. W. put on the armor of defense. "I'd go home, little girl," was the advice. Then the general of the army of shadowy emotions retreated from her smile.

When a picture in imitation of *The Miracle Man*, and called *The Stealers*, was being cast, she was asked to make a test for the lead. She had made scores of tests in her time. Like all lost battles, they came to nothing.

Being photographed correctly is still a problem for her. It was much greater when she was poor and unknown.

Her biggest chance had arrived, that of the lead in a film—if she could be made to photograph.

In spite of other failures, she went to have the test made.

It was successful.

She got the part.

THE picture was released and no one, at the time, paid any attention.

There followed the most dreadful period in the forceful girl's life.

Her pride had carried her beyond the lines where it was safe to retreat. She, who had been a star, could not safely become an extra again. She dared not go back. She was not allowed to go forward.

In confusion she made the one great mistake, and returned to Montreal.

"It was the most humiliating time of my life," she said. The memory of it still hurts her more than all else.

Many weeks passed in which they were too proud to explain.

A wire came from an agent. He had an offer for her from California.



Photo by Wide World

Your one-time crush, Norma Talmadge, as she is today, in white shirt and slacks, suntanning with the other well-knowns at Miami Beach, Florida.

Life looked brighter.

They returned to New York.

The offer fell through.

Rather dazed, Norma sat in a cheap restaurant, with money to pay for the meal, but none for the hotel.

Her brother, now director of sound at M-G-M Studios, had worked three years for a small wage.

He wired her all his savings.

She left the hotel and got a cheap room as of old.

She could still play a piano, and had taken her examinations at the Royal Academy of Music. All the next day, with her mother, in a teeming rain, she asked for work at motion-picture houses from 14th to 150th Streets. No piano players were needed.

Necessity throttled her pride. She left her name once more at the film agencies.

After weeks of waiting, a message came from Herbert Brenon's secretary.

"Would Miss Shearer accept $25.00 per day for three days to play a part in *The Sign on the Door?*"

Would a fish swim? Her heart fluttered.

She played the part and was not even dismayed when her share of it was left on the cutting-room floor.

Her mother went to work in a large store. At the end of a long day she went home to cook for Norma. "Mother was always a good sport," is Norma's verdict.

AS no further offers came from the films, she began to pose for advertisements. One which became known around the world was posed by her. A beautiful, smiling girl looked through a tire. Beneath were the words, "Time to Re-Tire."

No one looking at the lovely likeness would have thought that a girl could smile so winsomely with pasteboard in the soles of her shoes to keep her feet from the ground.

After three years in New York, she was earning fifty dollars a week at this sort of work.

Suddenly, when apparently forgotten in pictures, an offer came from California. It was from Universal.

A young fellow, by the name of Irving Thalberg, was then General Manager at Universal City in California.

He saw *The Stealers* and was impressed by her work.

She tried to make a deal.

Weeks passed.

Nothing happened.

Wondering at the vagaries of the film business, she wrote a long letter to the young General Manager, Irving Thalberg.

No answer came.

Another offer followed from Hal Roach. Thalberg was said to be joining forces with him.

Something else happened. Her agent begged her to be patient.

In another month an offer came from the L. B. Mayer Studios with whom Irving Thalberg had become affiliated.

She was guaranteed four weeks' work, two return trip tickets from New York, and a five-year contract.

She arrived in California with her mother.

No one met her at the station.

"I was crushed," she said.

THE next day she called on Irving Thalberg. A young, dark-eyed fellow escorted her into the office. Thinking him the office boy, she was astonished when he seated himself behind the one large desk in the room.

Norma began to exchange wits with one whose apprehension is second to no man's.

To properly impress him, she said proudly, "Mr. Thalberg—my screen career does not depend on this studio." There was a haughty pause. "I've already had three offers."

The young fellow looked at her and smiled. "Yes," he said, "I made all three of them."

She remembered her letter.

"I wrote to you," she said.

"Yes," was the reply, "Your letter was amusing."

When she left the office, her mother said, "Wouldn't it be strange if you married *him?*"

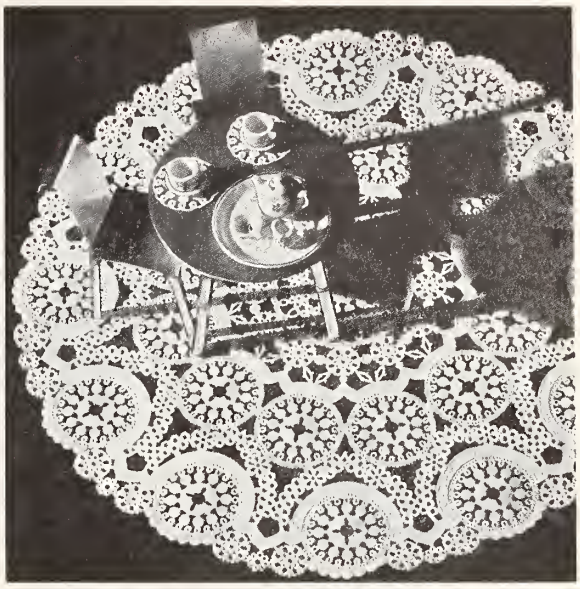
And Norma said, "I might—with eyes like that."

No woman ever worked harder. In three years her salary, from $150 went to $750 per week. Her best picture, during that time, was *He Who Gets Slapped.*

No romance budded between herself and Thalberg for three and a half years. Each was attending to the brit-

(*Please turn to page* 106)

a background for smart service



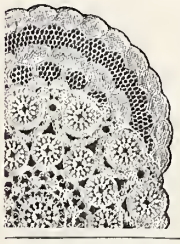
DRESS YOUR TABLE WITH Roylace Doylies

In the finest homes, hostesses use Roylace Paper Doylies as an added touch in their table service. Lovely in their designs of exquisite real lace, they save linens and costly laundry — and make the simplest dish a "party dish!"

The vogue for paper doylies has extended beyond the breakfast nook. Use them under appetizers, fruits, cakes; use them to enhance your bridge table sandwiches and drinks.

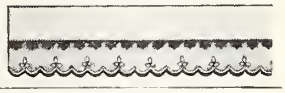
Roylace doylies are always crisp, fresh, and so inexpensive you can *afford* to use them liberally. Offered in many dainty patterns; all sizes and pastel tints as well as white... they will fit any decorative color scheme.

At 5 & 10c stores, stationers, department stores, etc. Always look for the transparent envelope with the famous name, "Roylace." The Royal Lace Paper Works, Inc., 842 Lorimer Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.



Roylace
Paper Doylies
—and shelf papers

In Shelf Papers insist on Roylace, too. The new Double-edge, Cloth-lyke paper is four times as strong and costs the same—5c.



Two Helpful Circulars on CHILD FEEDING

Tower Home Service Bureau has prepared two circulars to make it easier for you to feed your children correctly—"Food Children Love to Eat" and "Feed Your Children the Right Way." Finicky little appetites can't resist these good menus and recipes. Send only 10 cents for each complete set to Tower Magazines, Inc., 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

"NEW SHOES FOR OLD" *A close up* MOVIE *in Four Scenes . .*





YOU will hardly believe your own eyes when you see how magically RAINBOW SHOE COLORS transform the oldest pair of shoes in your closet into smart, modern footwear to match or harmonize with any costume, gown or hat in your wardrobe.

Comes in 12 lovely colors with no end of possibilities for obtaining desired tones and tints. It's fascinating to use RAINBOW SHOE COLORS. It's amazing to see the results you get—actually New Shoes for Old at the cost of only a few cents.

RAINBOW SHOE COLORS—a marvelous new product for coloring or changing the color of all shoes of smooth leather—can be applied in a few minutes.

Buy the combination RAINBOW BOX—CLEANER, COLOR and BRUSH with full directions at F. W. WOOLWORTH CO. FIVE and TEN CENT STORES.

RAINBOW CHEMICAL PRODUCTS, INC., UXBRIDGE, MASS.



START BEING
Lovely

STOP BEING
MISERABLE

Some women we know are acutely miserable because they were not born good looking, and we simply want to shake them because they sit back and do nothing about it.

So much *can* be done. Few women *are* born beautiful, but thousands are made lovely. Maybe you're dissatisfied with your hair and hate your nose. But if you're clever you'll start in right away to learn the little tricks which will bring out your best points and hide the others.

The Beauty Editor of Tower Magazines is giving a series of *personal* beauty instructions . . . care of skin, hair, hands, weight . . . you have a chance to discuss and receive personal attention . . . all at little expense.

Write today for details

BEAUTY EDITOR
Tower Magazines, Inc.
55 Fifth Ave. New York, N. Y.

The Love Behind a Film Throne

(*Continued from page* 105)

tle business of making a career.

Norma's mother once telephoned Thalberg and said—"Mr. Thalberg, would it be possible for you to see that Norma gets home in time for dinner?"

The brittle young fellow retorted, "Would it be possible for you to keep dinner hot till she got there?"

Feeling like the hero of "He Who Gets Slapped," she hung up the receiver.

THERE are those who ascribe Miss Shearer's success to Thalberg. It is most unfair to both of them.

Neither could mate with failure.

They were married four and a half years after Norma's arrival in Hollywood.

Her earning power is more than a quarter of a million dollars a year. Thalberg's is nearly a million.

"What are you to appear in next?" I asked Miss Shearer.

"I don't know," was the reply. "I always read about my next part in the newspapers. Irving never tells me."

"Why don't you smile at him?" I asked.

Tricks of Make-Up Revealed by Experts

(*Continued from page* 45)

THE entire make-up takes from an hour to an hour and a quarter. You can thank your lucky stars that you don't have to go through all *that!*

Several studios have recently turned out pictures featuring "beast-men." The transformation of a number of harmless extra players into snarling beasts furnishes us an excellent picture of the make-up department at work.

For one feature, "The Island of Lost Souls," twenty gallons of spirit-gum and three hundred yards of crêpe hair were required. Men with giant, well-muscled torsos were hired for the ape-men—wrestlers, truck-drivers, and piano-movers.

Their bodies were stained dark brown, after which strands of crêpe hair were glued all over them with spirit-gum, even to covering the natural hair of their heads. False tusks were fastened over their teeth by means of gold clips, their eyes were narrowed by pulling out their corners with adhesive tape, and their noses were broadened into odd shapes by means of theatrical putty.

In some cases ape-like masks terminating in false gorilla-ish ears, made of a gelatinous glue which remains soft, were attached to the lower parts of their faces with spirit-gum. The rest was a simple matter of covering face and mask alike with dark brown grease-paint, filling in the natural wrinkles in the face with No. 21 eye-liner.

"BUT that was all simple," says Walter Westmore, Paramount's make-up expert. "My most interesting job was to produce a tiger-man. In case you'd like to attend your wedding anniversary party disguised as a tiger-man, and scare your mother-in-law to death, here's how it's done:

"First of all, get a photo or a painting of a tiger's head, to work from, and set it beside your mirror. Notice how the tiger's muscles bulge under his skin. Mold these bulges on your forehead and cheeks with theatrical wax.

"Uncle Carl" Laemmle cuts his birthday cake. Others in the group are, from left to right: Baker Crass, Charles Murray, Carl Laemmle, Sr., "Juniar" Laemmle, Mrs. Stanley Bergerman (Rosabelle Laemmle, Uncle Carl's only daughter), Ken Maynard, Nancy Carroll and Gloria Stuart.



Birthday greetings to "Uncle Carl," the fine old gentleman of the films, beloved by everyone in the motion picture industry.

Fangs to slip on over your own teeth, you can buy from novelty stores or theatrical supply-houses, although a regular dentist makes ours for us.

"Now, using spirit-gum to make it stick, fasten light-colored crêpe hair all over your head and face, clipping it short to look like fur. Following the photo of the tiger, paint stripes across the crêpe hair with dark brown stain—liquid shoe polish will do, in a pinch. Then tip your ears with crêpe hair, to make them tufted like a tiger's. Finally, build out your cheekbones and your nose with stage putty—and you're a tiger!"

Everything you need for the tiger make-up may be bought, for a few cents, at a drugstore, theatrical supply-house, or mail-order house. You need only five things:

Theatrical wax and putty
False fangs
Spirit-gum
Light crêpe hair
Stain.

While we're on the subject of parties, Bob Montgomery recently made a tremendous hit at a costume party which Fredric March gave, by going as an old man. For a party or for home or church theatricals, you might like to know how he made himself up. Here are Mr. Westmore's personal directions for a make-up similar to Bob's, or to the one which Richard Dix used in "The Conquerors," already mentioned, in which he appears as a man of sixty-five.

With a few changes, which will suggest themselves to you, it will also do for an old-woman make-up. The material that you will need is confined to No. 21 eye-liner, talcum powder, No. 26 powder, white mascara, and some pomade.

1. With the finger-tips, apply broad lines of No. 21 brown liner over and under your eyes, on the lids, alongside the nose down to the lips, and along the top of the upper lip.

2. Pat talcum powder into this to set it, dusting off the surplus.

3. Screw up your eyes and pat No. 21 liner into the natural wrinkles at the eye-corners and across the bridge of the nose. Trace it into the natural wrinkles on your forehead and neck. Pucker your lips and pat it into the lip wrinkles. Then smear a little on your cheeks, to make them look shadowed and sunken.

4. Powder your whole face heavily with No. 26 (dark suntan) powder, screwing up your face to make wrinkles again as you pat and press it on. Brush off the extra powder with a soft brush.

5. Gray your hair with white mascara. (A mixture of cold-cream and talcum powder can be substituted.) Smear it on the hair in streaks, making it look natural; or, if you wish, simply gray your temples.

6. Rub pomade into your eyebrows, to make them sticky, and rumple them by rubbing towards the nose. Whiten them with the white mascara or cold-cream mixture.

THAT'S all there is to it. But, now that Pa has made himself into a tiger-rug, and Sonny has smeared grease-paint all over the house trying to "fix himself up like Grandpa," let's go back to Mom and the Girls.

Mom and the Girls probably know, without any man telling them, that few women know how to use make-up as it should be used. Advice from such

(*Please turn to page* 108)



"It's simply glorious" says HELEN TWELVETREES

Lovely blonde star of RKO-Radio Pictures

Nestle

GOLDEN SHAMPOO
HENNA SHAMPOO



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olive with glowing color tone and youthful sparkle! That's what these new Nestle products mean to every woman. For blonde hair that is dull, drab or faded, the Golden Shampoo . . . not a bleach . . . restores natural lustre and keeps the hair from becoming dark. The Henno Shampoo . . . not a dye . . . glorifies darker shades of hair, imparting brilliant highlights and enchanting, shimmering softness.

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THE NESTLE-LE MUR CO., NEW YORK



Don't envy the beauty of movie stars! Often their beauty is enhanced by clever make-up. You, too, can have a satiny soft skin, tempting red lips, and an alluring fragrance about you, if you use Blue Waltz face powder, lipstick, and perfume, all scented with the irresistible Blue Waltz fragrance. Convenient 10c sizes in your 5 and 10c store.



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10¢ for this large size NEW superior "X" Cream Deodorant. Its smoother, daintier and safer. Sold at the better Five and Ten cent stores

REMOVES ALL BODY ODORS

Tricks of Make-Up Revealed by Experts

(*Continued from page* 107)

an authority as Lillian Rosini, women's make-up expert at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, may perhaps be welcome. And what she has to say is going to come as a shock to the girls who buy their mascara by the quart and gallon!

"The day of heavy street make-ups is done," says Lillian Rosini. "Not a single star uses one, any more. In the daytime, and even at night, Joan Crawford uses a vivid lip rouge, a touch of mascara, and no powder whatsoever. After she's through work she washes her face with soap and water and goes out of the studio with her freckles showing and her nose shining like a lamp. Greta Garbo has never used anything but the thinnest dusting of flesh-colored powder, rather pinkish, and pale lip rouge; nothing on her eyes at all.

"And by the way, if I get any more letters asking me if Garbo's eyelashes are artificial, I'll scream. I've been making her up for nine years, ever since the first day an awkward girl walked into my make-up room and started telling me German jokes, and I ought to know that her lashes are real!

"Jean Harlow, with the whitest skin in Hollywood, uses for street make-up the lightest possible dusting of naturelle powder, and a dark lip rouge, and the barest touch of mascara and brow pencil."

BUT we'll be more explicit. Miss Rosini gives the actual make-ups of three stars, a blonde, a brunette, and an in-between, for you to copy, if you like. For the in-between she takes Madge Evans, because Madge, with medium dark hair, blue eyes and fair skin, has the coloring of the average American woman. Here's what to do, if you want to look as radiant as Madge does when she steps out at night:



Christion Rub, the charocter octor, taking o photogroph of himself, ond showing the world how eosy it is to moke oneself cry. The secret is o bottle of menthol, and it hos caused mony film tears that you thought reol. . . . Mr. Rub is one of Hollywood's most enthusiastic omoteur photogrophers.

1. Apply any good liquid powder, with a sponge or your fingers. Let it dry. And don't forget the back of your neck.
2. Apply any good naturelle powder.
3. With your fingertips touch your eyelids with purple, blue or green eyeshadow. A trial will show you your best color. Brown-eyed people can often use these same tints. It's up to your particular taste. Miss Rosini says, "if you don't know which looks best on you, ask your cattiest friend, and she'll soon tell you."
4. Pencil your brows delicately, being careful not to overdo it.
5. Mascara the lashes. If you are one of the rare women who can stand a lot of mascara, or artificial eyelashes, all right; but not one in a hundred can do it. Be very careful here!
6. At night, use lipstick and face rouge that are more orange than red.

"I CAN hear every woman exclaiming 'Why, that's nothing. I know that already,'" Miss Rosini goes on. "All right. But here are the tricks that make all the difference:

"First of all, if you're going somewhere where there'll be a lot of light, substitute a pale lavender powder for the naturelle.

"Second, the liquid powder base I've mentioned is good for those women who have oily skins; they must avoid powders with a cold-cream base.

"If you have a dry skin, instead of using the liquid powder you should go down to the drug store and buy a grease-paint about the tint of your skin. Moisten your hands, squeeze a little into your palms, and simply pat it on.

"I leave it to your good sense to remember *always* to take off your make-up with two or three heavy coats of cold cream, before you go to bed. Wash your face two or three times a week with soap and water."

Not all women have average coloring, so, to keep anybody from feeling cheated, here are the directions for decided blondes and brunettes. For our models we'll take Carole Lombard of Paramount, than whom there can be no more decided blonde, and Kay Francis of Warner Brothers, with hair the color of an interior shot of a coalmine. The following make-ups are lifted right off their faces.

CAROLE LOMBARD

Daytime	Night
Vanishing cream base	Vanishing cream base
Light suntan powder, pinkish	Lavender face powder
Very light orange lipstick	Ruby lipstick
No eye shadow	Blue eye shadow
No cheek rouge	No cheek rouge
Barest touch of brow pencil	More brow pencil, lining lower lid
No mascara	*Blue* mascara

Carole uses no mascara in the daytime because her lashes are naturally dark. If yours are too light, use some —*some*, not a lot.

KAY FRANCIS

Daytime	Night
Vanishing cream base	Liquid powder base (sometimes)
Dark (purplish-red) suntan powder	Light ecru powder
Very light orange lipstick	Dark crimson lipstick
No eye shadow. Vaseline	Green eye shadow
No cheek rouge	Crimson cheek rouge
No brow pencil	No brow pencil
No mascara	Black mascara

Kay wears the orange lipstick in the daytime *except* when wearing a red dress, when dress and lipstick must match—as must nail polish and lip rouge, always, she says. The reason she doesn't make up her eyes is that her brows and lashes are already dark enough naturally. You will notice that *all the stars fight to avoid an overdone effect.*

BUT we mustn't give more space to stars' personal make-ups, interesting as they may be, than we do to the special-effect make-ups, for it is in this department after all that the make-up men reach their highest peak of wizardry.

One day they create a tiger-man. The next they are called upon to give Lewis Stone a horrible scar covering half of his face, for his part as the doctor in "Grand Hotel" and no ordinary scar, either, since the dialogue tells the audience plainly that the doctor's disfigurement has been caused by tubercle germs getting into a wound during the War.

It took three hours to form that scar, of cotton, collodion, fish skin, grease paint and liquid brown dye, Lewis playing the long scenes with his ear painfully folded into a wad and taped to his face. And even so, these are minor jobs. Our story would be incomplete without mention of two of the most striking achievements ever made in this line, both from current pictures, "Rasputin" and "The Mummy."

It is a matter of history that the mad, vicious monk, Rasputin, had so much vitality that his murderers were forced to poison him, shoot him, crush in his head, and drown him before he would die. The picture follows history. The scene in which John Barrymore, as the Prince, kills his brother Lionel, who plays the part of the monk, is one of the most terrific ever to reach the screen.

Trapped in a cellar, Lionel smashes a window with his fists, trying to escape. John hammers him over the head with the window-sash, kicks him in the face, smashes a chair over his head, beats in his skull with an iron poker.

The make-up problem here was to follow the havoc wrought upon Rasputin, step by step. He could not be whole and hearty at one instant, and a bleeding wreck the next, or it would destroy the reality of the whole fight. The problem of Cecil Holland, M-G-M's chief make-up artist, was to make Lionel grow gradually bloodier and bloodier. Mr. Holland, to solve it, had to remain on the set all day long, never leaving Lionel's side, alternating his work with that of the cameras. The shooting schedule looked something like this:

10:00 A. M.—Fight starts. Lionel smashes window with fists.

10:15—*Holland outlines cuts on*

(*Please turn to page* 110)

Why they laughed at her!



Here is why her husband's friends laughed at her and why she was mad as hops . . . also how Tower Magazines got started on a cooking plan. A young bride wrote recently:

"Dear Editor: It was a mortifying experience. I invited some of Tom's best friends to dinner because they had been kidding him about 'the new bride's cooking' and I was going to show them! I even promised hot baking powder biscuits! Need I say more . . . the biscuits were a ghastly failure and my guests howled with glee. I'm going to make good biscuits yet, editor . . . do you hear, but you've simply got to help me out."

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Tricks of Make-Up Revealed by Experts

(*Continued from page* 109)

Lionel's hands with red wax, starts cuts streaming blood with red dye.

10:30—John smashes window-sash over Lionel's head.

10:45—*Holland draws cuts over Lionel's eyes, pours dye into his matted hair so blood will stream down on forehead.*

THAT went on all day long for several days, until the director became satisfied that the scenes were perfect. Every few minutes the blood had to be touched up with paint brush and bottle, to keep it wet and glistening. Towards the last, Lionel's hair and beard were completely soaked in it.

No detail was too small. When John, at the end, drags the dying monk through the snow to the river, glittering white crystals of borax and mica were dusted over his bloody beard. Is it any wonder that when the director finally called, "That's all for today," Lionel exclaimed, earnestly, "Thank God! Let's get this horrible stuff off of me as fast as we can!"

The present writer happened to be on the set during the filming of the scenes, and, if a sick stomach and a dizzy head may be regarded as evidence, he can testify whole-heartedly to the make-up's tremendous realism right before his eyes.

Last, but not least, we come to a make-up triumph which may stand as the greatest in Hollywood history—the changing of Boris Karloff, by Jack Pierce, Universal's make-up expert, into a 3700-year-old mummy. Here is the process, step by step.

Mr. Karloff's entire face, even to his eyelids, is covered with layers of paper-thin cotton tissue, which is next painted with collodion to make it shrivel. This is dried with an electric drying machine, to set the wrinkles. The tip of the nose is built up in the same manner to make it look decomposed.

His hair is plastered with make-up clay. This is dried, then it is cracked and fluid is poured into the cracks—a clay-solvent—to make them look rough, as they naturally would be.

Next, not one but *twenty-two* colored make-up paints are applied to the base of crinkled cotton and collodion—the colors copied from a colored photo of the mummy of the Egyptian Pharaoh, Seti II, which is in the Cairo Museum. These paints are dried and set.

Then the arms and hands undergo the same treatments, and, last of all, Karloff is swathed from head to foot in ashen-colored linen bandages, which have been acid rotted and passed through a warm oven. His joints are taped, and he is sprayed with a dusting of Fullers' earth.

Grotesque and inhuman, shriveled, sunken of cheek and eye, a colorless grayish brown all over, Karloff has to be lifted to his feet. He cannot move a muscle of his face. He cannot talk. For a scene which will last two minutes on the screen he endures *seven hours* of torture, followed by another seven or eight hours of gruelling work on the sound stage. Do you marvel that he twice fainted dead away during the making of the picture?

Maybe you and I had better decide not to be movie stars, after all! ! !

Men, Beware!

(*Continued from page* 29)

a life sentence of the ball and chain with her.

And Myrna Loy in "The Mask of Fu Manchu," beneath all her Chinatown kimonos, was nothing less—and little more—than a hussy.

As for Claudette Colbert in "The Sign of the Cross"—well, she hadn't even a kimono to hide her vampire shame!

IN short, we are going straight back to those old-fashioned, catch-as-catch-can, bite-till-it-hurts vampires of Woodrow Wilson's day. You may remember them: Valeska Suratt in "The Soul of Broadway," Louise Glaum in "Sex," Theda Bara in "Cleopatra," Virginia Pearson in "Blazing Love," Betty Blythe in "The Queen of Sheba," Olga Petrova in "The Undying Flame," Mary Garden in "Thäis," Pola Negri in "Passion," Pauline Frederick in "Bella Donna"—or Nita Naldi, Dorothy Dalton, Carmel Myers, Alla Nazimova, Kitty Gordon, Barbara LaMarr or Clara Kimball Young in *any* of their hot numbers on the screen.

Virginia Pearson was really the first vampire. She played the part on Broadway in "A Fool There Was" that Theda Bara made famous on the screen. Virginia lives out here in Hollywood now—in what someone has called "The City of Unburied Dead." But that last phrase does not refer to Miss Pearson. There was never anything dead about Virginia; and there isn't now. Moreover, she deserves a hand in any discussion of vampire days; for she, more than any other actress of her time, managed to substitute the lure of clothes for the lure of the lack of them.

Theda Bara remained the undressed queen—and gained thereby the larger audience; but Virginia reigned supreme as the best dressed vampire until Kitty Gordon (Lady Beresford) came along to challenge her sartorial preeminence.

Of Miss Gordon it was said that she had a different gown of sweeping symmetry for every hundred feet of film. all of them designed, of course, to show off her celebrated back!

Valeska Suratt was a good, sea-going vampire, with or without clothes. I dined with Valeska not long ago at a studio home frequented by the "best minds." It fell to my lot after the party to take Valeska up to the modest

apartment where "The Soul of Broadway" now makes her home. All the way, she talked about religion; not just the ordinary Sunday morning kind, but strange cults of which I in my ignorance had never heard. She goes in for this sort of thing in a big way.

THE success of these first vampires naturally started the Hollywood impresarios looking for other beautiful women with beautiful bodies of which they were unashamed; and their eyes fell more or less inevitably on Mary Garden.

There was some question even then as to whether La Garden was really a singer. I am not sure whether Mary herself knew, or cared. She might have said with Lupe Velez: "I may not seeng heem good, but I seeng heem loud." However, regardless of the controversy as to whether Mary had a voice, there was no doubt that she had



"Snop out of it! You haven't been the same ever since you saw that Morleney Deechrix picture!"

a figure—and was not loath to display it.

Mary's screen "Thäis" was notable, especially the desert scenes and the desert costumes. But she never clicked. For all her warmth on the stage, she was cold on the screen; and capricious in the studio. She couldn't be bothered staying any one place long enough to do a feature film.

Which was characteristic. I remember traveling all the way from Paris to Monte Carlo to see her once by appointment, only to be met at her door by her butler's solemn assurance that Miss Garden was not "in". Four times I called; four times, the same answer. Finally I asked:

"Well, if Miss Garden is not 'in', where is she?"

"In Chicago," came the suave reply.

GABY DESLYS was another recruit from the so-called musical stage, who never really hit on all six—or I imagine it was four in those days—on the silent screen. On the stage, Gaby had a real personality. She and her partner, Harry Pilcer, scored for years in Paris and this country. I'll never forget how she looked on the dance floor of the Olympia in the French capital the night the peace treaty was signed! But, like Garden, she froze up in the celluloid.

There was always a cold streak in Gabrielle of the Lillies. When she played for the Shuberts in New York for four thousand dollars a week, there was a proviso in her contract which entitled her to an additional thousand dollars a week when "on tour." Just before she left for Europe, she played one performance in Brooklyn, and thereupon presented a claim for one-seventh of a thousand extra pay.

"But where have you been on tour?" asked the astonished Lee Shubert.

"To Brooklyn!" she cried. "I cross ze water—that is voyage!"

EVEN high-brow actresses like Emily Stevens, Mrs. Fiske's ward, felt the movie vampire urge. Emily wasn't bad, either, although a bit thin for the then current vampire mood. And how she enjoyed the money!

One night, soon after her advent on the studio pay roll, a friend of hers—Charles Hanson Towne it was—went up to her place for dinner, and was amazed to find a marvelously redecorated apartment, an obsequious man servant and other unmistakable signs of sudden wealth. While the guest was gazing in wide-eyed wonder at all this elegance, the hostess advanced to greet him.

"It's all right, Charley," she said. "It's just the movies!"

Emily made money for herself, but didn't make much for the magnates; and she was soon back at the old Garrick doing "Fata Morgana" and such for the Theatre Guild.

IN fact, after a few shirt-losing experiences with these stars of the stage, the film impresarios began searching for statuesque vampires among the extras on the lot. It does sometimes happen, you know, that a movie man finds his answer in the multitudes within his gates. And this time there were two answers. One was Nita Naldi, and the other was Louise Glaum.

Alas for Nita! Fat got her. When she broke in—was it in one of John Barrymore's earliest?—she had an ideal vampire figure: tall, sinuous, softly round. But even then she had a hard time keeping it that way.

I saw her years later in Paris with the Valentinos in that inseparable household *a trois*. She danced interminably then—don't I know it, after a night that began in "The Black Hole of Calcutta" and ended with onion soup in "Les Halles"!—and I suppose that helped keep down the poundage. And they tell me now she's back in New York visiting Rambova and staging a comeback by way of the Broadway stage. I hope she's a huge success!

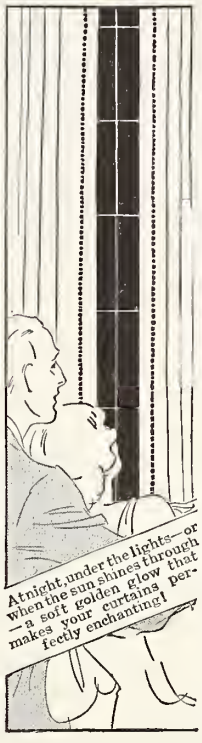
Glaum had no such weighty handicap. She had the ideal vampire figure, and she kept it until the vampire, as such, vanished from the screen. Sometimes I think she was the best of all the siren ladies. She had a way with an Oriental head-dress that has never been surpassed on the screen. And if her name had been Glow instead of Glaum, it would have been no libel.

And what a vampire Carmel Myers was—and is! She would have had the Myrna Loy part in Chevalier's "Love Me Tonight" if she hadn't had a baby

(*Please turn to page* 112)

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.....

.....

Men, Beware!

(*Continued from page* 111)

instead. And what a ready wit Carmel had—and has! I was reminded of that the other night at the Embassy Club when three of the four irrepressible Marxes arrived precipitately in the corner where Carmel was sitting. One landed heavily in her lap. The other two kneeled abjectly at her feet. But an old trouper like Carmel Myers was not to be fazed.

"Where," she asked calmly, "is the other brother?"

BUT we mustn't run on so, especially with the Marx Brothers, because no one knows where they may lead us, we must save at least a paragraph or two for the best known vampire of them all, the great and only Theda Bara.

I'll never forget the late Theodore Roosevelt's reaction to Miss Bara's "Salome". T. R. had agreed to make a screen history of his life and was all "het up" in the usual Rooseveltian way, about the project—until one day he chanced to see a double-page advertisement in a fan magazine showing Theda Bara in *Salome* costume on the left-hand page and himself in Rough Rider costume on the right.

The bare Bara toe was extended at such an upward angle that it pointed directly at the bare Roosevelt teeth. One inference was that if Theodore had opened his mouth, Theda would have put her foot in it. The other—unconscious, I am sure, on the part of the make-up man—was of T. R. grinning approvingly at the irreverent capering of the naked lady of the vanished veils. This was too much for the Colonel. I can see him striding up and down the Oyster Bay veranda with the offending magazine in his clenched hand!

"But there were no complaints," Miss Bara said to me not long ago, "from the picture fans. In fact one of the most sincere fan letters I ever received was from a young man in Tokio, which read: 'Dear honorable miss, please send me honorable photograph of your honorable self, as honorably naked as possible.'"

"And what did you send him?"

"Oh, I sent him 'Salome'," she laughed. "I couldn't do better than that, could I?"

I agreed with her. She couldn't have done better—that is, honorably!

T. R. was not the only person on a lofty perch who was shocked by the vampire costumes of those pre-naked days. The Queen of England was beside herself!

"Lady Diana Manners, daughter of the Duke of Rutland," read a London dispatch, "posed as a dancing Bacchante for a film to be included in the royal program of movies given nightly in Balmoral Castle. When the film was shown, Queen Mary uttered a short, shrill exclamation of surprise, at a point in the reel where the titled dancer is revealed doffing her skirt preliminary to the assumption of a complicated one-piece vampire costume. After the show the Queen ordered the film destroyed."

This item appeared in American newspapers under the headline, "MAKING MARY BLUSH!"

All of which is significant comment on the simple minds that suffered the War and conceived the Peace!

But no one believes that mere nakedness can hope to achieve any such sensation in the year of our vampires, 1933. We are all bus-conductors now. Legs are no treat to us. And if I know the vampire spirit that is now rising in the sacred fastness of the Hollywood Bowl, it will not depend for its ultimate success on the casual incident of exposed flesh.

As a matter of fact, the original screen vampires did not depend on nakedness anywhere nearly so exclusively as their critics would have you believe. The quality which distinguished the vampire heroine of the late 'teens and early twenties from the sympathetic—and therefore synthetic—vampires of the last few years was their relentlessness.

The vampires of the golden age were Russian in their trueness to type. There was a certain sincerity about them, an inevitability, a carry-through, that was satisfyingly convincing.

Could actresses of the present day be equally convincing in their vamping?

Of course, they could—once they got rid of the idea that they must also be sweet and pure and happy-endingish. Joan Crawford could out-vampire any vampire of a past day, if she could get to be as honest as they were. Jean Harlow has shown what she can do in rôles that have been as nearly vampirish as recent screen standards would permit. Pola Negri was what Uncle Joe Cannon used to say this country was, "a hell of a success," until Hollywood convinced her that she had to go pure in the last reel.

TALLULAH BANKHEAD, born vampire, would have been a riot in pictures instead of a bust, if she had been permitted to play the alluringly wicked rôles for which she was fitted. Dietrich's only big moments on the American screen were those in which she was definitely vampish. And what Garbo could do with a succession of parts that played themselves to a bitter instead of a saccharine end, would be nobody's business—unless it were the censor's.

Lovely women who now confine themselves exclusively to "sympathetic" parts could succeed as vampires, too, if they had a chance. Norma Shearer, within carefully circumscribed limits, has shown us what a really "nice" woman can do. And what wouldn't I pay to see what Kay Francis could show us—with her flair for clothes, with her sinuous, voluptuous, ultra-expressive figure—in a hot part worthy of her fire!

The new crop of Hollywood actresses weren't all born to be cloying, either.

Ann Dvorak, for one, has been so much more effective sunk in sin than perched in purity that she seems destined for a vampire's crown. Tala Birell could tear a Theda Bara part into unsuspected histrionic bits. Kathleen Burke and Lilian Bond are vampire "naturals". And what Katharine Hepburn could do with John the Baptist on a platter would—and, I believe, *will*—tear the seven veils of ennui from your movie eyes and mine.

So I say, more power to you, oncoming vampire of 1933—may you knock the soft-soap-and-sugar heroine of 1932 for a hey-nonny-nonny and a rag and a bone and a hank of hair!

Why Prop Men Die Young



Sketches by
VINCENT CALLAHAN

Beginning a back-stage series about the men who make the stars go round

By JACK JAMISON

WHAT IS A PROP? Practically everything you see in a picture, outside of the actors, is a "property," nicknamed *prop.* If Connie Bennett picks up an oil-can, it—not he—is a prop. If Clark Gable stands on a dock with a battleship in the background, the battleship is a prop. (And so, sometimes, is the dock.)

HOW PROP MEN GOT THAT WAY. Anybody who has ever played charades, much less gone in for amateur theatri-



If Clark Gable stands on a dock with a battleship in the background, the battleship is a prop.

cals, will remember that one didn't get very far before one was out borrowing soup-strainers, false hair and kimonos from the neighbors. Not long after the movies started the neighbors got sick and tired of the borrowing and said, "Go get your own furniture." About the same time, directors discovered that a picture laid in China did not look quite real if the beds were of the Early Hoboken period.

The upshot is that the studios today have enormous barns full of miscellaneous junk from the corners of the earth. How they get it is another story. A good prop man must have the smooth tongue of a stock salesman, the ingenuity of a burglar, the nose of a bloodhound, and the muscles of a piano-mover.

RANGE OF REPERTOIRE. A prop department is a combination pawnshop and furniture factory. It contains 50,000 more or less movable articles, ranging from hand props, so called because they can be carried in your hand if you don't stumble, to stuffed elephants and imitation icebergs. In between come funeral wreaths, vases, suitcases, clocks, tombstones, statues, toys, and candles.

The department works by yearly and by daily schedule. Thus it knows in January that, along about June, a picture will be made, the story of which is laid in New Orleans. Long before June has brought hay-fever to Hollywood a prop man takes a train to New Orleans and brings home practically the entire city—chandeliers, front doors, staircases, furniture, draperies, all the background which will lend the picture authority.

A daily schedule looks like this:

"Leonard. Stage 12. Shoot Ext. Deck Yacht and Int. Cabin. (Process) Glass No. 1. If rain, Stage 19. Reh. Int. Long Island Home. McCarey. Stage 9. Shoot Int. Ward Hospital."

This gibberish means: "See to it that the yacht built on Stage 12 has the

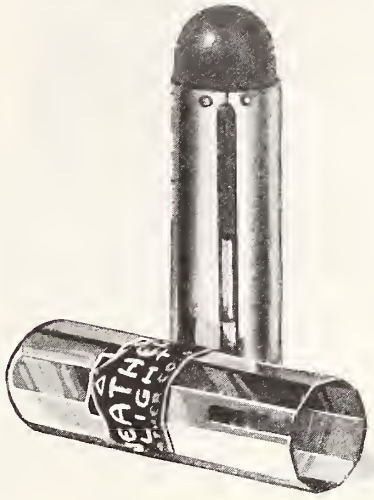


Another property man, whose job it is to stand by each set, must be half housewife and half handyman.

coils of rope, rigging, life-preservers, cushions, polished brass, port-hole curtains, and lamps that will make it look like a real yacht to the finickiest sailor in the audience. In case it rains and we have to quit shooting and rehearse the next scenes on Stage 19, see to it that the set has everything on it that a real millionaire has in a real mansion on Long Island, including an elevator and the latest fad in cocktail shakers. While you're resting, go over to Stage 9 and make sure that the hospital set has real hospital beds, screens, tem-

(*Please turn to page* 114)

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Why Prop Men Die Young

(*Continued from page* 113)

perature-charts, operating-tables, sterilizers, and scalpels."

ORGANIZATION. A prop room is arranged like a department store. Each new picture goes shopping for what it needs, and it's a case where the customer is always right. There is a furniture department, a drapery department, a cabinet shop, a paint shop, a florist shop, each under the direction of its own expert. The florist arranges gorgeous corsages for brides, corsages for débutantes like Anita Page and Frances Dee, and gardenias for Bob Montgomery's lapel, using flowers made of paper because real ones wilt under the hot lights. (He also pins artificial apple-blossoms to apple-trees when the director sighs, "Give me Spring!".) Another prop man, whose job it is to stand by each set, must be half housewife and half handy-man. He flits flies, he sweeps the carpets every two minutes so that footprints will not show in the next shot, he repairs chairs while they are being sat on. Another expert, a woman, sees to it that dinner-tables and dressing-tables are arranged with the proper feminine touch.

In all, it takes about sixty worried, energetic people to handle the job. Over them all presides the chief decorator, whose immediate underlings are three or four interior decorators.

PROP MAN'S FUN. Typical of a day in a prop man's life is an assignment recently handed to the M-G-M prop department. At 4 P. M. orders came through, "Prepare an exact copy of the bedroom of the Czarina of Russia by tomorrow morning, for 'Rasputin,' and get 100 cockroaches for the 'Red Dust' set."

The royal bedroom, photos supplied by the researchers showed, was all white, with brass beds of unusual shape, its wall covered by scores of religious relics. Hastily the furniture was matched and lacquered white. A dozen prop men combed the Russian quarter of Los Angeles for relics, while several others sat up all night manufacturing them.

At 1 A. M., after relentless rummaging, the beds were located in the home of a Russian woman and, still warm, were taken from beneath her and her husband.

Meanwhile a professional exterminator had a crew of twenty-five men out hunting for cockroaches. They were found, towards morning, in the Mexican quarter of the city, living lives of ease and dalliance, little dreaming that they were about to become actors.

By 9 A. M. both sets were ready for the cameras, and the prop department was being revived with cold water and black coffee.

BANNER. The motto of the harassed prop men is, "It's got to be got, so get it!"

Hollywood Day by Day

(*Continued from page* 16)

yellow roadster. Gary finally had to have the darn thing painted black because so many people formed the habit of writing their names on it.

Monroe says he simply had to go away for a rest. He had played so many drunks that his arm had gotten tired lifting glasses to his lips; and he had ruined so many girls—in pictures, of course!—that his conscience wouldn't let him sleep of nights.

RUSSELL GLEASON, another one of these young blades, is as strong for green as Dick Cromwell is for red. He has six pairs of green pajamas. His father, Jimmie, told me that he gave them to him. It was the only way he could get a chance to wear his own!

Incidentally, Russell is the only person who knows the real inside cause of the separation between Lola Lane and Lew Ayres. He was present at the final argument; and although he tried to leave, both of them insisted upon his remaining and he heard all! But he won't tell.

The snap is also out of the ginger in the Ginger Rogers-Mervyn LeRoy romance. According to Ginger's friends, she has snapped, figuratively speaking of course, into the waiting arms of Howard Hughes. If this be true, Mervyn took it like the good boy scout that he is.

"If you're going to be a sister to me," he said, "I'll be a director to you."

Whereupon he signed up his "ex" for a swell part in "The Gold Diggers."

MY own personal thrill of the month came when Winnie Sheehan told me that the King and Queen of England were to be present at the first London showing of "Cavalcade." I don't care so much how the King and Queen spend their evenings, but I did care tremendously that they should see what every American should be proud to have them see—what was to me the crowning triumph of that triumphant spectacle. I refer to the modest statement which preceded the opening scene. You may remember it. It read:

"This picture was made in Hollywood, California."

Goodbye, Hollywood! I'm proud of you. And Goodbye, everybody. I'll be with you next month!

Come On Along!

(*Continued from page* 65)

the piano, improvising songs about everybody, including Gary, Clark Gable and Joel McCrea.

Polly Moran came in a little late, and looking around at the crowd, exclaimed: "Well, there's hardly anybody here!"

Guests included, besides the foregoing, Charles MacArthur, Bebe Daniels, Charles Farrell and Virginia Valli, Richard Rodgers, Zeppo Marx, Charlie Ruggles, who brought Lilian Bond, Frances Marion, Ricardo Cortez, Ernst Lubitsch, Jack Oakie, Elsa Maxwell, Philip Barry, Roscoe Karns, and Donald Ogden Stuart.

"HAPPY go aisy—too dom'd lazy to ate me tay!" exclaimed the irrepressible Tom Brown to Maureen O'Sullivan, putting down his cup as we chatted with her.

And we *were* surprised to hear her say that she is going back to Ireland to stay! We wondered if it was Jimmy Dunn's doings. He and Maureen were practically engaged—and even "practically" is a good deal engaged in Hollywood!—but recently there had been a quarrel. Maureen admitted the Jimmy affair was a sore point.

Fame doesn't mean much to a real girl at the age of eighteen or nineteen; life means everything. Which is as it should be.

We were guesting at Leonard Stillman's party, given for Mme. Marguerite Namara, grand opera and concert singer, a late afternoon tea-party.

Sylvia Sidney was among the guests, a charming figure in a blue-and-white sports suit with white hat. Serge was the material, with a white pique collar and large leg o'mutton sleeves. Maureen's dress was simple—blue silk, with straight lines, with white handmade collar, middle length.

Benite Hume, the English star-importation, and a very beautiful young woman, wore a tailored suit of brown. A brown coat with brown vest, decidedly mannish in cut, and a mixed brown tweed skirt, made up the costume. She also wore a brown polo coat.

Miss Hume admitted she was engaged to Jack Dunfee, English business man, but said she wouldn't be married in this country. It would be so much more fun to be married in England, she said, where all her old friends are. He has given Miss Hume a little Pekinese dog; she said it was a "consolation gift!"

Mme. Namara and Miss Hume, by the way, are old friends, having played together in London.

Tom Brown had brought Patricia Ellis, tall and elegant in a gray tweed sport suit, with long coat and white vest, and with small gray hat to match.

Patricia said that she and her mother had been walking all morning in the hills near her home. She likes walking very much, "especially exploring all the canyons 'round about, looking for wild flowers and ferns."

Dorothy Burgess came with Sidney Blackmer. She wore a tight-fitting black tailored suit, with short jacket and the material was broadcloth.

She was rejoicing at being vindicated in the unpleasant matter of having been in a car which ran over a little boy in San Francisco. She had had a nervous breakdown following her arrest, but was quite recovered again.

We—Tom Brown and I—had a hard time keeping track of Patricia Ellis, she was flitting about so much, and Tom said he was going to take a course in detective-ing in order to be able to trace her! First she was dancing to the radio; then she was chatting an instant with Alison Skipworth; then she was rushing over to Sylvia Sidney.

Anita Loos and John Emerson came in late. They were talking with Jobyna Howland when we butted in—having known John and Anita ever since they began falling in love with each other—and Anita said she was working on a melodramatic story, not at all her type, to which she had been assigned by the studio.

"Might as well be working on a *Tarzan* story," she lamented.

"Oh, no," put in Jobyna. "A *Tarzan* story might be funny, what with the monkeys and all!"

David Manners brought Joan Marsh,

(*Please turn to page* 116)

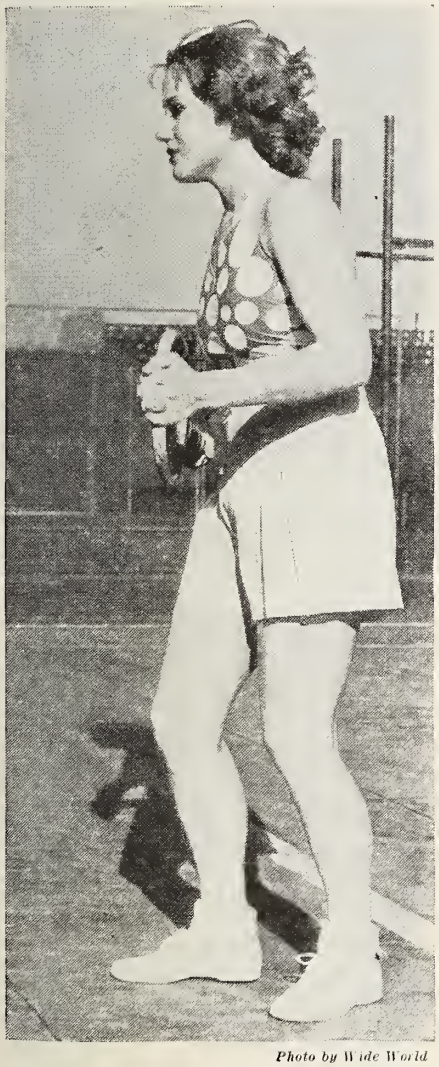


Photo by Wide World

This is the woy Canstonce Cummings dresses when she ploys tennis, a costume thot is becoming more and mare popular omong the othletically-inclined girl stars. Connie, recently, became so serious obout her game thot she employed a professional tennis ployer to instruct her. She's that way, is Connie. Tokes things seriously; has to get 'em just right.

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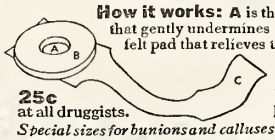
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Used for over 20 years by women who want relief for blemishes and pimples caused by sluggish liver or constipation. See and feel how this tested vegetable compound helps you to rid yourself of that tired, dull, lifeless feeling. Try this! For two weeks take one each evening. Ask for them at any drug store, know them by their olive color. Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets . . . 15¢, 30¢, 60¢.



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Enough to polish 118 pieces—flat silver, trays, tea set, candle sticks for 10¢

Come On Along!

(*Continued from page* 115)

who looked sweet in a gray sports suit of Bokara crêpe, with short, open coat and white vest, and a little gray hat tip-tilted on her blond curls.

Eugene O'Brien came with Annabelle Lane, writer. He was introduced to Alison Skipworth, and Skippy at once acknowledged the introduction, "Oh, Pat O'Brien?" "Oh, Edna May Oliver!" retorted 'Gene. "I'm so happy to meet you!"

Eugene told us that Charlie Chaplin has designed a new coat with a white collar, which requires no shirt, and that people are trying to persuade him to put it on the market!

John Mack Brown brought his pretty wife, and others present included Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Herbert, Randolph Scott, Nena Quartaro, Mal St. Clair, John Roche, Drexel Biddle Steele, Jill Dennett and others.

Beautiful June Stillman, lately under contract to Sennett, aided her brother in entertaining.

much, she said, except the practice of the shop girls in calling a customer "dearie"—a custom she couldn't understand at all.

June Collyer and Stuart Erwin were among the guests, Stu saying that he guessed he couldn't let June work any more because she insisted on getting home to her baby at six every day, no matter whether her scene at the studio needed her or not! June is a conscientious mamma as well as a conscientious artist, and she admitted that at times she certainly is "torn!"

For entertainment there was Maurice Chevalier's singing, followed by Mary McCormack, both to everybody's delight.

Maurice showed us how all his imitators imitated him! And he also sang to the megaphone, which, attached to a doll, made the doll dance.

Mary McCormack came with her husband, Prince Mdvani, who was once married to Pola Negri, you remember.



Irene Ware (left) and Boots Mallory, playing around with this and that and some boxing-gloves, at the Fox studios.

Exclusive New Movie Magazine photo by Max Munn Autrey

"REALLY, to give a smart party in Hollywood," confided someone to me, "one must be international, and capture a couple of Spaniards, a sprinkling of Germans, a few English, an Italian or two, and if possible a Turk or a Hindoo!"

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Lachman were giving a party in honor of Diana Wynyard, who, as usual, had arrived alone in state in her big car. She said she had traveled through the country alone when she first came from England, and had contracted the habit, and that she really enjoyed it.

Maurice Chevalier came alone, too, and was therefore free to devote himself gallantly to all the ladies. He has a bright, fanciful wit that is most engaging.

Mrs. Lachman is a cultured Chinese woman—she was a concert singer in Europe—and she looked beautiful in a black pebbly crêpe evening dress, low in the neck, cut princess.

Clive Brook was there with Mrs. Brook, who looked charming in a white dinner frock of tear drop satin.

Heather Angel, too, was among the guests. She likes this country very

Many of Miss Wynyard's countrymen were present, including, besides Clive Brook and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Berkeley, Hon. Kitty Vane, Baroness de Rothschild, and others.

As a compliment to Miss Wynyard and other English people present, the cake which was served late, along with other refreshments—there had been an excellent dinner earlier in the evening—was decorated with the English and American flags.

"We shall soon," said Jose Crespo, who was my escort, "be talking about Oriental hospitality, our hostess is so charming."

AND speaking of Chinese parties, Anna May Wong gave a most delightful one down at a Chinese restaurant in Los Angeles's Chinatown.

"The invitations," remarked Mrs. Gore-Brown, wife of Robert Gore-Brown, co-author of "Cynara," "look exactly like tatting patterns! Very pretty, but nothing to be actually read!"

The food was delicious, even with chop-sticks, but most of us fell by the wayside and used the knives and forks

which were mercifully provided, only Charlie Rosher and Mrs. Gore-Brown being able to use them gracefully. Harry Lachman did fairly well, too, but we accused him of taking lessons at home of his Chinese wife.

Mrs. Lachman refused to pose for her picture when the photographer came and somebody suggested that Mr. Lachman cut off his wife's allowance unless she yielded.

"Oh, she gets it all now; it's I who get the allowance!" retorted Mr. Lachman. "If I insist, she'll cut off my allowance."

Whereupon Mrs. Lachman, gracefully gave in.

Anna May was a pretty hostess, clad as she was in a black moleskin satin with puffed sleeves, elbow length, and with wide belt, the whole outlining her slim, graceful figure.

She spoke German with her German guests, too.

A. E. Dupont, famous German director, who made "Variety," and his pretty wife, formerly a noted stage and screen star, Srete Scherk, were among the guests, as were William Pogany, Joe Strasser and others.

It was a Chinese holiday of some sort, and firecrackers were popping outside. And after dinner Anna May bought firecrackers and distributed them, and we tossed them into the street. Which brought a small Chinese boy, with a very serious face, to us with a packet of lichee nuts done up in pretty boxes for sale, and the men bought them and gave them to us. We offered the Chinese urchin some firecrackers, at which his face wrinkled with joy, but it sobered next moment, as he informed us seriously that he had to go on about his work.

The Chinese dishes served included Lotus berry soup (lan doo gai ghan), Walnut chicken (hop pow gai), Burnt pigeon (shue bok opp), Snow beans (sutow), Steamed duck (tun op), Lichee nuts and kum-quot (tangerines), sweet meat box, with all kinds of Chinese candies, including candied cocoanut, candied melon rinds, candied lotus-root and water melon seeds.

Chinese Recipes

Lotus Berry soup appeals as much or more to the imagination than it does to the palate, and, like many other so-called Chinese dishes, is purely an American invention. Chicken soup stock is used and the Lotus Berries float daintily on top, giving the soup an indescribable flavor which is very palatable.

Walnut Chicken is merely roast chicken with chopped walnuts (English) added to the stuffing. Just before it is ready to take from the oven, some of the walnut meats, chopped very fine, are sprinkled over the chicken and allowed to brown.

Snow Beans, are, of course, soy beans, and are served with a white sauce.

A PARTY with no hostess—only her picture!

That was the birthday party given by Jetta Goudal for her husband, Harold Grieve, at La Golondrina Café, down on quaint Olvera Street, in Los Angeles.

You see Jetta was ill, but wanted her husband to enjoy his birthday. So, unlike most wives, who would surely have wanted her husband at her side on his natal day, Jetta sent out invitations for a huge surprise party.

And Harold was surprised, too. He had been invited by John Mack Brown and his wife to dine at the Spanish café, and when he found the whole upper floor of the place turned over to his friends, he nearly wept! We joined hands and danced around him.

Jetta's picture was on Harold's table, where we, too, were seated, and Jetta sent a wonderful telegram to her guests.

Neil Hamilton, who with his wife, was aiding in receiving, wore a broad red committee ribbon across his shoulder and chest, reading, "Believe it or not, I am Jetta!'

Harpo Marx arrived alone and other guests included Lois Weber and her

(*Please turn to page* 118)



Photo by Wide World

Lilian Harvey, the English girl imported from Berlin, has the largest wardrobe in Hollywood. And carries her own dress designer right with her. Here she is attending a Mayfair party in Hollywood. . . . Everyone's wondering if you will get as big a thrill out of her clothes as you are getting out of Marlene's.

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Millions of women prefer it—easier and quicker. Simply spread on and in two to three minutes wipe away all superfluous hair. Leaves skin marvelously smooth and soft. Mildly fragrant, Delatone does not have the objectionable odor of ordinary depilatories. Buy today a 10c tube of Delatone Cream at 5 and 10c stores. Drug and department stores have Delatone Cream in 50c and $1.00 tubes, Delatone Powder $1.00. The Delatone Company, Dept. 115, 233 E. Ontario St., Chicago, Ill.

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Nadinola Bleaching Cream

Come On Along!

(*Continued from page* 117)

husband, Capt. Harry Gantz, Colleen Moore and her husband, Albert Scott, Richard Bennett, Tom Douglas, Charlie Farrell and Virginia Valli, John Gilbert and Virginia Bruce, Robert Leonard and Gertrude Olmstead, ZaSu Pitts, Ramon Novarro, Kenneth Thomson and his wife, Alden Gaye, Sada Cowan and Merle Armitage, Ruth Roland, and Ben Bard, Edmund Lowe, Edgar Allen Woolf, and many others.

Ramon Novarro sang a number of songs, and Harpo Marx exclaimed, "Does he work here?"

The orchestra, in its colorful Spanish costumes, played rumba music, and everybody danced.

Among the Spanish dishes served were caldo de garbanzos (garbanzo soup,) guacamole (avocado relish), chile relleno con queso (stuffed chile with cheese), gallina guisada en Salsa de tomate (chicken in tomato sauce), enchiladas (meat wrapped in tortillas —a sort of pancake made from a cornmeal paste), ensalada de legumbres (salad with onion), frijoles refritos (fried beans), postre de guayoba en almibar (guava in syrup), café negro (black coffee).

We drank a toast to our absent hostess, using the Spanish "Salud!"

A SO-DIFFERENT party was given by Carl Freund, director, and his wife.

It was a party which featured in its entertainment the ascetic Count Astoja, Russian nobleman, with his Hindu magic.

Our constitutions and nerves were sustained, before the ordeal of watching the count's weird stunts, with a supper of very substantial German food, washed down with good German beer.

After which we proceeded to the whoopee room downstairs—you slid down into it on a slide if you wanted to!—and there we watched the Count stick pins through his tongue and hand, lie down, bare-backed, on a bed of nails, stand on lances, and all without injuring himself. We sat quite close, but couldn't at all discern how it was all done. He claimed, of course, that the answer was complete control of mind and body. The count did some mind-reading stunts, also.

Florine McKinney whispered to Wera Engels something she willed the Count to do—to find something in the room—and he did it without once making a false move. Other feats of the same kind followed.

Then we all went into the drawing room, and there Florine McKinney sang several songs, some in English, others in Spanish and German, and quite surprised all of us with her versatility.

Florine looked pretty in a white silk evening gown, embroidered, and with svelte lines.

Willy Pogany was there, and so were some of the books he has illustrated—a most remarkable artist, of amazing imagination.

Mr. and Mrs. John Ford were there, and Mr. and Mrs. Tod Browning, just to keep the director quota up to standard.

Our hostess wore a blue taffeta evening gown, and sported a monocle!

The former Mrs. Ernst Lubitsch was there with her new husband, the aviator, Evan Lewis. She told us how she had first seen him when she was taking one of her sons to school in San Francisco, flying up, with Evan as pilot. He looked around and smiled, she said, and she smiled back. She flew back with him to Los Angeles two weeks later, and a couple of months later they were wed.

Carl Laemmle, Sr., was present, and I'm happy to say that the German food he consumed seemed to make him feel exceedingly good.

WILLIAM HAINES gave a tea party for Mr. and Mrs. Richard Wallace, who were leaving the next day for Europe.

Guests included Zoe Akins, Genevieve and Vivian Tobin, Polly Moran and Elsa Maxwell.

Mrs. George Fitzmaurice was hostess at an afternoon tea with tennis, badminton and bridge, given in honor of Mrs. Nicholas Schenck. Among the guests were Mrs. William Goetz, Mrs. David Selznick, Mrs. Louis B. Mayer, Mrs. Harry Rapf, Mrs. Hunt Stromberg, Mrs. Zeppo Marx, Miss Aileen Pringle, Elsa Maxwell, Countess de Frassa.

MARTHA SLEEPER gave a buffet supper at her home, after which the guests motored to the Beverly Wilshire for an evening of dancing.

Martha's guest of honor was her sister, Mrs. Horace Stephen Tuthill, Jr., of New York.

Included in those invited to meet her were Virginia Cherrill, Phyllis Cooper, Cary Grant—of course he brought Virginia—John Tyron, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Starett.

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Box-Office Critics

(*Continued from page 74*)

Leona Ingoldby, 307 Cadwell Street, Syracuse, N. Y.—A boost for Neil: Why don't producers get wise to themselves and give Neil Hamilton a break? He has everything that makes a great actor and is deserving of bigger and better breaks than he is getting. I for one, am rooting for Neil—and am sure there are hundreds of others doing the same.

Wanda Skibinski, 523 N. Main Street, Waterbury, Connecticut—To Lee Tracy: Your smile seems to be my favorite smile of all movie stars. The combination of the three, your eyes, dimples and smiles. When feeling blue I always try to see your pictures.

Ruth E. Euren, 304—13th Street, South, Moorhead, Minnesota—Laurels to Irene Dunne! Yes, she's perfectly splendid in "Back Street." She made what's wrong seem right, by believing in it—loving and understanding! Yes, and she died—living for that stolen love! Irene Dunne spells magic, power to act, and courage to me. And I'll be waiting to see her in "Just a Woman."

Helen Mattkies, 657 Tearsdale Place, Bronx, N. Y.—Greta Garbo: Recently I came across an article in a certain magazine that read "Exit Garbo—Enter Damita." Where do they get that stuff??? Now that Garbo is away for a while I noticed a number of actresses trying to take her place, but let them try to make a place of their own on the silver screen. In my opinion there's only one Garbo and that's Greta herself. I'm for her first, last and always.

Janet Shapiro, 2079—62nd Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.—Claudette Colbert: She's a beautiful woman, physically. Ah! but she has charm, too. Her smile is slow and deliberate, and so are her movements and gestures. Men are drawn to her. Women would like to imitate her.

(Miss) Mildred Francis, 288 Broadway, Malden, Mass.—As one of the profession (the stage) may I take this opportunity to compliment you on editing such a delightful page as "Box-Office Critics."

I consider myself very unfortunate in not being able to attend more "movies." But due to the fact, that I am more or less kept busy in my particular line of work, I find considerable enjoyment in reading The New Movie. Being an ardent "fan" since the first copy was published, I find it getting bigger and better than ever.

Whenever opportunity presents I attend a movie, with the enthusiasm of a young child. It's really too wonderful to describe in words just how very much they mean to me.

We of the "stage," are very grateful to our "sisters" of the screen, for the splendid example of poise and culture they possess. We are indeed proud to be the other half of the "show-world."

May I extend my congratulations, and trust that the year nineteen hundred and thirty-three will prove bigger and better than ever.

Mary Seymour, 1429½ Wash. Avenue, Altoona, Pa.—Clark Gable: Some folks call it personality. I call it taking ways. Now Clark doesn't take everything he gets his fingers on but he does steal women's hearts.

Barbara Louise Denike, 1242 Academy Street, Peekskill, N. Y.—I am a young high-school student sixteen years of age and this is "My Choice."

You can praise "Gangstery" Gable,
I know Fredric March is a peach.
Barrymore as an actor is able,
Tom Brown he's far from my reach.

John Boles is a handsome "old Satan",
Chevalier is ever so gay.
Montgomery would be well worth taking,
If offered for your Wedding Day.

But the one who always seemed human,
And a gallant American trouper—
The one I crown king, as the humanist thing,
Is that tall boyish brute, Gary Cooper.

Thelma Stayton, Sutherlen, Va.—Here's hoping we see more of the good-looking George Raft in the movies of 1933. Given the right stories he would go to the top before you could take a good breath. He was grand in "The Undercover Man."

(*Please turn to page* 120)



Exclusive New Movie Magazine photo by Wide World

Billie Dove, arriving in New York, said, "I had to come here to get a rest."



Chained to the DISH PAN

Gottschalk's Metal Sponge will free you from kitchen bondage. It cleans and scours with so little effort that the tedious, unpleasant duties of housekeeping actually become a pleasure. We know that once you use Gottschalk's Metal Sponge you will discard unsanitary rags, brushes and other scouring agents. At 5c and 10c stores, grocery, hardware and department stores. Beware of substitutes. If your dealer does not stock, send 10c direct.



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And Luxor is sensibly priced—at 50c a box. Why not try it? It's at stores everywhere, or you can send the coupon for a generous sample.

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Please send me a generous trial package of Luxor Powder and Rouge. Enclosed is ten cents to help cover the cost of mailing, etc.

Check, *Powder:* Rose Rachel___ Rachel___ Flesh___
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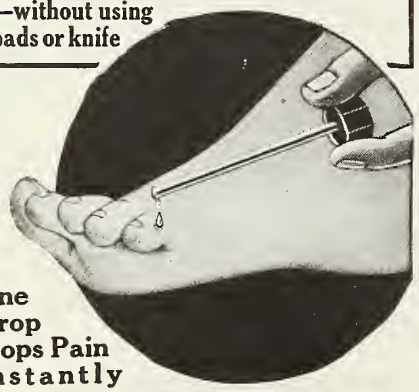


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FREEZONE

Box-Office Critics

(*Continued from page* 119)

June Stewart, 3424 Oxford Avenue, Maplewood, Mo.—Adrienne Ames: A beautiful and wonderful actress. A picture that bears her name is sure to be a delightful one. Within a few years, and maybe not that long, if she has the right kind of picture (with emphasis on *the right kind*) she will be a sure star.

(Miss) Ethel M. Ahearn, 117 Mt. Vernon Avenue, Melrose, Mass.—Herbert Marshall: A truly finished actor. His perfect diction rendered in such a subtle, kindly spoken manner is a delight to the ears. Suave, sophisticated, —but *sweet*. Hollywood, don't relinquish him to England. We need this charming gentleman.

Virginia Theobald, 4501 Dover Street, Chicago, Ill.—At last Hollywood has found the perfect newspaper reporter of the movies, Lee Tracy. He was wonderful in "The Strange Love of Molly Louvain" and "Blessed Event." Although he is fine in any picture he is in he is perfectly fitted for the part of a newspaper reporter. . . . What has happened to Wallace Ford? I have not seen him in a picture for a long time. His performance in "The Wet Parade" is hard to beat. Let's see him in more pictures soon.

Ruth Montgomery, 330 E. Leafland Avenue, Decatur, Ill.—I don't like Marlene Dietrich's idea of wearing men's clothing. Even at that, there might be some old-fashioned girl still left, so where is she? She also says they're cheaper. Poor little Marlene, aren't times hard? . . . However, no hard feelings, because she's okay.

Aletha Binns, (age 13), State Street, Warwick, R. I.—Congratulations to Joan Crawford. She certainly deserves them for those beautiful, staring, sparkling, flashing, bright eyes and as sweet and handsome as a baby's skin is soft. She makes a big hit as My Ideal.

Kathleen Earhart, 104 Spruce Street, Bristol, Tennessee—How can Herb Howe say, "As master of ceremonies for the 1933 Hall of Fame, I now step aside. Let the show go on!" without even mentioning Joel McCrea? I don't see how the show can go on without him; one so typical of this modern age and of the New Year of 1933.

(C. H. N.,) 201 East 24th Street, Minneapolis, Minnesota.— Like the many "All-American" football teams that are selected each year, we shall have many "Ten Best" pictures for 1932, offered by critics, professional and otherwise. How about the "Ten Worst" for 1932?

Here goes for my list and reasons: (remember there may be others that did not come to our fair city.)

"Age of Consent." Introducing our own former Minneapolis girl, Dorothy Wilson, trying to be romantic. What a breach of decency and sense was that!

"Struggle." Horrible nightmare showing the evils of drink. It would drive one to drink!

"Cock of the Air." A supposed comedy with Chester Morris and Billie Dove, that fell sickeningly flat.

"War Correspondent." Jack Holt and Ralph Graves laboring with an inane and impossible story.

"Life Begins." Splendid example of the depths of bad taste to which Hollywood can plunge.

"Broken Wing." Melvyn Douglas in what was supposed to be a melodrama but turned out to be just nothing at all.

"Chandu." Fruitless effort to capitalize on a radio series of broadcasts.

"Blondie of the Follies." Marion Davies and Billie Dove trying to be kittenish with Robert Montgomery.

"Tess of the Storm Country." A splendid story turned to sugar by Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell. Should have hot mush in your mouth to even talk about it.

"Faithless." Tallulah Bankhead in one of the cinematic errors charged to those who selected her stories.

(Miss) May Cumming, Trinity, Perthshire, Scotland—From a wee heather-clad Scottish village, with its gray-covered skies, where we don't boast of an old movie palace even of the silent brand, the nearest opportunity to see our film favorites means a journey to the city, it may interest you all to know how much pleasure is derived from the arrival of even an old copy of THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE.

History is repeating itself. In the long ago when newspapers in this country were in their swaddling clothes, copies were read and handed from friend to friend, sometimes a single copy doing duty for the entire village, and now, in much the same manner, THE NEW MOVIE gladdens the hearts of readers in many Highland homes.

Two items in your January issue appeal to me particularly. First, that excellent picture of the Harold Lloyd family, which so splendidly shows that with all the tales we read of marital unhappiness in the ranks of film folks, here is a great fellow who has not lost his head with fame and success, and one whom I should unhesitatingly place as the finest "Daddy" in the world of pictures.

Secondly, someone recently told me that Joan Crawford was the prettiest girl in all Hollywood but to this Scots lassie who has long awarded the palm of beauty to the lovely Shearer, her latest photo as reproduced also in the January issue, proves that my contention is absolutely correct.

NEW MOVIE, Scotland salutes you and extends congratulations and best wishes for the days ahead.

(Miss) Ionia Townsend, 220½ N. Cedar Street, Burbank, Calif.—Clara Bow: Oh—oooo that sweet smile! Not the "It" girl of long ago but the sweet cultured girl of today. Clara has reached the top of her success. We want more pictures like "Call Her Savage." We want more of Clara!

Eva Nell Jackson, 316 North 15th Street, Clarinda, Iowa—There is nobody quite like sweet Maureen O'Sullivan, winsome naturally, with that beautiful smile angels are supposed to have. She is young but not, thank goodness, babyish or "soft" and for all that she can be smartly sophisticated, even as N. Shearer. Never has she been cynical or common. To me her acting seems so very natural that you think of her as a friendly little girl playing a game.

Here's hoping she will have the opportunity to enthrall her fans many, many times.

Lucille Limbaugh, 4154 N. Kenneth Avenue, Chicago, Ill.—Bette Davis: If this beautiful little actress keeps climbing the ladder of fame and success, she will surpass all other actresses before the year is out. Keep climbing, Bette, I'm for you, and sure many others are, too.

Lee Blanckensee, 1329 Ruscomb Street, Philadelphia, Pa.—Having just witnessed the local premiere of "Cavalcade," I want to shout my praises for this stupendous production. I was thrilled to a rapturous ecstasy, and held spellbound through its magnitude, and magnificence of development. This picture, if no other, should make the producer and exhibitor smile again, and cause the moths to flutter their wings out of the fan's pocketbook.

Here is a picture that should be of international appeal, regardless of creed, or class distinction. The acting of Diana Wynyard, Clive Brook, and the entire cast is superb. Noel Coward is a genius in achieving humanness in his characters; the dialogue, although utterly unlike that in his bitter, smart plays, is natural and without peer. Frank Lloyd's direction is flawless, and for authenticity of costuming and set, it is a revelation to the eye of one who has made an extensive study of the subject.

Miss Wynyard's performance should skyrocket her to the very front rank of filmdom. Her great dramatic powers, and delicately shaded characterization of the English noblewoman in her joys and sorrows, are of perfect poise and natural charm.

There is never any doubt in your mind that she is always the cultured lady, and mistress of every situation.

As much as I admire Norma Shearer and Ann Harding, these actresses had better look to their laurels; a new star is on the horizon.

And just a word for courtesy in Philadelphia theaters. Purchasing my ticket late, I was dismayed to find it on the last row, and partially hidden by a huge pillar.

I voiced my dissatisfaction to friends several rows in front. Finally acclimated, I returned to the seat to make the best of it; when as the picture unfolded, I was suddenly tapped on the shoulder by a tuxedoed gentleman, who directed me to a choice front seat. As you probably surmise, it was in the balcony, and he had stationed himself there, near the operator's booth, so as to personally superintend a perfect synchronization of the film.

That gentleman, I discovered later, was the supervising manager of the theater chain, and he had overheard my complaint.

Now you fans that complain of bad service in your movie palaces, how is that for an example of Quaker City showmanship?

I wish you continued success, and more power to your marvelous magazine.

Jerry Biggers, 699 Lee Avenue, Webster Groves, Missouri—What has happened to that lovely creature, Billie Dove?

If anyone deserves credit, it's Billie. She has stepped straight up the ladder from the "Yellow Lily" to "Blondie of The Follies."

Anyone who doesn't realize that Billie Dove is wonderful cannot be considered capable of having good judgment.

She is beautiful, she can wear clothes better than Lilyan Tashman or Constance Bennett any old day, and her acting is superb. We want more pictures for Billie during 1933 than she had in 1932.

O. Moore, 1562 Ensley Avenue., Westwood Hill, L. A., Calif.—I have lived in and near Hollywood for ten years and I have watched motion pictures progress and improve. I have watched the eras of gangster, airplane, revue, cowboy and racing pictures. There have been many types of feminine stars. The flapper, masculine, exotic, coquettish and boop-a-doop girls all have their type. There is a great star for each of these, Clara Bow, Marlene Dietrich, Greta Garbo, Carole Lombard and Helen Kane. When you have seen them once or twice what are they? For a long time what Hollywood needed was a good all-around actress, capable of playing all of these types. Finally she appeared.

Helen Hayes: a grand all-around actress. Her rôles in "The Sin of Madelon Claudet," "Arrowsmith," "Son-Daughter" and "A Farewell to Arms," have been superb.

I nominate her as the leading actress of the screen. She is marvelous.

Mildred R. Morris, 916 Clay Street, Lynchburg, Va.—I could just rave on and on about Ruth Chatterton. I think she is a fine actress, one of the most beautiful, most charming and also one of the sweetest people on the screen today. I love everything about her, that lovely voice, the way she walks and that sweet smile. Here's hoping we will have more Chatterton pictures.

Jack Lockhart, 730 Spadina Crescent East, Saskatoon, Sask. Canada—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer says, "When the lion ROARS, the whole world listens!"—I say, "When Janet Gaynor SMILES, the whole world is captivated!" What reason for depression, when we can refresh ourselves in the radiance of Miss Gaynor's sunny countenance? Even the most austere of us, most surely soften to the gently emotional touch of this petite and lovable star. More power to Janet!

Harry Shearer, 4356 Bingham Avenue., St. Louis, Mo.—Of all the present day puzzles, the greatest one to me is why David Manners, so fine an actor, isn't starred, and very often.

Jeanette Willax, 84 Juniper Street, Lockport, N. Y.—Norma Shearer and Clark Gable certainly score for the hit of the season. "Strange Interlude" is what we have been waiting for, and it certainly is deserving of two such fine actors as Norma and Clark. These two are great partners. We see a new side of Clark—a side we more or less admire. Can't we have a few more really good stories like "Strange Interlude?" The "spoken thoughts" idea is one the czars of moviedom shouldn't forget.

H. Rechel, 2926 Eggers Place, Cincinnati, Ohio—I have just seen "The Animal Kingdom" and am firmly convinced that Ann Harding and Leslie Howard are two of the finest actors in pictures. Unfortunately their talents have been wasted in the past in poor stories. "The Animal Kingdom" was worthy of Mr. Howard and now if they will give Miss Harding a good play she will be more popular than ever.

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1¢ per week buys lovely lasting waves!

THINK of it! A typical "movie star" wave only 1c a week. Done right at home, too, without fuss or bother. It's the new Hollywood way. All you do is mix a tablespoonful of Stylset in half a cup of hot water. Dip comb in, apply to hair. Then set your waves. You will be amazed and delighted at the lovely, lasting results. Watch flat, stringy hair come to life in soft, alluring waves. Greaseless, non-alcoholic. Try it today. 10c buys a big 4 oz. bottle. Garry & Co. 104 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. C.

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Keeps Age A Secret
Brushes Away Gray Hair

Now you can really look years younger. With an ordinary small brush you just tint those streaks or patches of gray back to your natural shade—whether blonde, brown or black. It is so easy to do—at home—with Brownatone. Over 20 years success. Guaranteed harmless. Active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Does not coat the surface—actually penetrates the hair. Defies detection. No telltale, flat "dyed" look. Cannot affect waving of hair.

No need to guess. Cut a lock of hair from your head and apply this famous tint. If Brownatone does not give your gray, streaked, dull, or faded hair its natural color, youth and luster, your money back. Only 50c. All druggists.



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Secretly and Quickly Removed!

YOU can banish those annoying, embarrassing freckles, quickly and surely, in the privacy of your own room. Your friends will wonder how you did it.

Stillman's Freckle Cream bleaches them out while you sleep. Leaves the skin soft and white, the complexion fresh, clear and transparent. Price only 50c. The first jar proves its magic worth. At all druggists.

Stillman's Freckle Cream 50¢

Removes Freckles | Whitens The Skin

FREE BOOKLET tells how to remove freckles.

Dept. 100, Stillman Co. Aurora, Ill.

(*Continued from page* 59)

We've got a funny little hunch that there are a lot of people who would appreciate George Arliss very much indeed if they would take the trouble to go to see him. The fact that he is one of the world's leading actors shouldn't scare people; he got that way through being good.

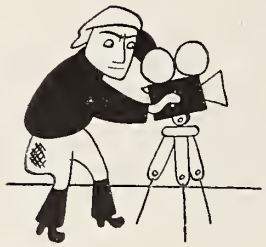
Try him out this time and you'll find that "The Adopted Father" is a pretty good evening's fun.

UNDER THE TONTO RIM—(Paramount)—This is a strange "western". There is no really "bad" man; the hero is not a two-fisted gun man; and the whole thing, strangely enough, turns out to be one of the smoothest and best action pictures your reviewer has ever seen.

Zane Grey, the author, presented a story that gave Stuart Erwin a chance to steal a show as shows have seldom been stolen. Raymond Hatton grabs more laughs than he has bagged in many a day and Fred Kohler, as a restrained sort of villain, makes me wonder why the powers that be in Hollywood haven't given him much better rôles than we have seen him in.

This one will do you good . . . a breath of the movie outdoors that will balance the rest of your diet.

Miriam Hopkins in a scene in "The Story of Temple Drake," with William Gargan, William Collier, Jr., Sir Guy Standing and Irving Pichel. The title of this picture, being only tentative, will probably be changed.



MADE ON BROADWAY—(M-G-M)—Although this picture has not been completed as we go to press, it bids fair from first reports, to be much-better-than-average entertainment. Robert Montgomery plays the male lead, and Sally Eilers was borrowed from Fox for the girl's part. Harry Beaumont is directing.

Advance reports on M-G-M's "Service" are glowing. It is being directed by Clarence Brown and in the cast are Elizabeth Allen, another English importation, Lewis Stone, Colin Clive and other prominent players.

M-G-M also has "Peg O' My Heart," from the play by Hartley Manners, in production.

WE expected to give you advance information this month on "Adorable," featuring Janet Gaynor and the new French importation, Henry Garat, and also fresh tips on Lilian Harvey's first American production, "My Lips Betray," and "My Dear," with Heather Angel, another English importation. But because of production delays these did not get started when planned. They are all Fox releases.

Two other Fox pictures just beginning are "I Loved You Wednesday," with Elissa Landi and Phillip Merivale, directed by Henry King, and "Hold Me Tight," the new James Dunn-Sally Eilers opus. We will have more definite word on these next month.

"Hello, Sister" is another new one for you to watch out for. In it are James Dunn and Boots Mallory. This little Mallory girl is someone to watch. She's so sweet and cuddly that she seems to have taken you fans by storm. Judging from the way the wind is blowing now she will be a serious contender for the honors of Janet Gaynor, Madge Evans and what you might call the "nicer" type of film star.

Universal and Warners-First National have been undergoing the usual early Spring shutdown, both with production fairly far ahead.

FROM John Barrymore you may expect "Night Flight," an M-G-M production, and also "Jamboree," which he will make for RKO.

Columbia is making "Tampico," "Beneath the Sea," "Circus Queen Murder," "Soldiers of the Storm," and a Buck Jones picture. And this company will almost immediately put nine more pictures into production.

Katharine Hepburn's first starring picture, as plans go now, will be "The Morning Glory," from the stage play by Zoe Akins. It will probably be in production by the time you read this. Edward H. Griffith will direct.

Richard Barthelmess' next will be "The Bread Line," with Loretta Young furnishing the feminine interest and pulchritude.

. . . All in all, few pictures this month, but plenty of them in the near future.

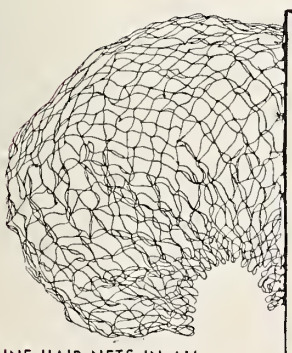


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ILLUSION:
A roaring fire was built in an oven...the temperature rose to 600° F. Into the oven walked the "fire" king, M. Chabert, carrying several raw steaks. A few minutes later the doors were flung wide and out he stepped...safe and sound...with the steaks thoroughly cooked.

EXPLANATION:
Heat rises. When Chabert entered the oven he hung the steaks *above* the fire, then dropped to the floor at the *side*, covering his head with a hood made from his shirt. He breathed through small air holes in the floor.

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JUNE, 1933
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McClelland Barclay



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John Held Jr

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WHAT A FOOL SHE IS!



Worries over a Gray Hair But She Neglects Her Teeth and Gums and she has "pink tooth brush"!

SHE gets panic-stricken about a gray hair—and yet nobody else would ever know she had one! Scarcely anyone, however, can glance at her without noticing how gray her teeth look—how dingy and dull.

If your teeth are dull-looking—if your gums are sensitive—they need *Ipana and massage*.

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For "pink tooth brush" may not only lead to serious troubles of the gums—gingivitis, Vincent's disease, and pyorrhea—it may even endanger sound teeth.

Keep your gums firm and healthy—and your teeth clean and bright with Ipana and massage.

Restore to your gums the stimulation they need, and of which they are robbed by the soft modern food that gives them so little natural work. Each time you clean your teeth with Ipana, rub a little more Ipana directly on your gums, massaging gently with your finger or the tooth brush.

Start it tomorrow. Buy a full-size tube. Follow the Ipana treatment regularly and faithfully and you need have little concern about "pink tooth brush." You'll be rid of it!

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THE **New Movie** MAGAZINE

One of the TOWER MAGAZINES

CATHERINE McNELIS, *Publisher* HUGH WEIR, *Editorial Director*

VOL. VII. No. 6 **JUNE 1933**

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VERNE PORTER, *Executive Editor*



Lianel Barrymare, acclaimed by the Mation Picture Academy af Arts and Science as having given the best perfarmance of any actor during the year 1932. Whom do you pick far 1933?

The NEW MOVIE Magazine Will Give Twelve Gold Medals

This magazine will award gald medals far the greatest contributians ta American mavie entertainment far 1933, determined far the first time by the vates af the peaple.

This is ta be the Peaple's Academy —yaur academy. Yau are ta be the judges. Yaur letters, addressed ta the Peaple's Academy, in care of this magazine, will decide.

Yau pick the pictures. Yau pick the stars. Yaur letters af camment, carefully read and tabulated, will pick the winners. Be sure ta write.

The fallawing will be the basis of the medal awards:

1—Best all-round feature picture
2—Best performance (actress)
3—Best performance (actor)
4—Best musical picture
5—Best human interest picture
6—Best mystery picture
7—Best romance
8—Best comedy
9—Best short reel picture
10—Best news reel picture
11—Best direction
12—Best story

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"What if he should tire of me?"—

From Aileen Pringle's Fan Mail





...ul. Yesterday was our second wedding anniversary. We're happily married —but what if he should tire of me? If I could keep always youthfully lovely like you—

Aileen Pringle's Answer:

"And yet, you know, I'm over thirty. Youthfulness is partly a matter of keeping young in spirit, but it's very much a matter of keeping your *skin* young. We Hollywood stars, almost without exception, use Lux Toilet Soap, because it's marvelous for giving your skin a perfectly morning-glory freshness and youth."

OF the 694 important Hollywood actresses, including all stars, 686 use Lux Toilet Soap. Because of this overwhelming preference, it has been made the official soap in all the great film studios.

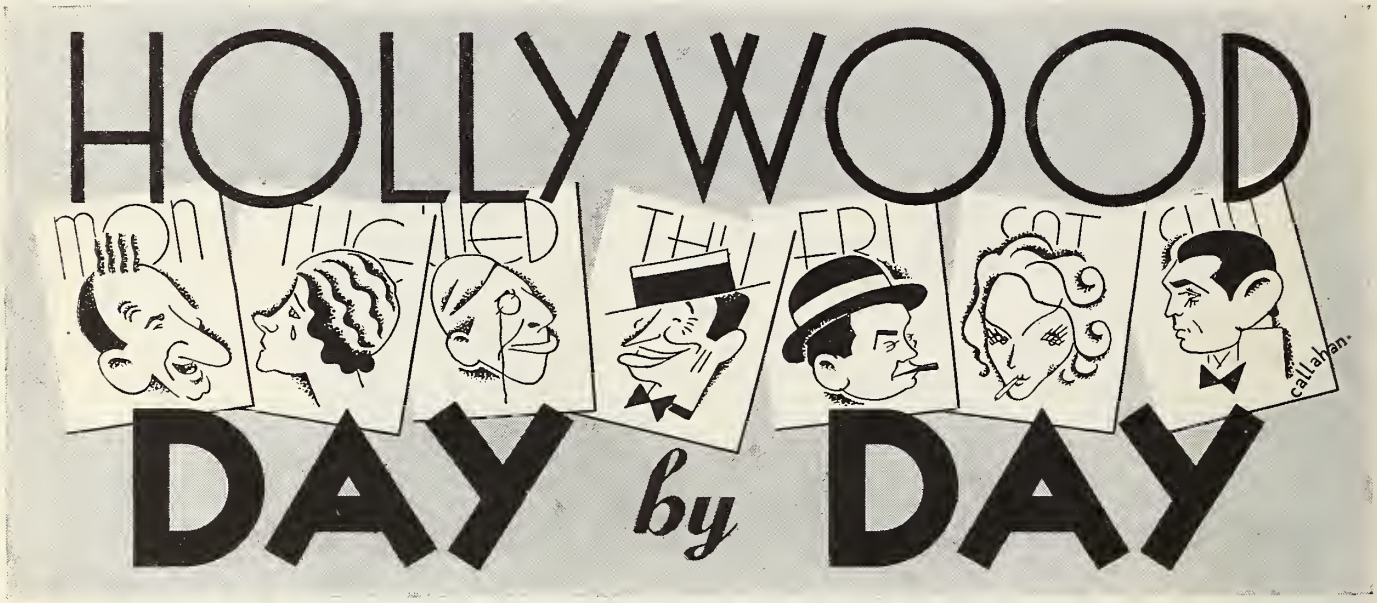
Since the loveliest stars of Hollywood trust their priceless complexions to this fine, fragrant white soap—why not begin today to use it for *your* skin? Why not make *your* skin as smooth and radiantly lovely as a movie star's?

Get two or three cakes today! Use it regularly for a month. Learn how wonderful it is for giving you a smooth, youthful complexion.

Use the Beauty Soap of the Stars

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All of the latest, freshest and most intimate gossip of the movie colony, written by a famous author.



We will pay $100 for the pen-name selected for the anonymous author of this department. Write your suggestions. For full details turn to page 85.

HELLO Hollywood! Hello everybody!

The blimp season is on. The blimp, as you ought to know, is a big fat balloon for big boys to play with—and how!—until they go boom.

Which is another way of saying that just about all of the pretty girls in Hollywood are up on the roofs these warm days—sun-tanning along with their beauty, their natural complexions—and a lot of it—and their innate modesty.

At least, they thought they were alone. Until a lot of the Hollywood boys heard about the idea and went air-minded—in blimps, dirigibles, zeppelins, hydroplanes, aeroyachts and what have you. This roof craze is the biggest boost for aviation since Lindbergh stepped off with a sandwich for Europe, and the sale of beach umbrellas and tents and other roof hideouts has gone leaping up, too.



Sari Maritza and Randalph Scatt tête-a-tête. She's been warking in "Internatianal Hause" and he's recently been daing a part in Paramount's "Supernatural."



Photographed exclusively for The New Movie Magazine by Irving Lippman

Gertrude Michael, Adrienne Ames and Leah Ray an their way ta luncheon at the Paramount studias. Three mare af the beauties bidding for starring hanors.

BY now, you know all about that all-star, super-star cast for M-G-M's "Dinner at Eight." Well, it is David Selznick's first picture under the banner of his father-in-law, Louis B. Mayer, and if the folks around the lot can make it click, it is going to be a knockout.

David, you see, has been production head of RKO, but now he's gone over to M-G-M as a vice-president and producer, since Irving Thalberg, Norma Shearer's husband, and big production boss of Metro for years, has gone off on sick-leave. They gave David, Jean Harlow, and Dressler, Beery and Tracy, and an odd lot of Barrymores. If that picture isn't a hit it won't be the fault of the cast, and it won't be the fault of the story. The story, by the way, is from Elmer Rice's big New York stage hit. And this boy Davy has a lot of stuff on the ball. In spite of all of which, Irving Thalberg emphatically denies that he has resigned from Metro—and he and Norma and Charlie MacArthur are having a swell time abroad.

While I'm on the subject, Hollywood is having its little chuckle over the smart that Walter Wanger pulled. Walter, for many years was with Paramount, constantly being reported in and then reported out, but always staying in, until—— Then, while his contract was being adjusted and readjusted by an army of lawyers, Walter went with Columbia, and then moved over to M-G-M. When Irving Thalberg was taken ill, Walter was more or less moved in to carry along. When it was announced that David Selznick was to go in as vice-president, Walter—so the story goes—dropped the business of general supervision and grabbed for himself the special

(*Please turn to page* 8)

NO WASHDAY PROBLEM HERE! — by D'ALTON VALENTINE











"Rinso for whiter clothes—*safely*," say makers of these 40 famous washers

A B C	Cinderella	Haag	"1900"	Sunnysuds
American Beauty	Conlon	Horton	One Minute	Thor
Apex	Decker	Laundryette	Prima	Universal
Automatic	Dexter	Laundry Queen	Princess	Voss
Barton	Fairday	Magnetic	Rotarex	Westinghouse
Bee-Vac	Faultless	Meadows	Roto-Verso	Whirldry
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Boss	Gainaday	National	Speed Queen	Zenith

And for tub-washing—like magic!

Throw out your washboard. Say goodbye to scrubbing. Rinso's lively suds *soak* out dirt—clothes last 2 or 3 times longer. Think how much money that saves!

Cup for cup, Rinso gives twice as much suds as lightweight, puffed-up soaps. Rich, creamy suds—marvelous for dishes, too. Ask your grocer for Rinso—try it next washday.

Rinso

The biggest-selling package soap in America

★ Hollywood DAY by DAY ★

(*Continued from page* 6)
job of making the one picture in which he had unbounded faith.

This picture was "Gabriel Over the White House." Walter got Gregory La Cava, the ace director, and made the film in all-time record-time—something like four weeks from the time the book was bought to the time the finished print of the picture was shipped to New York.

I can't tell from where I sit whether the picture will be the smash hit I expect it to be. But I'm betting on it. When it got to the New York office it caused a furore. Executives there were at first afraid to release it for fear it would offend President Roosevelt and the country at large, especially because of the fact that it was well known that Louis B. Mayer was a close personal friend of Herbert Hoover.

Someone suggested showing it to President Roosevelt. This was done. Instead of being offended or thinking that the picture would do harm, the President thought it was simply swell. So that's that.

And Walter Wanger gets a hit to his personal credit.

I WANT to tell you about this Ruby Keeler girl. She's a honey. Husband Al Jolson helped the Warner Brothers once when he helped to put them on their feet with the first talkie, then invested his winnings in Warner stocks, and now it looks as if he has presented a real star to them in the person of his wife.

Probably the Warners would do almost anything if Al asked them to. Certainly they would have tried to put Ruby over even if she had been the worst of the worst . . . I might as well tell you that I was offered a new spring benny every time I mentioned Ruby's name, and you know I'm poor and need a new one . . . But since it is no longer Spring it wouldn't do me any good anyway. . . . But what I want to say, and if you'll just stand by for a minute I'll say it—I think Ruby is swell!

And, as the man who persists in telling you stale stories, always starts out, "Stop me if you've heard this one,"—but try to stop *me*—I think Ruby Keeler has the same quality as Helen Hayes.

And did you hear the one that Helen pulled about her visit in Havana with Norma Shearer? But it will bear repeating, and it reflects so well Hollywood's condition at the moment.

"The people," said Helen, who knows all the time what she's saying, "mobbed Norma for autographs and me for money."

And Norma a stockholder in the movie business and Helen just a salaried employe.

Buddy Rogers, Mory Brian, Dick Powell, Boots Mallory and Jimmy Dunn skylorking in Hollywood's Club New Yorker. They say it wos Dick who escorted Mary home.



Photo by Wide World

Alice Brody, the actress, daughter of William A. Brady, the producer, once one of the great luminories of the silent screen, at last succumbs to the tolkies. For years Miss Brady hos stuck staunchly by her first love, the theoter.

YOU'LL be wanting to know, of course, all about the Joan-Crawford-Doug, Jr., mix-up. Whatever I say may be used against me, because no telling what will happen before day after tomorrow or when this gets into print.

Hollywood says this and that and the other thing, but it all simmers down to the fact that Hollywood certainly does not think that a divorce was ever intended. And now look at the darned thing—everything so mixed up that poor Joan and poor Doug hardly know what to do about it. They are both such nice kids that it all seems a shame. I could tell you a thousand stories I've heard, none of which is probably true.

There's one story that seems to fit into the jig-saw. Right now the movies need every bit of publicity and advertising they can get. It might be that the two kids planned a big publicity stunt and thought it would all blow over and everything would be okay. But right in the middle of everything that alienation suit was brought against Doug, Jr., and that complicated everything.

BUT one thing I do know, and that is, that the James Cagneys deliberated long and solemnly as to whether they would invest their rumored $1750.00 weekly income in a trip to Europe or in a swimming pool. The pool won out. Culture, as I have often observed, is the dominant note in dear old Hollywood!

I could tell you many other things about Hollywood. In fact, I am busting with them. But I suppose the funniest is that I saw Jack Oakie and Mary Brian dining together on the balcony at Sardi's. Neither Alex, the regular head-waiter nor Mario, the imported head-waiter from Sardi's in New York, could believe their eyes. But it was true: Jack was coming up for air after his hot-house session with that world tourist, Peggy Hopkins Joyce. That's what they all do with Mary. For she is that Hollywood symbol, **Our Pal Mary.**

(*Please turn to page* 10)

Photo by Wide World





LEO: "I'm glad you made 'REUNION IN VIENNA', John. When I saw it on Broadway as a great Theatre Guild hit I knew you were the man for the part."

JOHN: "Thanks, Leo. It's an added pleasure to play opposite Diana Wynyard in such an exciting story."

LEO: "I'm sure it'll be a pleasure to the public to see it too, John!"

One night of reckless romance, risking capture to recapture the love of his mad days in the Imperial Court... Gayest of this year's Broadway romantic hits "REUNION IN VIENNA" becomes another Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer screen delight...

with John Barrymore, Diana Wynyard, Frank Morgan. Screen play by Ernest Vajda and Claudine West. From the play by Robert E. Sherwood. Directed by Sidney Franklin.

★ Hollywood DAY by DAY ★

(*Continued from page* 8)

Did I tell you last month how Mary went down to the jolly little cupolaed Sante Fe station and dropped an unphotographed tear over the arrival of a well known star of the motion pictures, who, at the height of his glory, wished to be known as Charles, not Buddy, Rogers. Well, Buddy, the ancient flame and Dick Powell, the current glow, coagulated to take Mary the Brian to a recent premiere. There was nothing notable about that incident. Hasn't Ruth (ex-$7,500 a-week-contract) Chatterton set the example with her assorted husbands, Ralph Forbes and the present one—as a matter of record, George Brent? But, here is the point: Buddy helped Dick take her to the show, but Dick didn't need any help taking her home.

NOTE of the recent Spring: for the first time since Gretchen, now Loretta, Young broke into pictures there has been no rumor of her impending engagement or marriage, which leads me to believe—old-dried-up cynic that I am, and how I glory in my shame!—that there's something serious doing among those Young folks.

I don't know how I got into that, because, after all, it has nothing to do with Mary Brian or the crooning Dick; but I had to get to Mallorca someway, and why not over Loretta's young body?

My friend Percy Waxman is just back from those Balaeric Islands, where one lives more or less on a dime a day, and he tells me that my old friend of the Parisian dine-and-dance, Natacha Rambova—once the wife of the never-to-be-forgotten Valentino—is operating a tiny restaurant in the noble city of Palma de Mallorca, where she serves dainty food and daintier drinks in a little house totally surrounded by trees and dogs. (It's a grand book, Percy Waxman's "What Price Mallorca?")

NOW that I'm on the subject of books, I see that Gertrude Vanderbilt (Gertie, to me), who was associated in the public prints with the late Bill Fallon—and New York never had a more brilliant lawyer—is writing her memoirs. And Ben Turpin is writing his; and the only problem to me is whether he will be able to dot his eyes. Now that you have forgiven me for that one, I'll merely add that Roy Del Ruth is also writing his, from the director's angle—and, Heaven forbid, I'd hate to think how many more are on their way.

WHICH brings us back, as almost everything in Hollywood does, to the Brown Derby, which has been, as you know, more or less recently more or less decorated by caricatures of famous film folk. I was masticating one of the famous Derby hamburgers in an obscure corner the other night when Ben Lyon—I know it is customary to say "and Bebe Daniels, Hollywood's happiest couple," but Ben was alone—came in and asked, as all do, "Where am I?" The captain led him to the spot.

"There you are, Mr. Lyon," he said, pointing to a caricature.

"Gosh," exclaimed Ben. "I'll have to speak to them about this. It looks like Winnie Sheehan."

They're good friends, so it's O.K.



Photo by Wide World

Raquel Torres, Mexican screen star, and her attractive sister, Renee, playing the old Down East game of pitching horse shoes.



Photographed exclusively for The New Movie Magazine by Don English

(Above) George Raft, Vina Delmar, the author, and Sylvia Sidney lunching together in the cammissary at the Paramount studios.



(Right) The latest off-stage picture of Janet Gaynar, taken just after her return fram Hawaii. Much af Janet's yauthfulness and sparkle seems to have returned with the straightening aut af her marital affairs.

Photo by Wide World

NOW let's get down to the dirt. You want to know who wears what, and why, and with whom, and when. And so do I when it's the real thing. It was a jolt to me, for instance, to hear that Anna Q. Nilsson, my favorite, who bisected her pelvic or neighboring bone in a Prince-of-Wales fall from a Hollywood horse, was about to make a talkie come-back, by appearing in the flesh on a Hollywood stage, supported on the sturdy shoulders of the Players' Club's best Kelly pool comedian, Joe Kerrigan, and on the ancient shoulders of Mr. Henrik Ibsen. It is still a jolt! But it was a joy to see Anna emerging from the breakfast room, in a white satin evening gown. Anna should never wear anything else.

You should have seen her in the second act!

Modestly, I went out before the third act.

(And, before I forget it, I must revert to the fact that the Beverly Hills Chief of Police has just issued an order that those who *will* use blimps during this open season must not fly too low—under penalty of official displeasure. So, if you must go Piccard, go ten miles up in the stratosphere and don't let

(*Please turn to page* 12)

"THE SONG OF SONGS!"

"I SLEEP, BUT MY HEART AWAKETH
IT IS THE VOICE OF MY BELOVED SAYING
'OPEN TO ME, MY LOVE, MY UNDEFILED' "



HER SONG OF LOVE . . . the lyric innocence of her loveliness turned into a melody in marble by the hands of the man who took her heart.

MARLENE DIETRICH

in

"THE SONG OF SONGS"

BRIAN AHERNE LIONEL ATWILL
ALISON SKIPWORTH RICHARD BENNETT

from the story by Hermann Sudermann and play by Edward Sheldon

A ROUBEN MAMOULIAN PRODUCTION

a Paramount Picture

PARAMOUNT PICTURES DISTRIBUTING CORPORATION, N. Y. C.

★ Hollywood DAY by DAY ★

(*Continued from page* 10)
your opera glasses drop on the roof!)

I HAVE been getting about lately, going places and seeing things —and here are some of the things I saw:

ZaSu Pitts, nothing but a comic, and Eleanor Boardman, prize beauty trying 'em on in Hollywood's swaggerest swag shop—and you have no idea how beautiful ZaSu was!

Karen Morley trying—not too hard—on her new gray double-breasted coat fastened down the front with good old-fashioned frogs —with hat, shoes, stockings, gloves and fox fur to match the frogs. Lucky frogs!

Karen, by the way, has taken to an apple a day. The crowd of doctors around the studio entrance has been appreciably diminished.

Myrna Loy has gone to live at Ramon Novarro's house. The announcement may seem premature but, believe it or not, she is there—but Ramon isn't. He's gone to Europe.

Jean Harlow has changed her hair, not from white to red this time, and not even to blue—though Miss Harlow is very patriotic; her press agent told me so—but to curls all over her head, which—this is from Jean, not from the press agent —she puts up every night in kid curlers.

How one would love to be a kid curler these Hollywood nights—"Hollywood Nights" being the name of my favorite blonde's favorite brand of cosmetics.

Tom Brown and Anita Louise orriving ot a Hollywood premiere. Mr. Brown stoutly denies any interest in ony porticulor young lody. He soys he likes them all—they're just his pols.

Photo by Wide World



IT'S a long way from Jean Harlow's kid curlers to Noah Beery's trout-farm beard; but you must expect the worst. Noah, as you probably know, was a big shot in the movies, when brother Wally was a slight explosion; and still he's good. He plays a part now and then, and plays it like nobody knows.

We were speaking of beards weren't we? Well, independent production companies have formed the pleasant habit of hiring an expensive actor—for advertising purposes only—to do his stuff for one day in one picture. Noah—having sold trout short—signed such a contract. The script called for a heavy beard, which must be removed in full view of the audience in the final reel of the cinema masterpiece. Beery, remote on his trout farm, complied. It took him



Photo by Wide World

This is Guy Kibbe in one of his most serious moments—ond does he look it! He's o contestont in the Motion Picture Golf tournoment ot Aguo Coliente.

three weeks. But, arriving on the lot, he was surprised to see a five-dollar-a-day actor, made up like him in every detail, who had played the part throughout the picture up to the time when the beard was to be removed.

Noah is still providing fresh-grown trout to the discriminating patrons of the restaurants to which my blonde most loves to go.

I THINK I was telling you what I had learned, or maybe seen, while pussyfooting—really, you know, I couldn't pussyfoot. (With my feet, if I had pussyfooted, I would be in jail before now for violation of the speed ordinances. Don't give him that much credit, you say; and you're right.) Which reminds me that Fuzzy Knight is a whale of a hit out here. I don't know how he will score in the country—and I don't mean suburbs. But I'll tell you this: he can double for Roscoe Ates, and he doesn't have to stutter.



Photo by Wide World

Jobyna Ralston, wife of Richord Arlen, doncing with Andy Devine ot the Club New Yorker. Ho-hum, Andy's got o hair cut.

AND speaking of synthetic substitutes, we have Mr. W. S. Van Dyke's synthetic Garbo. She comes from Alaska; and she has coal black hair and enormous eyes; and she is twenty-one years old (which is something on La Garbo); and you mustn't be snooty; and her name is Dortif, and her address is —at least, until she became Van Dyke conscious, *was* Teller, Alaska.

The only thing that is likely to interfere with her success is that she has a family: a sister, five years old; a brother, two years old; and a something, Uprk, three and a half years old, who never saw an automobile before. My own idea is that she will never get along in Hollywood.

MAE CLARKE is interesting for an extraordinary reason—I can hardly believe it myself!—because—I don't believe it—she has two grandfathers, both white, whose first two names—you'll never believe it; I don't either—are George Washington. And this is where the fun comes in: one of them is George Washington Schafer, and the other is George Washington Klotz.

(*Please turn to page* 15)



Adrienne Ames, Texas-born, wealthy, healthy and wise, ambitious for a screen career all of her lucky life. Mistress of two New York houses, a Connecticut estate and a home in Beverly Hills, her salary won't even pay her income tax. Happily married, but too active to waste her life on society. You see her next in Paramount's "A Bed-Time Story," with Maurice Chevalier.

Exclusive New Movie Magazine photo by Otto Dyar



Will Madge Evans and Robert Montgomery become a film team? "Made in America" is the third picture in which she's played opposite Bob. And to the delight of a legion of Madge fans. No skyrocket rise for her, but a gradually increasing army of admirers.

★ Hollywood DAY by DAY ★



Gr-r-r-r-r! Torzan Weissmuller in troining. Just note the size of thot steak! . . . He's just been re-signed by M-G-M which meons thot he's roted os a full-fledged stor.

(*Continued from page* 12)

I'M still telling about things I see around in Hollywood. You may not find any connection between Mae Clarke and Betty Blythe, and don't ask me to explain; but I'm telling you that Betty, Theda Bara's only rival for the siren crown in the gay early 1900's, was the girl who played the charity worker in I. A. R. Wylie's "Pilgrimage," which you may or may not have seen by this time—depending on Roosevelt and the late depression.

But I have almost forgotten what I started to tell you about Ruby Keeler and Mervyn LeRoy, and that is that Mervyn injected Ruby, as a little excess sex appeal, into a picture which he was making with Ginger Rogers and other excess sex appeals, only to find that she was burdened with one of those inseparable wedding rings which insisted on being photographed even though Ruby's part was a cinematographically virginal. But Mervyn is no studio fool. He covered the golden badge of service with flesh-colored adhesive tape.

Don't believe what you hear about Marlene Dietrich and Brian Aherne. It is regular Hollywood stuff to link the names of leading men and leading women.

But I'm telling you that Marlene sitting with Brian under my own revealing caricature on the Derby wall, was that thing which she has never been in the American cinema, but which I believe she will still be: a regular girl.

She may have had pants on. Far be it from me to look beneath the table. As I said once before, I am always the little gentleman! But she was femininity incarnate.

GOING back to Ruby Keeler and her wedding ring for just a moment, let me tell you about Karen Morley and hers. She takes it off all right, for film purposes, but she wears it suspended from a chain strung around her neck. Karen is another fine girl—and what a walker! I drove up into one of the canyons behind Beverly Hills the other day to have dinner with Junior Laemmle and saw Karen hiking along. I stopped and asked her if she wanted a lift. She said she was so tired she could faint, but that she always did her walking just that way.

I WENT over to Culver City to see Clark Gable the other day and ran into the news that they'd just signed a new contract with Johnny Weissmuller. This means that Johnny is past the experimental stage and is definitely set. I haven't seen his latest one, "Tarzan, the Ape Man," but some of the folks who've seen the rushes tell me it looks like another hit. Muriel Evans has a new contract, too. And here's a funny one that Howard Strickling told me: You know Margaret McConnell, the Chicago art-student whose face appeared on so many cigarette advertisements? And was signed by Metro? Well, she has never smoked. . . . And the latest news is that Jack Pearl's M-G-M contract runs up to some three quarters of a million dollars.

IT looks to me as if Ronald Colman is definitely off the screen for a while. He's in England now, and the talk here is that he won't return to Hollywood for a long time.

And if you know Ronald, you know that this isn't publicity talk. Ronald isn't that way. I wouldn't be surprised if Ronald had saved a lot of money, and simply decided he'd do what he wanted to do; and that is to take another whirl at the stage, either in London or New York. He's that way—quiet, unassuming, friendly, no flourishes, and I think his own personal happiness means more to him than all of the adulation that goes with screen success.

Well, I'll be off on another stroll around. Good-bye Hollywood. Good-bye everybody.



These ore four of the girls with whom Poromount is gambling on moking box-office millions—Goil Patrick, Lono Andre, Verno Hillie and Kothleen Burke.

THE STAR WHO WON'T GROW UP



Photograph exclusively for The New Movie Magazine by Carl DeVoy

This little Spanish blonde from Long Island, born Anita Pomares, and now known to us as Anita Page, is still going strong during all this time she's growing up. Her next picture will be "Soldiers of the Storm." She's still the little home girl who's rarely seen in public, and even then always chaperoned.

MRS. R. is a perfect wife!



She . . .

IS A WONDERFUL COOK

HAS A CHARMING HOME

AND GROWS LOVELIER

EVERYDAY . . . . .

Best of all you don't have to envy these things . . . you can BE them yourself!

● COOKING WITHOUT FAILURES

No woman ever cooked successfully without learning how . . . some by extravagant experimenting. Failure in cooking is throwing away good food and money. But you can learn to cook . . . surely and economically . . . because the Tower Home Service Bureau is offering a series on the fundamentals of cooking, successful recipes, new ways with food, how to buy . . . a complete series with special instructions in your weak points.

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In the same way most women have to learn to be beautiful. It's safe to say 90% of all women do not make the most of the good looks Nature gave them . . . *because they don't know how!*

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Some women are the same about their homes . . . unattractive rooms because they don't know the simple facts about harmony in color and arrangement, proper draperies and accessories. Experts in home beautifying tell how to make your home the lovely place you've always wanted . . . at little cost.

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How to Cook With Skill and Economy ☐
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Name .....
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Are Men's glances Keen...Women's Friendly ...Do they Admire your Skin?



Face to face with one friend, or surrounded by people—wherever you are, someone's eyes are searching you—scrutinizing your skin. For you, like every other woman, are in a Beauty Contest every day—ever the object of critical eyes that find you beautiful or consider you plain.



• *Exquisite cleanliness is Beauty's first law. With a soft cloth, apply a rich lather of Camay and warm water to your skin. Rinse well with cold water.*



• *Camay is pure—made of delicate oils. Its luxuriant lather is as gentle and refreshing in your bath as on your face and hands! Try it today!*

You may live grandly in a mansion, or modestly in a cottage. Yet you cannot escape the Beauty Contest of life . . . the rivalry of woman against woman. Wealth and social position cannot help you. But a fresh, radiant skin is a glorious weapon.

THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

To have a skin that is soft and velvety, use Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women. Camay is creamy-white—pure—delicate as dew upon your cheek. The quick, luxuriant lather it yields, in hard water, as in soft, cleanses the pores deeply and gently and brings out the fresh, natural loveliness of your skin. A finer beauty soap has never been made!

The cost of keeping your skin lovely is amazingly low! Never in your lifetime have you known a soap so fine, so delicately perfumed, so beautifully wrapped to cost so little! Get a supply of Camay today.

Copr. 1933, Procter & Gamble Co.

CAMAY

THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN



STARLING

After two years experience, Mary Carlisle is being featured. You saw her first in "The Devil's Cabaret"—doing only a "bit" —and last in "Men Must Fight." Watch for her and write us if you believe she's worthy of stardom.

Photographed exclusively for The New Movie Magazine by Clarence Sinclair Bull



WINNER

Verna Hillie, born in Hancock, Michigan, of Finnish descent, educated in Detroit, blonde with gray-green eyes, got into films through a contest, and now one of Paramount's runners-up for stardom. Watch for her in the near future!



Photographed exclusively for The New Movie Magazine by Eugene Robert Richee

Capable Jack LaRue, the priest in "Farewell to Arms," then the tough in "The Story of Temple Drake." Young, but an experienced actor. Born in New York, of English and Italian antecedents. Unspoiled, unimpressed by success. And stardom for him if you say the word.

VERSATILE



Max Munn Autrey

GAY

Cute? Europe thinks so, and now we are to see for ourselves. Her first picture is "My Lips Betray." And the movie world is agog to know if she will click. Her producers expect her to be the smash hit of the year. . . . Why, it's Lilian Harvey, from Berlin, of course.



Here's a face you've seen hundreds of times—but never on the screen. Where? . . . She's Margaret McConnell, the Oxford, Indiana, art student whose features a cigarette company blazoned over America. You'll be seeing her in M-G-M pictures.

FAMILIAR?



BRIAN AHERNE



CLARA BOW



BETTY FURNESS



NORMAN FOSTER



ONSLOW STEVENS

What Will Happen in

BRIAN AHERNE, the young Irishman from the Broadway stage, playing opposite Marlene Dietrich in "Song of Songs." He is already regarded as almost certain to be starred.
Photo by Eugene Robert Richee

CLARA BOW, hasn't lost her grip on the public, not in the least. The more-or-less experimental "Call Her Savage" proved Clara's pulling power.

BETTY FURNESS, is up for ballyhoo. She hasn't had the experience of some of the others, but her prospects are most promising.

NORMAN FOSTER's rise has been gradual but certain. The movie industry, using the box-office as a yardstick, expects stardom for him, if not during this year, at least next year.

ONSLOW STEVENS, a brilliant actor whose star is rising. Universal regards him so highly that he will get a lion's share of advertising and publicity during the next six months.

The Producers, for the first time, reveal their secrets

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Who will the new stars be? What will the new pictures be? What will be the trends? . . . These are only a few of the questions that we put to the heads of the movie industry. We queried producers, directors, scenario editors, advertising and publicity chiefs—everyone in the business who should know. We believe that you will find this article to be one of the most important and accurate forecasts of production activities ever published, coming as it does after an almost complete reorganization within the industry.*

Compiled by HESTER ROBISON

THEIR income sharply decreased, in some cases as great as seventy-five per cent., receiverships pending or threatened, salaries of everyone cut at least fifty per cent., some of them for a time getting no salaries at all, pictures that would have been tremendous money-makers in normal times, losing—yet the motion picture business has never faltered.

Now comes the dawn of a new deal. Attendance figures are rising, confidence in the producers is being restored, and the movie folk are going ahead with their shoulders squared, their heads back, and a smile on their lips. The race is on! They're off!

What will come of it all? Must new stars be created? Who will they be? · What sort of pictures shall we see?



"Anyone hurt Lupe's friend," explains the Mexican cyclone, "Lupe hurts heem. That horse bite my pal, so I bite that horse" . . . . . And that's the way of tell-them-where-to-get-off Lupe Velez, the hot-pepper girl.

Hal Phyfe

against my eager and accustomed ear, followed by a husky laugh and a super-seductively murmured, "Darleeng."

"Come and meet Lupe," Doug said. "She's a riot!"

"Riot" was adequate, but revolution was and still is, despite all rumors to the contrary, a perfect one-word description of Lupe.

THERE were lots of Mexicans in "The Gaucho," though it had a South American setting—Spanish is Spanish no matter how you mispronounce it! As we approached the Tantalizing Tornado she was explaining something to a group of her compatriots, eyes flashing, perfect teeth clicking like castanets, and arms waving in semiphorian fashion. "Darleeng" and Army phrases, being about all the English she knew at the time, were used as high-lights for the benefit of those who didn't understand Spanish.

Doug introduced us. Lupe extended a slim brown paw. I fully expected to be scratched, but one of her great charms is that you never get what you expect. The paw was soft and smooth, the grip firm. "Allo!" she said, and then like a child repeating a lesson, "Please-to-meet-you!"

Having said her piece she turned swiftly. "Hey! Dooglas." She hurled her small self at him. A catch-as-catch-can wrestling match ensued. Only the call of the director saved Doug's hair—for in wrestling, as in everything else, Lupe knows no rules.

I learned later what she had been explaining in Spanish. Some one that Lupe liked was talking to her when one of the horses, no doubt tired of standing around on fake cobble stones or perhaps just weary of waiting for his supper, reached over and nipped the shoulder of Lupe's friend. Proving that vendetta is not entirely Italian, Lupe walked over and bit the horse.

Not returning nip for (*Please turn to page* 80)

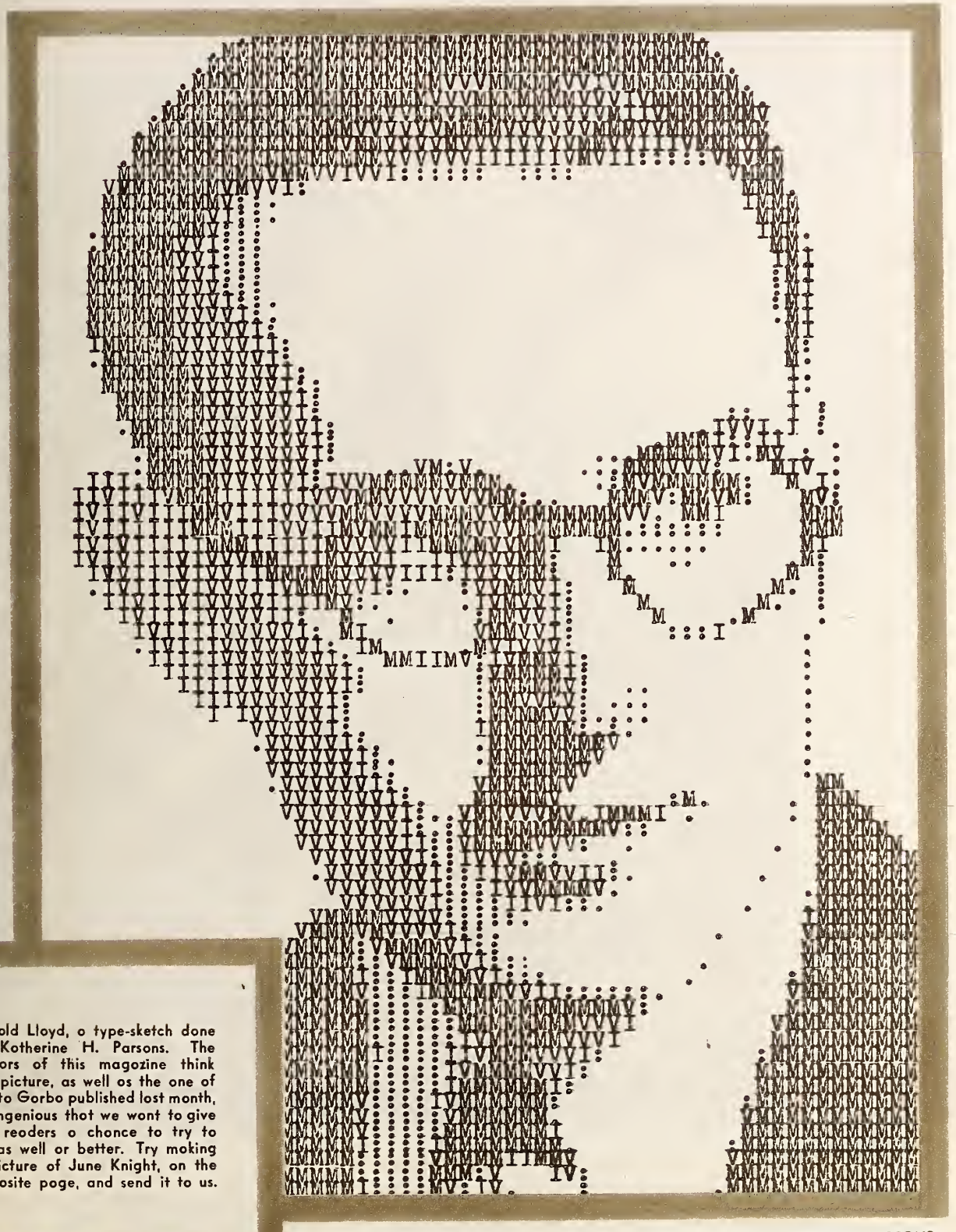


JUNE KNIGHT, photographed for The New Movie Magazine by Tower Studios

See if You Can TYPE-SKETCH the STARS

Here's a new way to make likenesses of your favorites

This month see if you can make a picture of June Knight, Universal's new star, on the typewriter. . . . Remember, The New Movie Magazine, will pay for the typewritten pictures selected as the best. All entries this month should be copied from Miss Knight's picture on page 30. For details see page 82



Harold Lloyd, a type-sketch done by Katherine H. Parsons. The editors of this magazine think this picture, as well as the one of Greta Garbo published last month, so ingenious that we want to give our readers a chance to try to do as well or better. Try making a picture of June Knight, on the opposite page, and send it to us.

Type-sketched by KATHERINE H. PARSONS



Exclusive New Movie Magazine photo by Eugene Robert Richee

SPRING

Sari Maritza, one of the loveliest of the starlets, and called photographically perfect. Has she that screen quality that draws? Will you and the Great God Box-office demand her? See her in "International House." Give us your verdict.



Photo by Irving Lippman

A Director's BIRD'S-EYE VIEW of the STARS

As Given by MERVYN LEROY to FREDERIC LEWIS

COME up to the house tonight," said Mervyn LeRoy, "and we'll have a few laughs."

I had just seen the boy-director's latest picture, "I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang," with Paul (Scarface) Muni, and I wasn't so sure about those laughs. But we had them—all through dinner. And some good straight talk, too—for the Miracle Boy of Hollywood knows his stuff.

After dinner, we looked at a print of his "Three on a Match," in which, as you may remember, Warren William—"that nice actor" my host called him—is totally surrounded by Joan Blondell, Bette Davis and Ann Dvorak.

"Joan is a swell girl to direct," said my host, "a swell girl anyhow! And you ought to see her garden. Everything in it from petunias to poinsettias. Joan does all the work herself. You know; rolls up the sleeves, tucks the undies into the overalls, and digs right down into the gumbo. That's the kind of girl Joan is, on or off.

"Bette's a peach, too. She isn't the actress Joan is; not yet. She'll take a lot of directing. But she *can* take it. That kind usually goes a long way. And what a figure! Did you notice those beach scenes?"

I had noticed the beach scenes.

AS for Ann Dvorak, who stole the picture in an unsympathetic rôle, by her projectile leap through a closed window—well, there wasn't enough her director could say about *her*.

"She *ought* to be good," he said. "Her mother was a fine actress. She was that girl with the black eyes and high cheek bones that always used to play the Indian in Griffith's 'westerns.' Her name was Anna Lehr."

LeRoy's own life, romantically speaking, has been one of those "Three on a Match" affairs. First, there was Edna Murphy, whom he married. Then, there was Ona Munson, whom he didn't. Now, there is—or was—Ginger Rogers.

THE next morning Mervyn was late for breakfast. I had already achieved a sausage when he came out of his bedroom, a gold-brown lounging robe pulled tight around his slight form. He looked younger than ever with his hair all rumpled up—no wonder they call him the boy director.

"Glenda Farrell just telephoned," he said, "to say she hadn't slept a wink all night. A woman who lives on the seventh floor of her apartment house jumped out of the window about ten o'clock last evening. Glenda lives on the sixth floor. She saw her go by."

It was a short story—but, as he told it, it had all the speed and completeness of a typical LeRoy scene. If you saw "Fugitive" or "Little Caesar" or "Five Star Final," you know what I mean.

"That Farrell girl's a great actress," he said. "Watch her!"

I knew that this was genuine enthusiasm, untinged by the personal equasion, which so often influences Hollywood opinions of beautiful young women.

"I take some credit for Miss Farrell, and for Aline McMahon, too," the Miracle Boy continued, "because I brought them out here to play in my pictures. You remember Aline in 'Five (*Please turn to page* 94)

INTIMATE REVELATIONS from behind the megaphone



"Paul Muni's just like a boy. But that's the way it always is —with genius."



"I first brought Aline McMahon out here to play in some of my pictures."



"Take Gloria Swanson, for instance. Now there's a girl for you—a real trooper!"



"Joan Blondell is a swell girl to direct, and she's a pretty swell girl anyhow!"



Carl Laemmle, Jr., and Carl Laemmle, Sr., whose worship of each other is one of the idylls of filmdom.

"I'll Give a MILLION DOLLARS for a NEW STAR"

JIM TULLY'S story of the boy whose greatest ambition was "to be an honorable man like my father"

CARL LAEMMLE, the elder, has a favorite story which concerns Napoleon. The great soldier tried to reach a book in his library. A servant, seeing his effort, said, "I will get it, Sire, . . . I am bigger."

"Not bigger," said Napoleon, "taller."

Neither of the Laemmles is very tall. Uncle Carl, as the elder is affectionately known in the film industry, is hardly of medium height. Carl Laemmle, Jr., is no larger than a school boy. He has his father's warm smile and the genial friendliness of his famous elder. The cares of a vast business settling too early upon him have still left him cheerful.

Young Laemmle's mother died early. His father did all he could to take her place. For many years the son slept in the same room with the father. They made journeys to Europe together.

At a family gathering when Junior was about fourteen, he definitely decided to forego a college education and enter films as soon as possible.

This decision came after his father had offered to send him to any college he might select.

The elder Laemmle had wisely refrained from trying to influence the son he had watched literally grow up on the motion picture sets at Universal City.

More pleased than astonished when he immediately made the firm decision to follow in his footsteps, the father caressed the son proudly.

It was long known in Hollywood, and by no one better than the young boy, that the elder Laemmele's word was considered equal to a contract.

Junior's sister, Rosabelle, in a half humorous tone, said to him, "So it's your ambition to become a great producer."

"It's indeed much bigger than that," returned the boy quickly and earnestly.

"What, I'd like to know, could that mean?"

"To be an honorable man like my father."

With this attitude, the boy began his career.

The spirit of the gentle man who left a little Wisconsin clothing store to become one of the great pioneers of films still pervades the vast organization which he founded.

"Be careful of giving your word," he often told his son, "but once you give it, protect it with all you have."

It is doubtful if any son of a successful father has ever been given a more rigid training.

At nineteen years of age, after mastering many devious details of films, he (*Please turn to page* 76)

BOX OFFICE VALUES

I could afford to spend a million dollars for a new top-notch, first-rank star. This sounds foolhardy, at this time. But our revenue is derived from the box-office, and any star whose popularity would sweep the world like a storm, whose personality was startling enough, even sensational enough, to crowd the theaters again, would be worth a million of any studio's money.

This industry, as a matter of fact, could use dozens of new stars—if they had the pull. The public is all set and ready for new excitement and new thrills. If we can develop personalities to give them those qualities, the public will swamp the box-offices.

—Carl Laemmle, Jr.



Photographed exclusively for The New Movie Magazine

Jockie Cooper was induced, with greot effort, to sit for some new pictures the other doy. This is the result. When the finished prints were shown to him, he remorked, solemnly, "Gee, I'm o funny looking guy." Then he took the picture over to Wallace Beery for his official okay. "Looks oll right to me," soid Wally. "Is your neck cold?"

What Happened

By FREDERICK L. COLLINS

TOO bad, isn't it," a Hollywood wise man said to me the other day, "about our old friend, Lillian Gish?" We were chatting casually after dinner.

"What's the matter? Is she dead?"

"Might just as well be," was the laconic reply, "so far as pictures are concerned."

I admit I was shocked. I had been brought up in the Gish tradition. I had been taught that if anyone jumped on my bed in the middle of the night, grabbed me roughly by the Adam's apple, shook me blankly back from bye-bye land, and asked me who was the greatest actress of the screen, I was to sit up politely, and answer:

"Lillian Gish."

And why not?

Didn't Max Reinhardt, creator of "The Miracle," hail her as "the supreme emotional actress of the screen?"

Didn't Maurice Maeterlinck, author of "The Blue Bird," say that "no other has so much talent"?

Didn't Joseph Hergesheimer choose her as his model for *Cytherea* because she was "like an April moon, a thing for all young men to dream about forever"?

Didn't John Barrymore call her "the most superlatively exquisite and poignantly enchanting thing that I have ever seen in my life"?

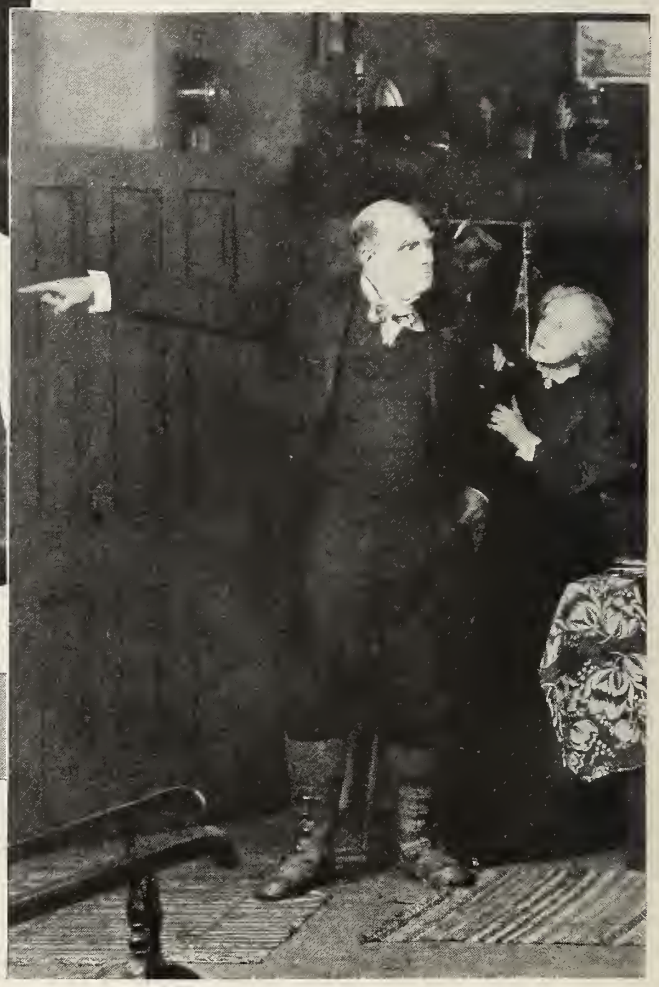
And her pictures!

Who doesn't remember the moment in "Hearts of the World" when she began to go insane? In "Orphans of the Storm," when she heard her blind sister singing in the street, and could not get to her? In "The White Sister," when her cheek twitched as she heard the false news of *Giovanni's* death?

Continuing The New Movie Magazine's Revealing Series on Tricks that Fate Has Played on the Famous



Lillian Gish and David Wark Griffith, the director, when they were making "Way Down East."



to LILLIAN GISH?

GREAT MYSTERIES OF THE MOVIES

Of course, we remember! How could we forget?

WAS there ever a moment of utter terror equal to her closet scene in "Broken Blossoms"? Was there ever a vision of despairing young motherhood equal to her bathing of the baby in "'Way Down East"? Was there ever a death scene equal to her *Mimi's* in "La Boheme"?

And yet, here was a man whose opinion I was bound to respect—who knows more about Hollywood than Helen knew about Troy!—sitting calmly over an after-dinner cigar and telling me that "Lillian the Incomparable," "Cinema Bernhardt," "Duse in Celluloid," "First Lady of the Screen," was "all washed up" in pictures.

"Ask anybody," he said.

And I did. Everybody. In studios, in executive offices, at luncheons, dinners, teas, cocktail parties—yes, they still follow that quaint custom in Hollywood!—in box-offices, in theater lobbies, all along the boulevard.

"Would any producer take a chance on Lillian Gish today?"

I can't say that the answer was a unanimous one. The most favorable ran something like this:

"Sure! He'd be a fool not to—for one picture."

"Why one?" I asked.

"Because that would be (*Please turn to page* 97)



Photo by Wide World

Lillian Gish as she appears today—an informal photograph of her.



A scene from "'Way Down East," one of the greatest box office successes of the silent screen. Among those shown here are Lillian Gish, Mary Hay, Lowell Sherman and Richard Barthelmess. This was one of the greatest dramatic triumphs in human emotions that D. W. Griffith ever made.

Photo from Culver Service

THE NEW FILMS SHOW THE

Hollywood sponsors feminine frocks for afternoon and



Travis Bantan designed this flawered argandie dance frack with its metal clath jacket, shawn abave, far Miriam Hapkins in Paramaunt's "The Stary af Temple Drake." The photograph at the right, fram a still, shaws the interesting detail in the finished frack.





This gown of black crepe with its little jacket af faille was designed by Travis Bantan far Carale Lambard ta wear in "Supernatural." The plain neckline is braken by a huge baw at the side. The small view shaws Miss Lambard wearing the castume in the film.

SMART NEW FASHIONS

evening and mannish effects for street and sports

Hollywood, California.

THIS movie town is finding out that the position of stylist to America carries with it some strenuous responsibilities. But it's taking them in high and the result will be all to the good for you and me.

For instance, you'll see more and more clothes on the screen, designed for everyday wear. Not that luxurious evening clothes and lounging outfits will be banned. We want to see them and we're adapting them to our own uses, but we are clamoring, also, for more movie views of clothes that we can wear to work, or for afternoon tea, in the simple style as well as the grand scale, for informal dining and parties, and for sports.

YOU'LL be interested, too, to learn that movie fashions are planned, whenever the script will allow it, so that they will be seasonally correct at the time of their release. Summer clothes are featured in most of the movies now released or to be shown in the near future. About August fall fashions will be featured, and so on into the Winter.

Puffed sleeves are held in high favor by Hollywood designers. But they are not the same puffed sleeves that first hit the fashion wave last year. These are much more involved, with flutings and ruchings topping them, cordings breaking the line, or cut in leg-o'mutton fashion.

The dance frock designed by Travis Banton for Miriam Hopkins in "The Story of Temple Drake" is an example. Pink organdie, embroidered with silver thread flower designs is used for the dress.







Two views of the some costume:—(above) Travis Banton's sketch; at right, Shirley Grey wearing the outfit in "Terror Aboord." (Photo by Otto Dyar)

At left, William Lombert's design for o pole blue chiffon evening gown edged in willow ostrich for Janet Goynor in her new film, "Adoroble."

FASHION PREVIEWS





Pleated pajomos of jode green satin trimmed with loce designed for Janet Goynor in Fox's "Adoroble" (left). Myrno Loy in o scene from M-G-M's "Mon on the Nile"—now called "The Borbarion"—weors a white linen riding suit with o divided skirt, o white pongee hot ond brown scorf, gloves ond boots (obove).

Its jacket is silver cloth and silver cordings are attached in three tiers to the skirts and at the center of the puffed sleeves. The jacket sleeves are circular gathered capelets that stand up over the puffs. In interesting contrast is the tailored high neckline with flat bows down the closing.

A DISTINCTLY different jacket costume is the one Banton designed for Carole Lombard in "Supernatural." All black with the jacket of heavy faille, the costume is severe but not plain. The sleeves are modified leg-o-mutton set in with cartridge pleats at the shoulders and a large flat bow is placed at the side of the plain neck.

Shirley Grey wears several smart outfits in "Terror Aboard," the deck costume illustrated, included among them. She has another smart sports or shipboard costume in this picture—white angora with sleeves and tie-ends of red, white and blue stripes. And her bisque satin négligée is one of the smartest and simplest we've seen for a long time.

Shirley's laced-up-the-front middy blouse illustrates two new fashion points—lacings and middy collars. Jean Harlow uses a laced closing on a white silk sports frock with a red jacket included in her personal wardrobe. And Adrian, M-G-M designer, puts his O. K. on them, so you'll be seeing more of them.

Middy collars are in line with the mannish trends and in their exaggerated form give the new squared-out shoulder-line.

JANET GAYNOR'S femininity is stressed by ruffles made of willow ostrich, on a pale blue chiffon evening gown designed by William Lambert for "Adorable."

Adrian, too, goes in for ruffles at odd moments. You recall the *Letty Lynton* frock and Joan Crawford's new ruffled organdie shown here last month. Now he has designed an evening gown for Jean Harlow with a cascade of tiered ruffles at the back.

Peggy Joyce will have a whole flock of fascinating gowns in "International House," Paramount's new movie. One that Travis Banton designed for her features a beige wool coat over a heavy brown silk skirt with a blouse, beret and handkerchief of brown and white polka dots.

OF THE NEW FILMS





Polka dots are featured in the suit shown above designed by Travis Bantan for Peggy Joyce to wear in "International House." Joan Crawford (left) sets her wool beret at a new slant in "Today We Live."



NEW FASHION HIGHLIGHTS

- **Laced closings have the Hollywood stamp of approval.**
- **Ruffles are used here, there and everywhere.**
- **Shoulders are emphasized by feminine ruchings and new puff effects.**
- **Or exaggerated by mannish padding, square seamings and broad collars.**
- **Light coats are worn over dark skirts or dresses.**

(Left) Shirred sleeves form ruchings at the shoulders of the bisque satin lounging robe worn by Shirley Grey in "Terror Aboard." (Photo by Eugene Richee.)



WUXTRY! BIG BABY SHOW!

Our Hollywood Boulevardier Regenerated by Child, Sheds Sophistication

Stages Big Show and Picks His "Gang"

Selects Spanky Cagney, Mazie West, Angel Child Lupe, Tongue-tied Tracy, Panties Dietrich, Peggy-Weddy Joyce, Screamy Weissmuller, Don't-Care Heppy and China Baby Wong

By HERB HOWE

AMONG my fan letters this month I was surprised to find one from our editor. That's the thrill of this work—you never know who's reading your stuff. Describing himself as a simple soul he says tactfully I'm pretty good but a trifle sophisticated. It's that Mae West influence. What an advance course that girl gives!

IN the same mail I am consoled by a letter from a nineteen-year-old gentleman named William C. Floyd, Rock, Mass., who says:

"So far you and I are alike, ol' pal, as far as our likes go. . . . Civilization is a bore to me. Too artificial. Men are not men any more and women are not women. I think I could have more respect for the natives of Africa than for Us, The White Men. . . ."

THERE you have the difficulty confronting Me, the White Man—trying on one hand to please sophisticated world-weary youth and on the other the simple-souled intelligentsia. I seem to be succeeding better with the sophisticated set. In fact I've just received a handsome offer to write for BABIES—JUST BABIES. That gave me an idea for a Babes in Hollywood number. So this month I'm staging a Prize Baby Show and picking Our Gang. If some one will give me little Mazie West to hold I'll start the show. No? The editor objects. Wants to hold her himself, the simple soul.

Very well, I'll lead off with a genuine infant prodigy, Master Leroy Weinbrener. Arrived in this depressed world eight months ago. Landed a job at a hundred a week with a thousand-dollar bonus. Is rumored engaged to Peggy Joyce.

I WAS presented to M. Weinbrener by Maurice Chevalier who was holding the prodigy in his arms on the set of "A Bed-Time Story." Those who think the Boulevardier sophisticated should have seen him gurgling, "Iss ittle



Illustrations by Ken Chamberlain

pig went to market, iss ittle pig stayed at home . . ." while Weinbrener regarded him with ill-disguised amusement. It was a picture of regeneration: Hard-boiled Boulevardier shedding sophistication like a serpent's skin at the touch of a baby toe. Is that a sob or *is* that a sob?

LAST month I wrote about ol' pal Gable, the Pet of M-G-M. This month I planned to speak a piece about the Pet of Paramount—Miss Carole Lombard. Ordinarily Miss Lombard's dressing-room is the salon of the lot. Everyone with moments to spare goes to the club Lombard where wit and fellowship flow. This is not personal bias. I was introduced but recently to Carole-la-la by Miss Peggy Joyce. The pet title results from a poll of the Paramount villagers. But this month Lombard was socially eclipsed by Weinbrener, who is billed simply as Baby Leroy, which strikes him as pretty funny.

EVERYONE was trailing Leroy around the lot. Ladies couldn't keep hands off him and so a large sign was fixed to his cab: DO NOT TOUCH! When I tell you that Peggy Joyce got her hands spanked for disobeying you'll get an idea of What-A-Babe-Weinbrener. Peggy wailed she wanted to adopt him. "I know they will say it's for publicity. But I don't care. I'm mad about him!"

Another sophisticate gone soulful. I don't know what Mae West will do when she returns. Probably get religion and take over Angelus Temple now Aimee's gone.

PARAMOUNT intended to engage an orphan to appear with Chevalier but when Leroy appeared in the arms of his sixteen-year-old mother the executives got down on their hands and knees and cooed.

The mother lives on money supplied by poor relatives. Paramount agreed to give her one hundred a week for the baby. In addition a trust fund of a thousand dollars which will amount to (*Please turn to page* 102)

LOST Treasure

Diane Sinclair's great ambition—and the tragedies of her early life

By HENRY M. FINE

SHE seeks screen success so that she might make money to re-locate a gold mine buried in the dense growth of the Dutch Guiana jungles—a gold mine once owned by her father and lost with his body.

This, in brief, is the story of Diane Sinclair.

Many screen personalities claim romantic backgrounds. Diane's is the real thing. As a youngster she rubbed elbows with escaped convicts from the most notorious prison colony in the world—Devil's Island. The early years of her life were packed with the stuff that makes screen play material.

Twenty-one years ago in February, 1912, Diane's father and his aristocratic Spanish wife arrived in Paramaribo, Surinam, better known as Dutch Guiana. They were from France, her father's birthplace.

Paramaribo, in case you don't know it, is on the other side of the jungles from Cayenne, the hamlet on Devil's Island.

It is at Paramaribo that escaped convicts from this satanic place of incarceration, so aptly named, either settle or take the first available boat for more civilized parts where the long arm of French authority can not reach them.

They remain in Paramaribo, usually, only if they lack funds to get out. The Dutch authorities are particularly lenient to those who manage to survive the many ghastly hardships that mark an escape from the penal colony.

As a result, many of today's important inhabitants are former inmates of the prison colony. Paramaribo is an oasis in one of the wildest spots in the world. Its cleanliness and beautiful white buildings offer a marked contrast to the broken-down tin and thatch-covered structures of other colonies.

Here Diane's father went to develop a newly discovered gold mine. Shortly after landing and making his wife comfortable, Diane's father started work on the property. Thatch-covered huts were erected for the workers, Indians and native-born negroes. More elaborate structures were built for the white overseers, among them many escaped (*Please turn to page* 111)





Above: Diane Sinclair as she is today—an informal photo made exclusively for The New Movie Magazine. At right: A tracing made from the map found among the effects of Diane's dead father.

Secrets of a Siren

By MAUDE CHEATHAM

Myrna Loy gives her ideas on the capture of the male. "Mystery is the greatest weapon of them all," says the sorceress.



WHAT spells feminine allure?

Will the same Lorelei song win the male heart in America, on the Continent and in the Orient?

Are all men alike under the skin? Or do different nations have secrets of sorcery all their own?

What is this fatal enchantment that has created havoc throughout human history—and given it color? And often lasting glamour?

THESE are some of the questions I asked Myrna Loy, creator of screen siren rôles that have spanned the world in devastating conquest.

Myrna laughed. She shied a little from the subject, saying it was dangerous ground, for in the realm of human emotions there are no set rules, no definite guide posts. Every situation has its special theme, its own emotional reaction.

Emphasizing that her observations were strictly from the screen's standpoint, Miss Loy declares that a woman's *femininity* is her greatest appeal!

"Men have not changed much through the ages; they are attracted by qualities opposite their own—delicacy, frills, fragrances, curves," she explained. "Of course, sex enters in, it comes into every human relationship. But sex appeal should never shriek, no alarm must be sounded; it should be persuasive, silent, invisible. A vamp must always play upon the imagination, suggest through illusion.

"Mystery in a woman is a potent weapon. Man's curiosity will lead him anywhere. A challenge, the dare to play the game of love, suggests the thrill of conquest, perhaps danger, and if it stirs the imagination too, he is lost. Few men can resist such a combination.

"It is not so much nationality as social stratum that influences the siren's methods," continued Myrna. "The cultured, high-class American woman and one from the Continent use practically the same technique. So do the other classes.

"The French woman is, per-

(*Please turn to page* 77)

Myrna is quiet, has red hair, a scattering of little brown freckles, wears simple clothes and seldom goes out in public.

BEN BERNIE Speaking. My Broadcast today is—

Radio Rambles

This is the old maestro perpetrating a bit of thought at you. Here's a story about someone you know.

UP at the Boston Public Library they still remember John Florence Sullivan—a thickset young man who, in a nasal voice, said a lot of funny, very funny, things. Mr. Sullivan had charge of the Library's catalog of humor but was never known to smile. He often used to stay after hours reading and making notes. His fellow librarians were still more baffled when one day Mr. Sullivan resigned his job and went into vaudeville doing a "single-in-one" as a juggler.

Briefly that is the early history of John Florence Sullivan before he changed his name to Fred Allen and made good in vaudeville, on Broadway, and now on radio with the Linit Bath Club Revue. That early Boston Library experience also explains why my friend Fred Allen has gained his reputation as one of America's most original jokesmiths. It all dates back to that early training in the shade of the spreading chestnut trees of Copley Square.

BECAUSE of this thorough foundation, with the Boston Library Collection of humor Fred Allen has become an unofficial court of final appeal in controversies between comedians over which one stole whose gags. In some cases Fred shows us that our jokes originated with Mark Twain, in others that they date back to the Greeks, but more often that the theft was at best only petit larceny.

* * *

100,000 JOKES: The lure of Spring proved too much the other day so, slipping on my Benny and Skimmer, I went in search of Fred. I got hold of the Bath

Here's where the movie stars pick their radio favorites

Lilian Harvey and Adrienne Ames are enthusiastic about—
KATE SMITH





Irene Ware is 100 per cent for—
THE MILLS BROTHERS



Wynne Gibson sends in her choice as—
DONALD NOVIS

Photo by Oggiano-Mitchell



Photo by Wide World

The author of this program, Mr. Bernie himself.

The "old maestro" takes you out among the great and near-great of the air

By Ben Bernie

The New Movie Magazine's Guest Critic

Club's little poker-face at his hotel, wheedled an invitation to come up to his office—a "back-to-fundamentals" work room, no rug on the floor and a desk just big enough for his portable typewriter. Piled high on a couple of steamer trunks are a lot of old humorous magazines. But Fred never looks at them. Just has them around for the moral support they give.

THE most recent addition to his gag collection is the biggest. A scrap book that must be four feet by three. It probably weighs forty-five pounds.

"That, Ben," sighed Fred Allen, "is the Theodore J. Rosenberg collection of jokes, containing more than 100,000 battle-scarred pleasantries."

He hefted the ponderous tome.

"Mr. Rosenberg staggered over from Brooklyn to see me with this stuff. He's been collecting it for over twenty-five years."

So rather than see him struggle back to Brooklyn under the weight of all this humor, Fred bought the collection. Rough estimates show that there are 17,000 or so tired out mother-in-law jokes, 22,000 on marriage, 5,300 on traveling salesmen, and 563 separate and not-so-good versions of the ancient "who was that lady I seen you with last night?"

All in all a little depressing but as Fred Allen remarked: "If you were buying humor by weight that would be the best collection in the world."

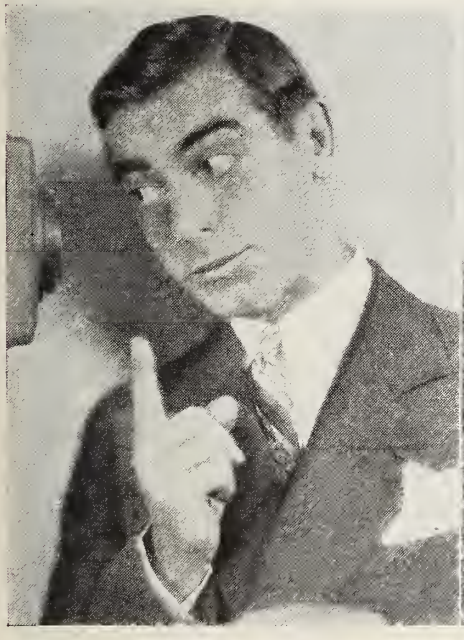
* * *

NEW BUSINESS: On the Friday, just before the banking crisis, Fred took his customary weekly walk to the Savings Bank in order to get the payroll for the actors in the Linit Bath Club cast. Up to the moment when he entered the bank, he hadn't heard that there were any runs on banks. But as soon as he'd pushed through the swinging door he found himself in the midst of a mob clamoring for dough. Allen looked over the situation for a moment—just long enough to spot an old friend milling about in the center of the mob. Unobserved, Fred walked cautiously up behind him.

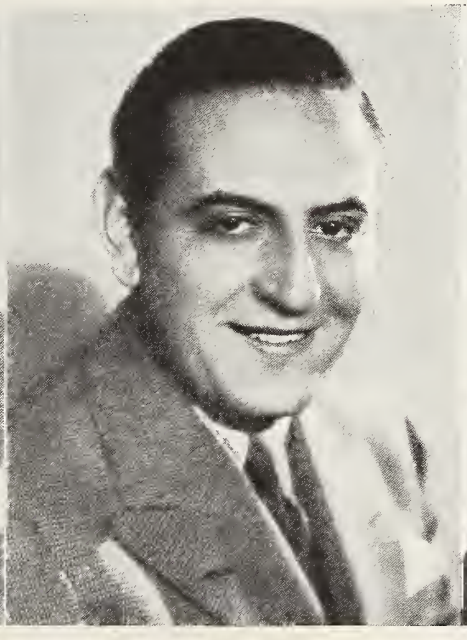
"Pardon me, sir," drawled Allen, "but would you mind telling me where to go to open an account?"

* * *

LIGHTNING STRIKES FAN MAIL: All us radio boys get a chuckle out of our fan mail now and then. This time Roy Atwell the tongue twister has a man fail, I mean a fan mail laugh on Fred. Mr. E. L. Diddee, Lightning Rod manufacturer of Marsheld, Wisconsin, recently wrote: (*Please turn to page* 109)



Barbara Weeks and Henry Garat pick as their radio favorite—
EDDIE CANTOR



Sally Blane selects—
GUY LOMBARDO



Claudette Colbert says her favorites are—
BURNS AND ALLEN

Photos by Wide World



Illustration by the author

TED COOK'S Movie Wisecracks



Observers of the Hollywood scene have decided that rival producers just can't co-operate on anything—except the same idea—and, of course, that's plagiarism.

Snappy Cook-Coos from the pen of America's most popular humorist

"MARRIAGE among picture people," says Peggy Joyce, "should be a matter of give and take." *Give it a trial and take it to court.*

IN this period of general unrest, nervous prostration and financial worry, one needs something sure and definite to hold to one's bosom—something to cling to within while the storm rages without.

Here are a few precious thoughts. You can put them away in your memory books:

The company that makes good pictures consistently is the company that will succeed."—Hack L. Warner.

"The play that will most likely succeed in the next few years will be the one written by the expert dramatist."—George Arliss.

"The French and Germans are practically civilized, so it is not much fun traveling there."—Clara Bow.

"You'll never catch me in pants."—Mae West.

WHETHER or not to give screen credit to *all* the writers who work on a picture is a problem that is worrying the Academy of Motion Picture Arts & Sciences.

They might at least threaten to do it.

And then build up a pension fund with the hush money to collect.

(*Please turn to page* 108)

NYMPHS
1933

Hollywood experiments with swim novelties

(Left) Verna Hillie in her twa-in-ane suit. It is ribbed, blue ond white, but the reol trick is the unique tie-on skirt.

(Belaw, left) Anito Poge in her brilliont blue one-piece outfit which feotures the single shoulder strop.

(Below, center) Calleen Moare, in the privote swimming pool on her Bel Air estate, weoring her fovorite swimming sharts.

(Below) Peggy Hapkins Jayce's suit has an entirely new brassiere and separate skirt effect.



Carl DeVoy







Irving Lippmann

Clarence Sinclair Bull

Otto Dyer

CAMERA!

Just a few of the publicity stunts of the month



Wide World

Vince Barnett, Hollywood's favorite life-of-the-porty professional, comedian and what have you, doing his stuff at the Motion Picture Golf Tournament at Agua Caliente.



Wide World

Irene Ware (right), stenographer, beauty-contest winner, now Fox starlet, demonstrating her kiddie-cor auto, and how she turns studio traffic signals to suit her route. You'll see her in "Pleasure Cruise."



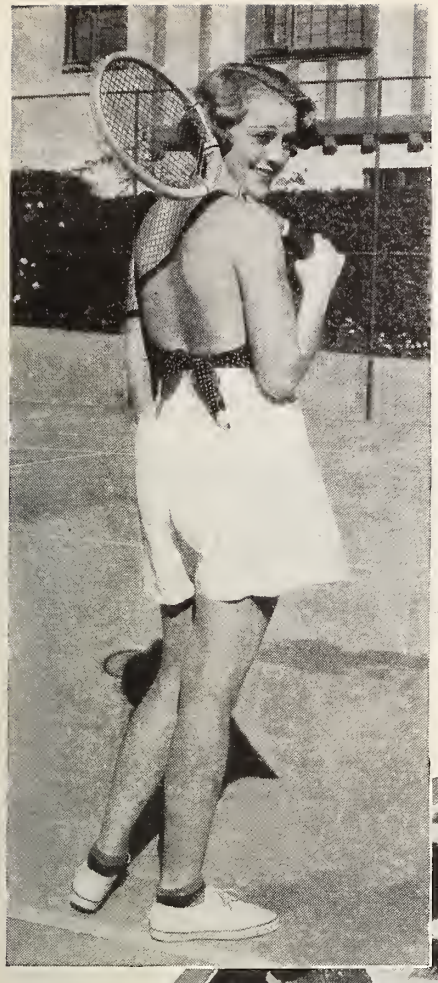
Potricia Elliis showing her idea of a compromise between ottire of the mannishfod type and thot of the before-beer womanly type. The point of the story, however, is that she borrowed some of Jock Ookie's clothes for the demonstration—ond was he worried!



Diano Wynyard relaxes on a stonding-sitting board between scenes in "Reunion in Vienna." The publicity deportment soberly insists thot this is a new invention to rest too-tightly-dressed stars, ofraid to sit down. Attention, Mr. Ripley.

Photograph by Wide World

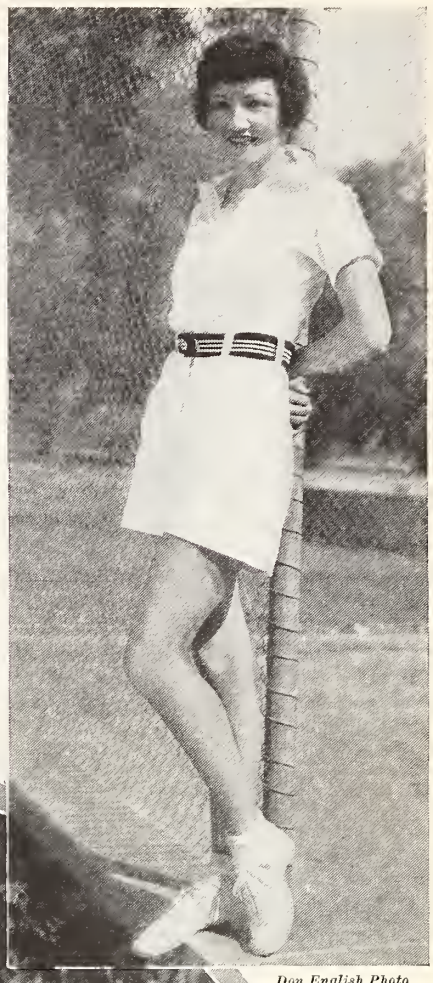
SPORTS IN SHORTS



(Left) Sally Eilers in her backless outfit, playing on the court at her home.

(Right) Claudette Colbert has been quickly acclimated to California weather and Hollywood ways.

(Below) Even at play, Miriam Hapkins keeps that devilish gleam in her eye. Will she win the next set? We'll wager she's saying privately to herself, "Just ya' all watch me!"



Don English Photo



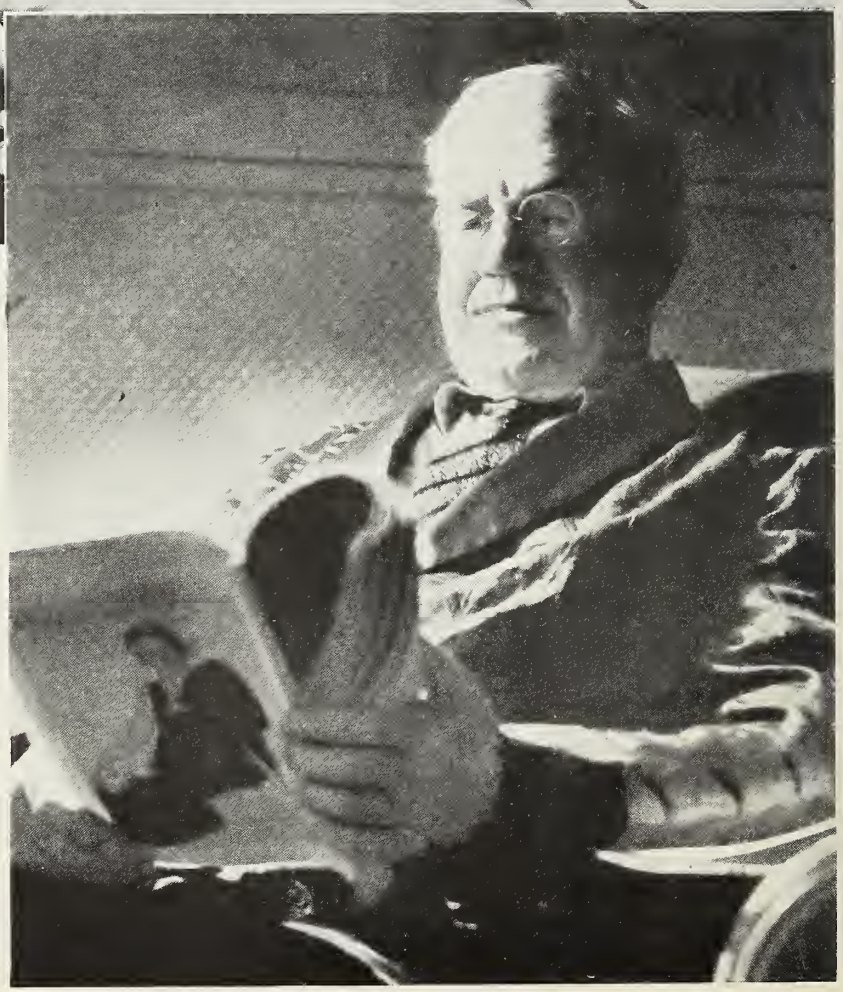
The Hollywood stars at last completely succumb to the abbreviated costumes

CHAMPS

Concerning the two players who hold Hollywood records for the number of parts they played



ZaSu Pitts was the year's busiest actress in Hollywood. She taok part in seventeen feature pictures and a number of "shorts." She played three maid parts, a radio announcer, a school-teacher, a telephone operator, a stenographer, a homely sister, a Good Samaritan and others too numeraus to mention. During this periad she worked at all of the bigger studios. They don't seem to be able to tire this girl out.



Berton Churchill holds the record for the number of rôles played by a man in one year. He appeared in thirty-three pictures. Making his biggest stage success as creator of the title rôle in "Alias the Deacan," he is comparatively new ta pictures. He has seen himself anly ance ar twice on the screen. During the last year he appeared as a southern planter, a whimsical doctor, a mayor, a prison warden, a police commissioner, a circus barker, a senatar, a financier; several times as a judge, a political boss, a bookie, a sheriff, and an American consul, not to mention athers.

Photo by Wide World

Hashimura Togo writes a skenario with—

Sexy Peel



WALLACE IRWIN'S Japanese schoolboy plots an Oriental epic for Hollywood's sweetheart and loses some teeth

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Hon. Chas. Ruggles . . . . . Mamie Yuma
Hon. Sari Maritza . Japanese Policewoman
Hon. Dug Fairbanls . . . . . [Obe
Hon. Marie Dressler . . . Queen of Geishas
Hon. Walli Beer . O-no-Yay, Infant Daughter
Miss Caramel Sweet . . . . . Sen-Sen

To Editor Tower Pubs, who I admire because he are such a talented printer.

DEAREST SIR:

I GET quite a lot of nice delight from working in households where I can enjoy family fights without getting hurt, axept when dishes hit me axidentually. Sometime Miss Caramel Sweet emerge into Thinking Studio of Hon. Geo F. Ogre and behave just like an exploded wife. "Dolling," he corrode when she gets very extravaganza, "if you would act like that in front of Camera you would be worth 9$ pr week, which are 8$ more than you can get."

A few days of yore she blouneed into that sacred office in a pink bathing suit and no more.

"Why you wear those ocean clothes when you come see me?" he ask to know.

"Because you are all wet," she dib franickly. "I tell you something, you species of boiled geese. If you do not give me an immense star part I shall retire like Clara Bow say she would."

"You can retire like Clara Bow," he narrate, "because you ain't got nothing to retire from."

Hot chaw! What a frenzy came out of her then! She picked up the carpet and broke it in 2.

"HOLLYWOOD," she holla, "are simply full of fame like lice. Then why don't I obtain some of it? You all time so busy making Ethel Barrymoor famus that you forget you got a treasure in yr home."

"Sweet hot," he manipulate, "I try you in all kinda parts. Swedish, Irish, Eskewmo, So. See Island—and what you do? You just flop like a fish."

"O!!!!!" she narrate. "I observe now your mean characteristick. With such a husband I have not got a Chinaman's chance."

At those loud words it was me that step (*Please turn to page* 105)

Illustrations by Herb Roth





THE Strange

By EDNA PURDY WALSH

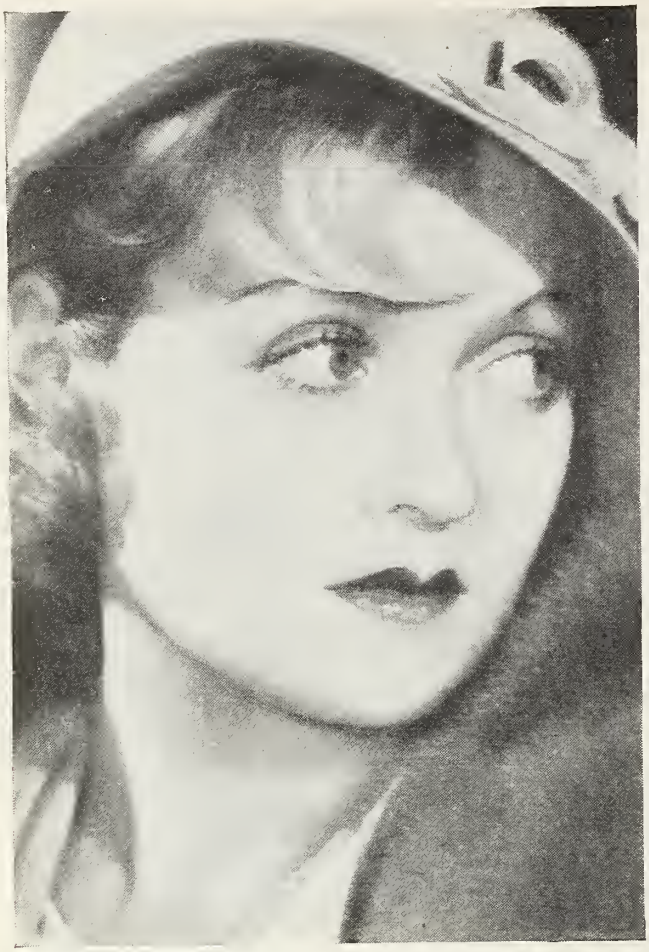


Photo by Robert Coburn

Constance Bennett (above) is an O type—a good worker and can concentrate, comfort and even dominate.

Douglas Fairbanks has the letter O as the first vowel in his name, the letter that means love, money and power.

LOVE! Money! Fortune! Romance!

The biggest words in Hollywood all have the letter *O* as the first vowel.

What is the reason why the greatest number of motion picture stars have leaped to fame with the letter *O* at the beginning of their first names—Joan Crawford, Norma Shearer, Douglas Fairbanks, Gloria Swanson, John Barrymore?

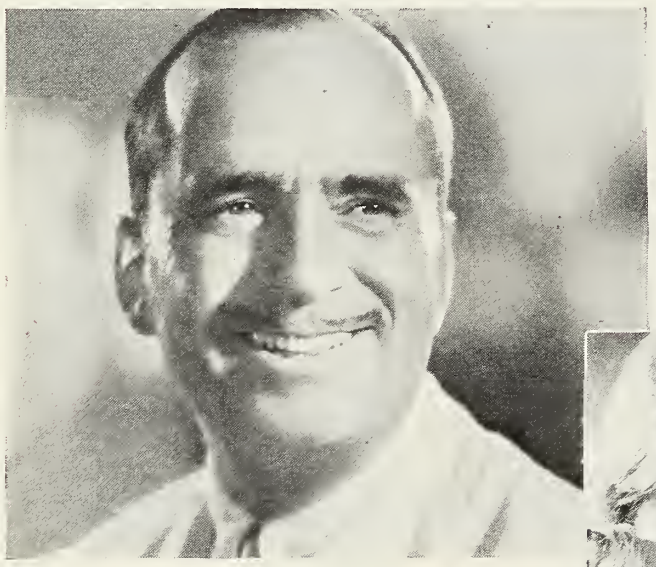
Like a special dispensation, the letter *O* in these names—and several hundred others in the star light—carries with it something of magic. It attracts success. Call it what you may—sound, number, numerology, or Kabbalism—it is, nevertheless, a fact that anyone can prove just by tabulating the names of the greatest number of screen successes.

Other big words in the motion picture field carry the magic *O*. Hollywood itself, Los Angeles, money, fortune, movies, romance, love, photoplay, gold and power. It is true, there are other great stars and other great words that do *not* contain the letter as the first vowel, but by far the greater number of outstanding, lasting, and well-loved stars are blessed with it.

See how prominent is the letter *O* even in such names as Clara Gordon Bow, Antonio Moreno, Ramon Novarro, Al Jolson. Though the first vowel is not the magic *O*, nevertheless it is prominent elsewhere.

THE science of name analysis claims that the first vowel of a person's name is an open door to his or her psychological type—the way he or she thinks and acts, the way he or she meets life and love.

If the first vowel of your name, for instance, is an *A*, you are known as an *A*-type. You want your own way. You are independent, active, positive, inspirational, inventive, ambitious, and often possessing courage of the pioneering sort. You like to take a new idea and get it over to others. If you are not living up to your talents, then you may become



Ruth Chatterton (right) is of the U-type, which is intuitive and usually artistic.

Buster Keaton (extreme right), another of the U-type. When this type sticks to its own decisions, it rises to splendid heights.



Photo by Otto Dyar

MAGIC of A NAME



Photo by Ernest A. Bachrach

If you believe in the mysterious effect of letters upon your personality, don't fail to read this

arrogant or narrow in your ambitions. But the majority of *A* people are generous, with wonderful motives for the things they do.

IF the first vowel of your name is an *E*, you like new experiences, novelty, experiment, and your personality interests others because you do things your own way, never copying anyone else. You love travel and you like to get to the bottom of a mystery, whether it burns your fingers or not. Such screen personalities as Lewis Stone, Reginald Denny, Edna May Oliver, Edward Everett Horton, Helen Kane, Ernest Torrence, Eric von Stroheim, Fredric March, Thelma Todd, show this tendency towards original personality.

E-types are critical, and they change their opinions rapidly because they see so many sides. They have a broad-mindedness and freedom of expression that intrigues their friends. They never bore. They are not easily influenced. There is a strange peculiarity about an *E* person. If he likes a person whose first name begins with *A*, then the *A* person can almost hypnotize the *E* person into doing whatever the *A* person wishes.

E people are ready and capable in emergencies, but often fretful over smaller things. They are much interested in human nature, and they like to experiment with it.

IF your first vowel is *O*, you have also many good qualities whose words themselves also begin with *O* as the first vowel. For instance, you are usually a *good worker*. You have *noble*, *strong* characteristics, with *home*-making interests. You can *concentrate*, *comfort* and also *dominate*. At times you are interested in *gossip*. You can also be *obstinate*. You can shoulder responsibility, and for this reason you can go far. You have *power* to *hold* to what you gain, and an ability to absorb *knowledge*, and to use it later in assembled form.

People with many *O's* in their name often rise to wonderful heights—Thomas Woodrow Wilson, Thomas Jefferson, Theodore Roosevelt, Herbert Hoover, and George Washington, for example.

IF your first vowel is *U*, you are intuitive and usually artistic, but you have the misfortune of having things slip away from you unless you put aside the things of your own interests only. The *U*-type has a difficult time in making decisions, and in their anxiety to jump down only on the winning side he often loses. When the *U*-type comes out of himself, and sticks to his own decisions, he can rise to splendid heights, as witnessed by such people as Ruth Chatterton, Tully Marshall, Rudy Vallee, Buster Keaton, and Lupe Velez.

When the first vowel is the letter *I*, its owner is sensitive, often proud, and (*Please turn to page* 84)



Edna May Oliver (at the top) classified as an E-type. These people are critical, like novelty, experiment, and are never boring.

Fredric March (above) is of the E-type, broad-minded, free of expression, democratic.

HER IDEAL



WHAT DO YOU THINK?

By FRANCES DEE

My ideol is o controdiction. He is a keen reader, on othlete, an energetic, successful business mon—ond o dreomer. Is there such a person? So for I've not found him.

He must be o business man, but he must alsa be interested in writing, music ar art. And be sympothetic with my work. And one who will toke me to o concert or the opero, gladly.

Perhaps, in the flesh, Noel Coword ond Alfred Lunt come nearer to my ideal thon ony persons I hove ever seen. But I have never met either ane af them.

He should be dark—though whot hos physicol oppeoronce to do with love? I like dark blue eyes better thon brown eyes.

He's spirituol, and ot the some time worldly, courteaus and with a sense of humor.





Photos by Wide World

(Above) Fronces Dee, photogrophed exclusively for The New Movie Mogazine. And Noel Coward, actor, playwright, praducer (above, left) ond (left) Alfred Lunt, the octor, who represent the two types Miss Dee says come closest to her ideal.

HIS IDEAL

★

WHAT DO YOU THINK?

By DAVID MANNERS

I knaw exactly the kind of girl I want ta marry. She must hove the heart of o pioneer, must be willing to go ploces ond do things, must nat be bound dawn by o sense of clathes and canventions. Willing ta go ta any corner of the earth. . . . Because thot part af the marriage ceremony that says "For better or for worse," means thot.

I want a girl strong both mentally and physically, but still feminine, interested in sports but not an athlete. . . . As to type, I wont a blonde with a brunette persanality! Blondes aren't necessarily flighty, but the brunette type is—ar sa I think—more loyol ond deeper thinking. I like o girl with dark eyes, olmast block.

I met My Ideal once at o porty at Pickfair. I was so frightened—I felt so humble—that I couldn't speak to her. I avoided her oll evening. I should like to marry o girl just like her. . . . She wos Amelio Earhart.





Photos by Wide World

(Above) Adrienne Ames ond Dovid Monners on their woy to the gomes at Hollywood Bowl, ond (ot the left) David's ideol girl, Amelio Earhart. He tells fronkly just why he thinks so, ond whot mode him form this opinion.

New Pictures

YOU SHOULD SEE—AND WHY



Doris Lloyd, Viva Tattersall, Lionel Barrymore and Douglas Walton in M-G-M's "Looking Forward."

THE CRISIS IS PAST AND THE PATIENT'S FEELING SWELL!

MOTION pictures had to grow up. At times they had to grow three or four years in a year.

And so, with things happening recently that wouldn't be believable in a dime novel, the motion picture business sat right down and thought. Then it got right up again, threw off its cut-away coat and gardenia, slipped on some overalls and went to work on the biggest job that show business ever tackled.

It—the job—is only a few weeks' old and the result is still some time away, but there isn't one of us interested in the problem that doesn't know, from the tip of his head to the soles of his feet, that the motion picture business has done heroic work; that at a time when entertainment was needed as it may never be needed again, the movie industry gave it; that when retrenchment was the theme song of the nation it had the courage to place its few remaining dollars on the line and gamble that the American public might laugh while the worst was happening.

You and I—you because the job's being done for you, I, because I'm just remotely connected with the business—can sit back and be proud of ourselves. The movies have crawled out of their miasma of indecision, distrust, prejudice and scandal and have won for themselves justification and achievement that should be excuse enough for the next ten boners they pull.

They go to the four corners of the world, these black and white strips of celluloid we make, and it must be good to feel that when the rest of the world thought it was laughing at us, we still manufactured their laughs for them, and gave them better than we'd made before—and the laughs weren't *on* us.

And so, when I try to pick the best shows for you this month, I'm tempted to say, "See them all. They've got it coming to them!"

LOOKING FORWARD—(M-G-M.)—You may have your "Grand Hotels," "State Fairs" and "42nd Streets," but for sheer, unadulterated dramatic talent, for rare brilliancy of acting and for cumulative dramatic effect, you can give me "Looking Forward." While lacking some of the obvious attention-getting publicity value of the "Grand Hotel" cast, this one has it over "Grand Hotel" like a tent. And this is in no way disparaging to the stars of "Grand Hotel." This was a collection of stars in a story and "Looking Forward" is the reverse.

Lionel Barrymore is superb. There is nothing more to say. Of the rest it is only fair to explain that one is as good as another. They play their rôles as if inspired and the result is something that will haunt your memory for months to come. For this is a picture to be seen and remembered.

Lewis Stone, Colin Clive, of "Journey's End" and "Christopher Strong," Benita Hume, Phillips Holmes, Doris Lloyd, C. Aubrey Smith, Halliwell Hobbes, Alec B. Francis and Elizabeth Allen worked for director Clarence Brown as few casts have ever worked. In their hands what could have been a dull, heavy story becomes, to your reviewer at least, a thing of inspiration and wonder.

There will be dissenting notes. Any show that tells (possibly it should be "dares to tell") any kind of story that goes a little off the beaten track will find enemies as well as friends. But if there is any justice in the movie theaters, there should be applause and appreciation for "Looking Forward" and a softer, warmer spot in your hearts for those who made it.

I COVER THE WATERFRONT—(United Artists)—Max Miller, a San Francisco newspaperman, wrote

THIS MONTH
The Best Bets Seem To Be

LOOKING FORWARD
—because an inspired cast set out to make history with a good story. And this they succeeded in doing.

I COVER THE WATERFRONT
—rip-snorting melodrama . . . good cast . . . and good show.

AND THESE ARE ALL WORTH SEEING:

OLIVER TWIST
—an excellent version of the Dickens masterpiece.

PEG O' MY HEART
—a well-produced copy of an old favorite.

THE BEER BARON
—a tough story with a new slant on things.

THE SILVER CORD
—Irene Dunne and Joel McCrea in a powerful story by Sidney Howard.

I LOVED YOU WEDNESDAY
—a snappy semi-musical.

MAIDEN CRUISE
—another of the same brand. The story here is genuinely funny.

INDIA SPEAKS
—an inspired adventure through the byways of India.

VOLTAIRE
—a treat for everyone, especially the George Arliss fans.

ADORABLE
—a snappy show with Janet Gaynor looking just as she used to.

FELLOW PRISONERS
—Leslie Howard and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., in a story by Philip Gibbs.



Jean Hersholt, Charles Bickford, George Meeker, Richard Arlen and Louise Dresser in "The Beer Baron."

a story a year ago that proved to be a best-seller. United Artists purchased the picture rights and this time a good picture has been made from a good story. There is one little thing you should know, however, and that is it isn't the same story. Your reviewer begins to wonder why picture companies buy stories, though, to be truthful, this one isn't changed as badly as most.

Those who read the story will be surprised to note that a prison ship has been added to the already remarkable list of effects but, in the eyes of this onlooker, Claudette Colbert is worth more than all the rest.

James ("Covered Wagon") Cruze directed and David Torrence, one of his old pals from "The Covered Wagon" does himself proud in one of the leading rôles. Ben Lyon "Covers the Waterfront" and is likeable and believable, which is more than most movie newspaper men seem to be. Purnell Pratt and Maurice Black shine in smaller spots.

While "I Cover the Waterfront" comes a little too late to be as effective as it might have been, it is still powerful drama, interesting from beginning to end and suitable to any and all who like a fast-moving movie.

OLIVER TWIST — (Monogram) — One of the lesser-known movie companies has done something it can be proud of in "Oliver Twist." Several major companies have been considering the production of this greatest of the Dickens' stories but it was left undone until Monogram gave it to Herbert Brenon.

Mr. Brenon, who among all directors is second to none in a story that calls for simple understanding and rich, almost hokey romance, cast little Dickie Moore in the rôle that Jackie Coogan made famous. And do you remember Jackie Searle as the "Artful Dodger"?

The story was left pretty much as you remember it. Fagin is still Fagin, Bill Sykes is still the Bill of old, Nancy and the Artful Dodger have not changed through the years. Those who have read "Oliver Twist" will need no more encouragement. So, too, will those enjoy it who meet these life-like characters of Charles Dickens for the first time. Kid pictures came this year and silently stole away again. They would not



Claudette Colbert and Ben Lyon in "I Cover the Waterfront." This scene takes place in the torture chamber of the old prison ship.

have done so poorly had there been a few more stories like "Oliver Twist."

THE BEER BARON—(Paramount)—Charles Rogers, one of Hollywood's sharp-shooters, looks as if he'll have the distinction of producing the first of the beer cycle pictures. Though there are several similar shows in work and M-G-M has already released the comedy "What, No Beer?" this will probably be the first serious picture touching on the beer question. As usual, Mr. Rogers has a good story.

Charles Bickford is the Beer Baron and is slightly remindful of several well-known gentlemen who make the headlines regularly. Richard Arlen and Mary Brian share the love interest with Jean Hersholt and George E. Stone grabbing a large share of the applause.

The story is brisk and snappy, with a couple of surprises that add plenty. The theme is up-to-the-minute and you will see what may turn out to be the beginning of a new Hollywood slant on the underworld. Bickford is his usual self but the story gives him a better break than he has had of late. You'll like him better than in his last rôle or so.

Don't let the fact that this picture has a gangster angle scare you away. It's similar perhaps, but there is plenty of new stuff in "The Beer Baron" to satisfy anyone who isn't asking too much.

They used two directors on this show in order to get it finished quickly but if you can see where one started and the other finished, you're smarter than your reviewer.

PEG O' MY HEART—(M-G-M)—Another remake of a grand old show—and your reviewer's personal attitude toward remakes remains unchanged. In 1923, I think it was, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer made "Peg O' My Heart" and though your reviewer did not see the picture, it was a success both from the public's point of view and from that of the producer. It was probably a swell story then, as indeed it still is, but something has gone from it. Perhaps it's that we know what's going to happen. And in this day and age we want to be surprised.

M-G-M have given "Peg O' My Heart" everything in the line of production that could possibly be given. And Marion Davies looks younger and lovelier than she did in "When Knighthood was in Flower." That, in itself, makes the picture worth going to see.

J. Farrell MacDonald is gruff and lovable and deserves a bouquet; Onslow Stevens is your reviewer's favorite heavy; and Juliette Compton deserves notice.

THE SILVER CORD—(Radio)—Radio Pictures seem to be doing right by Irene Dunne at last. In spite of the fact that Miss Dunne has proved herself to be as accomplished an actress as there is in Hollywood she has failed to make the outstanding pictures that her talent would seem to allow. M-G-M didn't do an awful lot better with "Madame Blanche" and though these bad stories haven't managed to prevent Irene from becoming as well liked as anyone in Hollywod, a few more like "Back Street" and "The Silver Cord" would help her a lot.

And, at that, "The Silver Cord" may not be what you really want to see Irene Dunne doing. The story, by Sidney Howard, concerns a mother who cannot divorce herself from the life of her son, and who will not give his wife a chance of happiness. Granted that it gives Irene Dunne, as the wife, her best break since "Cimarron," insofar as excellent lines and scenes are concerned, it still doesn't make up for the times that the lovely Dunne features have been covered with gray grease paint.

She'll tear your heart out and emotionally give you one of the treats of the year.

Joel McCrea, Frances Dee, Eric Linden and Laura Hope Crews support Miss Dunne and Irene looks lovelier than ever. I think that she is arranging her hair differently but in any case, the result is swell.

A picture for the Dunne fans . . . those who like to think about their entertainment. Frances Dee is better than she has been before.

MAIDEN CRUISE—(Radio)—This is your reviewer's idea of what future motion picture comedies should resemble. While "Maiden Cruise" can't be held up as a model comedy it is still faster, peppier, funnier and newer than anything that has left Hollywood of late.

While it includes plenty of music and dancing, it has a real story that would stand on its merits without the aid of the musical background. On a stage it is possible to get by on good gags, the personality of the comedians and snappy music. Some good New York successes have less. But for a screen show of this type a good idea is an absolute necessity.

This is a good story. It would spoil it for you if details were given, but the idea concerns Mr. Phil Harris who follows his sweetheart all around the world in a vain attempt to marry her and then finds out that he doesn't want her. Meanwhile, he and his friend, Charlie Ruggles find all their smart little ideas bouncing back at them in merry style.

Most of the action takes place on a voyage from Hong Kong to San Francisco and you can take your reviewer's word for the fact that this is as good an evening's fun as you will find this summer. Chic Chandler, June Brewster and Helen Mack also add lots to the fun. Director Mark Sandrich, who made that excellent short feature, "So This Is Harris," deserves most of the credit for the picture.

FIVE CENTS A GLASS—(Fox)—Another chapter in the Beer story. Frank Craven, who through the years has garnered for himself an enviable reputation as Broadway's favorite whimsical humorist, took himself into a corner with Sam Mintz and came out of the huddle with a hybrid kind of yarn that wouldn't be anything if it weren't for the fact that Mr. Craven also directs the piece and manages to inject a sly kind of homey humor that makes you want to laugh whenever you get the chance. You have plenty of chances.

Joe Cawthorne has the best scenes, in the opinion of your reviewer, though Marian Nixon, with her personal troubles off her mind at last, seems gayer and brighter than she has been in her last few pictures.

Buddy Rogers, who could have remained a greater star had he been smarter in the old days, is opposite Miss Nixon and Mr. Craven's direction returns to him some of the charm he had in the day of "Close Harmony." Remember?

While beer doesn't have anything much to do with the story there are two or three scenes that made your reviewer thirsty. It looks very swell-elegant.

The whole family can trot along to see "Five Cents a Glass" and can get a few laughs without their consciences troubling them.

I LOVED YOU WEDNESDAY—(Fox)—Warner Baxter will be qualified to handle anybody's musical comedy very soon. First he hounded little chorines for their own good in "42nd Street" and now he turns up in "I Loved You Wednesday," a snappy semi-musical with good tunes and dances by Sammy Lee that are startling and original. The story isn't very new but Elissa Landi, who a few weeks ago was fed to the lions in "Sign of the Cross," gives the show a romantic note that helps.

I think you'll like this show. It isn't awfully clever, it isn't very pretentious nor is it something that you'll remember for very long, but it does

(*Please turn to page* 112)



(Right) Marion Davies and Onslow Stevens in "Peg O' My Heart."

(Below) Eric Linden, Frances Dee, Laura Hope Crews, Irene Dunne and Joel McCrea in "The Silver Cord."



HOLLYWOOD MAKES UP

New stars bring new make-up methods and change the styles in eyebrows and lips

By ANNE BOYD

EYEBROWS are coming down!
Lips are shrinking!
Newcomers to Hollywood have brought their own make-up methods with them and the result is that even Joan Crawford has cut down the size of that lower lip—and the upper one, too.

The new cupid's bow is really a cupid's bow besides having less startling proportions than formerly. Witness Dorothy Appleby, who leaves the edge of her lower lip unrouged. And Diana Wynyard whose mouth is rouged with rather sharp peaks at the center instead of the wide rolling curves that were the thing a few months ago.

The secret in getting these new more feminine, more natural lip lines is to rouge very carefully and smoothly so that there are no jagged edges of color on the skin and to rouge the arches of the upper lip distinctly, then take a fold of tissue and draw it down the center of the upper lip to remove rouge.

Eyebrows are an even more important feature in the new make-up styles. They are placed definitely lower than last year with a wider variety of shapes and lines. A length of lid between eye and brow undoubtedly adds beauty to the eyes. But it can be overdone and then gives a startled look to a face on which it doesn't put a sneer.

Julie Haydon's eyebrows start low over the inside corners of her eyes and curve up and out. You can get this effect by plucking hairs above the center line of your eyebrows near the nose and below the line at the outer ends, pruning any straggling hairs as well.

Dorothy Appleby's eyebrows are almost straight. For this effect take out only the stragglers near the nose plucking to a fine line from the center on.

Diana Wynyard's eyebrows are plucked slightly, to a natural line, one that suits the construction of her face. If you want to be certain of getting a natural line that will suit your own face best, take an eyebrow pencil and follow the bone line that marks the upper edge of the eye socket. This will give you the type of curve that should look best on your face. You may choose to raise the line a little but your best natural effect will be achieved if you don't change the angle of the curve.

At any rate pencil out the line you want as a guide when plucking your eyebrows, taking out only those hairs that fall outside the line.



Bock ta noture far mavie eyebraws ond lips. Here are three mavie newcamers wha hoven't the Garba high braw nor the Crowfard law lip. At tap, Julie Hoydan, wha thins her eyebrows ta a gentle curve. Center, Darathy Appleby, whose eyebraws are fairly stroight and whase mouth is rauged a little less than it might be instead af mare. Belaw, Diana Wynyard, the English beauty, part af whose charm lies in eyebraw ond mouth lines that are individual.



Glenda Farrell, Jack Durant, Miss Farrell's father and her son, Tommy—a family group on the beach at Malibu.

GLENDA AND THE Boy friend

The sensational Miss Farrell amidst the clatter of Hollywood tongues. By IVY CRANE WILSON

GLENDA FARRELL, the latest blonde thrill to hit Hollywood, is comparatively new to the screen. A zestful personality of the legitimate stage, Warner Brothers recruited her to play the resentful night club hostess in "Life Begins." She gave such a good performance they signed her up—now it looks like stardom ahead.

The glamorous Glenda is experiencing "the goldfish sensation" as Larry Tibbett called his first taste of Hollywood fame—when every move, every affair, love or otherwise, is bared to an inquisitive public.

She was pacing the floor of her attractive quarters, high up in an ultra-modern apartment house, like a tawny tigress when I happened in—just in time to act as a safety valve.

"IT'S positively sickening," stormed Glenda. "What if he were an acrobat—what does that matter? He and Mitchell are a big hit in Carroll's 'Vanities'—but somehow that acrobat business sticks."

She was speaking of her best friend—"boy friend," Hollywood dubs him, but as Glenda explains, a best friend is much more permanent than a boy friend.

Jack Durant happened to be playing in "Hit the Deck" in San Francisco when Glenda was a guest star at the Alcazar Theater. They met, liked each other and a genuine friendship started. He had a way of cheering her up in her moody moments—she admits she has them—*and how!* But Jack always seemed to understand.

Friends, outside the profession, had a way of twitting her because she would turn down all kinds of gay parties to go to a midnight movie with Jack. Afterwards they would raid a delicatessen, ask a few mutual friends to join them, and stage a supper party in her apartment. Jack was always the kingpin of the party. But he never drank—just wise-cracked and talked shop, at the same time letting Glenda know she was the only girl he really cared about.

The friendship went on in spite of theatrical journeyings in opposite directions.

Glenda is the kind of girl men like to show off. She has a luscious golden beauty and an ultra-feminine allure, but she objects to being a pretty monkey-on-a-stick for the benefit of some vain male. Night clubs bore her unless they have an extraordinary floor show. Drinking until the wee sma' hours in some stuffy speakeasy is not on her cards. That's one reason why she likes Jack. He would rather take her for a ride to the beach, or a midnight movie or, when the desire to dance seized (*Please turn to page* 83)



Photographed exclusively for The New Movie Magazine by Wide World

Let's Celebrate!

HERE I am, going to a Chinese beauty's house with another Chinese beauty, to meet those three brand-new-to-Hollywood English actresses!" I exclaimed to Anna May Wong, who had called for me to take me to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Lachman, Mrs. Lachman being Quan Ti, a concert singer, in professional life. They were giving a party in honor of Lilian Harvey, Elizabeth Allen and Betty Balfour.

Lilian is piquant, Betty is vivacious, and Elizabeth is demure.

"But who says English women don't know how to dress!" I said to myself as I looked at the three, after I had been presented.

Lilian wore a white crepe, with small jacket-girdle of embroidery made of the tiniest beads, hand-made, in many colors, an adaptation of Balkan costuming. The plain skirt had a little fullness.

"And how many Viennese girls' eyes were worn out, making that girdle!" sympathized Lilian.

Elizabeth Allen wore a princess gown of pale blue and silver brocade, wonderfully becoming, while Betty Balfour's dress made princess, was of black velvet, with rhinestone ornaments.

"English women," Anna May Wong said to me, as if in answer to my thought, "dress much better than they did before the war. They have gone out into the world and earned their own money, for one thing. And being independent has made them more demanding. Besides, there is more travel, and many

HOW HOLLYWOOD ENTERTAINS

You're invited to some parties with Grace Kingsley, The New Movie Magazine's society reporter.



The Lachmans gave a huge party for Lilian Harvey, Elizabeth Allen and Betty Balfour. Top row, from left to right: Al Rocket, George Bagnall and his wife, Vivian Tobin, Genevieve Tobin, Captain Reginald Berkely, Ivan Lebedeff, Mrs. Eric von Stroheim, William O'Bryen, Hale Hamilton, Frank Morgan, Mrs. Harry Lachman, Mrs. Jean Hersholt. Center row, from left to right: June Collyer, Anna May Wong, Betty Balfour, Mrs. Frank Morgan, Mrs. Al. Rockett, Lilian Harvey and Adrian, the fashion designer. Bottom row, from left to right: Emily Fitzroy, Grace LaRue, Mrs. George Wasson, Jr., Mrs. Chester Morris, Stuart Erwin, Elizabeth Allen, Chester Morris and Harry Lachman.

of them buy most of their clothes in Paris."

Our hostess and Anna May, by the way, have done that difficult thing, adapted Occidental styles so thoroughly to their Oriental types that frequently they are the best dressed women at Hollywood parties.

Mrs. Lachman wore a white crepe peau d'ange dress, with coral balls at the neck. I took them at first to be beads but on closer view I realized they were actually made of satin. She wore a coral belt.

Anna May wore a flesh-colored satin, with train, and a fur-trimmed, three-quarter length jacket. She looked really regal.

I chatted with Lilian Harvey, who said she keeps her figure flexible and trim by practising on the tight rope.

"It keeps you in poise and exercises every muscle in the body more thoroughly than any exercise I have ever taken," she explained.

Lilian was childishly delighted with her bungalow at the studio.

"Why, the wall paper has human figures dressed in the period of 'Congress Dances,'" she explained. "The bungalow has four rooms. One side of each is made up of a huge mirror, while the pictures are framed in mirrors. And the drape-fastenings at the windows are tiny mirrors. In Germany, you know, we have nothing like that. We have only little dressing rooms, very plain."

Miss Harvey says she knows Dorothea Wieck, German actress, who played the school-teacher in "Maedchen in Uniform," very well, and that one of her outstanding characteristics is a huge sense of humor. Miss Wieck, you remember, has recently arrived in this country to join Paramount.

Lilian never takes a drink, even of wine, nor does she smoke.

"I need my wits for my work," she said.

BETTY BALFOUR is very amusing. She told us of the adventures of herself and her husband, James Campbell, the composer, who is over here working in the studios, on their various airplane trips in this country.

"Some of the airplanes were palaces," she said, "but one that we took to fly from Miami to South Carolina, seemed to be held together largely with strings! We saw oil dripping on the wings and were petrified, but the pilot was unconcerned. He said he was just getting rid of the surplus oil."

She said that she never had had any sweetheart except her husband, and had grown so lonely for him that she couldn't stand it any longer, so had taken the trip over here to see him, though she had to go right back.

Miss Balfour, you know, was called the Mary Pickford of England, but she doesn't like it a bit. However, she is lively and amusing like Mary, and she looks not unlike her, though fairer.

Corinthian Bagatelle seemed to amuse the guests. It is a game popular in London at present, so the English guests were adept at it. And yet Chester Morris, who plays puff billiards, which is something like this game, beat everyone.

ELIZABETH ALLEN was completely surrounded by admiring males, most of the time, so we didn't get much of a chance to talk. She is eager, she says, to see all of California, especially Yosemite.

Dinner was served at long tables, and was, contrary to the usual Hollywood custom when the party is large, a "sit-down" affair. About twenty-five persons were served at each table, and an especially pleasing dish, preceding the squabs and wild rice, was the lobster, served *au gratin* in the shell.

After dinner Chester Morris sat down at the piano and started everybody singing the old popular songs. Frank Morgan sang with special gusto, then came Spencer Tracy and his wife joined in, too, also Stu Erwin and June Collyer. (*Please turn to page* 114)

MUSIC in the MOVIES

WARING'S Pennsylvanians, always sure of giving us an entertaining record, have not fooled us this time. "I'm Young and Healthy" from the talkie, "Forty-Second Street," is a peach of a tune, and the boys in the band certainly go to work on it. For consistent work, these fellows surely deserve the palm. Fred Waring sings the vocal chorus. The other side is a tune from the same show and this time it's called, "You're Getting to be a Habit with Me." This is played to a little slower tempo and makes an agreeable contrast. (This is a Victor record.)

ART KASSEL and his Kassels in the Air are next on the list. No doubt you are familiar with this band through its radio work. Art and the boys play "Moon Song" from Kate Smith's film, "Hello Everybody," and this seems to be the hit of the show. I think you'll like Art's arrangement and style, and I know that you'll like the vocal chorus.

Art plays the other side also. This is from the same picture. "Twenty Million People" is the title and it has a different swing to it. I think you'll like it. (This is a Columbia record.)

HERE'S Al (Mammy) Jolson, the old tear-jerker, and he gives us a couple of numbers from his latest film effort. The first seems to be the theme song, "Hallelujah, I'm a (*Please turn to page* 93)

THE MONTH'S BIGGEST HITS

"I'M YOUNG AND HEALTHY," fox trot—played by Waring's Pennsylvanians. (Victor)

"MOON SONG," fox trot—played by Art Kassell and his Kassels in the Air. (Columbia)

"HALLELUJAH I'M A BUM," vocal—sung by Al Jolson. (Brunswick)

"MAHOGANY HALL STOMP," fox trot—played by Louis Armstrong and his Orchestra. (Victor)



Right: Thelma Todd as Lady Pamela in the Hal Roach-M-G-M picturization of the comic opera, "Fra Diavolo."

Below: Wheeler and Woolsey, in their new RKO comedy, as peace conference delegates in gay Paree.



What's new in melody on the screen and on the records

By JOHN EDGAR WEIR

DANCING ON GLASS



ILLUSION:
In India, the fakirs present a spectacle to tourists. Two lovely performers appear, throw jagged pieces of glass into a box already filled with broken glass. They step *barefooted* into the box and do an Oriental dance—uninjured.

EXPLANATION:
Before appearing the performers toughen their feet in a solution of alum water and rub them with pulverized resin. They throw the sharp glass around the *edges* of the platform. The glass on which they actually do dance has the edges rounded off. They just *pretend* to dance on the *sharp* glass.

SOURCE: "*Magic Stage Illusions and Scientific Diversions*" by *Albert A. Hopkins, Munn & Co., New York.*



KEPT FRESH IN THE WELDED HUMIDOR PACK

Copyright, 1933, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

IT'S FUN TO BE FOOLED ...IT'S MORE FUN TO KNOW

One of the tricks of cigarette advertising is to pretend that "Heat Treatment" is an exclusive process, making one cigarette better than any other.

EXPLANATION: *All* cigarette manufacturers use heat treatment. The first Camel cigarette ever made, and every one of the billions of Camels produced since, has received the necessary heat treatment. Harsh, raw tobaccos require *intensive* processing under high temperatures. The more expensive tobaccos, which are naturally mild, *call* for only a moderate application of heat.



It is a fact, well known by leaf tobacco experts, that Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE tobaccos than any other popular brand.

Try Camels. Judge them critically. Compare them with others for mildness, for throat-ease, for good taste. They'll win you!

NO TRICKS

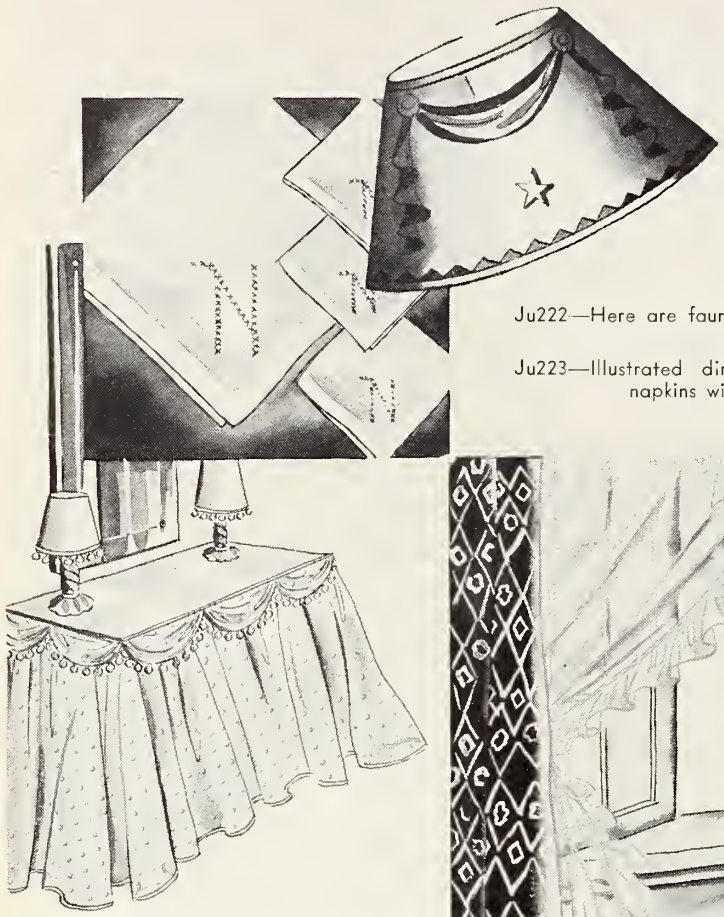
—JUST COSTLIER TOBACCOS

IN A MATCHLESS BLEND

For Your Home in Summer

Make these accessories with the aid of our New Method Circulars

By FRANCES COWLES



Ju222—Here are faur stencil designs far either paper ar parchment lamps.

Ju223—Illustrated directians far faur warm weather table cavers and napkins with simple initials are given in this circular.

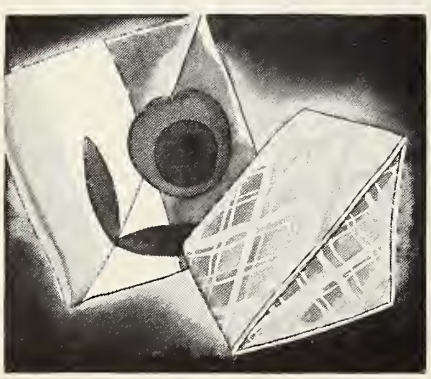
Ju224—Make the datted swiss dressing table drapery shawn abave with the aid af this circular.

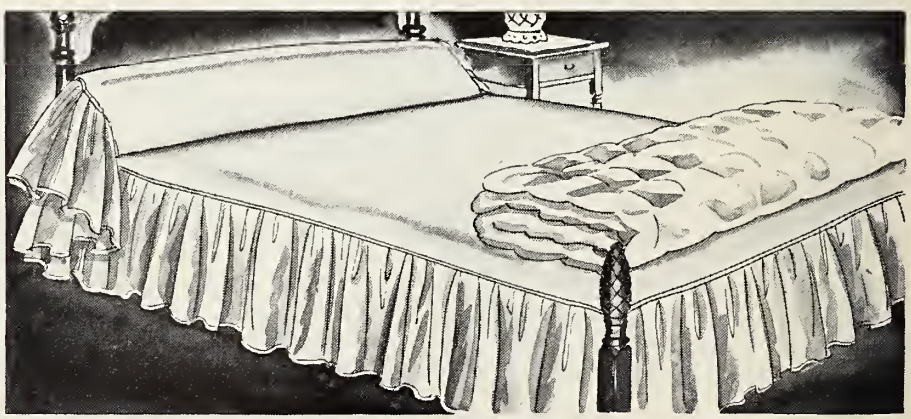
Turn to page 79 for directions for obtaining the diagram patterns described here.



Ju226—Linen ar cattan slip cavers far yaur uphalstered chairs make yaur raams seem caaler, and they pratect the uphalstery material fram wear and dust during summer. Yau'll have na difficulty making attractive cavers far yaur awn chairs fram diagrams and directians cantained in this circular.

Ju225—Include washable cavers far yaur safa cushians and the new triangle parch cushian in yaur summer equipment.





Ju227—Spreads ta give yaur beds a summery appearance are easy and inexpensive ta make. Here are directians far faur different kinds.

You're Invited . . .

—to a picnic on the beach with Bob Armstrong —and chili con carne, baked ham and all the fixings

A PICNIC lunch in front of his own beach house—and between swims—appeals to Robert Armstrong. When friends drop in unexpectedly they always find Bob prepared for them. On the back of the kitchen stove is a big kettle of chili con carne and Chloe, the big black mammy who looks after Bob, always has one of her famous Virginia baked hams on hand. The way she prepares her ham sounds simple enough but the way it tastes is something entirely different. Here is her recipe which we were fortunate in obtaining from Bob:

1 eight to ten-pound ham
1 cup sifted bread crumbs
1 cup brown sugar
1 cup pineapple juice
Whole cloves

Scrub ham well, removing any dark portions, and soak in cold water over night. Drain, cover with cold water and bring to boiling point. Then turn down heat and simmer twenty minutes to the pound. Let cool in liquid. When cool remove outside skin; rub surface well with brown sugar and bread crumbs and stick cloves in one inch apart. Put in baking pan with a little of the pineapple juice and bake in slow oven (355 degrees F.) for one hour. Baste frequently with pineapple juice, adding more juice to the pan as it disappears.

If you follow these directions, Bob and all of his friends swear you will say it is the best baked ham you ever tasted. Eating it on the beach adds to its flavor.

"No matter how hot the weather is, I always serve one hot dish when I have guests for a beach lunch," Bob said. "And usually that hot dish is chili con carne, which Chloe makes just right. If I don't have it the gang always asks for it, so we just keep it on hand." Following is the recipe: Sauté, but not brown, 1 large green pepper, 3 onions (egg size), 1 clove of garlic in 2 tablespoons olive oil. When hot add 1½ pounds ground round steak and cook slowly until the meat separates. Then add:

1 quart tomato puree (If you use ordinary canned tomatoes put through sieve
1 tablespoon chili powder
2 chili cipinos (put in whole)
2 quarts cold water

Salt to taste and boil slowly two hours. Then add:

1 teaspoon camino seed in a bag (take out after one-half hour)
2 quarts cooked frijoles (You may use either Hart's cooked frijoles or beans that you have cooked in advance.)

Do not cook this mixture immediately, but if possible let stand over night. Standing

(*Please turn to page* 104)



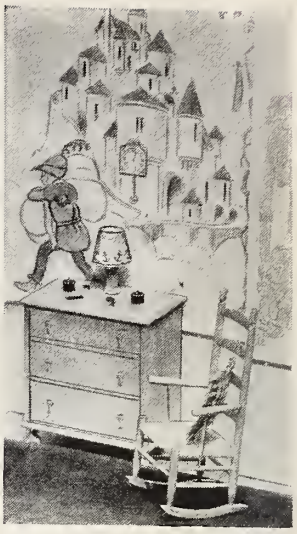
Bob has many of his picnics in front of his own beach house with tables and chairs and some hot dishes de luxe.

A Colonial Room
FOR THE CHILDREN

With a background of fairy tales and nursery rhymes

By BETTY LENAHAN

MODELS BY HERMAN C. KNEBEL





Crisp organdy curtains topped by a scalloped gingham valance and tied back with bands of the gingham let in plenty of light and air.

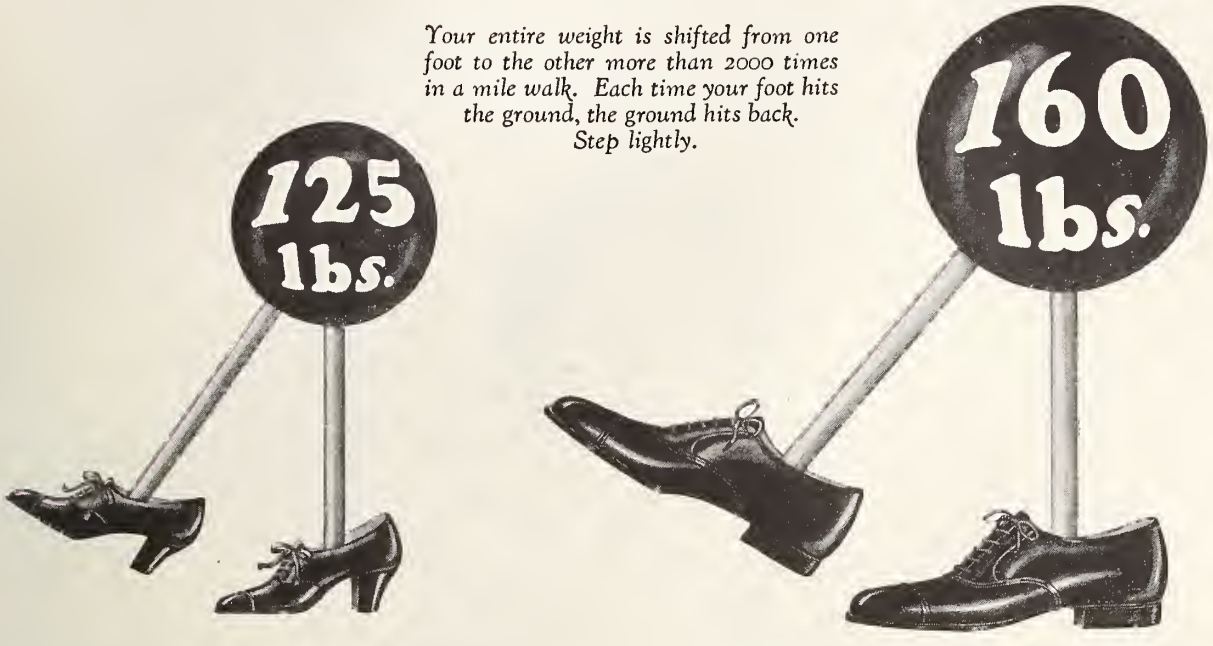


IN the old days the nursery or child's room often received almost the same treatment as the attic—a refuge for cast-off furniture, old rugs and faded draperies—but now this room receives the same thought and consideration as any other room in the house.

In our little Colonial house the child's room has been carefully planned and decorated in a practical as well as an attractive manner. The room is of fairly good size and has two windows providing plenty of light and the desired cross ventilation. There are two doors one leading to the upstairs hall and one to a spacious closet. The polished hardwood floor is covered with a dark blue rug and the wood work is painted a gleaming white. Amusing scenes depicting characters from fairy tales and nursery rhymes are painted on the walls above the dado. Humpty Dumpty in one corner looks down disdainfully on Tom, Tom the Piper's son who is followed by Little Red Riding Hood with a very realistic wolf lurking in the background. And over in the other corner sits Little Jack Horner; and Tommy Tucker standing on a soap box is singing lustily for his supper. The wall between the two doors shows Jack in the Beanstalk running away from a lovely fairy-like turreted castle which looms in (*Please turn to page* 112)

Watch your Arches

Your entire weight is shifted from one foot to the other more than 2000 times in a mile walk. Each time your foot hits the ground, the ground hits back. Step lightly.



A GREAT deal of excruciating pain in the feet or elsewhere in the body, caused by weakened or broken down arches, can be relieved or completely removed. When the three main causes of foot trouble—misuse, abuse and disuse—are generally understood, a great deal more pain will be avoided.

If you walk with your toes pointed out instead of straight ahead you put a severe strain on your arches. Overstrained, they are likely to sag or flatten. Bones may be forced out of place, pinching and torturing sensitive nerves.

All too often these tortured nerves communicate their distress to nerve centers far removed from the feet. Leg aches, headaches, backaches and many other aches are penalties which follow the misuse of a hard-working foot.

Abused, either by being cramped in a shoe which does not permit the toes to lie flat, or sprawled in an ill-fitting shoe, no foot can support and move its burden comfortably and easily. Shoes should have a straight inner edge. They should fit snugly under the long arch and at the heel.



Examine your shoes to make certain that the sole, under the ball of your foot, does not round down in the center or bend up at the sides. If it does, every step you take tends to flatten the short arch across the ball of the foot. Then the needless pain.

Disuse is the third crime committed against feet which should be able to give willing and uncomplaining service. A foot which has little to do besides carrying its burden from bedroom to dining-room and from there to an automobile or other conveyance, loses its muscular strength, becomes almost an invalid foot through feebleness.

But when muscles and ligaments have lost their strength or arches have become weakened, the services of a competent foot specialist may be needed. He may, by proper treatment, or by prescribing corrective foot exercises or scientifically constructed shoes, restore your foot to usefulness.

A booklet "Standing Up to Life" which tells how to overcome many foot ailments by means of intelligent foot exercises will be mailed free upon request. Address Booklet Department 633-B.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT — ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

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BOX OFFICE CRITICS

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MR. PRODUCER! Read These

Esther L. Brauneau, Jefferson, S. D.—I happened to overhear a number of prominent people discussing the movies one afternoon last week. There was no doubt in their minds but that the movies of today were all of the gangster or sex type and they shouldn't be seen by anyone. I wondered then why some of them didn't go down to the corner store and purchase one of the many cinema magazines that are on sale. Nearly every magazine contains a list of the new pictures and what type of picture each one is—be it the goody-goody, sex, gangster, outdoor or children's kind. That same afternoon I wanted to attend a movie but I had a hard time deciding which one to see as the best theaters then were showing "Smilin' Through," "Cabin in the Cotton," "Farewell to Arms" and "Six Hours to Live." I went to see the last one named that day but before the week was over I had seen all four of them. I thought all four pictures were beautiful and the finest I had seen in months. I thought the picture "Six Hours to Live" should have retained its original name, "Auf Wiedersehen." However, the handsome and stellar actor Warner Baxter is the silver lining to any picture he ap-



"Tell us more obout Ruby Keeler. She's the cuddliest kid in pictures."

pears in. He and Helen Hayes are my favorites and how I wish the producers would give us a wonderful picture starring both of them together.

* * *

Mrs. A. H. Johnson, 4211 Third St., N. W., Washington, D. C.—A short time ago I read that a new German star was being contracted for a picture in Hollywood. This causes one to wonder why Hollywood does not



"Phyllis Barry is the kind of girl I wont to marry. Me for her."

follow the current trend of patriotic Americans to "Buy American." There is no denying the beauty and ability of Garbo, Dietrich, Chevalier, etc., yet are any of these so talented or so gorgeous that they cannot be surpassed in America? Authorities tell us to spend generously in order to stabilize our country's finances, yet isn't it a well-known fact that imported stars hoard the big money they make in America only to retire to their own country to spend it? Are there any finer actors anywhere on earth than our own Barrymores, our Crawford, Bennett, Shearer, etc., and doesn't every American woman prefer Victor McLaglen to Maurice Chevalier? And isn't their lingo much easier to understand? And when we tire of these, let's exploit some home talent. Let's hope Hollywood will go and stay American.

* * *

Miss Marjorie Van Veersen, 858 Lafayette Avenue, Hawthorne, N. J. —Come on, Hollywood, give us more pictures like "State Fair." It was great. Interesting and exciting all the way through. Gee, I almost grabbed the man in front of me by the neck when Lew Ayres and Janet went down that roller coaster. And give Will Rogers a hand-shake for me. He had me laughing and crying all over that hog. Yes, sir, give us more *good* casts and lots of human interest in your stories, and I'll guarantee the theaters will be packed. And please let Lew Ayres play opposite Janet Gaynor again.

* * *

John G. Whidding, 1769 Townsend Ave., New York, N. Y.—Speaking of pepping up the movies, and making them pay, what has become of the good old reliable thriller—the serial picture? They are still being produced, I know, but they are certainly becoming mediocre. And so few of them are played by people we know! There is a very fine serial actress out in Hollywood right this minute, waiting for her chance at the talkies—an actress who will not only bring in the younger section of the audience, but the older folks as well, because they haven't forgotten her for an instant. Her name is Ruth Roland, and she deserves a chance to prove her mettle, if anyone does! She deserves it more than a host of serial players do! No matter how improbable these chapter stories have been, and may be, they



"Take my word for it, Dick Powell will be o stor before the yeor is over."

do "pull" with audiences week after week, and with a pleasing personality such as Ruth's projecting their heroines, they would "pull" a great deal better with thousands who are unable to work up enthusiasm over players who, however heroic they may be, are cursed for the most part with rasping, unnatural voices. Ruth Roland has had a great deal of stage training, and is her same old self. Let's give her a break.

(*Please turn to page* 72)



"I hoven't seen a picture of my favorite, Belo Lugosi, for a long time. Be nice ond publish one, won't you?"



MONDAY.. TUESDAY WEDNESDAY.... Doomsday!

IS "CALENDAR FEAR" UNDERMINING YOUR HEALTH?

With maddening slowness time drags on! . . . And woman waits! . . . Waits and worries over her upset health.

Seldom does she know that FEAR itself . . . FEAR of an imaginary crisis is the very thing that throws her delicate feminine mechanism out of gear . . . Seldom does she realize that this health-stealing FEAR is the direct outcome of either timid ignorance or gross neglect of proper marriage hygiene.

She has failed to follow that correct method of feminine antisepsis as endorsed for over 40 years by leading doctors, clinics, hospitals and gynecologists.

They have freely recommended the regular and continual use of "Lysol" for feminine health, daintiness, and mental poise.

The "Lysol" method is so simple and easy to follow . . . The result so refreshing and agreeable . . . so safe and effective.

In sharp contrast to certain chlorine-type antiseptics, "Lysol" contains no free caustic alkali to inflame, sear and toughen tender tissues . . . And unlike these chlorine compounds, which lose 95% of their effectiveness in the presence of organic matter, "Lysol" retains its power to destroy germ-life.

Don't be caught again in the grip of "CALENDAR FEAR" . . . Practice intimate feminine cleanliness. Use "Lysol." Your druggist has it. Your doctor recommends it . . . One thing more, write for a copy of the new, *free* "Lysol" booklet, "Marriage Hygiene—the important part it plays in the ideal marriage." You will welcome its trustworthy advice. Please use the coupon.

WRITTEN BY WOMEN FOR WOMEN

A brand new book on woman's oldest problem . . . Frank and fearless . . . Contains three leading articles by world-famous women physicians . . . Send today for "Marriage Hygiene —the important part it plays in the ideal marriage."

"Lysol" is economical . . . a treatment costs less than one cent. "Lysol" is safe . . . it contains no free caustic alkali. "Lysol" is effective . . . it destroys hidden germ-life. "Lysol" has enjoyed the full confidence of the medical profession for over 40 years.



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Box Office Critics

(*Continued from page* 70)



Photo by Wide World

Buster Callier and Marie Prevost watching the races at Agua Caliente. You'll see these two together a lot in Hollywood.

Cheers for Buddy: Oh, boy! What a break! Handsome, captivating Buddy Rogers is coming back to the screen. We are waiting for a picture, Buddy.—E. E. Page, 180 Washington Street, Cambridge, Mass.

Bill and Wife: Bill Boyd is handsome and intelligent. I am looking for bigger and better pictures in which Bill will star. How about giving his wife, the beautiful Dorothy Sebastian, a chance?—Gertrude Kardis, 129 Huron Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Applause for Gary Cooper! Even the name thrills me! But when I see him—well, words just can't express my emotions. Recently I saw "A Farewell to Arms" with him and Helen Hayes. In most picture reviews the credit seems to go to Miss Hayes. But what would that picture have been without Gary? Miss Hayes was marvelous; who can deny that? But Gary—well, all I can say is, let's have more movies with him. And also pictures of him in THE NEW MOVIE. Janet P. Nevers, 14 Heywood St., Houlton, Me.

From a Student: Seeing such an artist as Norma Shearer makes any girl student of the drama try a little harder for better diction and to become cultured and well-poised actress. This is sincerely submitted by "a student of the drama."—Myrtle McKay, 511 E. 10th St., Dallas, Tex.

Helped Her Understand: The depression had hit us hard. Dad's wages were cut, and for months we had not attended a movie. Several people asked me to go but I just couldn't seem to rise above my circumstances. Then came "Frisco Jenny." So I made up my mind to go and see this La Chatterton strut her stuff. This picture showed me something which before I have never understood. That was a mother's undying love for her child, and what sacrifices she will make. It gave me a foundation, and proved to be the beginning of a new life for me, which I hope helps me in attaining the top of my career, which is singing.—Miss Alice Grill, 17213 Grovewood Ave., Cleveland, O.

She Finds Her Star: I am pretty fickle in my admiration for movie stars, but I believe I have found one, now, who is going to hold my attention for a long time—Paul Muni. "I Am a Fugitive From a Chain Gang" is one of the greatest acting performances ever given, in one of the greatest pictures ever screened. I hope he will never be "typed." With his striking features, and acting ability, he could portray any rôle. His change from "Scarface," to "I Am a Fugitive," shows that. I cast my ballot for him.—Bernice Dexter, 1805 Washington Street, Wilmington, Del.

Proposal: Gary Cooper. Oh! That smile! My heart simply flutters when his image is flashed on the screen. I wouldn't mind being the future Mrs. Cooper.—Helen Jane Wilson, Evans Academy, Evans, Ga.

Another Valentino? In my estimation, George Raft deserves better pictures. He would be another Valentino if he had the chance. So give him a break.—Miss Della Curtiss, 804 North 11th St., Mattoon, Ill.

"Oh, Adolphe: "Farewell to Arms" meant to me "Hello, Adolphe Menjou!" You were great as that tough, romancing, eloquent doctor! To me, the two stars seemed dull and in the background, but you stood out, sharp-focused, and clear! More bouquets, Adolphe!"—Eleanor Balcer, 266 Dwight Street, Jersey City, N. J.

Tribute to Gary: Gary Cooper is my idea of a motion picture actor. He has an original way of registering great emotion—one that I have never seen any other actor or actress use—that of not expressing any emotion at all. In the greatest moments of his pictures, when any other actor would be doing his best to give you the impression of horror, grief, pathos, or whatever the case may be, Gary registers no expression whatsoever, and gives you a better idea of the emotion seething inside him than anyone else could possibly do. This is especially noticeable in "A Farewell to Arms," when his wife is lying so ill in the hospital and he is waiting to see her. I consider that picture one of his greatest, as it was a different type of rôle for Gary. Can't we see him in more pictures with Helen Hayes?—Marjorie Coyle, Route 7, Meadville, Pa.

Good News: Every day in every way the movies are getting better and better.—**J. Bordo, 2235 Jerome Street, Toledo, O.**

Bouquets for Norma: Norma Shearer is a born actress. Even if she has only a small part she stands out above all others. When I go to see one of her pictures I know I will not be disappointed. I have never seen a better picture than "Strange Interlude." After seeing it I don't see how any one can criticize the movies.—Cornelia Floyd, 207 E. 9th St., Columbia, Tenn.

So Natural: I am a constant reader of THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE and am particularly interested in your page called "Box Office Critics". . . . I am a "Norma Shearer" fan. I wish to say, with all due respect to our other fine stars of today, I believe Miss Shearer is our best. Her performances in "Smilin' Through" and "Strange Interlude" were marvelous. Not only do I admire Norma Shearer for her splendid acting, but I think she is so natural in every way it is a pleasure to see her on the screen. As to her dramatic ability, there certainly is no question about that! I do hope she will be coming out in a new picture soon and believe me, when it does come out, I'll be one of the first to dash up dear old Broadway to see it!—Alice M. Cooper, 328 Sterling Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Harlow and Gable: All salute to Jean Harlow. She is the one and only star for me. She can liven up a picture and make you feel like a new person. Let's have more of her with Clark Gable.—Amy Gebauer, 98 Merritt Street, Oshkosh, Wis.

Dick and David: Every one may rave about Clark Gable and Robert Montgomery, but I favor stars who are making names for themselves, instead of movie magazines making names for them. I am for Richard Cromwell and David Manners, two of the best stars on the screen, both of whom I hope some day will be farther ahead than Gable. Good luck to them both.—Miss E. S. Reisner, 127 E. First Street, Duluth, Minn.



When the Fox studios called for fifty physically perfect actors to try out for the part of Ajax in "The Warriar's Husband," Russ Clark won the part. He's six feet two, weighs 194, a forty-four chest, thirty-two waist and seventeen-inch biceps.

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HER new friends were wild with envy! Her ...her beautifully coiffured hair...she outs

Then they saw her hands—coarse, red, rou breathed easily again. No danger of anyone falli with *those* hands!

Are *you* killing the charm of *your* lovely frocks of *your* beauty, with rough, red, ugly hands?

Would you continue to, if you knew that only Hinds care would make your hands tenderly soft, white The kind of hands men adore . . .

How this famous cream works

Hot water . . . harsh cleansers . . . housework . . . all away the natural oils that keep hands soft. Hinds Cream *back* these precious oils. And thus restores youthful soft and smoothness.

The moment you rub this dainty, gossamer-fine cream into your hands you feel the skin become soft and supple again.

Unlike ordinary hand lotions

Observe how different Hinds is from other hand lotions. It is not weak and thinned out, nor is it one of these thick, gummy jellies that just stay on the top of the skin. Hinds is so chiffon-fine, so penetrating, that it goes deep down *through* the skin layers where the *real* healing work must be done.

Use Hinds *always* after hands have been in water, after exposure, and *before going to bed at night.*

This famous lotion leaves an invisible *"second skin"*, too, that protects hands from chapping and drying, keeps them lovely in all kinds of weather. This *"second skin"* is a fine layer of Hinds Cream that has penetrated deeply through the rough skin. There it stays, softening, whitening, *protecting.*



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New beauty discovery!

It's a remarkable new liquefying cleansing cream that melts the moment it touches skin. Fine, light, penetrating—it *floats* the dirt and grease out of pores! Ask for Hinds Cleansing Cream. 40¢, 65¢.

HINDS *honey and almond* **CREAM**

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FREE ***A 7-Day Trial Bottle*** (Also trial sizes of new Hinds Cleansing Cream and Hinds Texture Cream)

Coupon below brings you a generous trial bottle of Hinds by fast return mail. See how deeply Hinds penetrates, healing those rough cracks, that sore, dried-out skin. How soft, white, lovely, it makes hands. Fill out and mail coupon NOW.



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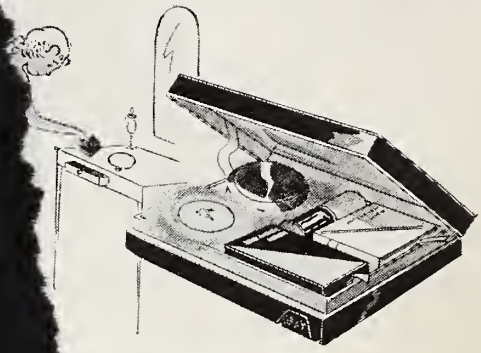
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finest pumice powders. You can use this on your legs and arms and your face, too, without worrying about irritation unless in your zeal you rub too hard—and a little cold cream will fix that up. The makers recommend clipping the hairs first if they're long so as not to wear out the puff too quickly. Each puff will last about a month, keeping legs, arms and underarms free of hair. You just rub in circles or backwards and forwards and in about three minutes it's all over. And the nice thing about it is that as the hair is removed the skin is also made whiter and softer. The puffs are inexpensive, too.



To free your legs and orms of hair.

EVERYTHING from perfume to cleansing cream is included in the imposing array of products that have just reached the market—and the prices are so inexpensive that you can buy everything all at once. For make-up there's powder, rouge and lipstick, all in smart black, silver and green cases. The powder has a metal cover and comes in three shades, natural, rachelle, and the peach tone everybody's wearing. There's a perfume too in an attractive little bottle with a square black top. But that's not all;



A complete cosmetic outfit ot low cost.

cleansing cream and toning lotion are included in the group as well as a hand lotion recommended as a powder base. The jars and bottles carry out the same modern distinctive color scheme and the policy of a lot for a little.

A NEW manicure set was brought to our attention the other day and we think you'll want to hear about it. It's a black and silver box that will do justice to your dressing table and is quite complete with cuticle oil as well as polish, remover and cuticle remover. A nail brush, cotton pads, files and orange wood sticks are also included. The enamel remover is of interest because of its speed.

If you wish additional information, including names and prices of the articles listed, as well as where they may be bought, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to the Beauty Editor, Make-up Box, Tower Magazines, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

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THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

The RECIPES and MENUS talked it over . . .



and fixed up a lot of your cooking problems

IT ran something like this . . . their talk about the American housewife:

"She's a busy woman," said Mrs. Recipe.

"It's those infernal meals to plan each day," offered Mr. Menu with authority.

"Why," exclaimed a second Recipe brightly, "that's how we can help Mrs. Housewife. Let's get ourselves together . . . I think about *44 Easy Economical Dinners* and 76 of us recipes would do the trick nicely."

"I know a lot of *Favorite Recipes of the Movie Stars* that would make dinners more exciting," another Recipe suggested.

"But what about women who are reducing?"

"Oh, that's simple," Mr. Menu explained. "I have some menu friends who specialize in *Reducing the Right Way.* And you can't say that about every menu."



☐ 44 EASY ECONOMICAL DINNERS

Even the most imaginative woman sometimes goes stale on new dinner ideas. But . . . have you tried tapioca in tomato bisque? Or potato stuffing with walnuts? Those little touches cost next to nothing and set your cooking apart as definitely superior. 10c.



☐ FAVORITE RECIPES OF THE MOVIE STARS

You'd expect actors and actresses to like recipes just a little different, wouldn't you? Irene Dunne, for instance, says to add nutmeg to chicken broth. And Ruth Chatterton cooks steak which she calls "Beefsteak a la Victor Hugo," after one of Hollywood's famous restaurants. Recipes of 47 movie stars! 10c.

☐ REDUCING THE RIGHT WAY

The right way is not the starvation way. It means eating satisfying, wholesome meals, BUT omitting those particular foods which are most fattening. This book gives menus for correct reducing. Exercises for reducing all over or just in certain spots. 10c.

Three booklets to save you time and worry! Check the coupon below, enclose ten cents for each of the booklets you want and mail to Tower Books, Inc., 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

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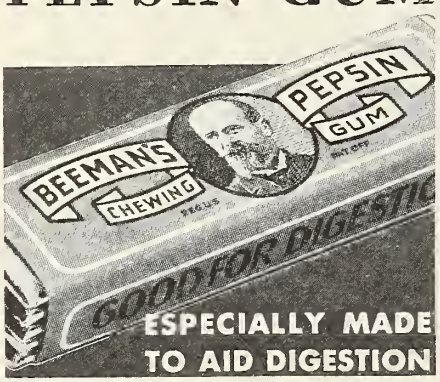


beats train!

Beats the Twentieth Century by two minutes. You almost feel as though you could when your digestion is right. You are so alive . . . so ready for anything.

Lots of girls wonder why they don't feel more like doing things. A touch of indigestion perhaps. Many chew Beeman's regularly to prevent digestive troubles. You'll like Beeman's, the flavor is delicious.

Chew
BEEMAN'S
PEPSIN GUM



I'll Give a Million Dollars

(*Continued from page* 34)

industry was astonished to learn that it had been purchased by Universal at the record price of a quarter of a million dollars.

When filmed, it became an immense financial success for the company and started the younger Laemmle on the way to far film places. This picture was followed by several other outstanding successes in the next two years.

SHORTLY after the young man's twenty-first birthday his father assembled his leading executives and announced that his son was the new General Manager of the huge film enterprise.

Before the entire group the father said to his son, "You have my complete confidence."

And then the Senior made a very daring and strategic maneuver. He went to Europe and left the boy absolutely on his own. The youth watched the train fade away and returned to the huge mansion in Beverly Hills—to be alone.

The fact that on his decisions alone rested the success or failure of his father's vast business had a tendency to weaken him for the first few hours. He debated with himself all that night.

In the morning he went to see Paul Bern.

That father confessor of Hollywood, lately so sadly departed, saw the worn look on the boy's face.

"Come, Junior," he said, "what's up?"

"Nothing," returned the boy, "I've just made a decision and I came to tell you about it."

"What is it?" asked Paul.

"Well," replied Junior, "Father went to Europe last night and left me to run the business." There was a pause "And I intend to run it."

"That's fine," said Paul, "You can't fail. I've watched you for years." The kindly Bern put his arm about the youth, "And if you ever feel low you must remember old Ibsen's words, 'Never be so mad as to doubt yourself.'"

"I'll remember," said the boy.

Paul Whiteman had been engaged to appear in a film before Junior Laemmle had been appointed General Manager.

Young Laemmle had the band leader hold his contract in abeyance until something more worthy was prepared for him.

He later appeared in "The King of Jazz," which cost, all in all, nearly two million dollars. Though acclaimed on all sides a great artistic success, it was one of the biggest financial disappointments ever made.

Wise men in films shook their heads.

One consternation treaded upon another's heels, so fast they followed.

THEN came the great decision for the boy. The famous book, "All Quiet on the Western Front," had been rejected by many companies as impossible for film purposes. Junior decided to make it on a huge scale.

Older film executives warned him against certain financial catastrophe. A fortune had been spent on "The King of Jazz."

Junior put all the eggs into one basket by the making of this war epic, which was to cost more than a million dollars. Failure meant real disaster. Men walked softly at Universal.

When it came time to choose a director for the great war film, it is said that the New York office wanted a certain director.

But the younger Laemmle had different ideas. He wanted the brilliant young Russian-Jew, Lewis Milestone, for the job. It was one of the greatest "hunches" in films.

Milestone had done that most surprising and charming film, "Two Arabian Knights," a tale without love. He had been at loggerheads with different nabobs, and there was none too friendly a feeling toward him.

Junior selected Milestone to direct.

The "location" for this film was chosen near Balboa and was on more than two thousand acres of land, far enough away so that the roar of guns, the explosion of shells, and the whir of airplanes would not make California people feel that they were being invaded by the Japanese.

It was the sort of film Milestone could best direct—the grim, remorseless wheels of destiny grinding all human hope to dust. What Milestone did with the film forms one of the most brilliant chapters in screen history.

Both artistically and commercially, it was one of the great films of all times.

Clarence Brown, the fine director of "Anna Christie," upon seeing it for the first time, exclaimed, "It makes me almost ashamed to direct another picture."

THE cost of "The King of Jazz" and "All Quiet on the Western Front" made Universal sell many of its theaters. This, as it turned out, was one of the shrewdest strokes ever made.

A high M-G-M executive recently said to me, "Only two companies have consistently made money through the depression—M-G-M and Universal."

"Why?" I asked.

"We have few theaters and Universal has none to keep us broke," was the prompt reply.

It was the turning point in the upward career of Universal.

Impressed with new dignity, the firm gave up making so many cheap "theater" pictures. They cut their output from fifty-two pictures a year to not more than twenty-six. Considering the number of films made each year, Universal has a very high average. The excellent film, "Back Street," is one of their latest offerings. "Once in a Lifetime" and "Okay America" are other films which will stand well up in the list of the best made this year.

The thriller, "Frankenstein," was another box office score for the company. Strangely enough the locale of this tale, like "All Quiet on the Western Front," was also laid in the senior Laemmle's beloved Germany.

Young Laemmle, at twenty-four, has weathered the storm. He has confidence and experience, which, combined with intuitive shrewdness, will soon make him worthy to stand with his magnificent father.

He has grown strong from fighting his way up from being just a rich man's son.

Secrets of a Siren

(*Continued from page* 45)

haps, the more subtle. Love is an important part of her education; she is early trained in the wiles, the graces of allurement. The Oriental races are repressed, never giving an outward evidence of emotions. There are no kisses, no caresses. Yet the eyes, the sinuous, gliding body, and the voice, can suggest it all, for no peoples have developed imagination as these nations of the East.

"American women are franker and more open in their pursuit. Too, American men demand a blending of camaraderie with romance in their sweethearts. American men have been so busy conquering a country, founding a nation and establishing a government that they have not given the time or thought to the gentle art of lovemaking that the older European nations have done. Therefore, they are not as adept. Europeans take their love leisurely. They never rush their conquests; the climax of an affair is delayed until every charm of the pursuit has been enjoyed."

NO matter what the nationality of her characters, Myrna seldom resorts to the usual coquettish tricks; these are too obvious. Also, her sirens never drop that disturbing, mysterious quality that keeps a man's interest aflame and makes her desirable. And, always, she carries the dignity of good breeding and culture behind her hardness.

Myrna was started on her colorful film route via an exotic costume.

She was dancing in a prologue at Grauman's Egyptian Theater, in Hollywood, when Rudolph Valentino and his artist-wife, Natacha Rambova, saw her and became so intrigued with her slim, expressive body which had the poise of a priestess and the smouldering lure of witchery, that they gave her a part in a picture they were producing, "What Price Beauty."

Natacha designed a series of costumes that captured all that was exotic in Myrna's personality. Before the picture was ever shown, Warner Brothers had seen the stills and placed the young actress under contract.

"Then," said Myrna, "I had to live up to the type my costumes had created."

But Myrna is more exciting than any beauty winner. And because of a dangerous warmth beneath her mystery, she fitted into a number of vamp rôles that took her to many lands, each character requiring a special study of love-technique.

Seldom possessing (in pictures, of course) a definite code of morals, but always ultra-feminine and stirring the imagination, she slinked her way through a long list of films, as the seductive menace. She played so many Oriental and Eurasian parts that it is said at one time the immigration authorities investigated her legal standing in this country. Imagine their surprise to learn she was all-American, her birthplace being a ranch near Helena, Montana.

Once again, recently, Myrna stepped into a sandaled rôle, that of the Chinese daughter in "The Mask of Fu Manchu," where she wielded her sinister enticements on admirers as they lingered too long in her secret garden. She says these Oriental rôles are very difficult because they require a tre-

(*Please turn to page* 78)



WE TAKE OUR TEXT FROM SLEEPY HOLLOW



You remember the legend—how Ichabod Crane let himself be frightened away from the fairest girl in Sleepy Hollow by a sheeted horseman holding a pumpkin head.

There are women who have let themselves be kept from the *extra* help of Fels-Naptha by rumors as empty as that pumpkin head. Perhaps these rumors have even raised questions in *your* mind. If so, let's lay them to rest. We refer to questions like these—

"Can I boil with Fels-Naptha?" Certainly! Or you can soak with it. Fels-Naptha will work *your* way. It does a beautiful job in water of any temperature—from boiling-hot to cool. It's equally at home in tub or machine.

"Will Fels-Naptha leave clothes yellow?" No! It will give you the whitest wash you ever saw. Fels-Naptha safely gets *all* the dirt from clothes. And *that* makes clothes white.

"Is Fels-Naptha safe for fine fabrics?" Yes, indeed! Fels-Naptha loosens dirt so easily no hard rubbing is needed. The soap is mild. The naptha in it is used by the best dry cleaners. Fels-Naptha is gentle to both clothes and hands.

More important, however, Fels-Naptha brings you *extra* help—unusually good soap and *plenty* of naptha instead of "just soap." That means easier washdays.

Get some Fels-Naptha at your grocer's. See how beautifully it washes clothes. After that, no empty rumor will keep you from its *extra* help.

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FELS & COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pa. T.M.-6-33

Some women, I understand, find it a bit easier to chip Fels-Naptha into tub or machine by using one of your handy chippers instead of just an ordinary kitchen knife. I'd like to try the chipper, so I enclose 3¢ in stamps to help cover postage. Send the sample bar, too.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

(Please print name and address completely)

See HOW MUCH MORE ALLURING YOUR EYES could BE WITH MAYBELLINE EYE BEAUTY AIDS



Long, dark, curling lashes—eyelids delicately shaded—graceful, expressive eyebrows—who can resist the alluring beauty of this combination? These are what Maybelline eye beauty aids can give you, safely and simply. Famous for their purity and effectiveness, Maybelline Eye Shadow, Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil, Maybelline Eyelash Darkener, and Maybelline Eyelash Grower complete the perfect toillette of millions of smart women all over the world. Try them today and learn how quickly and easily they can give you increased loveliness and charm.

Maybelline

EYE BEAUTY AIDS

Maybelline
EYELASH DARKENER
the largest selling mascara in the world because it is absolutely harmless, actually non-smarting, tear-proof, instantly effective. Transforms lashes into natural appearing long, dark, luxuriant fringe, and keeps them soft and silky. Black or Brown.



Maybelline
EYEBROW PENCIL
smoothly and cleanly lines the brows, forming graceful, expressive eyebrows. Of pure and highest quality composition. Black or Brown.



Maybelline
EYE SHADOW
for delicately shading the eyelids to intensify the color and depth of the eyes. Pure and harmless, smooth and creamy, it may be had in Blue, Brown, Blue-Gray, Green and Violet.



Maybelline
EYELASH GROWER
contains highly beneficial oils that nourish and stimulate the natural growth of the lashes, applied nightly before retiring. Pure and harmless, it is an excellent stimulant for dry, brittle lashes.

These famous, high quality Maybelline eye beauty aids may now be had in 10c sizes in all leading 10c stores.

Secrets of a Siren

(*Continued from page 77*)

mendous concentration. She must *feel* so intensely that the meaning is projected upon the screen with little acting.

She has mastered the gliding movements which give emphasis to the emotional repression and it is surprising how much can be said by simply turning the head and dropping the eyes. Also, there is a language all its own in the fluttering movement of a Chinese girl's hands.

"MY part as the half-caste Javanese girl in 'Thirteen Women' was without doubt the cruelest character I've ever played," said Myrna. "Somber and morose, it was a case of racial perversion, reeking in hatred that culminated in a horrible revenge. It was an interesting study, though without a gleam of sympathy, and I learned more about the poison of hatred through that girl's actions than I ever dreamed could be hidden in anyone's mind.

"A man loves pursuit—so does the vamp. It is the chance to exhibit power and appeals to the ego. The longer the suspense and the more palpitating it is, the greater the fascination.

"This was a game I played in 'Renegade,' as a spy. I had so many complexes that I think I was a little mad. A cruel sort of person who turned against the man she really loved and joined the Arab tribes, fighting like a demon. She finally killed her lover though both were mortally wounded. And it was all true to character, for the veneer was gone; she was again the primitive."

TO my question as to whether women are naturally cruel, Myrna hesitated a moment, then replied: "Yes, most of them have a cruel streak that bursts into fire with the right torch. Sometimes it is to win a coveted goal, sometimes it is a mother-complex, but more often it revolves about 'her man.' A woman will do almost anything to keep the man she loves.

"Take my character of *Cecilia* in 'The Animal Kingdom.' In my opinion, she is the deadliest adversary a man could have. A new England girl, conventional, cultured, she never once suggested an alarm. But she was so silken, so hard and mercenary that she willingly wrecked her husband's soul to further her small ambitions. Dangerously alluring, deliberately playing up her physical charms, giving and withholding herself as part of the game, she was, indeed, the mistress rather than the wife."

As she talked, I recalled that Director E. G. Griffiths said, when he chose her for this rôle, that Myrna Loy was the only girl on the screen who, he felt, could portray this part with a perfect blending of good breeding and warm sensuousness.

Myrna continued: "My first chance to play a real American girl came in 'Rebound.' I vamped a married man, husband of my friend. Flattery by word and inference, and sympathy—with never a criticism—turned the trick. Again, in 'Love Me Tonight' I was an American who lightly steps out and wins the husband of another woman. I had to be so understanding, so very glamorous. This was, however, little more than an episode, an adventure. Men crave variety, especially in the love game."

Secrets of a Siren

While considering her rôle in "The Animal Kingdom" the best opportunity she has had, she likes her character in "Topaze," because it was different from anything she has done. A gay French girl, she neither slinks nor plots, but takes love as she finds it. Under her worldly exterior she has a simple heart and without conscious vamping, she wins the quaint and gentle professor—Mr. Barrymore.

UNDER contract to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Myrna is in constant demand at other studios. Both "The Animal Kingdom" and "Topaz" were made at the RKO studio. Well, screen naughtiness has brought fame to Miss Loy. She is glad she is typed in more daring rôles, for as a homewrecker and worse, she has established a thoroughly exotic vogue. Yet—sometimes, a little wistfully—she hopes for a truly big sympathetic part that will permit her to win every heart. Myrna yearns, like her male victims, to be understood.

BACK in Helena, she began the study of sculpture. She still hopes to go on with this some day in Italy. After sculpture came dancing. It was this study of line and movement that has given Myrna such a perfect command of her body that with every turn she expresses a picture in rhythm.

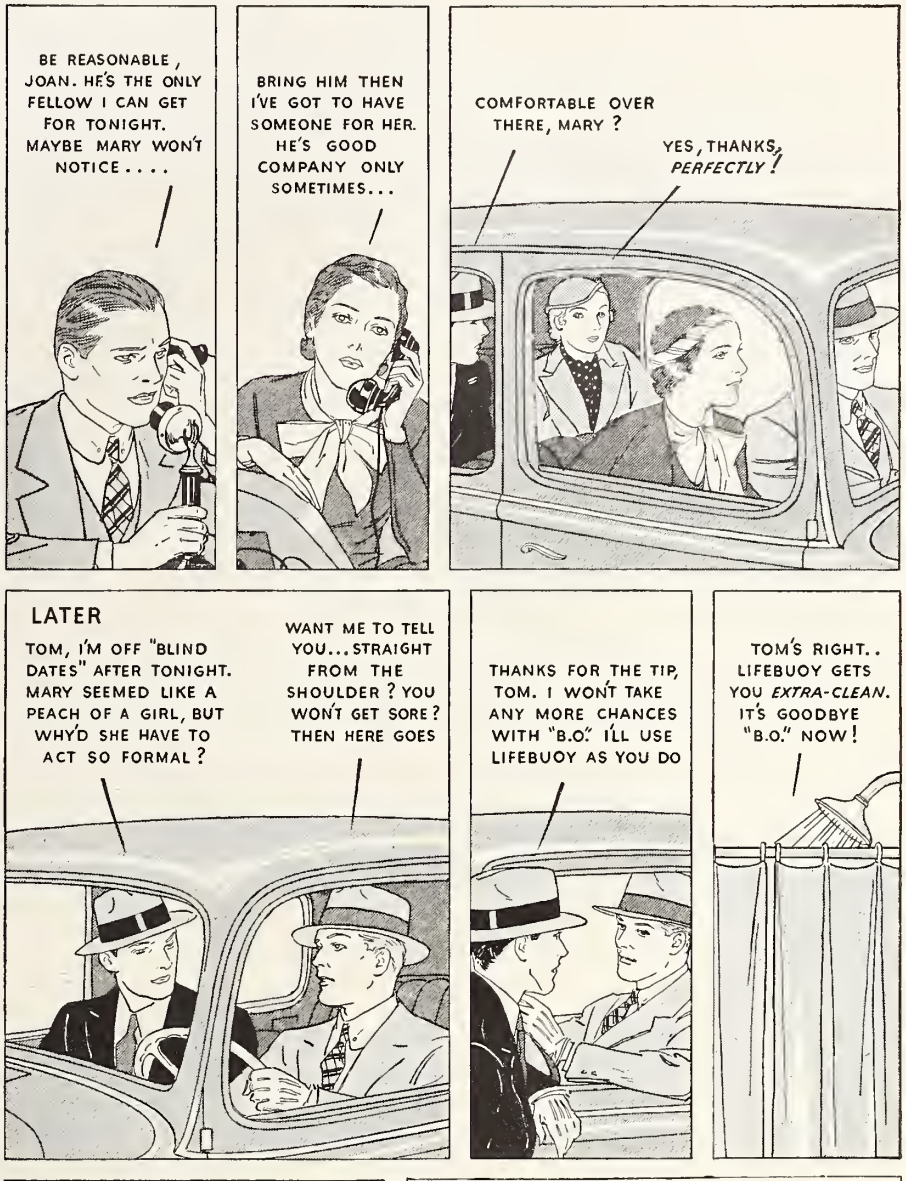
I asked her if the knowledge she had gained while studying her film rôles was the reason she had never married. This brought the rippling laugh again as she explained that while she may have gathered a little extra wisdom, she still believes in marriage and its loyalty. She says she has been too busy to concentrate on love and marriage. She lives in a pretty Spanish home in Beverly Hills, with her mother and young brother, David, who is still in school, and they form a complete family group in themselves.

You would be surprised to see how different Myrna Loy is off the screen from on. She is quiet, not the least bit exotic looking. She has lovely dark red hair, a scattering of freckles, wears simple clothes and is seldom seen in the show places of Hollywood. Her almond eyes and picturesque sensuousness are a mystery to her, as well as her preference for occult lore, Poe, and the music of Debussy.

As her final contribution, she said: "Every woman has a specific allure of her own. She should find it and make the best of it. But above all, remember it is a *woman's femininity* that is her paramount charm!"

To obtain circulars described on page opp. 67 write to Miss Frances Cowles, care of this magazine, enclosing four cents for any one circular, ten cents for three circulars, or fifteen cents for all six. Be sure to indicate which circulars you want by the numbers given in the accompanying descriptions.

NO MORE "BLIND DATES" FOR HIM — by Timmins



"B.O." GONE — *no need to make "blind dates" now!*



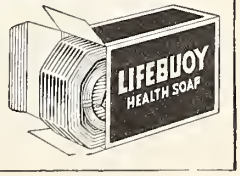
Why wait to be warned about "B.O."?

(body odor)

WE all perspire a quart daily—even *more* as days grow warmer. We all are subject to "B.O." (*body odor*). Sooner or later YOU are sure to offend — and perhaps be warned and perhaps *not!* How much wiser to *take precautions now!* Bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. You will know by its *extra-clean*, quickly-vanishing scent that Lifebuoy is no ordinary toilet soap. Its rich, creamy, hygienic lather purifies and *deodorizes* pores—removes every trace of "B.O."

Great for the skin

Millions find Lifebuoy the finest complexion soap ever. Its bland, penetrating lather frees pores of clogged impurities—freshens dull skin.



A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROS. CO.

NO MAN CAN RESIST THE ALLURE OF A

Soft, Smooth Skin



Do people regard you as pretty *sometimes?* Or do you bear the reputation for constant loveliness that goes with a flawless skin?

If the mirror shows your face losing some of its radiance . . . growing rough, with a suggestion of coming lines and wrinkles . . . try using OUTDOOR GIRL *Olive Oil* Face Powder. There's nothing like it for smoothing away coarseness and restoring to your complexion its young, alluring beauty.

OUTDOOR GIRL is the only face powder made with an *Olive Oil* base. It is soft and fluffy in look and feel, yet it clings longer than any other powder.

Try this *different* face powder today. In 7 smart shades to blend naturally with any complexion. The Good Housekeeping "Seal of Approval" is your guarantee of quality.

OUTDOOR GIRL Face Powder and other *Olive Oil* Beauty Products are sold by leading drug, department and chain stores in 3 sizes — 10c, 25c and 50c.* If you want to try 3 of these popular preparations, mail the coupon for the Free "Introductory Sampler."

*Reduced price, in keeping with the times! Regular $1.00 size Face Powder — now 50c. *Same quality! Same quantity! Same package!* Nothing changed but the price.

OUTDOOR GIRL
Olive Oil
FACE POWDER

Tested and Approved 4711 Bureau of Foods Sanitation and Health Good Housekeeping Magazine

Crystal Corporation, Dept. 87F
Willis Avenue, New York City

Please send me your free "Introductory Sampler," containing liberal trial packages of OUTDOOR GIRL Face Powder, Lip-and-Cheek Rouge, and Perfume.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....*State*.....

Flirting with Dynamite

(*Continued from page* 29)

nip, mind you. Lupe is very thorough. Her bite is as good as her bark. To her compatriots she was saying, "And why not? Lupe is like that. Anyone hurt Lupe's friend, Lupe hurts heem. That horse bite my pal, I bite heem, the beeg——" (There is where the Army phrase came in!)

I WATCHED her play a scene with Doug. At work she was a different being, all attention, anxious to understand and follow every suggestion of the director. But once the scene was made, off the set like an arrow from a bow and into mischief.

Everybody was fascinated by her, including Mary, which surprised me a little. Not that Mrs. Fairbanks, Sr., isn't always generous in her praise of other artists, but there are arts and arts. I felt that I would just as soon leave my husband on a desert island with Peggy Hopkins Joyce as have him play scenes with Ball-of-Fire Velez.

I know Lupe well now and I would trust her farther than most any of my sex. She is a "square shooter" though a bit inclined to aim at the wrong target. No one is more contrite after making a mistake and no one is harder to convince that she is making one!

After the horse incident I didn't see her for some time, but I followed her career with interest, thinking that if she would do that to a horse, what would she do to an executive!

When we met again, her love affair with Gary Cooper was in full swing—or perhaps I should say merry-go-round. She used to come to lunch with him at the Paramount studios. They were a strange combination—Gary so tall, calm and quiet, Lupe, so small, colorful and restless—the North and South Poles staging a merger!

Clinging to his arm she would greet the Paramounteers gayly, but to the feminine portion her black eyes signaled definitely— "You keep away from Garee or I'll knock your block off!" She had no need to worry because at that time Gary was certainly "one-track." I got to know him slightly, but my only entree into the realms of conversation was, "How is Lupe?"

WE met one night at a party where Lupe didn't know many people and, incidentally, didn't want to. They had a colored woman who sang songs of a bluer-than-blue variety. When bridge and guessing games lured the other guests from the piano, Lupe and I found ourselves facing each other across the Steinway.

"Do you know this one?" said Lupe, going into a hot number.

"Have you heard this one?" said Janis, following her lead.

The colored lady got so warmed up that we had to open a window! The three of us finished by singing trios. Lupe has two voices, a low one for "low" songs and a high one for sentimental ditties. I have only one and very little of that, but on occasions I sing a mean barytone!

Gary came in and sat quietly in a chair, listening and watching. Lupe gave him plenty to watch. The rhumba was still practically unknown in America, but to Lupe it was kindergarten exercise. I have never seen a body so completely under control. I haven't asked Lupe to wriggle her ears but everything else she can move at will.

It always seemed to me, when I saw her with Gary, that she went out of her way to try to shock him. She appeared to be saying, "I know he doesn't like this, but if he really loves Lupe he must love her just as she is."

And the funny part of it is that without an audience, be it one man or three thousand, there's "not a shock in a carload" of that Mexican T. N. T.

I learned this early in our acquaintance. In her own home Lupe will be leaping from guest to guest, handing out vocal upper cuts, (she has been known to swing a real one), and suddenly disappear.

"Elsieee, come up here!"

I have climbed the stairs to find the real Lupe saying, "I'm tired. I've sung and talked myself to death. Sit down, darleeng; tell me what are you working on now? Everything O.K. with you?"

And so on into an interesting conversation. The guests scream for Lupe. The party is dying without its dynamite. So Lupe yells, "All right, I'm coming," and the show goes on.

Lupe has a collection of endearing names that would make a sea captain draw in his sails from sheer envy—but as most of her so-called profanity is translated literally from Spanish, where *Dios* and other sacred words are tossed lightly about, it doesn't seem to mean much; and I'm a crank on the subject myself.

AFTER our evening of hot harmony and rough rhumbas, Lupe and I vowed that we would see more of each other, but she was very much in love with Gary and I was doing a pretty good imitation of being in love with the young man whom I subsequently married. Neither of us had reached the foursome stage yet, so our vows weren't broken, they were just lost in love's shuffle.

Our work finally brought us together



Photo by Wide World

Eleonor Holm, the swimming champion, snopped unowares at the Brown Derby. She hos ropidly become one of the most popuIor girls in Hollywood.

Flirting with Dynamite

again. I was writing the dialogue for C. B. DeMille's production of the "The Squaw Man." Mr. DeMille was casting the picture and making tests for the very important character of *Naturich*, when he said to me, "What do you think of Lupe Velez for the Indian girl?"

I couldn't have been more surprised if he had suggested Marie Dressler, for *Naturich* is a tragic rôle of an unfortunate little mother who kills herself when her baby is taken from her.

With Mr. DeMille it is wise not to voice an opinion until you are sure you have it, so I went into my imitation of "The Thinker" and as I thought of the sweet, serious Lupe who so seldom comes to light I became more and more enthusiastic.

"Does she want to play it?" I said.

"Crazy to," he answered. "She's making a test this afternoon!"

Most people do most things Mr. DeMille asks them to do, but the idea of "tell-them-where-to-get-off" Lupe making a test struck me as very funny.

I was not wrong. It was funny. After lunch Mitch Leison, who was then C. B.'s assistant, came into the office and said, "I have Lupe outside made up and in the costume, if you are ready to see her." I'm still wondering what would have happened outside if he hadn't been ready.

Into the room, completely in character, eyes cast down, tiny hands crossed upon her breast, came the Mexican whirlwind. Her eyes met mine as she raised them demurely. No sign of a smile but a "Dick Dead-Eye" wink, especially for me, as she advanced.

She *was Naturich*. We all knew it, but she mustn't be allowed to know it at once. She was going to be hard to handle, anyway.

"Will you turn around, please?" Mr. DeMille said.

Lupe turned, throwing me another devastating wink as she did it. The Great Master put her through the paces just as if she had never made a picture—and she took it, although with every turn I expected the explosion. Finally, when from Mr. DeMille's remarks there could be no doubt that she was "it," Lupe grabbed the little shawl off her head and stepping heavily on some of her personal vocabulary sat down in a chair, saying, "Etc., etc., etc. I'm tired!"

IF you saw "The Squaw Man," you will remember her inspired performance, delicate, wistful, and natural. But between scenes Lupe was just Lupe, dancing, laughing, telling stories to the stage hands, doing her rhumba behind Mr. DeMille's back. By the end of the six weeks it took to make the picture, Lupe was sitting beside The Master as he directed—and making him laugh so much that she had to be sent away during the serious scenes.

"I like this man DeMille," she said to me. "At first I was scared stiff, but now—you know, Elsie, he has got 'it.' You think so, no?"

"I think so, yes!" I answered. "I came over to work for him for six weeks two years ago!"

For a while I saw quite a bit of Lupe and Gary, enough to observe that the "merger" was not merging so successfully. Gary was not well and no

(*Please turn to page* 82)

"Isn't he *thrilling?*"



A new batch of snapshots is a package full of excitement . . . "Let *me* see" . . . "I *must* have this one" . . . Plenty of fun when the pictures were made. But what sport when the prints are passed around!

Millions are finding new possibilities in snapshots—they use Kodak VERICHROME Film. It has really made picture-taking quite a different thing. Easy positions—natural expressions—you get them with Verichrome. Because nobody need pose or face the sun. Dull days or bright, just snap what you want. The pictures will turn out right. Try a roll of Verichrome today! Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, New York.



HOW KODAK VERICHROME FILM DOUBLE-GUARDS SNAPSHOT SUCCESS

● Verichrome is *the double-coated film.* Two sensitive coatings instead of one. One coating for dull light, another coating for bright light give Verichrome its amazing picture-taking range. In sun or shade, bright days or dull, it double-guards your snapshots.

KODAK VERICHROME FILM



a Drastic Change
made her look more like herself!

NICE eyes, yes. But men took one look at her mouth... and asked themselves what was wrong. *Were her lips common, conspicuous... or simply over-painted?...* Luckily, she settled the question for herself. She gave up her ordinary lipstick. Why? Because she found a lipstick that suffuses the lips with warm, natural color... ending that painted look!

Glowing natural color!

This unusual lipstick is called Tangee. Actually, it brings out the full natural color hidden in your own lips... without painting them!

That's because Tangee isn't paint. It's different. In the stick, it's orange. On the lips it's *your* shade of blush rose... for Tangee changes to the one perfect color for you!

Use Tangee for appealing lips... fresh with natural color the whole day through! Sold at drug stores and cosmetic counters.



Rouge and Powder Natural, too!

Both Tangee Rouge and Powder blend naturally with individual complexions. Rouge comes in economical refillable compact. Face Powder available in 5 shades: Flesh; Rachel; Cream; Tan; White.

New! SMALL SIZE TANGEE LIPSTICK 39¢

TANGEE
World's Most Famous Lipstick
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

★ **SPECIAL 10c OFFER!**
The George W. Luft Co., Inc. TG-6
417 Fifth Ave., New York
Rush Miracle Make-up Set containing miniature **Tangee Lipstick** and **Rouge.** Enclosed find 10c (stamps or coin).
Name_____
Address_____
City_____ State_____

Flirting with Dynamite

(*Continued from page* 81)

amount of shocks could get a reaction. Lupe was still leaping across the room and landing around Gary's neck. "I love heem so much I could keel heem," she would say. But I felt that if she really did she would have killed him for his pacifism.

Before very long Gary was big game hunting in Africa and Lupe was scalp collecting in a Broadway musical comedy. One heard that Lupe had left Gary and that Gary had left Lupe, but I think old man Eros just packed up his "props" and saying, "This is too hectic for me; I can't stand the strain!" moved on.

Apparently it was all for the best. Gary today, due to travel, experience, and perhaps a little of the suffering which follows in the wake of the good ship Romance, is a more interesting person and a better actor. Lupe, though not really changed, tamed, chastened, or any of the things I have been reading lately in the papers about her, has undoubtedly grown up a little. She has established herself in the theater as a real "bet," which is valuable in these days when picture players live from option to option and receivers are replacing the wolf at the doors of the studios.

I spent Christmas this year at Agua Caliente, our Mexican Monte Carlo, which lies (in waiting) just across the border. There one may play roulette, go to the races, stand at one of the world's longest bars and drink the world's most expensive drinks. One may do all this and much more if he likes. And hundreds do every weekend.

Lupe was there and for me at least she put the merry in Merry Christmas. Lupe, anywhere, is pretty apt to be a big attraction, but there in her own country she literally opens and closes the show! From sheriff to "bus boy," from the smart casino in Agua Caliente to the smallest "joint" in Tia Juana, Lupe's word is magic. Lupe is the greatest star and above all Lupe is their "pal."

ONE night—or, rather, one morning early—when she had finally allowed them to close the casino, we went to Tia Juana. In a tiny and shoddy bar (the only one open), perched on a high stool, Lupe sat talking to several admiring roughnecks.

"Elsie," she said, "these are real people. They don't look like much but they have hearts of gold. They are regular."

Two Mexicans with guitars asked what the Queen would like to hear sung. Lupe, graciousness personified, told them in Spanish.

Their singing was not good, and as in most cases when someone is asked to sing everyone but Lupe and myself began to talk. We were a party of eight, and, believe me, the other six didn't talk long, for when Lupe says, "Shut up!" folks shut!

"Of course their singing is rotten," Lupe whispered to me, "but they are trying very hard, and I'm not going to have their feelings hurt by these——" (old Army phrase), she concluded pointing to her own party—which included Johnny Weissmuller, champion swimmer, heart breaker, originator of *Tarzan* of the screen and at that moment head man in Lupe's affections.

When we left she shook hands with everyone, thanked the chronic guitar sufferers and sailed out, leaving a crowd of Lupe lovers behind, that I'm sure would fight for her to the last ditch—which in Mexico means to the end of most of the roads.

Lupe is one of the few people I know who has the courage to say what she thinks and think what she says. If some one doesn't want to hear her opinions she can sense it—she is away ahead of mental criticism. And as for Mr. Weissmuller he is a very nice lad, but though he may be able to beat Lupe in a tank, there are a lot of places you can't go in swimming trunks.

Type-Sketching the Stars

Twenty-five dollars will be awarded by The New Movie Magazine to the reader who makes a typewriter picture of June Knight, appearing on Page 30 in this issue, selected as the best of those submitted. Ten dollars will be paid for the one selected as the second best, and ten one-dollar prizes will be paid for each of the ten selected as the ten next best.

The judges are John Held, Jr., the artist, Frederic Arnold Kummer, the author, and the editors of this magazine.

No employe of Tower Magazines, or anyone related to any employe, is eligible to receive an award.

Any material submitted, if selected by the committee for publication, automatically becomes the property of this magazine. We will not be responsible for the return of material submitted.

The contest—insofar as it relates to the picture of Miss Knight—will close July 10th, 1933, at midnight. Entries received after that time will not be considered.

All type-sketches must be made from the June Knight photograph appearing on Page 30.

Submit all entries to the Type-Sketch Editor, The New Movie Magazine, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Glenda and the Boy Friend

(*Continued from page 63*)

them, to some smart hotel or night club.

NOW comes Hollywood and Glenda's world is changed. Someone spread the word around that she had eyes and ears only for "some acrobat." Jealousy, doubtless, was at the bottom of that dig. Jack is, as they say in vaudeville, "hard to follow." He has personality plus and a physique that makes even a Johnny Weissmuller look to his laurels.

All this acrobat talk comes from the fact that Jack started life somewhere on the East Side, tumbling and flip-flopping on the pavement along with the other kids—but he was so good he flip-flopped himself into a circus.

His streak for comedy soon took him from the big canvas to the vaudeville stage, where he teamed up with Mitchell. Now the pair has landed in big productions and is a success.

Naturally Glenda is proud of Jack's success. He is clean cut—has to be to keep in form. No bathtub gin for him and no letting the hundreds of women who write and say they would give anything for "one hour with him" turn his head. "That's why I think he's grand," said she. "Nevertheless I wish people would not call him 'that acrobat'."

"I know that, but you're the kind of girl that should not be upset by a lot of idle gossip," said I, hoping to salvage a regular trooper from falling into Hollywood ways. Too many friendships and eighteen-carat loves have been wrecked by Hollywood's professional whisperers. Can't you hear them? "Midnight movies and delicatessen suppers—oh, dear, no! That might go in the Broadway forties but not in Hollywood. You must be seen at the Bla-Bla Room or the Whose-it Club, and if you're not in with the cream of the creamies, etc., etc., it's just too bad," they advise. And to be properly in the swim you must be seen around with some rich society man or some very bright male glistener of the movie clan. But an acrobat—horrors!

I CAN'T see Glenda squeezing herself into the mold prescribed by the self-appointed advisors who plague every new star to enter the sacred precincts of studioland, although she had listened enough to venture, in more philosophical mood. "I don't believe in forgetting old friends but my career—that is, after all, the big thing. You see I've Tommy—my child. No! Hollywood will never make me deny him. I'm divorced, but Tommy is really the one who counts with me. He likes Jack, too—thinks he's grand, but it's my career that is important to Tommy's future. Not that he thinks so; he is too young to know. But success means money and money means everything that is good for him. If my friendship with anyone hurts my future, I would try to forget."

Well, here I was helpless. What's the use of trying to rescue a bit of refreshing love when that old bugaboo career looms into the picture? Just the same I believe that Glenda, who is such a grand actress on the screen and such a regular little trouper, will eventually get fed up with all the advice handed her and give it all the go-by—travel her own road and, if "acrobats" are part of the scenery—oh, well !



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ODO·RO·NO

The Strange Magic of a Name

(*Continued from page* 55)

inclined to let the emotions of the past keep him or her from holding on to his or her successful heights. The *I*-type is extremely intuitive and inspirational. Though quiet, the *I*-type has a deep unrest. They like to think of things on a vast scale. They are often humanitarian in interests, and have a marked influence over the minds of others.

The *I*-type loves home, but often loses it in some mysterious manner. There is a power to obtain favors. The imagination is strong, and the *I*-type makes very often a most excellent writer.

When *Y* is the first vowel it gives a strong love of rare things. A retiring quality is prominent in the nature. Such types like exclusiveness and culture.

THE letter *O* has attracted success to it all through history, but particularly in the field of motion pictures has it found its home. Some of the most precious words of our language have the letter *O* as their first vowel. Take, for instance, the word "home," and the word "love." The words, love, home, and money are the principal interests of all our lives. And those motion picture stars who are closest to our hearts seem to have the peculiar ability also of holding human interest over long periods, when they act in parts which represent love, home, and money.

Norma Talmadge, Gloria Swanson, and Douglas Fairbanks, Joan Crawford, John Barrymore, and Norma Shearer. Years ago they were dear to our hearts. Today they are the same. Lon Chaney, Conrad Nagel, John Gilbert, Thomas Meighan, Pola Negri and Louise Fazenda. If we could see them all today, they would attract us now as ever.

Tom Mix, Colleen Moore, Tom Moore and Joseph Schildkraut . . . Constance Bennett and Joan Bennett, Ronald Colman, Lowell Sherman and Monte Blue —how long they have held us! There is something about the stars whose first vowel is the letter *O*, which represents the three words love, home and fortune to us. And possibly that is why their very names themselves are so lasting in our hearts.

OTHER bright lights there are, who hold us bound, but not in just the same way. For instance, the stars whose first vowel is the letter *A*, such as Carmel Myers, Mae Murray, Charles Chaplin, Kay Francis, Pauline Frederick, Clara Bow, Wallace Beery, Anita Page, Ann Harding, Marie Dressler. The *A*-type of stars seems to be more representative of strongly individual character parts than those whose names have the *O* for the first vowel, with its meaning of home, love or fortune.

We can always expect something different and novel from the *E*-type of stars. They never bore us, and there is usually an emphatic amount of sex appeal about them, either in an esthetic, a materialistic, or a mental way. Evelyn Brent, Thelma Todd, Helen Kane, Bebe Daniels, and Estelle Taylor appeal strongly to the love of novelty in their audiences, possibly connected with sex plots. The originality of the *E*-type is strong in such actors as Eddie Cantor, Edna May Oliver, El Brendel, Lew Cody, Edward Everett Horton, Jetta Goudal. And the sophisticated note is struck in the *E*-type in Lewis Stone, George Arliss, Fredric March, Henry B. Warner. The incomparable Emil Jannings illustrates the daring feats of the *E*-type of actor.

THE well-loved *I*-type of actor is appreciated, but there are not many of them in spite of the fact that there are so many first names which have the letter I as the first vowel. There is a subtle understanding that appeals to humans as a whole, about the *I*-type—Will Rogers, Clive Brook, Richard Dix. You just know that they would be democratic souls if you knew them personally.

Problems which others could not be consulted about, could be understood by the *I*-type, without any words at all and no apologies. There are few who would go for consolation of the soul for instance, to Claire Windsor, Anita Page, Sally O'Neil, Jacqueline Logan, or Sally Eilers. But if one had made a very human error, one wouldn't mind asking the help of Will Rogers, Winnie Lightner, Irene Rich, Victor MacLaglen, or Lionel Barrymore. You just feel that they'd help you out somehow, and never say a word about it.

Here are some successes in the *A*-type: Harold Lloyd, Adolphe Menjou, Charles Ruggles, Charles (Buddy) Rogers, Paul Lukas, Stan Laurel, Al Jolson, Clark Gable, Walter Huston, Alec B. Francis, Charles Farrell, Gary Cooper, Maurice Chevalier, Wallace Beery, Charles Chaplin, Ann Harding, Mary Pickford, Carmel Myers, Mae Murray, Alice White, ZaSu Pitts, Barbara Stanwyck, Alice Joyce, Pauline Frederick, Marie Dressler, Claudette Colbert, Anita Page, Sally O'Neill, Marian Nixon, Patsy Ruth Miller, Anna Q. Nilsson, Jacqueline Logan, Laura La Plante, Janet Gaynor, Kay Francis, Marion Davies, Clara Bow.

And some successes in the *U*-type: Buster Keaton, Rudy Vallee, Tully Marshall, "Bull" Montana, Lupe Velez, Ruth Chatterton, Gustav Von Seyffertitz.

Successes in the *E*-type: Lew Cody, Eddie Cantor, Fredric March, Lewis Stone, Emil Jannings, Edward Everett Horton, Edward Robinson, El Brendel, Reginald Denny, Henry B. Warner, Henry B. Walthall, Bert Wheeler, Chester Conklin, George Arliss, Ernest Torrence, Regis Toomey, Edmund Lowe, Bela Lugosi, Bebe Daniels, Bessie Love, Betty Compson, Helen Kane, Jean Harlow, Belle Bennett. Evelyn Brent, Hedda Hopper, Renee Adoree, Jetta Goudal, Jeanne Eagels, Thelma Todd, Lenore Ulric, Estelle Taylor, Edna May Oliver, Enid Bennett.

Successes in the *Y*-type: Myrna Loy, Lya DePutti.

Predominant successes in the *O*-type: Tom Mix, Thomas Meighan, Robt. Montgomery, Tom Moore, Owen Moore, Conrad Nagel, Louis Wolheim, Lowell Sherman, Jack Oakie, Robert Edeson, John Holt, (John) Jackie Cooper, Joel McCrea, House Peters, John Loder, John McCormack, Oliver Hardy, Rod La Rocque, O. P. Heggie, John Gilbert, Hoot Gibson, Douglas Fairbanks, Ron-

The Strange Magic of a Name

ald Colman, Johnny Mack Brown, Hobart Bosworth, Boris Karloff, Joseph Cawthorne, Johnny Walker, Lloyd Hughes, John Boles, Monte Blue, Robert Woolsey, Noah Beery, John Barrymore, Robert Ames, Romaine Fielding, Douglas MacLean, Groucho Marx, Conway Tearle, Joe E. Brown, Otis Harlan, Conrad Veidt, Bobbie Vernon, Ford Sterling, Rudolph Valentino, Norman Carey, Roscoe Ates, Louise Fazenda, Dolores Del Rio, Louise Brooks, Constance Talmadge, Dorothy Lee, Mary Brian (Real Name Louise Dantzler), Constance Bennett, Polly Moran, Josephine Dunn, Dolores Costello, Lois Wilson, Gloria Swanson, Corinne Griffith, Olive Borden, Joan Bennett, Lois Moran, Pola Negri, Louise Dresser Joan Crawford, Norma Talmadge, Norma Shearer, Rose Hobart, Dorothy Sebastian, Dorothy Gish, Colleen Moore, Loretta Young, Rosita Duncan, Dorothy Mackaill, Jobyna Ralston, Florence Turner, Dorothy Phillips, Joan Blondell, Florence Lawrence, Doris Kenyon, Hope Hampton, Olive Tell, Dorothy Jordan, Constance Cummings, Florence Vidor.

What's Your Name?

GIVE us a pen name. We offer $100 for one, selected as the best, to be used by the anonymous author of our new Hollywood gossip department, "Hollywood Day By Day."

Naturally, to get the inside, intimate information he is writing, his name must remain secret. We want a name for him that will be in the spirit of the department; that will, in a manner, express the idea of the feature.

We considered many names. None of them seemed good enough. So we decided to put it up to our readers.

We will pay $100 for the name which, in the opinion of the editors of this magazine, is the best one for the author of "Hollywood Day by Day." Anyone, anywhere, is eligible to enter this contest, except employes of Tower Magazines, Inc., or their families. You may send in as many names as you desire. If we think two names are of equal merit an equal winning prize will be given to each contestant.

All names must be addressed to HOLLYWOOD DAY BY DAY, The New Movie Magazine, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

The contest closes at midnight, June 10th, 1933, and the winning name will be announced in the August issue of The New Movie Magazine on sale July 8th.

The decision will be left entirely to the editors of The New Movie Magazine.

This magazine will not be responsible for material submitted and cannot be held liable for anything that may be lost in transit or otherwise. Contributions will not be returned but will become the property of Tower Magazines, Inc.

Think of names you would like to use yourself if you were the author of the "Hollywood Day by Day" department—names that suggest a writer of intimate gossip and inside revelations.

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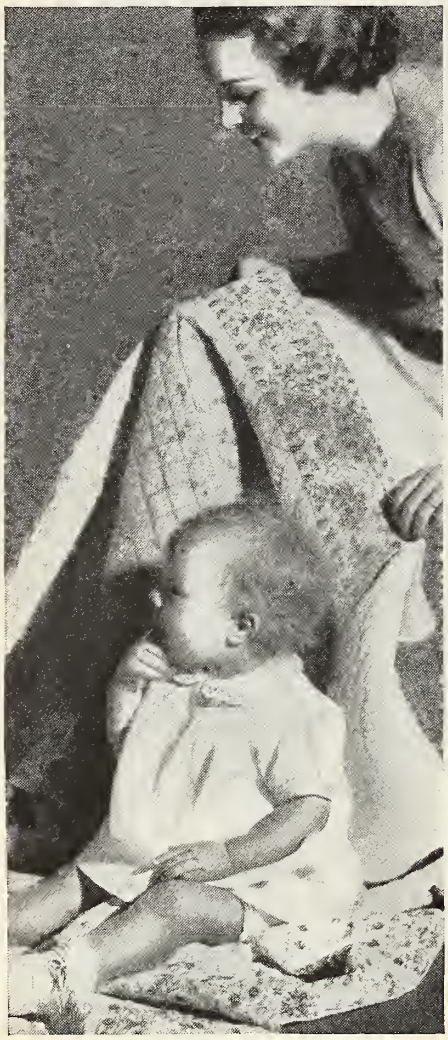
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THE flowers are faded in this soft, warm quilt, lovingly sewed a hundred years ago. But the tiny stitches are as strong as ever. Sewing which is done with J. & P. Coats or Clark's O. N. T. Best Six Cord thread always gives such service. It pays to use good thread.



For more than a Century — as Today

THE TWO GREAT NAMES IN THREAD

What Will Happen?

(*Continued from page* 25)

It is the fans who built the stars, yet stayed away from the box-office when they appeared in weak films. So you can thank yourselves for the new efforts made to locate good and interesting plots.

The movies have been criticised time and again for sending expeditions to foreign countries to film exteriors. Here is a little secret that exonerates them, as revealed by one expert. The companies save money on expeditionary pictures. The cost averages from $60,000 to $100,000 as compared with $175,000 and more spent on a Hollywood-made production. Money is saved on sets, on casting, on the entire production company. The new season will see the following expeditionary films released:

"Wild Cargo," produced by Frank Buck, who made "Bring 'Em Back Alive."

"India Speaks," a travelogue of India's jungles and the mountains of Tibet as seen and filmed by Richard Halliburton.

"The Uncrowned King," with a background of Arabia, photographed by E. Schoedsack who made "Grass" and "Kong." Richard Dix will play the lead.

"The Man-Eater," with exteriors filmed in the Malay jungles.

Marian Burns, Kane Richmond and Harry Woods are featured.

"S. O. S. Iceberg," with exteriors filmed in Greenland. Rod La Rocque will be featured. "Eskimo," made in the Arctic.

"Head Hunters" which will probably be filmed in Malay.

HORROR films are still popular with the public, just as ghost stories and detective stories never lose their interest. To be released this season are:

"Supernatural," about a girl Jekyl and Hyde, with Carole Lombard and Randolph Scott in the leads.

"Dead on Arrival," a mystery story with Ricardo Cortez and William Harrigan.

"The Invisible Man," based on H. G. Wells' story of a man who had the power to render himself invisible. Boris Karloff will play the title rôle.

"The Billionaire," also for Karloff, is about a man who can foretell the future.

"Bluebeard," also a mystery picture with Karloff.

THE experts have decided that the cloyingly sweet romances are no longer enough for the basis of a picture. They have turned to newspaper headlines for some of their plots and leading characters, and the new season will see many an interesting newspaper story fictionized for the screen. Fact stories fictionized for the movies for next season include:

"Kingfish," the story of a man not unlike Senator Huey Long, who will be portrayed by Edward G. Robinson.

"Wild Boys of the Road," a story of homeless American boys who are tramping around the country.

"Convention City," expected to rip the lid off Atlantic City at convention time.

"The Breadline," which scarcely needs explanation.

"Love Your Body," based on the story of a man who invents health foods and employs an athlete to sell them for him. Probably Buster Crabbe, featured in "King of the Jungle," will play the lead.

"The Bogus Prince," about none other than that fascinating young man, "Prince" Mike Romanoff who was featured in the headlines not so long ago. Lee Tracy will portray the "prince."

"Careless," a satire on New York Life, written by Maurine Watkins and doing for New York what "Chicago" did for that town.

"Newsreel" will be based on actual adventures of two newsreel cameramen. Eric Linden may be featured.

"The American," the story of Chicago's late Mayor Cermak.

"Only Yesterday," based on the dynamic book of that name. It is the fact story of America from the World War until today. But for the screen, the action has been compressed to take place in one day. Irene Dunne is scheduled for the lead.

"The Education of a Princess," the life story of Grand Duchess Marie of Russia, as written by herself. Norma Shearer will probably have the title rôle.

DRAMA still plays the leading rôle in the picture industry—although they have learned, the experts, that the public loves its comedy, that comedians and comediennes are the biggest successes at the box office. Among the dramatic offerings for the new season will be:

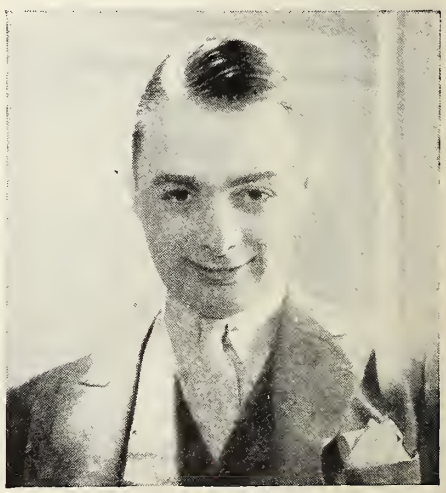
"Chrysalis," with an underworld background and society environment—the story of a debutante who interests herself in the plight of two young underworld sweethearts. Two suicides mark the dramatic highspots of the picture.

"Song of Songs," with Marlene Dietrich and Brian Aherne.

"Jennie Gerhardt," the Theodore Dreiser story of a strange girl, portrayed by Sylvia Sidney.

"Big Executive," the story of a man who held the financial balance of power in his hand, and misused it, thereby losing the girl he loved, and for whom he had committed murder.

"Another Language," the dramatic



Photograph by Hurrell

George K. Arthur, one of the best little actors in Hollywood—and by little, we mean small—as he appears in "Looking Forward."

What Will Happen?

story of a divided family.

"The Barretts of Wimpole Street," probably for Norma Shearer, tells the love story of a sensitive girl and a poet.

"The Good Earth," based on Pearl Buck's powerful novel of Chinese family life.

"Mary Stevens, M. D.," with Kay Francis portraying a woman doctor.

"Bed of Roses," in which Constance Bennett will play the lead, has New Orleans at Mardi Gras time as its background.

"Ad Man," with Richard Dix playing the part of an advertising man who falls in love with a fashion illustrator.

"Rafter Romance," the story of love in a Greenwich Village garret, will have Joel McCrea and Dorothy Jordan in the leads. They will also play in a picture called "Little Clown Lost."

"Declasse," is scheduled for Ann Harding. Remember Corinne Griffith in the silent version?

"Ann Vickers," based on Sinclair Lewis' best seller, will have Irene Dunne in the title rôle.

"The Stag Line," will be the first of a series of love stories about modern youth, featuring Betty Furness.

"Emergency Call," an ambulance story with Betty Furness, Bill Boyd and Bill Gargan in the leading rôles.

"Pigmy," starring Richard Dix, is a story of the sea.

"Little Women"—who hasn't read this beautiful and touching story by Louisa May Alcott? The sisters will be portrayed by Katharine Hepburn, Dorothy Wilson and Anita Louise. G. B. Stern, who made a study of Miss Alcott's literature, wrote the screen story.

"Of Human Bondage" Somerset Maughan's masterpiece, about a sensitive youth handicapped by a club foot. John Barrymore and Katharine Hepburn may be brought together again for this picture.

"Bagdad on the Hudson," featuring Lew Ayres, is the story of a taxi driver who fell in love with a movie star, and their one-night romance.

"The Power and the Glory" will be on the "Cavalcade" style. It is the story of two generations, of a couple that struggled to success. A novel treatment will be employed in this film. Throughout it a man's voice will explain the story as it goes along in flashbacks, instead of simple narrative style. In a way this follows in the footsteps of "Strange Interlude."

WHAT about comedy for the new season? That has by no means been overlooked, though one might believe, from the few scheduled so far, that it has been somewhat slighted. To be seen in the future:

"Design for Living," a sophisticated comedy of a beautiful woman, her two lovers and her conventional husband. Fredric March and Herbert Marshall will be in this one.

"When Ladies Meet" is the story of two women in love with the same man and what happens when the heroine reveals her love to the man's wife.

"Cracked Ice." Say no more—the four Marx Brothers.

"The Late Christopher Bean," with Lionel Barrymore and Marie Dressler. How posthumous glory came to a poor

(*Please turn to page* 88)



SATURDAY NIGHT
serve Heinz baked beans

SERVE a good, old-fashioned baked bean dinner every Saturday night! Make Heinz Oven-Baked Beans the delicious, satisfying *main* course—not just a side dish.

Everybody relishes Heinz beans because they're truly baked in ovens—not steam-cooked in cans, as most beans are. Baking makes them mealy and munchy—brings out every bit of their nut-sweet flavor—lets the luscious Heinz sauce penetrate through and through—just as butter penetrates a baked potato.

Your grocer has Heinz Oven-Baked Beans in four popular styles. Two with tomato sauce—with pork and without. Then Boston style—with pork and a plain sweet sauce. Lastly, Red Kidney beans, in a savory, clear sauce, ready to serve. Try them all! Write for illustrated free booklet, "Thrifty New Tips On A Grand Old Favorite," giving many tempting baked recipes and menus.

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TO DOCTORS

New methods for the relief of

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CONSTIPATION
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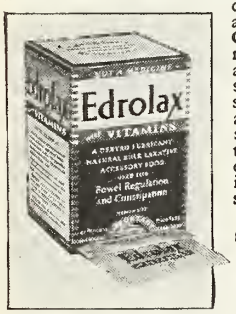
RECENT medical research has proved that most cases of chronic constipation, headaches, stomach disorders, gas, pain, bloating, are directly due to lack of bulk, lubrication and tonic elements in our modern super-refined foods. As a result the intestines are insufficiently exercised and become flabby and unable to move the poison-breeding waste.

Drug physics, laxatives and antacids give only temporary relief because the *cause* is never reached. Moreover the public should be informed of the dangerous irritation often produced by these harsh artificial remedies, and their poisonous, habit-forming character.

HOW TO HELP YOUR PATIENTS—*without drugs*

The only way the CAUSE may be permanently corrected is by *putting back* into the diet the exercising bulk, etc. that is now missing. This is accomplished to perfection by the new accessory food, Edrolax with Vitamins, which is endorsed by eminent specialists.

Edrolax is a scientific combination of rare lubricating products, agar-agar, dextrine and other naturally grown ingredients. It is an accessory *food*—not a medicine. It re-supplies natural bulk, lubrication and tonic to exercise the intestines, and it also contains Vitamins B, G, A and E that stimulate normal appetite, digestion and elimination, build resistance to infection and strengthen nerve force. It acts to correct many stomach and bowel troubles *for good*. It forever ends slavery to habit-forming, dangerous drugs, physics and laxatives.



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What Will Happen?

(*Continued from page* 87)

artist and how a servant girl benefited.

"Don't Call Me Madame," with Mary Boland and Alison Skipworth.

"Counsellor-At-Law," about a young lawyer who gets himself involved.

"Son of a Sea Cook" will star Andy Devine.

NOVELTY pictures will include some amazing surprises:

"Fifty Years From Now" will be the sequel to "Tarzan," with Johnny Weissmuller.

"Power Man," featuring Bill Boyd, will reveal a man who worked with dynamos.

OF the aviation pictures only two are definitely scheduled:

"The Eagle and the Hawk," in which Gary Cooper turned down a part and which will star Fredric March.

"Flaying Circus," the story of an airplane daredevil and his pals.

MUSICAL Pictures are coming back:

"The Cat and the Fiddle," the love story of a composer and a singer, starring Ramon Novarro.

"Gold Diggers of 1933" will have an all-star cast.

"International House" will bring back Rudy Vallee.

"College Humor" will star Bing Crosby.

"Hard Times Square" and "The Radio Girl" are for Bebe Daniels.

"Maiden Cruise" will feature the new German import, Wera Engels.

"Diplomaniacs" is a Wheeler-Woolsey musical.

"My Lips Betray" is the story of a man who was mistaken for a king. Lilian Harvey and John Boles are featured.

"Women Incorporated" will feature June Knight, she of the husky voice.

AND now we get down to what the experts predict for the players. Many a player who is uncertain of the future will learn his fate here.

George Arliss, Paul Muni and Edward G. Robinson will make fewer pictures next year.

Kay Francis will be more of an actress than a clothes model.

Barbara Stanwyck will forsake the girl rôles she has been playing for a back-to-the-boudoir movement. Barbara will be cast in sexy parts.

Warren William will spend his time playing headline characters from real life and proving that he deserves the stardom he won.

James Cagney, who went a little sentimental in his last few films, will be tough again.

Richard Barthelmess goes on forever.

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.'s future is uncertain. He has lost favor by being too dramatic. He may return to the stage, devote himself to writing, or, by a freak turn, gain favor again.

Joan Blondell, now riding the crest, will play more comedy and less melodrama.

Ruth Chatterton is scheduled to do a controlled Mae West type of character. She has been most successful when playing tough women like *Frisco Jenny*. Her next picture is "Lilly Turner" and *la* Chatterton shows her legs for the first time in the movies.

The highbrows may not go for Joe E. Brown but Mrs. Brown's little boy has been Warner Brothers' biggest money-maker. They'd like to put him away in cotton to guard him for the big plans they have for his new schedule.

Bebe Daniels will make her comeback as a singing star in "Hard Times Square."

Loretta Young, say the experts, lacks heart in her acting and until she shows it she will lack stardom.

The coming year will show whether George Brent is a star.

Watch Ruby Keeler, if you get the chance. Ruby, a cuddly little actress who appeals to both men and women, will give up stardom to go fishing with her husband, Al Jolson, any day. Her future is bright if she'll only give it a chance.

SEX will play a big part in Bette Davis' future. She's going to be a little tough in her next picture.

Watch Dick Powell, the singing juvenile. He looks like a second Buddy Rogers.

Glenda Farrell's future looks brilliant. But it is subject to appropriate vehicles suited to her peculiar personality.

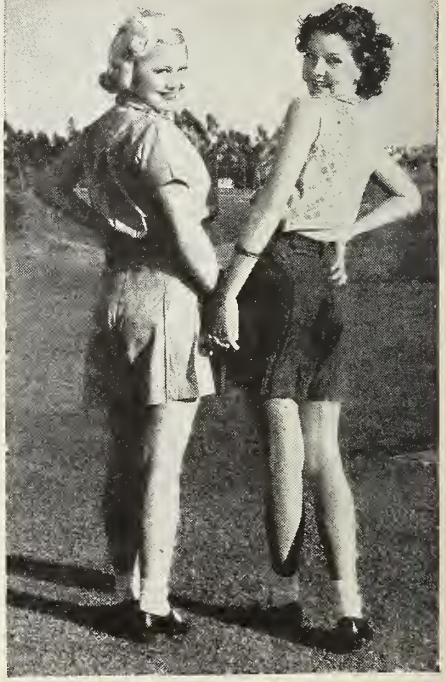
Adrienne Ames isn't the Garbo she was thought to be, but she has a solid future in films.

And watch Brian Aherne, a comer being groomed for stardom.

Since "Cavalcade," Clive Brook is on the up-grade again.

Nancy Carroll, the hard-to-handle girl, is still surprisingly popular.

Chevalier will be seen in entirely different pictures next year. He was too unreal in his other films, too much the foreign gentleman and lover to suit general American audiences.



Mary Carlisle and Jean Parker, M-G-M starlets, demonstrating the use of golf shorts. What are mere knickers after these?

What Will Happen?

Claudette Colbert will do plenty of vixenish rôles next season. She's going to be bad with vim and vigor. (Can it be the Mae West influence?)

Dietrich and Chevalier may be teamed to build them both up.

Poor Stuart Erwin will no longer have to carry the burden of an entire picture as its star. He, with Jack Oakie and Charles Ruggles, will be cast in important but not starring rôles and allowed to steal pictures.

Cary Grant is another boy to watch. He's on his way to stardom.

Less light comedy and more drama for Miriam Hopkins.

The surprise of next year is expected to be, among women players, Dorothea Wieck. Miss Wieck played the leading rôle in "Maedchen in Uniform," filmed in Germany. She is beautiful and capable and Paramount has brought her to Hollywood for stardom.

They still don't know just what to do with George Raft—and he, the enigma, refuses to help them out. His future looks shaded—and whether it will turn to the bright or dark side is for the fates to decide.

Charles Laughton will return from England and have much to say about his characterizations. The movie moguls bow to his opinions as they never do to the opinions of other players.

Dear Marie Dressler, sicker than most people believe, has a brighter professional future than ever.

William Haines and John Gilbert, say the experts, hold their future in their hands. The movie moguls have nothing to say about them. Phillips Holmes, too, failed to live up to his early promises.

Myrna Loy is a bright spot in the future, with all sorts of big plans for her benefit. Madge Evans is in Myrna's class, as are Diana Wynyard, Benita Hume, Karen Morley and Phyllis Barry.

Maureen O'Sullivan and Colleen Moore seem to have been deserted by that familiar "luck o' the Irish" for the future looks uncertain.

'TIS sad but true, say the experts, that those breathless moments about what Garbo is going to do or not do are becoming more and more infrequent.

Lew Ayres will not be asked to get dramatic any more, but will be featured in ingenuous rôles. They will no longer let him "play *Hamlet*," as the saying goes.

If Andy Devine keeps up the good work he will be made a star.

Watch Onslow Stevens. You saw him in "Once in a Lifetime."

Watch Betty Furness, says RKO. You saw her in "The Great Jasper."

Norman Foster is getting his big chance at Fox films where they hold high plans for him.

Fox also tells you to watch Heather Angel, an English import and a dramatic player, and Victor Jory.

Ralph Morgan, who has been mostly a character actor in the past, will probably go romantic in the future.

Keep your eyes peeled for Buddy Rogers' come-back, also for Clara Bow's new picture. These two youthful vet-

(*Please turn to page* 90)



The one soap

whose color is your promise of skin loveliness

for it's olive oil that makes Palmolive green

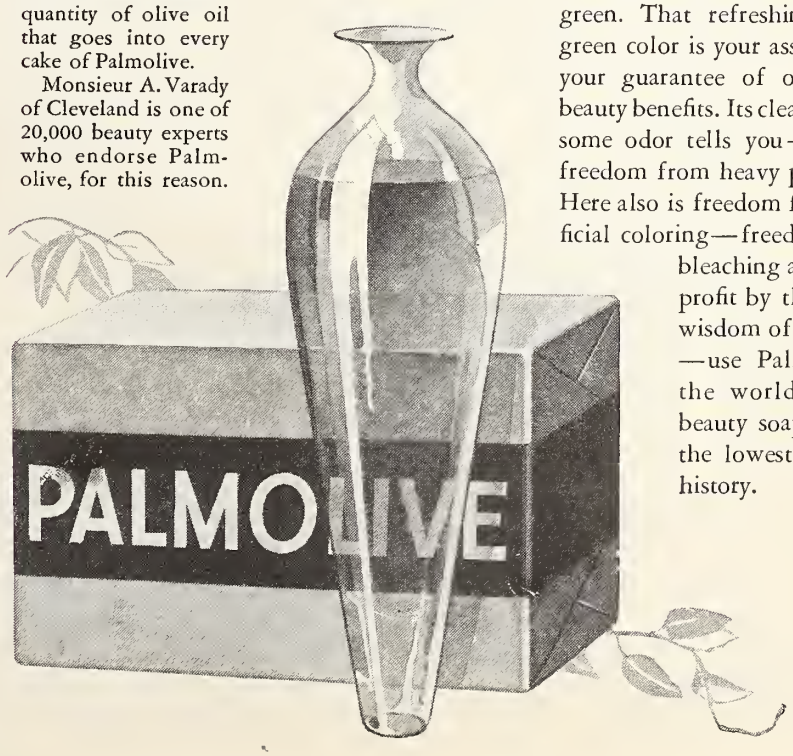
THE greatest boon to beauty throughout the ages . . . Olive Oil—the one priceless standby of beauty specialists everywhere! Never has its equal been found—to care for and keep the lovely, delicate texture of soft, smooth skin. And *there's* your reason for Palmolive's worldwide success.

Olive oil makes Palmolive green. That refreshing olive-green color is your assurance—your guarantee of olive oil's beauty benefits. Its clean, wholesome odor tells you—here is freedom from heavy perfumes. Here also is freedom from artificial coloring—freedom from bleaching agents. So profit by the beauty wisdom of centuries—use Palmolive—the world's finest beauty soap now at the lowest price in history.

Olive Oil is the reason

Faithfully shown by the size of this container is the abundant quantity of olive oil that goes into every cake of Palmolive.

Monsieur A. Varady of Cleveland is one of 20,000 beauty experts who endorse Palmolive, for this reason.





Lustrous Color for
STREAKED HAIR

HAVE ever-youthful looking hair this SAFE way. No matter how streaked—how faded or gray your hair is, you can easily bring color to every strand. A rich sheen and lustre like nature's own. Your hair will stay soft and fluffy. Wave and curl as easily as before. The color will not rub off on hat linings, linens or clothing. Nor will shampooing affect it in the least.

You simply comb a clear, water-white liquid through the hair. The gray goes. The color wanted comes to your hair, whether black, brown, auburn or blonde. *A new scientific improvement enables you to control the color* to just the shade desired.

At Drug and Department Stores

Your druggist or department store can supply you with the full-sized bottle on money-back guarantee. Ask for Mary T. Goldman's. Does not contain aniline. No "skin test" required. Leading medical authorities pronounce it harmless to hair and scalp.

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Street.....
City.....State.....
✓ CHECK COLOR OF HAIR ✓
☐ Light Brown ☐ Medium Brown
☐ Dark Brown ☐ Black
☐ Light Red ☐ Dark Red ☐ Blonde

What Will Happen?

(*Continued from page* 89)

erans don't intend to get left behind, and they're backed in their ambitions by the Fox studios.

Now let's listen to what some of the producers themselves say.

SAYS Carl Laemmle, Jr., head of Universal production:

"Unusual pictures will dominate during this period—novel, exotic and widely different types of pictures.

"Universal's biggest productions will be (according to advance indications), 'Only Yesterday,' John M. Stahl directing; 'Gulliver's Travels' modernized and satirized with Karl Freund directing; 'Invisible Man' with Karloff, James Whale directing and 'Counsellor-at-Law,' one of the outstanding stage hits of recent years.

Universal has no set number of musical pictures, hence I cannot say which ones will be outstanding. We have high hopes for 'Lilies of Broadway,' which will be given another release title.

"We hope to make our advertising and publicity more daring because the business needs more glamour.

"Comedies and novelty pictures will likely be the most popular pictures of the new year.

"We will mostly publicize Karloff, Summerville and Pitts because their popularity is increasing by leaps and bounds. Next, Gloria Stuart who is gaining fast, and Onslow Stevens, who is a fine actor and deserves better recognition. June Knight, being new, will have a big publicity drive behind her. She is attractive, sings, dances and is a good actress, hence she offers more to publicize than most new players.

"We are going to do our best to build Onslow Stevens, Gloria Stuart and June Knight into outstanding featured players.

"The trim, athletic, modern American girl type will continue most attractive, and the masculine, clean-cut, sincere young man will win popularity. Men over forty will continue to win popularity. Naturalness will decide the progress of both actors and actresses. Overacting will not be tolerated by audiences and an amateurish performance will spell 'curtain' for the newcomer.

"Universal will produce more original stories than ever, more than half of our new program being written especially for the screen. This assures more novelty and gives directors and actors more latitude."

SAYS B. B. Kahane, President, RKO-Radio:

"We are planning to make fifty-two features next year at a cost of from nine to eleven million dollars, depending upon what properties we may have to buy and what stars we may have to sign. Besides Constance Bennett, Ann Harding and Richard Dix among the RKO stars of long standing, we have signed Katharine Hepburn and Francis Lederer, and have a deal on with Lionel Barrymore for several pictures.

"We expect to make one or two with Leslie Howard and two with John Barrymore.

"As to whether we expect to make any more "King Kong" pictures, we will have a Cooper-Schoedsack special with a brand new technical idea.



Photographed exclusively for The New Movie Magazine by John Michle

Phyllis Barry, the RKO starlet, at Malibu Beach. She is one of the reasons RKO expects to make millions this next year.

"We plan to use original stories if we can get good ones, but will also buy plays to fit personalities and for which the playwrights do not ask too much money.

"We are not going to make any more westerns; there is no market for them.

"We are contemplating an epic similar to the 'Conquerers.'

"Generally speaking there is going to be a reduction in stars' salaries. A number of stars who were receiving $10,000 a week a year ago are still getting the same, and their pictures, which grossed $1,000,000 are now grossing about $600,000.

"Cycles of pictures are not as important as they were."

SAYS J. L. Warner, in charge of production for Warner Brothers-First National:

"Just now we are concentrating on George Arliss in 'Voltaire'; Ruth Chatterton in 'Lilly Turner'; 'Gold-diggers of 1933,' a drama with music, with Warren William, Joan Blondell, Ruby Keeler, Dick Powell, Ginger Rogers, Aline MacMahon, Guy Kibbee, and scores of others; Barbara Stanwyck in 'Baby Face'; James Cagney in 'The Mayor of Hell'; Edward G. Robinson

What Will Happen?

in 'The Little Giant'; Warren William in 'The Mind Reader'; Richard Barthelmess in 'Central Airport'; Joe E. Brown in 'Elmer, the Great'; William Powell in 'Private Detective.'

"There are no two pictures here that have the least similarity, yet they are all entertainment. They certainly indicate no trend.

"'Gold-diggers of 1933' is the only musical, as such. Some others have incidental music, of course.

"We will stress stars and stories. The public has interest in both.

"We will attempt to strike a new note in publicity and advertising on every picture.

"Comedy should be very popular but it will not predominate.

"We consider that Bette Davis, Ruby Keeler, Dick Powell, Glenda Farrell, Lyle Talbot and Aline MacMahon are among our newer players who are fast increasing in popularity. The public really builds stars, not the studios.

"This year our product represented about fifty per cent. original, unpublished stories. This is a greater proportion than that of any other studio. We find this is necessary to augment stories we are able to get from printed novels, short stories and produced plays. Next year we will probably develop as many or more originals."

SAYS Jesse L. Lasky, of the Fox studio:

"No certain type of picture will dominate the industry in the next six months, or any time thereafter. Entertainment lies in all fields and, therefore, the smart showman will endeavor to produce a variety of stories with really novel themes, backgrounds and players. Public taste changes so quickly that the producer who attempts to set definite stories six months in advance is definitely on the road to failure.

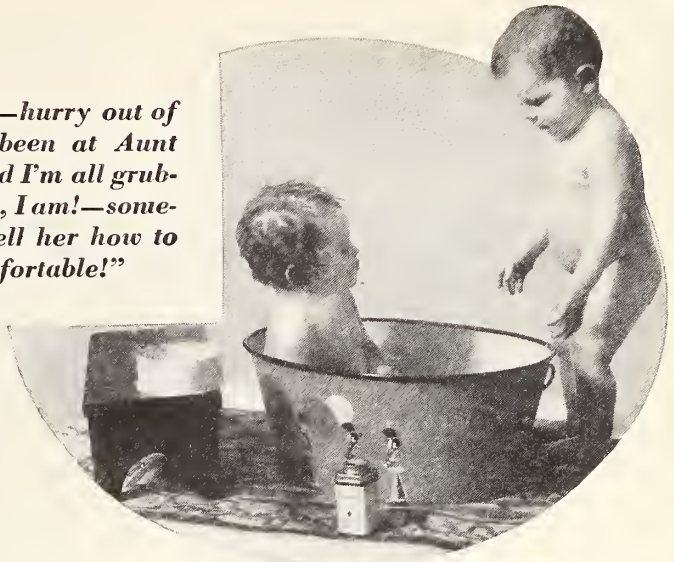
"My biggest production will be 'Berkeley Square,' with Leslie Howard. This is from the famous play which John Balderston wrote especially for Howard and which the actor played on Broadway. I will also make 'The Power and the Glory,' which is to mark Colleen Moore's return to the screen. She will be co-featured with Spencer Tracy. Other productions I plan are 'Peking Picnic,' the Atlantic Monthly prize-winning novel, and 'The Worst Woman in Paris.'

"None of the above is musical.

"I will stress stories because that is the essential thing in motion picture production. The time has gone when poor stories could be built about a star or when producers permitted a poor story simply to emphasize the star. My stories are going to be as strong and original as possible, with the starring or featured personalities a secondary matter. You can always get good stars in Hollywood. It is considerably more difficult to get good stories.

"My publicity and advertising campaigns will revert back to the good old days when motion picture producers, with something to sell, sold it with ballyhoo and enthusiasm. We have had too much dignity in publicity of late. When I consider one of my pictures good enough for it, I shall expect the exploitation department to

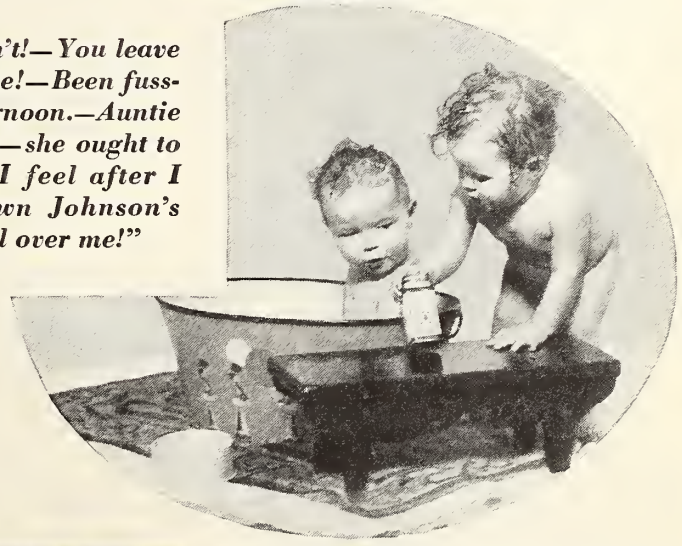
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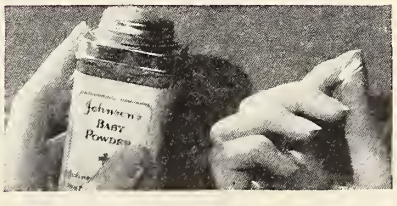
"Come on, now—hurry out of that tub!—I've been at Aunt Betty's house and I'm all grubby and hot.—Yes, I am!—somebody ought to tell her how to keep babies comfortable!"



"If you won't get out—I'm going to get in!—Can't wait another minute! Got prickly heat 'n everything! She put some terrible kind of powder on me.—You're leaving?—Thanks for the wash-cloth."



"Oh, no you don't!—You leave my powder alone!—Been fussing for it all afternoon.—Auntie thinks I'm cross—she ought to see how good I feel after I sprinkle my own Johnson's Baby Powder all over me!"



Listen, Mothers! Test different baby powders by rubbing them between thumb and finger. Feel how much *softer* Johnson's Baby Powder is. It is made from purest Italian talc. Contains *no zinc stearate . . . no orris root.* Try Johnson's Baby Soap and Baby Cream, too. They're Important for baby's comfort.

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Contains the same high quality ingredients —the same cleansing and germ-expelling power — as other leading brands costing double the price. Guaranteed safe. Use it daily for sweetening the breath — as a protection against harmful mouth bacteria —and after smoking.



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ASTRINGENT MOUTH WASH

Delightful to the taste—yet highly effective in the correction and prevention of spongy and receding gums. Purifies the breath — preserves the teeth—does everything any astringent mouth wosh can do at less thon half the cost.

Mifflin Chemicol Corporation, Philad'lphia

• •

AT LEADING 5 & 10-CENT STORES

What Will Happen?

(*Continued from page* 91)

shout its virtues to the wide world.

"The public no longer cares for mere beauty in their actors or actresses. Good-looking leading men are a drug on the market, and so are the leading women. The types most popular with the public are good actors and actresses who count on ability rather than looks. I should say that character players will lead.

"I will produce more originals, since they are the most profitable from a producing point of view, and better entertainment."

SAYS Charles R. Rogers, independent producer of Paramount pictures:

"I will make pictures that stress romance. I believe the public is rapidly tiring of hard-boiled, roughneck characters.

"I am planning during this period 'The Baby in the Ice Box,' from the sensational *American Mercury* short story by James M. Cain, and 'Underseas,' a romantic melodrama.

"I am planning no musicals. This is quite definite.

"Of the eight pictures I shall make for Paramount, four will be made for their story ideas and four will be star pictures. My eight pictures this year were all story-idea pictures.

"I have always advocated and will strongly adhere to a policy of sincerity in publicity and advertising. The old misleading style of ballyhoo with its monstrous adjectives is definitely out.

"I feel certain that the romantic type of actor and actress will again return to top popularity. A number of unique personalities will gain overnight popularity but they will be short-lived.

"I have always been a great believer in the original story written especially for the screen. I do not believe in buying a story or play merely because of its success, as it interests me only in its idea. I predict an increasing popularity of fiction over stage plays as a source of screen entertainment."

SAYS Harry Cohn, president of Columbia Pictures:

"We will have strong, human dramas, in contrast to the pseudo-sophisticated, so-called smart things, which have had a temporary vogue in the great capitals of the world, but have little appeal to the masses, for whom the motion picture is the only means of entertainment. Pictures showing situations and problems that might confront the average man and woman, and in which they are bound to be interested. Pictures with strong, elemental themes logically worked out; not merely frothy little episodes strung together with flippant chatter.

"Some of our important pictures will be 'Tampico,' from Joseph Hergesheimer's famous novel; 'Below the Sea,' a really thrilling underwater melodrama with effects never before obtained; 'Rules for Wives,' featuring a new film character—a woman lawyer; 'Cocktail Hour,' a stirring problem play of the modern young self-supporting woman; 'Brief Moment,' from the New York stage success; 'Madame La Gimp,' with another new screen character, an old apple woman, in the lead; and, of course, Mr. Gilbert Miller's first production for us—'Take a Wife'—which he will make in London as the first of a possible series.

"We have no musicals planned at present.

"We have always stressed stories as the basic elements of pictures and will continue to do so. We will, following our present practice, obtain the very best available players to portray the leading parts in our pictures. We believe the public likes a variety. Jack Holt is at present Columbia's only permanent star.

"We have always been firm believers in the original story, written directly for the screen, and will probably use a majority of these, though we may, as in the past, purchase material from the stage and fiction with the idea of using the basic ideas of the play or story."

Don't Be Late! **Your favorite magazines are on sale five days earlier now and we're warning you that lots of other women want copies, too . . . so hurry.**

Buy your copy of:

- **HOME MAGAZINE**
- **THE NEW MOVIE**
- **ILLUSTRATED LOVE**
- **MYSTERY**

_____ on the 10th of every month now instead of the _____ 15th . . . you have five days less to wait!

Music in the Movies

(*Continued from page 66*)

Bum," from the picture of the same name. This is one of Mr. Jolson's more cheerful efforts; that is, he doesn't sob and weep in this one. If you like Jolson, there's no reason why you shouldn't like this record. The other side is called, "You Are Too Beautiful" and is on a par with the last. This is a Brunswick record.

"MAHOGANY Hall Stomp" is the title of the next one. This time we are listening to our old friend, Louis Armstrong, the boy that makes a trumpet sound like a piccolo. Louis recorded this number a few years back but this is an altogether new arrangement, and I know that if you are an admirer of Armstrong you won't want to miss this one.

The other side is also by Louis and this time it's the old favorite, "High Society." Just listen to Armstrong play those almost impossible lip slurs, and hit a multitude of high C's. This is a Victor record.

HERE is another excellent vocal record. "It's Within Your Power" is the title and it's sung for us by Bing Crosby. I think that all of Bing's records are good, so perhaps I'm prejudiced. But this is a good tune and Bing certainly does it justice.

The other side is also by Mr. Crosby, and this time we hear that beautiful melody, "Street of Dreams." You'll like it. This is a Brunswick record.

"JAZZ RONDO" is next. It's a bit of a classical hot tune, although I never heard of such a thing. It's played for us by Dickson's Harlem Orchestra, and when you hear it I think that you'll agree with me that the boys surely earn their money in this one.

The other side is by the same outfit, and this time it is "Jam Man." It is a stock arrangement. This is a Victor record.

HERE'S another vocal that I think you'll like. "Eadie was a Lady" is what they call this one. It's from the "Take a Chance" show. Ethel Merman is the recording artist, and how she can record! This one has to be heard to be appreciated. It's on both sides of the record. This is a Brunswick record.

"WHERE Are You Tonight?" is next on the turntable. It is played by a band that is new to me, Glen Gray and his orchestra. It's a sweet outfit, and I hope that we hear more from them in the future. This is one of Nick Kenny's tunes and it's beautiful. Kenny Sargent sings the vocal refrain.

The other side is also by Glen Gray and this time it's "Sittin' by the Fire With You." I think you'll like this one, too. This is a Victor record.

TED RIO RITO and his orchestra are next. The boys play for us, "When It's Darkness on the Delta." I like this record very much and especially the first chorus, which has some nice trumpet work in it. Muzzy Marcellino sings the vocal refrain.

The other side is "Baby" and it's by the same band.

HOW TO GET CLEANER WHITER TEETH

from the toothpaste you use



Results Almost Overnight

IN a few days you'll see what others see—how much better Kolynos cleans teeth. They'll look whiter—shades whiter. They'll feel much cleaner. Here's the reason: Kolynos does what ordinary toothpastes can't do. As it cleans up ugly stain and tarnish—it foams into every tiny crevice and kills millions of germs that are the known cause of most tooth and gum troubles. Thus Kolynos gives RESULTS YOU CAN SEE. Cleaner, whiter teeth. Healthier looking gums. Give up incompetent ways of brushing and start using the Kolynos technique—a half-inch of this remarkable dental cream on a dry brush twice a day. It's the better, quicker way to cleaner, whiter teeth—try it.

KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM



A Director's Bird's-Eye View

(*Continued from page* 33)

Star Final'? But my most successful 'find' in the girl line just happened.

"I was making 'Naughty but Nice,' and I was shy a little girl for a small part. So I called up a Mrs. Young I had known for years, and asked for her daughter, Polly Ann. 'Polly Ann's working,' she said, 'but Gretchen can come.' So Gretchen came, Loretta she is now, a mere child in short dresses, who looked more like a gopher than a film actress. But I was up against it, and put her to work at $40 a week. She hasn't stopped working since!

"As for Clark Gable—"

"Clark Gable?"

"Yes, I know everybody is claiming to have discovered Gable now, but I can prove it by the records. I tested him for the dancer in 'Little Caesar,' and he was a knockout. But the studio wouldn't have him."

"What was the matter?"

"What was always the matter with Clark Gable in those days? Ears!" Mervyn looked his disgust. "As if ears made any difference in pictures, nowadays. It's the mouth that counts—what comes out of the mouth."

I DIDN'T say anything, but, as I looked out of Mervyn LeRoy's penthouse window over those golden Hollywood hills, I suspected that I had just heard something rather intelligent.

"Noses don't matter, either, thank God!" he continued. "Remember Louis Wolheim's broken one? I directed Wolheim in his last picture, 'Gentleman's Fate,' with Jack Gilbert. If he had lived, he would have been the great actor of the talking screen.

"Wolheim would come on the set in the morning already 'in his part'. Although he was the most highly educated man in Hollywood, a former college professor, he would use the roughest language and emit the most terrifying oaths. Between oaths, he would call up his wife.

"He'd call her up four or five times a day. He was crazy about her, and gentle, too. He was the gentlest man I ever knew. But the point about Wolheim as a talking picture actor was that the people out front believed what he said. That's what counts in pictures nowadays. As long as people believe what an actor is saying, the show goes on. When they stop believing, the show stops."

"People certainly believe what Clark Gable says—especially women people."

"You're telling me!" replied my host. "I wish I had him working for me now."

"I AM not discounting the value of beauty in pictures," he said. "I shouldn't. I used to be a camera man before I was a director."

"You did?"

"Yes, and a bad one, too—which reminds me of a story about William De Mille. 'LeRoy,' he said to me one day, 'you're a genius. You're responsible for all this soft focus photography that's going on around here. Everything you take is out of focus, anyway—and now the other camera men are trying to copy it. They think it's art!'

LeRoy is one of those fun-makers—he was a gagman as well as a camera man before he became a director—who can laugh at himself. As Doug Fairbanks once said of him, "Merve can dish it out, and take it, too."

"Fine gentlemen, the DeMilles, even if they are directors!" he laughed. "But the finest of the lot is Al Green. Al's a great collector—everything from first editions to a cuspidor shaped like a silk hat."

ALFRED E. GREEN was the man who gave LeRoy his first push upward, but it was Theodore Roberts—good old Theodore, whom everybody loved—who first started LeRoy in show business. And the stories he had to tell about Theodore were plenty.

"After the earthquake in San Francisco I sold papers to help recoup the family fortune. One day, when I was yelling my head off outside the old Alcazar Theater, a big man with a kindly eye rushed out and asked me if I'd like to pick up a few dollars selling papers on the stage. The play that week was 'The Deep Purple' by Paul Armstrong and Wilson Mizner; and the script called for a newsboy.

"The next week, the bill was 'Barbara Fritchie'; and there was a part for a small boy to climb a tree and shout 'The Yankees are coming.' The first night, I fell out of the tree. The fall got a big laugh. It stayed in all week. And since the big man with the kindly eye had told me that if I were going to be an actor, I must act, and if I were going to fall, I must fall in a big way, I was pretty sore at the end of the week—and at other ends, too.

"The 'old man' was an inveterate gagger. One day he sent me all the way to Oakland to ask a stock company manager over there for a left-handed mirror. The manager—who had been tipped off by Roberts—looked at me solemnly and allowed he was just out of left-handed mirrors, but he had twelve pounds of foreground that Mr. Roberts needed for his next production.

"And I lugged twelve pounds of rock and dirt all the way from Oakland to San Francisco!" sighed Mervyn.

FOR a while, we attended strictly to the sausages. Then, my host sat back and continued his tales.

"Those old stars were great fellows. Seems like there weren't any swelled heads in Hollywood in those first days. When I was a $12-a-week wardrobe boy on the Paramount lot, Wallie Reid used to invite me to his dressing room and talk to me. I never forgot it. Years later, I was the one that found poor Wallie, collapsed on the sidewalk outside the studio.

"'What's the matter, Wallie?' I cried.

"'I guess it's got me at last,' he said. 'I took him home from work for the last time."

LeRoy was silent again while he played tentatively with the idea of a long black cigar. He doesn't drink at all, but he smokes prodigiously—from nervousness, I think.

"Take Gloria Swanson, for instance. There's a girl for you!" he continued. "If she's broke now, as they say she is, it's because she gave away all her money to people she tried to help. I directed the last picture she made in this country, you know, 'Tonight or Never.' It wasn't her best picture; or

A Director's Bird's-Eye View

mine, either. But it wasn't exactly her fault, and certainly wasn't mine."

"Whose fault was it, then?"

"Michele's."

"The baby's? Why, she wasn't born then."

"That was the trouble. If she had been, everything would have been all right. Gloria and I were the only ones on the set that knew what was the matter—why she didn't have the pep she usually has. After a scene, she'd sidle over to me, and whisper:

"'How was it, Merv?'

"'The baby was fine,' I'd whisper back, 'but you were—'

"'I know,' she'd say, 'lousy!'

"Then, we'd take the scene over and over, until I should think she'd have been dead."

FROM where I was sitting, I could just make out the inscription on Miss Swanson's framed photograph: "To Mervyn—in appreciation. I wish I were making the rest of my pictures with you. Sincerely, Gloria."

"Oh," said LeRoy, "if you are interested in dedications, come into my study. I call it my Room of Memories."

He handed me a book from his not inconsiderable library—a life of Jack Dempsey.

"I introduced him to Estelle," he said.

The book was dedicated "To my pal, Mervyn, the fellow that's responsible for my downfall. Always, Jack."

Opposite the dedication, on the inside of the front cover, was a bookplate, a very effective wood-cut of a young man sitting in a director's chair behind a camera and shouting, "Quiet!"

"Smith and Dale gave me that," he explained. "They kept track of the number of times I yelled 'Quiet!' in four days' shooting on their picture. They said it was four hundred and thirty-two. Anyhow, they put the idea into a bookplate—not bad for a library, is it?

"And, of course, you've seen this." He indicated a great silver cup, almost as tall as the one good old Thomas Lipton used to try to lift. I looked at the engraved inscription. It read:

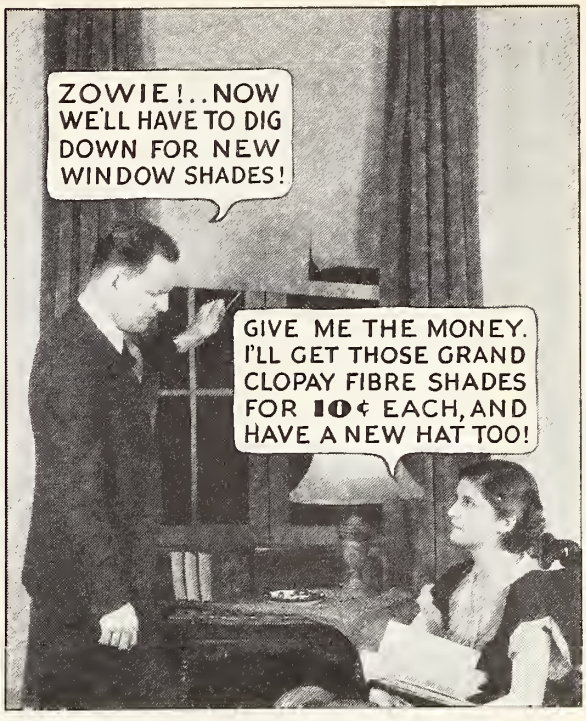
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CONTEST
Second Prize
awarded to
Mervyn Leroy
by
the champion
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"WHEN Bill and I were making 'High Pressure'," LeRoy explained, "Bill said he had at last found a man who worried about a picture almost as much as he did. But I've found someone now that worries more than either of us—this fellow I'm directing now, Jimmie Cagney. He's always thinking about the picture. You must come out to the lot this morning, and see Jimmie worry."

I did—and all morning everything went swimmingly. Not a single worry! Under LeRoy's watchful eye and repeated shouts of "Quiet!" Jimmie and Mary Brian and Ruth Donnelly and a couple of fake detectives rehearsed a scene, in which Jimmie makes believe

(*Please turn to page* 96)

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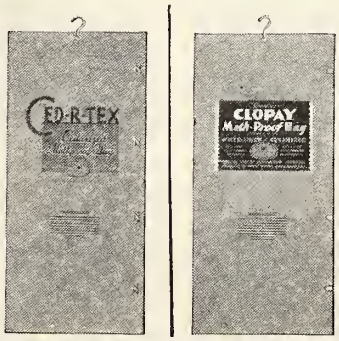
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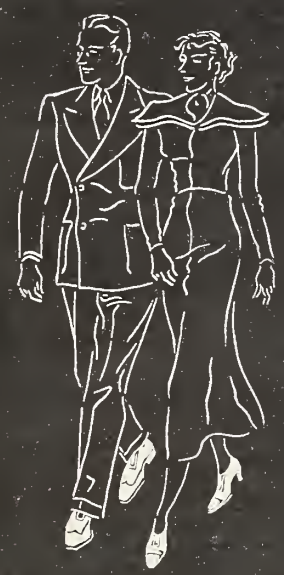


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A Director's Bird's-Eye View

(*Continued from page 95*)

he's being sent up for ten years just to find out whether Mary loves him. When he does find out, he looks at her and says:

"That's all I want to know."

And turning to the fake detectives, he shouts in triumph:

"You guys are fired!"

They tried it a dozen different ways, and finally got it right. LeRoy has infinite patience, and an ability to keep others on their toes—a sort of friendly leadership. There is a youthful enthusiasm about his work, too, a bustling excitement and vitality, which gives speed and clean-cut characterization.

"Good, isn't it?" he said, pleased as a school boy when the scene went right. "Just a gag, of course, but he"—indicating Jimmie—"thought it up himself."

JIMMIE was pleased, too. He was strutting off the set, with that far-from-worried, devil-may-care manner which has made him so popular with his fans.

"He's a lot more like Jimmie Walker than Jimmie Dunn is," I ventured, "and that, I can assure you, is saying a good deal."

"Walker—there's an actor for you! He missed it for fair going into politics."

"I daresay he probably is convinced of it."

"Well, a picture with him would clean up right now. I know, because I made a two-reeler with him once when he was on the coast. I'm always getting funny assignments like that. I guess it's because I look like the office boy. I had the job once of showing Harry Thaw the town! You remember when he came out here and brought—" he stopped short, his natural discretion leaping to the fore, and then added quickly—"some girl."

"Anita Page," I prompted somewhat hesitatingly.

"Oh, was it Anita?" he said, innocently—and I learned afterward that all of Anita's friends were in a conspiracy to make people forget she came out to Hollywood for the first time under the chaperonage of the notorious Harry Thaw.

HE turned the subject to how well Mary Brian looked in this picture in a blond wig. I didn't agree with him. I liked Mary better in her own hair. But LeRoy, I knew, had a weakness for blondes. He is like the Spanish revolutionist in the Charlie Chase comedy, who is about to be shot as a spy. When asked if he would like to make any last minute request, he replies naively:

"Yes, if there's a blonde in the party, save her for me!"

I accused him of this weakness, but he denied it stoutly.

"There's Mary Astor," he said by way of supporting evidence. "She was my first star."

"I've always liked Mary Astor," I said. "Why hasn't she got further in pictures? What has been holding her back?"

"Well, you see," he laughed, "Mary has always had to fight against the handicap of looking like a lady. She isn't that way at all—well, you know what I mean—she isn't the least bit Ritzy. She's a regular fellow. The only thing I've got against Mary is that she's named her baby Hauoli, of all names."

"Did you want her to name it Mervyn?"

"God forbid! It's a girl."

LeRoy wasn't at luncheon—he seldom eats when he is working—but Cagney was, and Mary. After the German pancakes—which they make on the First National lot as they do nowhere else in the world—Jimmie called over to me:

"You're coming back to the stage, aren't you?"

"Sure, that's just what I came out for."

"Good! You'll see some of the good old hoke. I'm going to smear cold cream all over Mother's face." Then, true to LeRoy's description, he added with a gleam in his eye, "I hope I don't miss her!"

ON the way home, LeRoy showed me the copy of a telegram from Brother Harry Warner in New York to Brother Jack Warner in Hollywood, telling him that "I am a Fugitive From a Chain Gang" had just broken the house record for attendance at the Broadway Strand—a record previously held by "Little Caesar."

My host wasn't anywhere nearly so elated as I should have thought he would be. He seemed almost sorry that the "Little Caesar" record had fallen. And I suspected that there might be a secret fondness, or at least a preference, for the great Edward G. Robinson. But I soon found I was wrong.

"They're both great actors," I ventured, "Robinson and Muni."

"Yes and no," he replied. "Eddie is a great actor, but Paul is a great artist."

He looked sidewise at me to see if I got what he meant.

"I am not saying that Robinson's 'Little Caesar' wasn't an artistic creation," he continued, "and an unforgettable one. That story they told about him being held up in New York traffic when he was trying to make a left turn, and his sticking his head out of the window, and the cop saying, 'Okay, Mr. Caesar!' and letting him make the turn, is true—and deservedly so.

"The difference between the two men is a subtle thing. Eddie is good, and he knows it. Most actors do. But Paul—well, he may know he's good; I don't see how he could help it; but he never admits it, even to himself. He is never satisfied with anything he does. That's what I mean about his being an artist.

"Of course, he had his own way of getting what he wanted. 'Show up in the morning, Paul,' I would say, 'in your brown suit.'

"'But, Merv, don't you think the striped suit—'

"'No, Paul, the brown suit.'

"The next morning, Paul would arrive, looking the picture of innocence, in his striped suit—and it was the striped suit that went into the picture!"

But, striped suit or no striped suit, LeRoy and Muni are the best of friends.

"Paul calls me on the telephone every night from New York," he said, "to tell me how everything's going. He's just like a boy. But that's the way it always is—with genius!"

What Happened to Lillian Gish?

(*Continued from page 37*)

sure to make money, no matter what."

That wasn't much of a "hand" for the woman who had held by almost unanimous consent—from that glamorous night when she emerged from the two-reel shadows of primitive pictureland into the glory of her *Elsie Stoneham* in "The Birth of a Nation," the premier position in the motion picture world.

But after I had cast up my totals, including those who said they had never heard of Lillian Gish, those who obviously recalled her name with difficulty or vagueness, those who confused her honestly enough with her sister Dorothy, those who could not remember a single part that she had played, and those who thought "that old Griffith crowd" was through, I wasn't so sure even about that one picture!

I called up the studio where she had made all but one of her last half dozen films to see if the films had paid. The first reaction of the studio executive to my question was more significant than any financial data he could give me.

"Lillian Gish? My God, that's so far back I don't know as we even have the records!"

Far back? Lillian Gish made her last picture on that man's lot less than five years ago! At that time, his company was paying her $8,000 a week, $800,000 over a two-year stretch. And today, he not only couldn't tell me whether the venture was a successful one—it *was*, as a matter of fact—but he had consigned it and her to the limbo of a forgotten past.

Yes, so far as Hollywood is concerned, the greatest actress of the screen might as well be dead!

THE result of all this inquiry is no reflection on Miss Gish personally, or on her art. I daresay the same thing would have happened if I had substituted Blanche Sweet or Mae Marsh. And if Mary Pickford doesn't succeed with "Secrets" and get back on that screen in a big way. . . .

You're laughing at me? Well, perhaps you're right. Perhaps the picture public will never forget Mary. I hope it doesn't. But if Mary is saved from the fate that has sooner or later overtaken every other member of the "old crowd" in pictures, it will be because she was more than a movie actress; she was a movie symbol; she was, to millions of people, a synonym for movies.

Lillian Gish, with all her artistry, was never that!

Chaplin was, perhaps is, in Mary's class. There are no others. Say "Douglas Fairbanks" to the average fan today, and he'll think you are talking about Joan Crawford's husband. Go see Fatty Arbuckle—give him a great big hand for his game attempt at a come-back—and then ask yourself, frankly, if the present day audience thinks he is funny. Laugh at Harold Lloyd—I hope I always will!—but even Harold, after three years' absence from the screen, returned to find a public mildly grateful that Constance Cummings had found a new and "really very amusing" leading man.

(*Please turn to page 98*)

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What Happened to Lillian Gish?

(*Continued from page* 97)

TIME in Hollywood waits for no man—and for a woman, it doesn't even hesitate!

This fact alone may be sufficient explanation of why the once great Lillian Gish is no longer in demand for pictures. At the height of her career—although acclaimed artistically above them all—she was never so widely popular as Fairbanks, never so generally loved as Arbuckle, never so big a draw as Lloyd.

It was to be expected, therefore, that the passage of time—say, four years' absence from the screen—would have a more devastating effect on her box-office value than any of the others.

But no such simple reasoning is a complete answer to the real mystery of Lillian Gish—not the mystery of how things *are* with her, but the mystery of how they got that way.

Well, the answer most often heard in Hollywood is that Lillian, a creation of the great master, Griffith, was an instrument on which he, and he alone, could play; and that once she found herself far from the master's guiding hand, she realized her limitations and quit before her public should realize them, too.

This answer hardly holds water. She *was* a Griffith creation, just as Dorothy Gish was, and Blanche Sweet, and Mae Marsh, and even Mary Pickford. It is true that he stood over these youngsters and told them just what to do at every turn of the camera. They were, for years, clay in his hands—and none more successfully so than Lillian. But since that time, she had abundantly proved her ability to work with a variety of directors.

She did "The White Sister" and "Romola" with Henry King, "La Boheme" with King Vidor, "The Scarlet Letter" with Victor Seastrom, "Annie Laurie" with John S. Robertson. It would be difficult to name a quartet of first-string directors with more diverse methods. Yet Lillian had adapted herself with success to all of them.

No! *Hawkshaw* in Hollywood must find something more authentic than this oft-repeated Griffith canard to solve the mystery of the sudden disappearance from the screen of the screen's great actress.

There couldn't have been any moral reason. Not with Lillian! One thing alone is lacking in her rich fabric of charm, and this is the element of sensual lure. The only newspaper case in which she had ever figured enhanced her reputation for character and decency and resulted in the indictment of her opponent for perjury.

And surely she was not too old. She was less than thirty-two when she quit. She photographed eighteen. The only fault her admirers found in her work was that in some characterizations—for example, *Hester Prynne* in "The Scarlet Letter"—she looked too young!

Could it be that she was a talkie exile? No. She had shown in her one talking picture that she could act out loud as well as in pantomime. She had a good microphone voice. She had studied diction under one of the world's masters. She had been a speaking actress long before she was a posing one. She is a speaking actress today.

And she couldn't have been dissatisfied with the treatment she was receiving from her employers. She exercized almost complete control over the choice of her stories. She had the pick of directors. She selected her own casts. She had everything most stars dream of having, and never get—plus $8,000 a week.

IN short, none of the stock Hollywood explanations for movie nose-dives applies in the case of Lillian Gish. Described in the heyday of her screen popularity as "elusive," "baffling," "mockingly mysterious," she is all of these things—only more so—in the shadow of her retirement.

On the surface, there *is* no reason, so far as her friends see, why she didn't keep right on making pictures, why she shouldn't be making them today.

"She hasn't been ill," they say. "She hasn't dissipated. She hasn't even been married!"

There is, of course, the matter of dollars and cents. But it seems hardly probable that Lillian thought she was being paid too little. Eight thousand dollars a week salaries were rare in Hollywood even in boom times. It is possible, however, that the producers—considering the hectic uncertainties of those first microphone days—did think she was being paid too much.



The latest thing in make-up technique, demonstrated by Cecil Holland, greasepaint wizard, an Maureen O'Sullivan. In the upper picture Mr. Halland is shawn photographing the winsome Maureen, using a dauble-lens camera. The picture in the center shaws the dauble-image picture after it has been printed an a small slide. By the apparatus the features and cantaur and highlights can be carefully studied, particularly as ta haw the mavie camera will pick them up.

What Happened to Lillian Gish?

You could hardly blame them. No one, in 1928, knew whether the talking picture was an institution or merely a fad. All anybody knew was that nobody knew anything. And $800,000 contracts for five or six pictures from one star were just not being made.

MOREOVER, there were other expenses to Lillian Gish pictures besides the star's salary. Although brought up in a mass-production movie factory, although making her most satisfactory picture, "Broken Blossoms," in only eighteen days, Miss Gish had acquired in the years of her prosperity and preeminence the habit of leisurely production. And sound stages on the Hollywood lots were too few, and too much in demand, during these first months, for leisurely productions.

Miss Gish was a great artist, to be sure, and a nice girl; but the producers were fighting for their lives. The important thing at the time was to beat the other fellow to it with a picture—any picture—that talked.

And there was some question as to whether Lillian Gish pictures could continue to make money under the new conditions. Her box-office strength, like that of all the old guard, was in the small towns—in the little picture houses, where the new stars like Garbo were still scarcely more than names—and the little theaters in the small towns in 1928 and 1929 were not wired for sound.

It might have been possible to get Miss Gish to work for less; it might have been possible to get her to work faster; it might have been possible to get her to sacrifice elaborate production to speed. And even then, with her best public automatically cut off from her, it might *not* be possible to make money on her pictures.

Of course, in just the right kind of story, another "'Way Down East," for instance, she might have got over financially. But show business waits years for a clean-up like "'Way Down East." It was the hick "Ben Hur"—and first and last, it made almost as much money in the theater. But such stories are not made to order.

MISS GISH, when urged by producers to do more "'Way Down Easts," might well have reminded them of the colloquy which took place between Lee Shubert and Augustus Thomas during the rehearsal of one of the latter's plays.

"What we need right there," shouted Lee from the pit, "are two or three sure-fire comedy lines."

"Yes?" replied Gus from the stage. "For example?"

But the truth of the matter is that Miss Gish probably wouldn't have played a "'Way Down East" again if it had walked up and tagged her on her shapely shoulder. She was through with such things forever. She had, in the Hollywood phrase, gone highbrow. George Jean Nathan had said "the girl is superior to her medium, pathetically so." And she had believed it.

Here was where, movie-wise, the greatest actress of the screen made her greatest mistake. Here, and in the inevitable sequence, is to be found the

(*Please turn to page* 100)

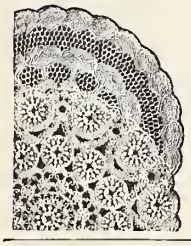
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What Happened to Lillian Gish?

(*Continued from page 99*)

real solution to the Mystery of Lillian Gish.

The First Lady of the Screen had not ridden to the heights in a coach and four or in a padded limousine with sixteen cylinders to draw it. She had bumped along on the broad back of the donkey of melodrama. She had been helped over the rough places by the strong arm of hokum. Her master, Griffith, was master of both. He had never ventured into the untried fields of sophistication. But Lillian, taken up by Nathan, Dreiser, Hergesheimer, Lewis, Cabell, and Mencken, rushed in where her former angel feared to tread.

And what was the result?

People who had loved her in the Griffith days went to see her in "The White Sister." They sat in somewhat puzzled awe as they watched the frail, Dresden-china personality, which had stood out like a rare gem against the background of Griffth's inspired crudities, sink almost into unrecognizability under the uniformed pagaentry in which she chose to deck Crawford's simple, deathless story.

They still went to see her—though fewer of them—in her uphill fight against a plethora of authentic Florentine settings and an engulfiing morass of George Eliot dullness in her even more ambitious "Romola."

THE faithful followed her—partly because of "The Big Parade" glamour that attached to the names of King Vidor, her director, and John Gilbert, her leading man—through the stormy mazes of "La Boheme."

The remnant remained to be shocked by "The Scarlet Letter."

Few but the critics cared one way or the other about "The Wind." Fewer cared about "The Enemy."

Tastes were changing, too. Admirers had always spoken of Miss Gish's work as poetic. "Something of the lyrical goes into whatever she does." But poetry, which had had its brief lyric fling right after the war, was going out. In fact, about the time Lillian began to lean most heavily on it, it disappeared completely as a salable commodity.

Poetry hadn't been a very salable quantity back in the old Biograph days, either. No one knew that better than Griffith. A Griffith picture, whether it ran to two reels or to sixteen, was a complete library. It contained poetry as all good libraries should—that was Lillian; but it contained humor—that was Dorothy; and drama—that was Walthall; and homeyness—that was Mae Marsh; and appealing young manliness—that was Bobby Harron and Dick Barthlemess.

The new slogan, "One will always stand out," had not been invented. It was all for one and one for all.

No Griffith picture in those days was a starring vehicle for Lillian Gish or for anyone else. No Griffith picture—and this is something which admirers of the old Griffith stars sometimes forget—was sold to the public on the popularity of any actor or actress who appeared in it.

The popularity of Lillian Gish had only the vaguest relation to the huge box-office success of "'Way Down East." It had nothing to do with the success of "The Birth of a Nation."



Photo by Wide World

Betty Balfour, one of the principal shining lights of British pictures, came out to Hollywood to see her husband and look things over. So don't be surprised if you see her in some American-made films, too.

In other words, nobody ever tried to sell a picture to the public on the strength of Miss Gish's poetic personality until she tried it herself in a market where poetry had reached what was probably an "all-time low."

Another thing, critics were always writing about "the profound mysticism of Miss Gish's playing." "The mere clash of earthly passion—the quality most frequently and most picturesquely exploited in the theater—is simply not for her." . . . "She seems to float on the screen,"—this from her worshipper, the Northern professor, Edward Wagenknecht—"like a remembered vision of Botticelli's women."

Well, if you recall the prevailing feminine costumes and behavior of the later Twenties, you will also recall that Botticelli, like poetry, was *out*, and sex appeal which Lillian admittedly never had, was *in*.

"Give us Clara Bow!" the fans were crying.

And they got her—while the first actress of the screen fled back to Broadway to do Chekhov's gloomy *Helena* and Dumas' still more gloomy *Camille*.

The question naturally arises, in view of her precipitous flight, whether she was ever the great actress that she was supposed to be. Personally, I think she was and is. But it should be recorded in any attempt to solve The Great Gish Mystery that the best critical opinion, based on her recent stage appearance, seems to be quite up in the air on this point.

After her *Helena* in "Uncle Vanya," the learned Mr. Krutch declared that "we are no more sure than we were in the days when she was the particular star of the great Mr. Griffith whether she has real talents or merely certain odd deficiencies which a skilful direc-

What Happened to Lillian Gish?

tor can utilize after the fashion of the marionette master and the character doll." After her *Camille*, the equally erudite Mr. Woollcott asked: "Was she a good actress? Was she an actress at all? . . . I went to see 'Camille' with an open mind. It is still open."

She *should* succeed on the stage, and I believe she will. She *should* reach heights which she never could reach on the screen. And for the very reason that made critics acclaim her as the greatest of all film actresses. "The particular genius of Lillian Gish," wrote George Jean Nathan, at the height of her screen success, "lies in making the definite charmingly indefinite." True. And this quality should be infinitely more valuable on the stage than on the screen.

"All of which," said my friend, the Hollywood wise man, when I told him the result of my sleuthing, "does not alter the fact that Lillian Gish, so far as pictures are concerned, is dead."

"I wonder!"

THERE suddenly came back to me a true story of Lillian's first days on the Fine Arts lot, which illustrated more graphically than anything I could say that marvelous Gish spirit which might—if the Gish spirit ever willed it—still stage a picture comeback for the First Actress of the Screen.

Lillian and a girl friend were out walking. They walked, and walked, and walked—until they were fairly dragging one foot after the other. Finally, the other girl said:

"I'm tired walking. Let's sit down."

"I'm tired walking, too," said Lillian. "But don't let's sit down. Let's run!"

Then I recalled to my friend that Winter, back in 1913, when Lillian Gish, threatened with pernicious anemia, took the long trek westward for the first time—and arrived in California, given up for dead.

He remembered, as well as I did, how Lillian willed herself to stay alive, how she built up her strength on milk and sunshine, how she dieted and exercised until she could stand, as well as any of those other hardy youngsters, the rigors of even a Griffith rehearsal.

My friend was ruminatingly silent as he went through the intricate process of clipping and lighting a fresh cigar.

"She *might* come back," he said, at last. "It all depends—"

"Yes," I said, "it all depends on Lillian Gish!"

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

We asked the men to tell us just what foods they liked and how they liked them. And they told us—straight from the shoulder. The results are in our food circular, WHAT MEN LIKE TO EAT. If you would like a copy, send your request with ten cents to Rita Calhoun, The New Movie Magazine, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York.

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It's quite possible to feed children what they like and still give them healthful food.

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—with a simple novelty touch that stimulates appetites . . . like peaches stuffed with cereal!

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—that five-times-a-week bugaboo is solved for you.

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—easily prepared recipes which save the food budget.

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Her Frank Answer Taught Me

How To Keep Skin White in 10 Minutes a Week

In three days my skin, too, was gorgeously smooth—clear—white. No more redness, sallowness, freckles or blackheads. I keep it flawless, too, by simply spending ten minutes a week with Golden Peacock Bleach Creme—just rub the lightest film imaginable over my skin twice a week. It's so quick—simple—economical! Get a jar of Golden Peacock Bleach Creme today, yourself—simply ask for it at any drug store or toilet-goods counter.

Wuxtry! Big Baby Show!

(*Continued from page* 43)

two thousand when he's seventeen. This will provide a college education providing he chooses to spend it foolishly. Personally I feel young Leroy will not need it. If his charm holds out he'll be able to retire at seventeen a wealthy, blase old *Lothario*.

CHEVALIER was holding the baby in a pool of water the day I visited the set. The baby splashed hilariously. Then, at a call from the assistant director, looked up to the camera and laughed.

I saw him repeat the scene four times. Each take was virtually the same. He responds to direction like a veteran.

The young assistant director who adores him says, "I think it is because we all love him so."

A born comedian, obviously a heart-smasher, Leroy has no feeling for tragedy. He can't cry. Only by wiping his nose vigorously can the assistant eke a tear. Then I suspect it's more indignation than grief.

"What do you mean depression?" he gurgles kicking his feet in the air. "It's a great world!"

NO star was ever treated more royally. When he falls asleep on the set work stops. He chose to sleep three hours one day. The company sat around in a reverent hush.

Distilled water is used in the swimming pool where he performs. Twenty-six hundred gallons at four cents a gallon is an expensive baby bath. And it was changed four times.

He also has a portable dressing-room. When he finishes a scene the assistant carries him there, gives him a brisk oil massage and wraps him in a blanket. He has a companion and secretary in the person of Miss Smith, a charming Australian girl who cares for children appearing in Paramount pictures. She informed me I was especially privileged in being received in the dressing-room; only three others have been so honored.

You should have seen the Cheshire grin on the face of the redeemed sophisticate.

THE Babe has two doubles to "stand in" for him in long shots and while lights are trained. These infants share his dressing-room as his guests. Beautiful babies, yet they get little attention from visitors. I remarked that here was proof positive of the power of personality. I would rather have What-A-Babe's personality than the brains of our industry's greatest magnates. And you would, too, if you had seen Peggy Joyce tickling his little tummy.

TURNING from What-A-Babe, who will undoubtedly start an infant cycle in Hollywood, I decided to pick the Prize Babies of our town. Here's the bunch I'd like in Our Gang:

Spanky Cagney, Mazie West, Angel Child Lupe, Tongue-Tied Tracy, Panties Dietrich, Peggy-Weddy Joyce, Screamy Weissmuller, Don't-Care Heppy, China Baby Wong.

What a picnic you could have with a gang like that. Just good wholesome fun. Maybe we could coax bashful baby West to chirp "Frankie and Johnnie."

SPANKY CAGNEY was adopted on sight as the favorite child of this department. Some of the neighbors have written in protesting at his behavior. But I think Jimmy is just right as he is. Don't believe in inhibiting a child.

I have made it a point never to meet Jimmy. If all parents were as considerate I think children would get ahead faster. But I read everything written about the boy. Is that the fond parent? I was amused the other day to read he said that any man who would strike a woman is a cad. He must have meant, except for amusement and three thousand a week. Still I think he's a little severe in calling cad. Noel Coward, who frequents Buckingham, pals with the Prince of Wales and admires Jimmy as I do, is author of that lovely line: "Certain women should be struck regularly, like gongs."

KATHARINE HEPBURN, sometimes called Don't-Care Heppy, the do-as-she-feels girl, is reported slapping a man she never met simply because she didn't like his looks. If I had been he who got slapped I would have given Heppy a good swift cagney right in the derriere of her dear little denims. Then gone about carolling: "I'm the guy that put the patch on Heppy's overalls."

And I'll bet I would have won her. I'll bet she's like Peggy Joyce in detesting a man who sits and takes it. That's probabaly what was the matter with the bird she socked.

LITTLE Tongue-Tied Lee Tracy is herewith adopted into our home as playmate for Spanky Cagney. There's a pair to enliven any household. Young Lee bounced into Hollywood in an old car all by his little self and proceeded to wreck records that old-timers had spent years setting up.

I went to Long Beach to preview "Private Jones." Long Beach is a long-haired town. But when the old Tracy name kissed the screen the boys went wild. Hasn't been such commotion hereabouts since Iowa pitched horseshoes against Kansas.

When Tracy is on the screen no one else counts. He might as well be a monologist. What a Fuller brush salesman he'd make! I'd go anywhere anytime to hear Tracy. Went to Long Beach, didn't I? And so did the whole darned fleet.

JUST why Babe Dietrich, female plus, wants to look the little man is beyond me. She says pants are comfortable. Actually there's nothing more comfortable than the kilts of Highlanders. Most comfortable of all is nothing at all. For Gossakes, Marlene, be comfortable!

MY pet cherub Lupe let forth a coo not long ago that she'd mend socks and sew on buttons for the man she loved. I was alarmed by this sudden naivete until I saw my sly bambina dancing around with Johnny Weissmuller. *Tarzan* hasn't a sock or a button in his wardrobe.

Now there's my idea of a perfectly matched team: Tarzan and Wild Lupe. The most honest, di-

Couldn't Eat Her Own Delicious Cooking..



..until "TUMS" Ended FUSSY STOMACH

SHE liked their compliments, but she watched with envy while they enjoyed her cooking. Not a bite for her—too much afraid of the acid indigestion, gas and sour stomach she often suffered from eating her favorite foods. Then she learned about TUMS and tried these delightful new candy-like antacid mints. Now she eats what she likes without regrets. Just a few TUMS after meals—and excess acid is neutralized, gas dispelled, Fussy Stomach quickly relieved. TUMS are safe, agreeable, handy to carry. At all druggists'—only 10c.

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A neat job instantly. No damage to woodwork. No tools needed. Set of eight colored clips to match your cords. 10c.
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If your cheeks are sallow, eyes dull; if you're always dead tired, don't try to hide the truth. Take Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets. A safe substitute for dangerous calomel. Non-habit-forming. A pure vegetable compound that helps relieve constipation, cleanses the system, removes the greatest cause of pallid cheeks. A matchless corrective in use for 20 years. Take nightly and watch pleasing results. Know them by their olive color. At druggists, 15c, 30c and 60c.

Wuxtry! Big Baby Show!

reet and likable pair you could find in Hollywood or anywhere.

Speaking of Pal Weissmuller, I have received several fretful letters from women asking, "Why don't we see more of Mr. Weissmuller?"
LADIES!

AN editor recently queried subscribers to learn whether they preferred pictures of girls or men in his newspaper. The replies were almost 100 per cent. for the male sex. (Ladies are subscribing.) Satisfying this popular demand Paramount presents in his entirety Mr. Buster Crabbe advertised "the most perfectly-formed male." I can remember when girls got that play. It's about time the American boy was glorified.

SOME years ago Mr. Paul Swan, dancer, was advertised the most beautiful male in captivity. Ladies had aesthetic raptures but on the whole the description got *framboisé*. There is naught of the ballet about Mr. Crabbe, who incidentally belongs to the Gang. He and Weissmuller are the best samples of American athletes who, in turn, are the Olympians of the earth today.

In the days of the virile old Greeks they would have been immortalized in marble by Phidias and Praxiteles. As it is they are being immortalized in celluloid by Mr. Cohen and Mr. Mayer. This seems to indicate our country is masculine, after all, not Follies. A good sign says my friend, Anna May Wong, who, inheriting the wisdom of the Chinese, declares that feminine countries die young, the masculine endure.

CHINA BABY WONG is about the only actress who hasn't been implicated in the recent Oriental cycle of pictures. That's fortunate for her. They were all lousy pictures. There is something pathetically home-talent about white actors playing Orientals, excepting always, my pal Warner Oland, who I have reason to believe, is a heathen Mongol. On beholding them you realize how childish the art of acting is. Kiddies playing Indian or, in this instance, Chinese, and fooling nobody but themselves.

MAE WEST'S style is too subtle for Hollywood, it seems. They don't get her. After seeing Babs West in "She Done Him Wrong" I went around shouting like a fan fanatic. Is that being sophisticated? Well, Richard Cromwell joined me. Thank God for youth and the finer susceptibilites. As I say, Hollywood couldn't make Mae out. One of my favorite women protested my bubbling enthusiasm. "Why," she exclaimed, "Mae West hurls sex at you like a pie in the face!"

"Yeah!" I scream. "And isn't it funny!"

HOLLYWOOD takes its sex seriously. No sportive smiles like the French or guffaws like the Germans. Sex is real and sex is earnest. Mae burlesques the bosom-heavers. Cleanest sort of thing because she makes the

(*Please turn to page* 104)

New Discovery Takes Out Stubborn Spots and Stains

Harmless as Boiling Water

Quickly, easily, harmlessly, you can now take out those stubborn spots and stains from tablecloths, napkins, sheets, towels, children's white blouses or dresses. Even berry stains, so hard to remove, are dissolved instantly—thanks to an amazing discovery by RIT chemists. It is called White RIT.



Simply drop a White RIT wafer in boiling water, put in the white goods you want to restore, stir with a little stick, and in a jiffy every spot and stain will disappear. Even the water stays colorless!

Marvelous for removing mildew, yellowness caused by washing, ink spots, grass stains, rust . . . never harms the fabric. Diapers come out soft and snowy white.

Use White RIT to take old, faded color out of dresses, hosiery, underthings, curtains, draperies—any article unevenly faded, sun-streaked or spotted.

After the color has been removed it is easy to put in any fashionable new color you like with Instant RIT. See RIT color card with its 33 smart colors at your dealer's. White RIT and Instant RIT are on sale everywhere.

WHITE RIT
Removes All Colors —HARMLESSLY



1. Soak foot 10 minutes in hot water, wipe dry. **2. Apply Blue-Jay,** centering pad directly over corn. *How it works:* **A** is the mild medication that gently undermines corn. **B** is felt pad that relieves pressure, stops pain at once. **C** holds pad in place, prevents slipping. **3. After 3 days,** remove plaster, soak foot, lift out corn. *Used by millions. 25c at all druggists.*

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For they can't do it. They only move the howels and a mere movement doesn't get at the cause. The reason for your down-and-out feeling is your liver. It should pour out two pounds of liquid hile into your howels daily.

If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the howels. Gas hloats up your stomach. You have a thick, had taste and your hreath is foul, skin often hreaks out in hlemishes. Your head aches and you feel down and out. Your whole system is poisoned.

It takes those good, old CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS to get these two pounds of hile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." They contain wonderful, harmless, gentle vegetahle extracts, amazing when it comes to making the hile flow freely.

But don't ask for liver pills. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills. Look for the name Carter's Little Liver Pills on the red lahel. Resent a suhstitute. 25c.

If you are not satisfied with the way you feel, send this coupon for your free copy of this extraordinary hook entitled "The Interesting Story of What Makes You Feel Good—The Most Glorious Thing in the World is to Feel Good." With it we will also send you a free sample of Carter's Little Liver Pills. If you would do the hest thing you ever did for yourself and your family, send for this free book before you forget it.



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Please send me my copy of your FREE book entitled "The Interesting Story of What Makes You Feel Good," also free sample.

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Wuxtry! Big Baby Show!

(*Continued from page* 103)

whole business funny. Mae in person likes to be thought lurid.

Actually—and she'll burn me for this—the neighbors can't say a word. She swears she isn't married but there's a constant Mr. Timony. She calls him her manager. He's been her manager for years and wild West friends say the dark secret of her life is long-term matrimony. Mae doesn't go for parties. She doesn't drink. She doesn't smoke. She works like a mad woman, acting, writing, producing.

She told an interviewer she was twenty-three. Meant it for a laugh. It was too subtle for Hollywood and got those superior smiles. At that, the flesh could pass for twenty-three. Not a line, not a wrinkle, the school-girl complexion.

She may be forty—no one has seen the West family Bible. But what's forty when a girl has led a good girl's life?

WITH our stars dressing like men and assuming male prerogatives some think those scientists are right who predicted that the sexes would one day merge. Hollywood has had so many big mergers.

Personally it appears to me a revolution. Men are dressing gayer and claiming women's rights. One of the extra boys recently sued an elderly woman for heart balm. He alleges she promised to marry him.

"She asked me to marry her," he testified, "and told me she would buy me motor cars, a big house and a trip around the world . . . She wrote me two hundred letters and I saved them all."

Sounds like the plot of "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" with a modern twist.

FAR be it from me to say a word concerning any act of heroism performed by me at the time of the earthquake, so I have asked an eye-witness to state the true version of what happened. Eye-witness chooses to be anonymous.

This is what started it:

And Hollywood is not a little amused at Herb Howe, who, after pulling numerous bricks off a blond head at Long Beach, discovered he had rescued a department store dummy.

—*Item in Los Angeles newspaper.*

HERB HOWE—HERO.
Disregarding Earthquake, Boulevardier Goes For Blonde Under Pile of Bricks
By EYE-WITNESS

One of the greatest feats of heroism during the harrowing scenes of the Long Beach earthquake was performed by Herb Howe, The New Movie Magazine writer. Stepping from a bus in the very heart of the business section as buildings toppled to the pavement Mr. Howe noted a beautiful blonde being hurled through a plate glass window. Oblivious to falling bricks and shattering glass Mr. Howe seized her in his arms and rushed her to his hotel under the impression she was Mae West, only to discover she was a clothing store dummy. When he recovered from the shock several hours later his only comment of his heroic act was, "What a lousy break."

You're Invited

(*Continued from page* 67)

allows the beans to become thoroughly seasoned without additional cooking. Heat when ready to serve. If mixture seems too thin, thicken with corn starch. Serve hot.

"Sometimes we get tired of having our picnics in the front yard and go on a real picnic where we have to take a lunch along. Of course we take all the ordinary things that everyone takes on a picnic but I have a few of my own special brand of sandwiches that carry well and taste good after they have been jolted about for several hours.

Liverwurst and Sweet Pickles

Chop sweet pickles and mix with liver sausage, which has been worked into a soft paste with mayonnaise. Spread generously on buttered rye or whole wheat bread.

"And here's a good stunt for people who take their picnics seriously and want to cook over a fire on the beach or wherever they are. Lift the top off your kitchen stove and prop it over your picnic fire with stones. It's grand to broil steaks or chops on and will also hold your coffee pot or other cooking utensils. "I'm just an old picknicker at heart myself," Bob laughed, "but I don't like my coffee spilled into the fire instead of in my cup."

Shrimp Sandwich

Chop shrimp fine and add celery salt, mayonnaise, a little lemon juice and some finely chopped green onions. Make a soft mixture and spread on thin slices of white bread.

Roquefort Cheese

Mix cheese with butter, salt, pepper, Worcestershire sauce until it is right consistency to spread. Make sandwich with two slices of thinly cut date or nut bread.

Tomato and Horseradish

This sandwich retains its moisture but does not get soggy. Spread quite thick slices of white bread with butter, one leaf of lettuce, one slice of peeled tomato, cut thin, over which is spread mayonnaise mixed with horseradish, salt and pepper. This is a grand sandwich for a hot day.

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THAT "MOVIE STAR" LOOK



1¢ per week buys lovely lasting waves!

THINK of it! A typical "movie star" wave only 1c a week. Done right at home, too, without fuss or bother. It's the new Hollywood way. All you do is mix a tablespoonful of Stylset in half a cup of hot water. Dip comb in, apply to hair. Then set your waves You will be amazed and delighted at the lovely lasting results. Watch flat, stringy hair come to life in soft, alluring waves. Greasless, non-alcoholic Try it today. 10c buys a big 4 oz. bottle. Garry & Co. 104 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. C.

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POLLYGRAMS



RAYON SHOE LACES
Popular Shades
with
TASSEL TIPS
Sold at
WOOLWORTH'S
INTERNATIONAL BRAID CO
PROVIDENCE

Sexy Peel

(*Continued from page 53*)

forward with intellectual voice.

"Mrs. Madam, hark," I say it. "In Hollywood is where Chinaman got plus 14 times more chances than in China."

"You says?" That from her.

"I says." This from me. "Or else why is it that all white ladies & actors in this location put on laundry face & pigtail haircut to get photografed with love and murder? I ask to know. All of a suddenly Hollywood have went chop suey. Borax Karloff and Myrna Loy have kicked away their white ansisters so they can make Fu Manchu appearance. Yes, and observe how Hon. Helen Haze stop being Irish so she can be just as Chinese as Ramon Novarro in that gojus film-drammer name of The Female Son. O also! What you think about Hon. Nils Asther squeezing up his eyes to look awfully Pekin in that play called The Bitter Yen of General Tea? What you think, ha?"

"I do not need to think," decry Miss Caramel Sweet. "I am an artist."

"NOT only those," dictate Hon. Geo. F. Ogre, "If a white lady do not wish to be a Chinaman, then okay. She can be a Jap. Observe how Miss Sylvia Sidney (white) have scored a huj triump in Japanese play of title Madam Butterbug. That are better than all Chinese plays boiled together."

"Banzai!" I narrate. "All Japanese goods are 13 times more superior than Chinese. See how we can drop explosive bums from airplanes right on Shanghai. Japanese play are awfully noble, by golly."

"Hon. Ogre, you cheap skat!" shreech Miss Caramel Sweet, "if you was not so stingy you would buy me a Japanese play."

"Mrs. Madam," I snuggest, "I will make you one free."

"Goody!" yall Hon. Ogre. "Togo, how long will it require you to write this Jap-sho?"

"No time," I manage. "It will jump right out of my brains."

"Take her to Stage 23," he commit. "I will present you with all the electricity, picture-shooters, actors and costumery you require."

"Thanks so awful!" I decry. "How long could I have those?"

"Until she drive you crazy like I are now," he expunge, and shoot off a gun to show that the intervue were over.

MR. EDITOR, was you ever a Capt. of Industry, or ever a Sergt.? I was, by golly, standing on Stage 23 that next day, sourrounded by all the expense you ever saw. Nearly 200000000$ in actors stand around awaiting for their kew. I was smart. I know that Rule of Hollywood; choose actors because of their high price and you cannot lose anything but money. Among them present were following list:

Hon. Chas. Ruggles, dressed up like old-fashion Emperor of Japan, name of Mamie Yuma.

Hon. Sari Maritza in costumery of a Japanese Policewoman.

Hon. Marie Dressler in kimono wrapper to look like Queen of all the Geishas.

Hon. Walli Beer in dishguise to represent O-no-Yay, infant daughter of Icky-Kicki, a politician.

(*Please turn to page* 106)

Don't be an AIREDALE



IN the merciless slang of Hollywood, a girl with hair on arms or legs is "an Airedale." That's why film stars take hair off and keep it off with X-Bazin, the safe, efficient, and reliable hair remover.

Spread mild, creamy X-Bazin over your limbs and under arms. With beautiful certainty it destroys the hair swiftly, completely, avoiding the blue look — and the irritation — that comes from shaving. X-Bazin leaves your skin virginally white, smooth and hair-free — and definitely discourages re-growth.

Be sure to get genuine X-Bazin today at drug or department stores — 50c for the new Giant Size tube; 10c for good-sized tubes at five-and-ten cent stores. X-Bazin also comes in powder form.

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X-BAZIN
removes hair

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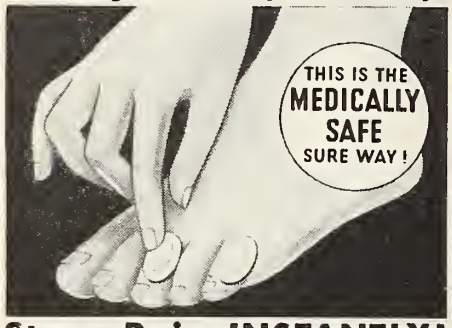


No matter how dull and dark your complexion; no matter how freckled and coarsened by sun and wind, Nadinola Bleaching Cream will whiten, clear and smooth your skin to new beauty quickest, easiest way. Just apply tonight; no massaging, no rubbing; Nadinola begins its beautifying work while you sleep. Then you see day-by-day improvement until your complexion is all you long for; creamy white, satin-smooth, lovely. No disappointments; no long waiting; money back guarantee in every package. Get a large box of Nadinola Bleaching Cream at toilet counters, or by mail postpaid, only 50c. Nadinola, Box T, Paris, Tenn.

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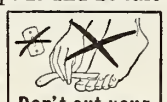
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CORNS
Quick, Safe Relief



Stops Pain INSTANTLY!

Be done with old-time methods that neither remove the cause nor prevent corns coming back. Use Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads and be safe and sure. These soothing, healing pads stop pain instantly and quickly remove corns; end the cause—friction and pressure; heal sore toes; prevent blisters. Sold everywhere—cost but a trifle.



Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

Put one on—the pain is gone!

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Then you'll want to see house plans for a Colonial House, Swiss Chalet, Spanish, Italian or Normandy House. Send 3c postage for each plan to Tower Magazines, Inc., 55 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

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BUT SHE ONLY SPENDS 50c FOR HER FACE-POWDER

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but we couldn't make it better for $5

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I'd like a generous trial package of Luxor Powder and Rouge. Enclosed is ten cents to help cover mailing costs.
Check, *Powder:* Rose Rachel___ Rachel___ Flesh___
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TM-6 Radiant___ Sunglow___ Pastel___

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

Sexy Peel

(*Continued from page* 105)

Hon. Dug Fairbanks Jr. in part of Obo, the oldest trolley conductor in East Tokyo.
And
MISS CARAMEL SWEET, in part of Sen-Sen, the Goddess who invented rowboats.

Quite a lot of others, from 3$ upwards.

"With cast like that," snuggest Hon. Ogre, who dropp in ½ minute before his wife see him, "you cannot fail unless you go broke."

WELL, Mr. Editor, we get started pretty darnly okay, by gollies. I recall all them actors to surround me while I told them.

"Story of this play, if anything," I say-so, "are about this Goddess Sen-Sen who go work in a chew-gum factory at Yeddo, so she can meet all sorts people. She get long pretty salifactory, till one (1) day Hon. Obo, very oldly trolley conductor, he take look at her and say-so, 'Why you never get no change under 5$? Hay, why not? Honest chew-gum girls get nickels & dimes. I smell rats. I tell Police.'"

"Lissen!" holla Hon. Dug Fairbanks Jr., "in all my lifetime I have never acted like a oldly man. Even my Old Man is still disabled to do that."

"Shux!" holla Hon. Walli Beer. "Never before had I took the part of infant daughter of a politician. Yet I shall get away with it. Why so? Because I are Champeen Character Actor of Hollywood. You see me in Grandy Hotel? You see me in The Bug House? You see me in Pony Express? Lissen to my motto. Take what you got & you will got what you take. Go on with skenario."

"Nextly," I explain, "upcome Hon. Sari Maritza in costumery of Japanese Policewoman. She shoot Hon. Sen-Sen 4 times, but that Goddess don't do nothing but spit out bullets."

"I objeck!" yall Miss Caramel Sweet. "How can I seem beautiful while spitting out bullets?"

"I SHALL arrange that in picture," I dictate. "When you spit bullets they change to strawberries. Not charming? Well, go on with my story. Hon Policewoman tie Sen-Sen all up with buckles, and when they start for kuli-san (or jail) long come Marie Dressler, Queen of all Geishas. What she do then? She start dance and look so enjoyable that everybody stop, look & lissen. This are pretty nice time for Sen-Sen to escap, by golly. She escap on horses, elephants, steamboats. She escap up tree, down smoke-pipe. And pretty soonly she escap into hotel room of Icki-Kicki, Japanese politician. (This will be fine part for Robt. Mungummery, of possible to hire.)

"Now come the big seem.

"'Sopha!' holla Icki-Kicki. 'Pretty one(1) I see you! Why for you visit my room & bath at midnite without even a ticket? Give me 43 kisses while I poison you with shampain.'

"'No, no,' she shreech. 'Not those! Not them! Who will save me, do you think?'

"Then outside you can hear galloping of baby feet. And income O-no-Yay, infantile daughter of him. 'O Hon. Pa,' she narrate, 'you ker & vipper. Handout that woman at oncely, I say!'

"'Shall not!' he corrode.

"'Then all righty for you. I shall run and tell the young and beautiful Emperior of Japan who are a very pure man and will fire you out from the Democratick Party, by goshes!'

"THE scenery changes to Royal Hotel, where the Hon. Emperor stays. 'O Mr. Sire, come with all your feet," holla O-no-Yay. 'My Pappa got a girl'. 'What, again?' snarrel Hon Emp, 'Give me my gold ice-pick and we shall see what he do.'

"Therefore he chass rapidly to that room where Hon. Icki-Kicki are shooking up a awfully poisoned ginricksha drunk for to nearly kill Miss Sen-Sen (goddess). Ouch, what a battle! Burst of door, smashy of umburella stand, table & sectional pieces of glass. O horrus! Pretty soonly down go Politicks to floor with goldy ice-pick in the seat of his stummick.

"He lays there, going dead while little O-no-Yay corrode weeply, 'Father, how many times I mention this. You can't win.'

"I done it for your mother's sake, he narrate & die off."

I tell this play dramackilly to all that Beverley of great actors.

"Are that all, perhapsly?" report Hon. Walli Beer.

"Slightly more," I say it. "Hon. Emp stood there looking familiar at Miss Sen-Sen. 'Where didst I meet thou before'? he ask out. 'Maybe it were in the Moon', she snuggest, 'I were goddess there in the last Administration'. 'I are very stupid about remembering faces', he glasp, 'So let us get married and turn you into a honest woman'. 'O George'! she derange while dropping into his arm.

"This are about the last of that play. But there are one big seen, showing a wedding. All Japan are there, when suddenly Miss Sen-Sen turn into goddess with magic stick. She swing stick, and what you think happen?"

"I'll chew," say Hon Beer. "What did happen?"

"She wave stick, and of suddenly all air are filled with paper. And what are that paper? A free ticket for everybody in Japan."

"Ticket to which?" ask all actors together like chorus girls.

"Ticket to ride to a row boat, no charge."

"For why should ride in row boat?" require all.

"You no see that, foolishes?" I gubble. "She are goddess of rowboats. What could be happier than to get free ride off from her?"

"Are that all?" Require Hon. Marie Dressler.

"Why should be more?" I startle.

"It are too much, perhapsly," sippose Hon. Ruggles.

"What title it got, if anything?" require Sari. Maritza.

"'I am a Refugee from the Water Wagon' might be pretty nice for it," I say-so.

"Good actors saves bad plays," decry Hon. Dug Jr. "We are wunnerful actors and this is the worst play I ever did seen."

"ONCE I seen a worse one," say Walli Beer. "That were when I was training elephants in Sitka, Alaska. Folks walked in and killed the

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While he walks at your elbow—adoring—be sure that you have made the most of your hair—whatever its shade. You, yourself, can easily make it glint and gleam with lovely color. Just use Lovalon—the rinse that tints the hair as it rinses.

Just now brunettes are darlings of fashion. To them Lovalon presents six becoming shades over which to dally. To blondes Lovalon offers five accenting shades. To red-heads—three shades in which to glory. To dignified gray or white haired women—one, platinum, the shade of regal beauty.

This harmless vegetable rinse is not a dye, not a bleach—merely a temporary tint that will wash off in your next shampoo. It will banish the dry, brittle look caused by waving, dyeing and bleaching. It removes the yellowness from gray or white hair.

5-rinse packages 25¢ at drug and department stores. Small packages at five and ten cent stores. At smart beauty shops, or send direct to Lovalon Laboratories, Department T-36, 281 O'Farrell Street, San Francisco, California.

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Tints the hair as it rinses

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Dry and Odorless

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Check perspiration and destroy unpleasant underarm odor the simple, effective way. A dab or two of Carolyn HECK'S Instant Deodorant applied to the clean skin with convenient applicator or cotton—that's all. Use day or night.

Good Housekeeping approved. Trial size will be sent postpaid upon receipt of 10c U. S. Stamps.

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Kansas City, Mo.

Instant!

Carolyn HECK'S *Deodorant*

Sold at all Toilet Goods Counters



25¢ & 50¢ *10¢ size at 10¢ stores*

Sexy Peel

house manager in that theater."

This talk were all pretty loving from those tame actors. But Miss Caramel Sweet got so much turpentine in her temper that she commence to get boiled at me.

"Species of hairless porcupine!" she snaggle. "What you mean by fetching my vallible time here and feeding it all this dullskuggery? You call that a Play? Hay? What you got in it?"

"I got everything but Chris Columbus. In fifteen minutes I can—"

"You got nothing in it. You not even got Sexy Peel."

"What you mean by Sexy Peel? I ask to know.

"If I told you you couldn't make anny of it. What this so-call play about Mikado & McAdoo & other politicians? I ask for love, Love, LOVE—and that what you give me."

"O Mrs. Madam, I get you some of that—"

"I must be loved, I tell you! That are my hobby. Folks what write for me must unnerstand that. I are made for love. Now get to Hal out from here. Where are a brick or even a door-knob?"

"But, Hollywood's Sweetheart, let me explan—"

Boops!!!! That noise was on my head. Mr. Editor, did you ever see a lady pick up a new Hijax Neumonia Ray No 44-G Sillimatrass Projecking and Dejecking Focus Tricolor Self-Reducing Camera and spill it all over the brain of Japanese boy trying to get along?

Well, yes, that must of happen. For when I awoke from there I find myself all wound up in motion puxtures with the frame around collar button and some teeth somewhere else. Thank you, I am entirely clubbed.

Hoping you are the same,

Yours truly,

HASHIMURA TOGO.

IF WINDOWS COULD TALK

They'd ask you to choose your curtains carefully because curtains tell so much about you and your home. If you would like help in making your window draperies do you justice, send for our booklet, WINDOW TREATMENTS, which tells precisely how to select and make appropriate and attractive drapery for the windows in every room of your house. Send ten cents plus three cents postage to Home Beautiful Editor, care of Tower Magazines, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

EYES GROW CLEAR AND SPARKLING

When Cared For As Movie Directors Urge!



JOAN BLONDELL

a Warner star, soon to appear in "Gold Diggers of 1933"

It's *care* that makes the eyes of movie players so alluringly clear and bright. Care like that urged by directors of Warner Bros. Pictures, who keep *Murine* always in the studios for use by Joan Blondell, Kay Francis, Barbara Stanwyck, Loretta Young, Bebe Daniels, Bette Davis and other famous stars.

An eye specialist's formula, *Murine* contains 10 ingredients (no belladonna) which quickly and safely brighten the eyes and clear up any bloodshot condition. Get a 60c bottle from your druggist and apply a few drops each night and morning. You'll note an *immediate* improvement in the way your eyes look and feel!

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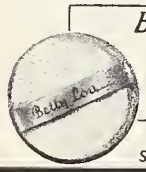
Betty Lou face powder... It's triple sifted thru silk



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HOTEL LINCOLN
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NEW YORK
"A RELIANCE HOTEL"

Movie Wise Cracks

(*Continued from page 48*)

Ladies rated not so good
On the lot in Hollywood
Home, in Kansas, on vacation
Become stars by acclamation.

This Month's Questions and Answers Department

Q.: Is it true that Joan Blondell and Ruby Keeler have always worn their wedding rings in every scene in which they have appeared?

Rappaport McEtchells,
Puyallup, Washington.

Ans.: Yes. But they've never been cast in a DeMille spectacle.

Q.: Just what is a supervisor in the motion picture studios?

Dashleigh Horsfall,
Auckland, New Zealand.

Ans.: A supervisor is a fella who looks as if he knew nothing and talks as if he knew everything.

Q.: I read an article in a film magazine which said swearing is less common among Hollywood actresses than it is among women generally. Is that so?

Club Women,
Berwyn, Illinois.

Ans.: On the other hand, swearing among motion picture actresses isn't exactly refined.

AND what makes motion picture executives gray is trying to please the better element with better pictures and the customers with customary pictures.

OBSERVERS of the Hollywood scene have decided that rival producers just can't cooperate on anything—except the same idea—and, of course, that's plagiarism.

Back in the last days of 1931 things were going to be different. With shoulders sore from slapping and hands limp from shaking, the producers agreed to what was gayly called "a producers' agreement." It stipulated that they would not go about stealing each other's talent.

The idea was to let bygones be bygones and profits be profits and everything would be dandy. But, unfortunately, they all went home and began to think it over. The brotherly love agreement withered like a cafeteria salad.

Now, in spite of past experience, Jesse Lasky wants to give all the producers another chance to cooperate. He asks them to unite against a new menace to the industry. He is appealing to executives to squash the female-in-pants evil.

"Because of a few publicity seekers," says he, "the romantic structure of the motion picture business is tottering."

Of course he should have said: "The romantic structure of the business is covered up."

AND before the boys go too far in this matter they should sit down and remember what mystery did for Garbo.

Maybe it will do the same for the romantic sub-structure, of the m.p. industry.

Imagine how business would boom if you had to go to a shifty to see a gal without pants!

SINCE this seems to be menace-month, we might as well take up sex. We hesitate to bring the matter up again, nothing startling having been discovered since April. But the delicate subject of sex seems to worry the Fifth Industry.

Perhaps you've seen the regular advance announcements to the effect that people are tired of sex pictures and that, hereafter, there will be less sex than censors can shake scissors at.

Of sexy pictures, Samuel Goldwyn, with simple eloquence, says: "They are out."

If you get around much, you've probably noticed that they are out. In droves.

But for a well-wearing, all-around, moving picture business there's nothing like the Women's Clubs. Either they disapprove of a picture and get it censored or they publicly approve of it and everybody stays home with a bad book.

Tinkle, tinkle, little star
At your private bar so swanky
But don't cut no monkeyshines
Or Pa Hays will have to spanky.

THOUSANDS, yes hundreds, of ambitious young souls write and wire us for advice on how to get into the movies. Much as we like to spend the long winter evenings writing letters, we cannot answer each and every individual request for information. But we can say—in fact, we *do* say—that there are certain fundamental rules that help anyone to gain recognition in the studios. For example—

1. Those who insist on being actors must know how to tap a cigarette on the wrist to denote sophistication.

2. Leading women must learn to raise foot slightly and wiggle the fingers while being kissed.

3. If you want to be a screen writer it is good training to compile a working list of words of two syllables or less.

CHANCING by pure good luck upon the theme-of-the-moment, Paramount is dashing into a wide-open field with a picture laid in an insane asylum. It will be titled "Straightjacket."

That's what people need at a time like this. Something that will show them the way out of the depression.

Perhaps there are a number of actors and actresses you'd like to see in Paramount's "Straightjacket."

Or anybody's straightjacket.

Jean Harlow is issuing solid gold cards which permit holders to visit her new Colonial home in Holmby Hills and use the swimming pool when she's not there.

It would be more to the point to issue a card which permits the holder to visit the swimming pool when Miss Harlow IS there.



"—cleans old tarnished silver with so LITTLE EFFORT"

●You'll say it is the finest silver polish you have ever used. Shi-Nup brightens everything it touches—enamel, nickel, pewter, silver, gold.

3 sizes—10c, 35c, 60c. S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc., Dept. ST6 Racine, Wis.

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Enough to polish 118 pieces—flat silver, trays, tea set, candle sticks for 10¢

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Not a razor, liquid, paste or powder 25¢

Baby Touch Hair Remover is the new, amazing way to remove hair from arms, legs and face—quickly and safely. Used like a powder puff. Odorless, painless, better than a razor. Baby Touch leaves the skin soft, white and restores youth and beauty to the skin. Should last a month. Satisfaction guaranteed. At drug and department stores or send 25c for one in plain wrapper. Baby Touch Hair Remover Co., 2386, Olive, St. Louis, Mo.

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SEA WATER SWIMMING POOL
MARINE SUN DECK TURKISH BATHS

Radio Rambles

(*Continued from page* 47)

"Dear Mr. Allen:

"Do you take all the parts on the program yourself? If you do that upside down talking oh boy."

To which Fred authorizes me to publish the following reply direct from him.

"If there's any justice, Mr. Diddee, you better put a lightning rod on your house before something strikes you dead, oh boy!"

Incidentally back in the days of skull caps and scorchers Mr. Atwell was a champion bicycle racer and one of the five members of the famous E. C. Stearns Cycle team.

OF course one of the greatest distinctions ever paid an entertainer was when Chevrolet replaced Al Jolson—sixth ranking performer on Variety's national radio poll—with Jack Benny. But Jack, whatever he may have thought when we saw him at the studio, seemed unimpressed by the honor.

In fact his only comment on the ether that night came in the urgent telegram he read, a purported message from his high-priced tailor.

"GLAD TO HEAR YOU BACK ON THE AIR STOP YOU KNOW WHY."

Mothers! Do you want your sons to grow up to be tenors? Well, then, buy them a football TODAY! Not that I myself have any to sell but I've just heard that two of America's foremost tenors—Mario Chamlee and Jimmy Melton—were well known college halfbacks a few years back.

My tireless lieutenants report that a Mr. Archer Cholmondeley, who used to knife through tackle for the University of Southern California, and Mr. Mario Chamlee, Metropolitan Opera tenor, are one and the same person. So though he may be Archer to the boys in the orange belt, he's still Mario Chamlee to us music lovers.

On the other hand Jimmy Melton, the Moultrie (Ga.) Mocking Bird, used to carry the ball for the Universty of Florida Alligators on the offense, and on the defense played guard.

ANOTHER pal of mine has worn the same pair of shoes in every public appearance for the last twenty years. That's Fire-chief Ed Wynn.

They've been repaired and patched so many times that practically none of the old leather remains.

Pat Kennedy claims that Wynn even has the original shoe strings locked up in a safe deposit box where he keeps them for good luck.

Now he'll probably need them, says Pat, to start that third network.

FRIENDS of Phillips (Seth Parker) Lord claim that he's just a natural born money-maker and can't help it.

Back in 1921 Phil enrolled as the poor but honest son of a clergyman at Bowdoin College, Maine. He looked about the campus for a means of self support.

In buying his college books he noticed that in almost every case the professors used text books which they had written themselves, printed by one of two or three Boston publishers.

So Phil hopped a train for the Bean center, called on each of the two or

(*Please turn to page* 110)

It's Easy to keep Your WHITE SHOES WHITE

Irene Marchant



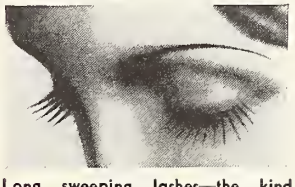
COLORSHINE White Kid Cleaner keeps white kid shoes *white*, with little effort. Will give high polish or dull finish, as you desire. And for buckskin or cloth shoes use ColorShine White Cloth Cleaner. It cleans perfectly—and does not rub off. Or use the new ColorShine in tube for White Kid, Cloth or Buckskin. Only 10¢ for a big bottle or tube on the hardware counter at any Woolworth store.



SEND POST CARD for my free directions showing how I keep all my shoes smart looking. Address: Irene Marchant, The Chieftain Mfg. Co., Dept. T-6, Baltimore, Md.

The BEST at any Price 10¢

Now you can have long lustrous EYELASHES for 10¢



Long sweeping lashes—the kind LASHBROW encourages for many of the most beautiful women in the entire world—now *you* can have them, and only 10c!

LASHBROW Eyelash Grower is absolutely harmless to the eyes. Use nightly for 30 days and you will thrill at the result.

To darken and beautify eye-lashes, use LASHBROW Eye-Lash Darkener.

At the toilet goods counter of your favorite 5 and 10c store or send 10c direct

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Send me special 10c size. ☐ Lashbrow Eye Lash Darkener. ☐ Lashbrow Eye Lash Grower. I enclose 10c for each.

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Address.....

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DEL-A-TONE
The Best Hair-Remover

Radio Rambles

(*Continued from page* 109)

three publishers and, in return for certain considerations, secured *exclusive rights* to represent them at Bowdoin.

Phil returned to the campus with almost complete control of all the textbooks in the entire college curriculum.

This, of course, constituted what the Wall Street boys would call a virtual corner on the Bowdoin College text book market.

Small wonder then that the faculty was up in arms when they heard what Phil Lord had done.

A high official of the University summoned the enterprising young man to his private office.

Freshman Phil waited until he had been thoroughly reprimanded, then said:

"But I thought the purpose of a college was to prepare you for life—show you how to make a living. Here I am trying to get experience and what happens? I get put on the carpet. I'm content with a fair profit—but in the meantime I want to support myself and equip myself for the future."

The elderly professor chuckled.

"Well, young man, if that's the case, I guess we'll just let the question drop."

So during his four years Phil Lord continued as the exclusive and self-supporting text book representative of Boston publishing firms on the Bowdoin Campus.

The Ping Pong Crisis: Have you heard about the great big ping-pong scandal?

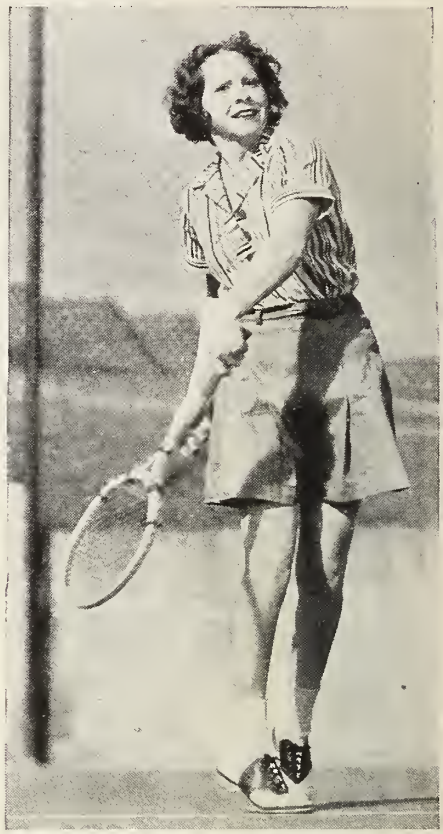
The craze for the parlor tennis game has hit the announcing departments of both big broadcasting companies with a vengeance.

CBS was first to install a ping pong table for the relaxation of its spielers. Then, through devious under-ground channels, word reached rival announcers at NBC.

At first the National staff was hurt—hurt to think that their executives hadn't given them every advantage that the other fellows had. There were murmurings, then ominous words of discontent. Finally space was set aside and the NBC announcers were given a nice ping-pong table for their very own.

Again the underground channels got to work. Word soon reached CBS that the boys at NBC had a ping pong table and were playing. This was shortly followed by a challenge from the Columbia staff to a tournament. Six months have now passed and the CBS announcers have yet to receive an answer. Columbia's official spokesmen aren't saying anything, but their lofty silence looks as if they thought that when it comes to games of brawn like ping pong, the NBC announcers have conclusively proved they can't take it. As a matter of fact the whole ping pong situation is, at the moment of writing, delicate—nay, tense. Yowza. Yowza.

THERE are at present no official ratings available on the ranking ping pong artists of both networks, but the Blue Ribbon Malt whispering committee submits the following rating to the two teams of the network announcers.



Muriel Kirkland, one of M-G-M's best bets among the younger players, is a tennis devotee—and she, too, has gone in for the new sports shorts fad.

NBC

1. George Hicks
2. Clyde Kittell
3. John Holbrook
4. Lyalle Van

CBS

1. David Ross
2. Harry von Zell
3. Frank Knight
4. Andre Baruch

This schedule effective immediately is subject to change without notice.

Now that Jack Osterman is on the air on Sundays maybe I can tell about the time he was asked by a comedian friend to catch his debut on the air. Jack and Mrs. Osterman tuned in. The comedian's voice came roaring through the loudspeaker like a pick-up from the Bronx Zoo at feeding time.

"I think he's standing too near the mike," said Mrs. Osterman.

"Say, there's nothing can help him," cracked Jack. "His chief trouble is that he's too doggone near the station."

FOR our next writing job we think we'll try out that new ink Colonel Stoopnagle invented. It's a great time-saver—already blotted before they put it in the bottle. Let us know if you see any difference.

This is the old maestro speaking. Au revoir! A fond cheerio and a bit of a tweet tweet.

Lost Treasure

(*Continued from page* 44)

convicts from Devil's Island. Mine tunnels and officers were housed in similar buildings that quickly covered the laboriously cleared jungle space. Soon the mine was going full blast with the ore showing fine grade.

A MONTH after the couple's arrival in Paramaribo, Diane was born. Her mother died just a few minutes later.

The shock to her father was terrible. But he bore up bravely, placed his daughter in the hands of a faithful nurse and an interested Dutch family and then turned to his mine to seek forgetfulness.

Diane is particularly reticent about this phase of her life. In fact, she prefers to remain silent about her early years and future plans. A quiet sort, is Diane.

"You see, I was too young to remember what took place during this time," she will tell you. "In fact I hardly remember my father. Two years after my mother's death he left for the mine—and disappeared. All I know about him I learned from friends and the family that took care of me and then legally adopted me.

"After my father's disappearance every effort was made to learn what had happened to him. The country down there is very wild. He may have met death in any one of a hundred ghastly ways—from a renegade white, bush negro, or any one of the numerous fierce animals and reptiles that abound in the jungle. None of his friends was ever able to ascertain what happened."

That her father was well liked by the country's inhabitants, Diane is certain. However these jungle denizens are apt to be particularly vicious. The native Indians have never been fully conquered and the bush negroes, descended from African slaves brought over generations ago, are equally wild and fierce. In fact, they are more feared by the whites than the native Indians. All seem descended from African chieftains or warriors. They are easily offended by the whites and very quick to right even a fancied wrong.

As for the escaped convicts from Cayenne, Diane has this to say: "Many of them worked in my father's mine. From what I've been told, they would come to his office, ragged, unkempt, with heavy beards and covered with the slime of the swamps and jungles that edge the Maroni River, the border for French and Dutch Guiana. The crocodile-, fever-ridden river that must be crossed before freedom is reached on the Dutch side.

"Dad would feed them and then wash them down with a hose. Afterwards he would give them an old suit and, if they wished it, put them to work.

"One day he cleaned up one of these convicts only to discover in him an old Paris friend. An attorney, who in a moment of weakness had succumbed to temptation and embezzled public funds. Incidents of this sort weren't uncommon, as many of the convicts were political prisoners, men of high station sent down to this devil's spot after some slip that was contrary to the law.

"Naturally my father's reputation among these men was good and it is hardly possible that any of them would have killed him, even if they came on him suddenly in the jungle. But then these jungles are also full of renegade whites, French, Dutch, English and other nationalities, any one of whom would kill a man for the clothes he wore. I guess only the jungle can give me the answer, and even though it seldom talks, I live in constant hope of some day getting from it this one secret.

"With my father's disappearance his mine was lost, for soon afterwards the vein he was working petered out and his employes scattered when efforts to find another vein failed. I was left practically penniless as my father had turned most of the gold he had taken from the mine back into improvements. It was then that the family, whose daughter I now am, formally adopted me.

"Of course all this I learned from them. They brought me to the United States when I was ten years old.

"From them I also learned that the jungle undoubtedly rotted away the mine buildings, huts and tunnels and attempts to locate them would be like trying to find a bottle in the Pacific Ocean even though one knew it should be there.

"It was several years after I came to this country and we settled in Philadelphia that I gained the first inkling of where this mine might be. I was going through a trunk belonging to my dad when I found an old map in a pocket of one of his coats. My foster father, with some excitement, told me it probably showed the location of my father's mine.

"At first this impressed me little outside the natural interest attached to anything of my father's. But as time went on I began to think more of it and then to dream of some day going back, re-locating the mine and possibly learning what had happened to Father. The idea soon became a near obsession.

"Then I gained interest in acting. I joined a Little Theater group in Philadelphia and, on being encouraged, came to Hollywood. I felt that if I succeeded on the screen I might obtain sufficient funds to go back to Guiana—find the mine and then learn the rest of the secret."

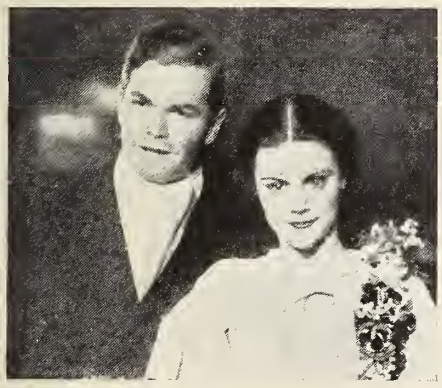


Photo by Wide World

William Janney and Helen Mack attending a Hollywood opening. Helen is one of the latest movie raves. We shall probably see a lot more of her.



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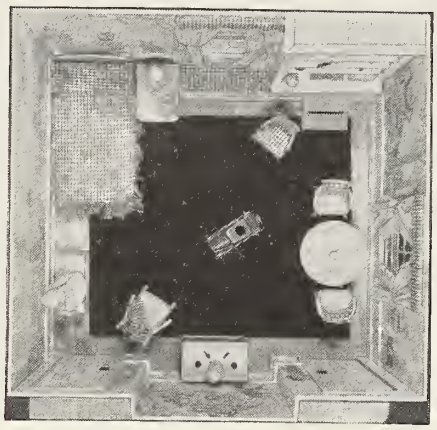
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A bottle of FREEZONE costs a few cents at any drug store. Try it.

FREEZONE

A Colonial Room for the Children

(*Continued from page 68*)



A view of the room looking down gives a very good idea of the arrangement.

the distance. Over the bed is Simple Simon fishing quite seriously in a pail of water. Little Bo Peep is watching him and near by the canny Fox is enticing the gullible Raven to drop his piece of cheese. On the other wall are the Cat and his Fiddle, the Cow jumping over the Moon, the Old Lady's shoe and Jack and Jill tumbling down the hill.

Handy shelves and cupboards where toys and books may be kept in order occupy one corner of the room.

The furniture is pine and, with the exception of the rocker, is small in scale. The bed has the simple low posts with no footboard and is covered with a practical spread of blue and white checked gingham. Next to the bed is a small drop leaf table. A small round table with two Windsor arm chairs are placed in front of one of the windows. The chest of drawers is of simple design and is low enough for the child to reach his own tiny comb and brush. At the foot of the bed is a pine toy chest with painted wooden soldiers marching around its sides. A small easy chair upholstered in blue and white checked gingham and a quaint Colonial slat back rocker complete the furnishings of the room.

The curtains are very simple, made of white ruffled organdy with a scalloped valance and tiebacks of blue and white checked gingham.

Fifteen or twenty years ago so charming a Colonial room for children might have been beyond the reach of most mothers. But now well built small furniture in good period design may be had at most reasonable cost and bedspreads, window drapery and chair cushions can easily be made at home from inexpensive durable material.

The value of a room of this sort lies deeper than your own personal satisfaction in having it in keeping with the rest of your house, deeper even than the joy and satisfaction that it brings to the children to whom it belongs.

If you are interested in watching the development of our little Colonial house you will be glad to know that the recreation room in the basement of the house will be shown in miniature in the next issue of this magazine.

New Pictures You Should See

(*Continued from page 61*)

seem to me to be the type of show that anyone would enjoy if one just went to the theater to be amused. I suppose there are thousands that do.

INDIA SPEAKS—(Radio)—The golden spires and mosques of India form the fairy tapestry upon which Richard Halliburton has pictured some of the strangest scenes that have ever come to the screen. It seems strange that India has not been made to give up her romance to the movie camera until now and it is hard to believe that all you will see is absolutely true.

Yet it is true and if the producers had seen fit to confine themselves to India and the myriad dramas and dreams that make up each of her days, ours would have been the pleasure of looking at one of the most unusual and interesting pictures ever filmed.

For five reels it is all of that . . . then it becomes a movie, a strange one, perhaps, and a true one, I believe, but the charm of India vanished in the snows of Tibet.

If there is a shred of romance in your soul you'll like this picture. It seems hard to believe that today, these strange things we see are part of the daily life of a civilized country for India seems civilized on the surface and it is only underneath that strange passions seethe.

"India Speaks" is packed with thrills. A fight between a lion and a tiger a la Frank Buck, strange holy rites—and some unholy—lovely buildings, that breath-taking scenery—all combine to make this something that we hope you will take the time to see.

DIPLOMANIACS—(Radio)—(Tentative title)—Wheeler and Woolsey are back with RKO. A few years ago Wheeler and Woolsey made some excellent comedies, "Rio Rita," "Half Shot at Sunrise," "The Cuckoos" . . . then they slid a little and a sliding comedian is something most of us don't want to see at any price.

While the layoff from RKO doesn't seem to have cured the evil completely, their current Radio comedy is the best that they have had for some time. Both Bert and Bob need clever lines. Given these they can be extremely funny.

Your reviewer misses Dorothy Lee

New Pictures You Should See

but Marjorie White joins the boys and is good for more laughs than Dorothy used to give. Hugh Herbert, who hasn't been seen much of late, appears in a supporting rôle and acquits himself satisfactorily.

This time the double W's end up at a peace conference in Geneva and there is one sequence that is genuinely funny. The gags are fast and snappy and there are a couple of scenes that you'll have to see twice because of audience laughs, unless we miss our guess.

Anyone who can use a laugh should make a note of this one.

VOLTAIRE — (Warners-First National)—To those who like them, a poor George Arliss picture is still a treat. "Voltaire" is a smooth, sparkling story of a man who was too clever to be entirely happy. And by the time that Mr. Arliss is through . . . there will not be anyone, in any theater, who will not appreciate the price that genius sometimes has to pay.

From those of you who feel that George Arliss is but an excellent character actor, (and I also include those who go to movie theaters merely to be amused), I beg the privilege of asking this: Is there one of you who has seen a George Arliss picture without being interested from start to finish? I don't think that there is, and for the sake of those who find in his brilliant renderings of famous stories, or sparkling delineations of good characters, something that to them is perfect entertainment, I ask you to think about George Arliss.

He represents something that may be valuable to movies. He justifies some of the silly things they do. Everything that is good isn't funny; everything we enjoy doesn't amuse. And so, your reviewer, who does the best he can to guide you toward the selection of the best shows, asks this of you—that you will see "Voltaire."

ADORABLE—(Fox)—"Adorable" was supposed to star Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrel. It doesn't . . . and it leads your reviewer to wonder whether this most famous of movie teams is destined to disappear.

"You remember "Sunnyside Up." It came at a time when movies were making up their minds which way they were going. And it was pretty definite in what it proved. Well, "Adorable" comes close to being another "Sunnyside Up." Not quite, though the halo of these few departed months since we first saw it may give it a value in your reviewer's eyes that isn't quite honest.

It doesn't matter anyway. "Adorable" is a swell show and, unless my memory fails, the dances in the new show are just as good as they were in "Sunnyside Up." Remember the "Esquimaux" number? And "I'm a Dreamer"? I don't think there'll ever be a show with better songs, but I think you'll like "Adorable" and the newcomers you'll find in the cast. One named Henry Garat bears watching.

Janet doesn't have as much to do as she had in "Sunnyside Up." In fact, it's not quite fair to compare the two shows. But she proves again that there quite certainly isn't another actress in Hollywood who can approach the dreamy-eyed—right-close-up-to-you little heroine of "Seventh Heaven."

The whole family should see this.

FELLOW PRISONERS—(First National)—It's a toss-up as to whose picture "Fellow Prisoners" turned out to be. Your reviewer is tickled to death to report that Doug Fairbanks, Jr., finally got a good enough rôle to enable him to give that grand actor, Leslie Howard a real run for his money.

Nor are Doug, Jr., and Leslie Howard all that this picture has to offer. Paul Lukas is excellent, Frank Reicher also, and a newcomer, to your reviewer, by the name of Margaret Lindsay, looks as if she is going to go places.

No star has had harder luck in stories than Douglas Fairbanks, but "Fellow Prisoners" should go a long way toward squaring the bill. "Outward Bound," in which Leslie Howard also appeared, is not unlike this story, but while "Outward Bound" was somewhat imaginative as to theme, this new show is down-to-the-ground drama that gives the excellent actors in the cast a chance to give you the sort of entertainment that I think you want to see.

Roy Del Ruth directed this story by Sir Phillip Gibbs and together with "The Narrow Corner," another Fairbanks story, this time by Somerset Maugham, it leads us to believe that possibly Mr. Fairbanks, the younger, may get an opportunity to get to the spot in star-ranking that his ability warrants. You'll like this.

LOOKING BEHIND AND BEFORE:

Behind. . . . It seems as if your reviewer muffed a little on "Men Must Fight." While possibly not quite the show for audiences everywhere, it still has a new idea and basic drama that most films lack.

But we didn't muff "King Kong," "Cavalcade" or "The Great Jasper". . . . Mr. John Public seems to be getting lots of pleasure out of proving your little old prognosticator (a lovely word) to be quite all right. And though the censor boards got together to cut much that was grand entertainment out of "Gabriel over the White House," this picture may help people to know what Mr. Roosevelt was up against.

And let's give another little curtain call to the following shows that seem to be pleasing people: "The Half Naked Truth," "She Done Him Wrong" (an extra special), "42nd Street," "The Big Cage" (Clyde Beatty co-starred with a flock of lions and tigers), "Secrets," and not quite so good but still worth seeing, "Private Jones" and "King of the Jungle."

Before. . . . And glancing over the lists of shows to come I think we're going to like these best: "The Christian" with John Barrymore and Jean Harlow, "When Ladies Meet" with Robert Montgomery, Ann Harding and Alice Brady (this ought to be especially good), "The Eagle and the Hawk" with Fredric March, Cary Grant and Jack Oakie (an air story by the author of "Wings" and "Nikki and her Warbirds"), also "Design for Living" if M-G-M can find someone who knows the design. It is currently reported that Director Lubitsch (slated to handle it) decided that Mr. Noel Coward was too much for him . . . and if ever a stage show needed deft handling in its voyage to the screen, "Design for Living" is certainly the one.

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Your free sample please, also "That Wonderful Way to Hot Starch" and "An Expert Teaches Curtain Making."

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Let's Celebrate

(*Continued from page 65*)

Al Rockett and Mrs. Rockett, Eric von Stroheim and his beautiful wife, Ivan Lebedeff, Genevieve and Vivian Tobin, were among the guests, Genevieve looking exquisite in a cloth of gold gown, tight-fitting and plain except for a tiny jacket, while Vivian was beautiful in a white princess lace dress over taffeta.

Maurice Chevalier came late, as he had been working. He entertained with some of his songs.

Other guests included Mr. and Mrs. Jean Hersholt, young Jean—who is working in the theater, and is very enthusiastic about it—Alice Joyce and Clarence Brown, Grace LaRue, William O'Bryen, Miriam Hopkins and Mr. and Mrs. George Wasson.

James Campbell played and sang one of his songs, and his wife, Betty Balfour, explained that he always got the idea for a song about fifteen minutes before leaving home for a party, so that they were always late. But, at least, she said, by the time they reached the party the song was usually finished.

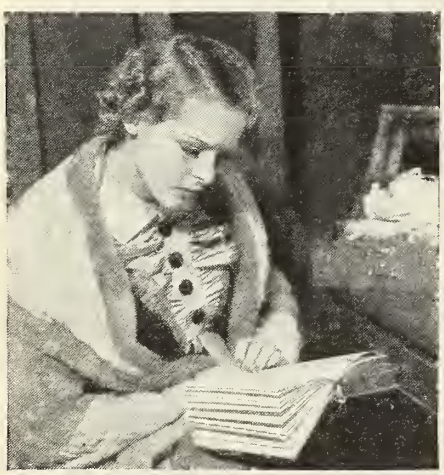
THE Live Wire game is popular in Hollywood, and we found it amusing at the party given by Una Merkel and her husband, Ronald Burla. Everybody sings a verse of some song into a phonograph, and at the end the voices are played back.

John Arledge played and sang some amusing negro chants with Una with her Southern accent joining in. Anna May Wong recited in German and Chinese—she speaks excellent German, her German friends tell me—and Ramon Novarro sang.

Una and Ronald live in a picturesque hillside house in Hollywood, and we found Una looking unusually pretty in a black chiffon frock studded in brilliants. She carried a huge square handkerchief of black chiffon.

She had been the first leap-year bride of the film colony and we asked her how she proposed. But she said she didn't. Her husband told of Una's first film kiss. It seems she has appeared in twenty pictures and that Lee Tracy was the first to give her a kiss, in "Clear All Wires."

"And of course I was such an amateur, they had to retake it," Una remarked.



Sally Blane, sitting on the set, was so intent upon her book that she didn't know—and probably won't until she sees this—that a picture of her was being snapped.



Someone once said that if all girls were slender, millions of men wouldn't be interested at all. But what about Jean Carmen, of RKO? That company is wagering she'll stir up interest in millions all over the world.

Greta Nissen and Weldon Heyburn were very attentive to each other, so that we decided they have made up again.

Mrs. Wallace Ford was mistaken for Ann Harding. She wore a black gown and, with her fair hair drawn closely to her head with a low chignon at the back, she looked like Ann's double. As understudy for Miss Harding on the stage, Mrs. Ford, who is the daughter of Joseph Hallworth, who created the rôle of *John Storm* in "The Christian," fell in love with Ford, when he was playing in Abie's Irish Rose."

Ginger Rogers arrived with Howard Hughes, who seemed attentive to her. Ginger looked cute in a sea-green chiffon frock that showed starched ruffle trimmings.

Jean Harlow proved that gray belongs to platinums. Her dinner frock, of shell gray crepe, was modishly and modestly high in front, with long sleeves, and was bare at the back—and she has a back that challenges Kitty Gordon's.

David Manners chose the arbor for the evening, alternately squiring Jean Harlow and Marcella Knapp. But he came to grief at last by sitting down on a cactus, one of the sixty varieties which compose the Burla's cactus gardens.

Billy Bakewell made himself popular with the ladies by telling them they are more charming than the European maidens whom he met in his travels abroad.

Finally we all gathered around Anna May Wong, who told our fortunes.

Guests included, besides those mentioned, Lew Ayres, Rita LeRoy, Mr. and Mrs. Clark Gable, Mr. and Mrs. John Juston, Mrs. Joe E. Brown, Andy Devine, Joseph Strassner, Eddie Buzzell, who brought Elizabeth Wilson, George E. Stone, Jerry Asher, and others.

EVERYONE in Hollywood is jig-saw puzzle crazy, and so Julia Faye decided she would give the passion full sway by providing puzzles that were seven by twelve inches, and contained two hundred pieces each.

Even the place-cards were jig-saw puzzles. We were to dine at tables for four, and the place-cards were composed of four pieces each. The pieces were deposited in a basket, and when dinner was announced the guests were supposed to find and fit the pieces together, each four for their own table. But everybody was so intrigued that we all gathered around the basket and had our cards put together long before dinner.

Jose Crespo, star of Fanchon Royer Productions, was my escort, and also was my dinner partner, while my other dinner partners were Robert Vignola and Mrs. Ida Coverman, the last named a powerful but silent factor at one of the major studios.

Charles Ray, Jeanette Loff, Cecil DeMille and Katherine Dale Owen formed another table; while Julia Faye, Ivan Lebedeff, Virginia Valli and Allan Connor made up a third. William K. Howard and his wife, Peggy Hamilton and John Flinn were at another.

After dinner our puzzles were given us. Mrs. Coverman and Jose Crespo proved brilliant players, and our table won the first prize, two-dollar-and-a-half gold pieces, which we treasured for their rarity. Mr. Crespo insisted on giving me his gold piece.



Ralph Morgan and his daughter, Claudia, after a swim at their Hollywood home. Mr. Morgan's last picture was "Trick for Trick"; Claudia's "Broadway Bad."

Jeanette Loff came alone, too. She smiled gratefully at Cecil DeMille, as she told us how he had given her her first picture job.

Mr. DeMille said that the jig-saw puzzle people were about the only people in the world making money now. And Mr. DeMille broke down and told his middle name—Brunt.

Our hostess was lovely in a white pebbly crepe evening gown with gardenia-rosette trimming around the low neck and back. The dress was princess.

Katherine Dale Owen's gown was a remarkably novel one. Of black velvet, it had a cape which fastened around the throat and at the back, at the shoulders, leaving glimpses of Katherine's white back.

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